

other side. Discharging his pistols, he threw himself on the first that opposed him, and felled him to the earth. Turning, he shouted his well known cry of attack, calling loudly for Colonel M., while Squire Harry, in the meantime, followed hard by Cato, was plying his sword right and left. The contest could not have remained long doubtful, as several of the enemy were firing from out the houses on the defenceless assailants, (whose shot they had no power to avoid or retaliate,) had not the Captain's repeated calls at last brought Colonel M. before him. His countenance swollen with contending passion, and his sword reeking with blood, he exclaimed :

"Perish in your folly, you beardless boy!" exclaimed he, as they closed with each other. "Your blood be upon your own head!" A thrust from Captain George taking effect, increased his passion, and again rushing forward, Colonel M. dealt a blow with so much power that it broke his guard, and the sword turned in its descent, and struck flatly with so much force on his head, that it caused him to stagger and reel backwards. Both parties seemed by consent to have suspended the fight, watching the issue of the combat of their leaders, as the presage of victory or defeat. Captain George, again rallying from the blow, advanced, and, parrying a thrust directed at his breast, again was successful in inflicting a wound. Colonel M. finding, from the repeated wounds he had received, as well as the loss of blood occasioned by them, that he had found his match, grew more cool and wary, and was more than once successful in drawing blood from his antagonist. The issue was as yet doubtful, when Colonel M. again failed in a desperate lounge, and his antagonist succeeded in disarming him, driving his sword to a considerable distance. A shout arose from Squire Harry and his men at their Captain's success, who pressing his advantage, had compelled his antagonist to beg for life. Yielding to his entreaties, he had half turned to order one of his men to secure the prisoner, when the latter, regardless of his late preservation, rushed upon him, and both fell to the ground together.

A cry of indignation followed this cowardly advantage, and the fight again became general. Several, however, of Colonel M.'s men continued to stand neutral, or merely to defend themselves; while some of them, headed by Gentleman John, who at the beginning of the fight had been engaged in looking to the safety of the prisoners, openly espoused the side of the Captain. In the fall, Colonel M. was uppermost; but, by a dexterous turn, Captain George had got the Colonel under; yet, by the superior personal strength of the latter, although severely wounded, it was with the utmost difficulty he could retain the advantage. Colonel M., with his arms passed around the body and over

one shoulder held (as in the grasp of a vice) his antagonist, whose right hand being free, was in turn grasping his throat, while both were struggling with their legs intertwined together, by the greatest muscular contortions—the one to become uppermost, and the other to retain his advantage. Captain George, feeling that his power of endurance could not last, while his enemy relaxed his grasp previous to a last desperate struggle, seized the opportunity to pull a short dagger from his belt, and holding it upward for a moment, exclaiming: "Thrice traitor and coward, receive the reward of treachery!" plunged it into his breast. The grasp of Colonel M. relaxed, and the deep groan that followed betrayed that a mortal wound had been given.

Such of the Colonel's followers as still kept up the fight were soon overpowered and disarmed by Squire Harry, and placed under a guard of his men in one of the cabins. At the beginning of the struggle, Gentleman John had stationed himself at the door of the cottage in which Rose was confined, fearing that, in the confusion of the fight, any of the creatures of Pierre, whom he knew capable of any villainy, should, by his direction, make her a sacrifice to his diabolical thirst for revenge. He had opened the door of her chamber, and inspired her with hopes of rescue, by friends whom she least expected, and promised in the mean time to insure her safety at the risk of his life.—He had also stationed one of his companions, whom he could trust, to keep a strict though unconscious watch over the movements of Pierre, to whose charge Sir William himself had been given. In the beginning of the fight Pierre had led a number of men, more especially under his command, with the fury of one inspired by a hatred of those who had come between him and revenge. Managing, by his dexterity as a swordsman, to escape all the blows aimed at him, his sword had drunk the blood of many of his assailants. During the personal combat between Captain George and Colonel M. as before mentioned, he had, with the others, awaited the issue. Supposing it no longer doubtful, when he saw his patron so unexpectedly disarmed, the passions of hate and revenge, which he had so long nursed in secret against Sir William, raged tenfold in his breast, as he saw them thus snatched from him at the very moment he looked upon success as his own. Rushing, as if driven by furies, to the cabin in which Sir William was confined, he attacked him defenceless and unarmed. The very intensity of his passion in part frustrated his desire. Rushing upon him as he stood at the side of the cabin opposite the door, endeavouring to gather the success of the day through the window, he made a desperate plunge, with the intention of pinning him to the wall. Half turning as the door opened, his intended victim started aside, and the weapon,