

cerned as brave a man and gallant a soldier as it was ever my good fortune to meet.

There is no reason, however, why I should jump into the tale in such hap-hazard fashion; it should be told in an orderly manner for its better understanding.

In the fall of 1780 I was a stripling of seventeen years, believing myself already a man, and chafing much because my good mother had her heart so set against my joining the "rebel" army.

We, my mother and I, lived on George Street hard by the highroad to Boston, and in Duke Street, just off Frankford, David Rhineland, my particular comrade, who was about my own age, made his home.

He, as well as I, was the only child of a widowed mother, and our fathers had fallen gloriously, fighting for the colonies at Trenton in the province of New Jersey, in January of '77.

Because our lives so nearly resembled each