

amazing daring when they entreated him to stay a few days with them—sleeping, however, at the village inn, as there was not an inch to spare at the Vicarage.

Fred had to fight all his battles over again for these good people, who thought the *Gazette* not a patch upon him. There were many very affecting scenes in the course of these narrations—the saddest of all being told little by little, as each member of the family would take the Major aside, and ask him to tell them more about dear Will.

Having a most sympathetic and never-wearied audience, the Major astonished himself by his own eloquence. His account of poor Major André melted them all to tears, from the Vicar himself to Susan—who, on hearing that the King had graciously received General Arnold, exclaimed indignantly that she wondered how His Majesty could abide the sight of him—and added, that, for her part, if she was poor Major André's brother, or any relation to him, she would tell General Arnold he was his murderer, and challenge him to a duel!

"Susan! Susan! these are very un-Christian sentiments!" says the Vicar reprovingly—at which Susan looked abashed, but not repentant.

"I fear, sir, we all felt pretty much the same," said Digby. "We was in a monstrous awkward position; we was obliged—that is, Sir Henry was—to treat him with a show of civility, but none of the Generals could abide acting with him, and Sir Henry was never quite sure of him. We was in a great dilemma as long as he was in our army; and now he's here, we don't know what the devil to do with him. I own I feel something like Miss Susan. The day his lordship was so kind as to present me I saw him at court—His Majesty was speaking to him before everybody—I thought I should have been sick! And poor General Burgoyne had the door shut in his face!"

Susan was grown up into a charming young woman, and as the poor Lieutenant had so particularly mentioned her, it was only natural that Fred should exert his memory to the utmost on her behalf. It was Susan who took him into the church, to show him that tablet to the captain slain at Minden, of which poor Will had spoken when he was dying. The Major was much affected on seeing it, and that evening, in a very neatly worded speech, requested permission of Mr. Perkins to take upon himself the placing of a similar memorial to his departed friend. He was aware, he said, with much feeling, that as a stranger to