

frenzied embrace, for she was quite beside herself, but Meta, who was standing by, opposed her little arm, as a barrier, and almost forcibly repelled her.

"It is not Harman, dear Aunt—see! it is not at all like him!" she said in a low voice, and even at that moment, a smile flitted on her lips.

"Not Harman! who is it then? and where is he—where is my son?" exclaimed the mother, relieved, but greatly bewildered. But no one could answer her questions, only Meta, as she looked on the death-like face before her, now relaxing from insensibility, and flushed with pain,—as she felt a rush of strange emotion, now chasing the color from her cheeks, then dying them with crimson, and filling her eyes with tears,—*she* could have told a little secret, which shall be revealed to thee, gentle reader, for again the vision of her dreams, the hero of the boat, and the incog rider was before her; but she kept the secret, even from Dame Gertrude's wonderfully penetrating eyes. * * * * *

Three weeks passed away, and the wounded officer was still detained at the Farm House. A skilful surgeon attended him, as he could not be removed, but at the risk of life; for his wound, though not very alarming in itself, brought on a dangerous fever which threatened more serious consequences than the bullet of the enemy. It must be confessed that Myn-heer Von Sickle did not at first, exactly relish the presence of his involuntary guest, for he had a nervous dread, that it might possibly involve him in some disagreeable consequences; but by degrees, his kind-hearted hospitality got the better of his caution, and the stranger was cared for by all, and nursed by Gertrude, especially, with as tender solicitude as if he had been under a mother's watchful eye. What fair hands prepared his cooling drinks, and thoughtfully arranged those little comforts which refine and grace the weary sick room, daily bringing a fresh offering of pale, Autumn flowers, to give a cheerful aspect to the dim apartment, *perhaps*, he did not then surmise; though as the fever ebbed, and hours hung heavily, he came to listen impatiently for a soft foot-fall that flitted past his door, and a sweet voice that whispered an enquiry of the old nurse, and often he feigned sleep, because he knew that then there was a light figure hovering round his pillow, and he dared not move, least the lovely illusion should be dispelled.

It must not be supposed that he preserved his incognito one moment after consciousness and the power of speech returned to him. He hastened to announce himself as Captain Morris, an officer in the Continental service, and in the late action

attached to General Putnam's division. His story was a very straightforward one; not a particle of romance in it; even the little episode of the boat and evening ride, were resolved into simple acts of military duty. He had been selected to convey important information to the Commander-in-Chief, with whom he communicated through an appointed agent, with whom it was arranged to meet at a certain place and hour; and in the performance of that duty, which required secrecy and disguise, he had twice encountered Meta. He could not avoid adding that a glimpse of so fair a form, conjured up bright fancies to cheer him on his hazardous duty; and if Meta blushed in reply, it was not because the language of gallantry was new to her, but because it was uttered with an *empressment* that for the first time wakened emotion, or left any impression on her memory.

In the ill-starred engagement of the 27th, Captain Morris commanded a detachment sent to occupy the woody hills lying between the two armies, and being driven out, and routed by a superior force, they attempted to effect a retreat to the American lines. They were, however, surrounded, and escape cut off; Morris endeavored to rally his men, and near the Old Mill, so often mentioned, they turned upon their pursuers, and a brief engagement took place. But Captain Morris received a severe wound, which disabled his right arm, and he fell to the ground, senseless, apparently dead. Pursuer and pursued swept on, leaving him to his fate, and but for timely assistance from the Farm House, he would probably have perished there alone.

About a week after Captain Morris was received into Von Sickle's family, Dame Von Kortland left it, being called home on the joyful occasion of her son's return. He had been taken prisoner in an early part of the engagement, when a body of militia were sent forward to protect a pass, and yielding to a sudden panic, fled in disorder. But they were afterwards released on parole, when a disposition was made of the prisoners; and there was no doubt that Harman would keep *his* in good faith till the end of the war, for his military ambition, if he ever cherished any, was entirely quenched by the unfortunate experience of that day. His demeanor towards Meta, however, was entirely changed. He seemed to have gained courage in his brief campaign and approached her with a confidence he had never assumed before. But alas! Meta's affections were more wayward than ever; she perversely eluded all confidential explanations with him, but still preserved a friendly manner, and a *cousinly* interest, so that, though he could find nothing in