

speaker, and thence under the form of the hitherto scarcely noticed militia officer; who, with his head sunk sullenly upon his chest, and an eye now and then raised stealthily to surrounding objects, made no attempt to refute, or even to express surprise at, the singular accusation of his captor.

"This is strong language to apply to a captive enemy, and that enemy apparently an officer," grumbled the general; "yet I cannot believe Mr. Grantham to be wholly without grounds for his assertion."

Before Grantham could reply, a voice in the crowd exclaimed, as if the utterer had been thrown off his guard, "What—Phil!"

On the mention of this name, the younger prisoner looked suddenly up from the earth on which his gaze had been riveted, and cast a rapid glance around him.

"Nay, nay, my young friend, do not, as I see you are, feel hurt at my observation," resumed the general, extending his hand to Gerald Grantham; "I confess I did at one moment imagine that you had been rash in your assertion, but from what has this instant occurred, it is evident your prisoner is known to others as well as to yourself. No doubt we shall have everything explained in due season. By the bye, of what nature is your wound? slight, I should say, from the indifference with which you treat it."

"Slight, General—far slighter," he continued, coloring, "than the wound that was sought to be affixed to my fair name in my absence."

All looked at the speaker, and at each other with surprise, for, as yet, there could have been no communication to him of the doubts which had been entertained.

"Who is it of you all, gentlemen," pursued the young man, with the same composedness of voice and manner, and turning particularly to the officers of the forty-first regiment, who were grouped around their chief, "Who is it, I ask, on whom has devolved the enviable duty of reporting me as capable of violating my faith as a subject, and my honor as an officer?"

There was no reply, although the same looks of surprise were interchanged; but, as he continued to glance his eye around the circle, it encountered, either by accident or design, that of Captain Molineux, on whose rather confused countenance the gaze of Henry Grantham was at that moment bent with an expression of much meaning.

"No one answers," continued the youth; "then the sting has been harmless. But I crave your pardon, General—I am claiming an exemption from censure which may not be conceded by all. Commodore, how shall I dispose of my prisoners?"

"Not so, Mr. Grantham; you have sufficiently established your right to repose, and I have already issued the necessary instructions. Yet, while you have nobly acquitted yourself of *your* duty, let me also perform *mine*. Gentlemen," he continued, addressing the large circle of officers, "I was the first to comment on Mr. Grantham's supposed neglect of duty, and to cast a doubt on his fidelity. That I was wrong I admit, but right I trust will be my reparation, and whatever momentary pain he may experience in knowing that he has been thus unjustly judged, it will, I am sure, be more than compensated for, when he hears that by General Brock himself his defence was undertaken, even to the pledging of his own honor. Mr. Grantham," concluded the gallant officer, "how you have obtained your knowledge of the conversation that passed here during your absence, is a mystery I will not now pause to inquire into, but I would fain apologize for the wrong I have done. Have I your pardon?"

At the commencement of this address, the visible heaving of his full chest, the curling of his proud lip, and the burning flush of his dark cheek, betrayed the mortification Gerald felt, in having been placed in a position to be judged thus unjustly; but, as the commodore proceeded, this feeling gradually passed away, and when the warm defence of his conduct by the general was alluded to, closed as the information was with a request for pardon, his temporary