

"You shall not go. You must not leave me; what shall I do? No one will care for me; I shall die."

He folded me kindly to his bosom, and said:

"Do not weep, my poor little pet—you shall not be left alone. I know what I will do."

He set me gently down, and in a few moments, I heard him galloping away on his favorite horse.

I thought he had left me entirely, and I should never see my kind protector again. I went to my own little room, and throwing myself on my bed, sobbed and cried like a child, till I fell asleep. I was aroused from what must have been a long slumber, by the cheering voice of Jack; he was standing by me, and said in his lively tones:

"Up, up! my birdie. I have a friend down stairs, who wants to see you; but how is this? your eyes are so red and swollen. Oh! brighten them up, Mary dear, and curl these ringlets; and to please me, put on your white dress; come, you must give my friend a pleasant reception for my sake."

"Jack's pleasant tones had put quite a new spirit within me; with the buoyancy of early girlhood, I seemed to have forgotten the calamity which menaced me; I sprang up, and hastily obeying his directions, was soon ready to go down stairs.

"I was exceedingly shy, but I believe not ungraceful." I had no idea who I was to see, only some friend of Jack's.

"This is a friend of mine, Mary; you must be kind to him," he said, as he opened the door of the little sitting room. We entered, and I saw what looked to my lilliputian fancy, like a giant, an endless man. I looked up, and up; there seemed no termination to him; his head reached to the very ceiling of our low room. He was dressed in the blue uniform of the United States Army. 'Here, Waitt,' said Jack, 'is the dear little cousin you have so often heard me talk about?'

"The tall figure moved towards me; I felt ready to sink to the floor; it was as if a pyramid was moving from its pedestal to crush me; but a deep voice, which thrilled and awed me, spoke a few words of kindly greeting, to which I could not reply, and disengaging my hand from Jack, I retreated to a recessed window; but hither Jack and the moving mountain followed me. Mr. Waitt spoke to me as any one would speak to a petted child they wished to soothe. By degrees I gained courage to look at him; he was certainly very handsome, but there was something in him extremely awful. He was altogether on such a large scale that he did not seem like the men I had been in the habit of seeing, and the wondrous history of Jack and the Giant killer kept rising

up before my mind. I felt as if I was completely in his power, and I glanced out of the window to see if a bean-stalk had not suddenly sprung up to give me means of escape from him. But no! and his eyes were ever upon me, a magic coil seemed weaving itself around me.

"It was a bright moonlight evening, and Jack proposed we should go out and take a row on the Schuylkill. I gladly assented, and we were soon skimming over the surface of the beautiful river, the boat speeding rapidly on under the quick strong strokes of Jack and Mr. Waitt. I couched down in one corner of the boat, and they sang merrily song after song. But I was very sad; my childish heart had a weight upon it, and I was glad to get home. I hoped next morning to find the great officer gone. But no! there he was in the garden—the very first person I saw. I was in despair—however, I plucked up courage, and determined not to care for him. Jack contrived some amusement for the day, and I felt more at my ease, and began to look more confidently at the monster man who seemed to take such a kindly interest in me; by degrees I began to be almost playful with him.

"That night, I well remember it now, though three score years and more have passed, I was in the garden with Jack and Mr. Waitt; they had crowned me with roses, and I had pelted them with flowers till we were in a frolic. I ran away—they pursued, and Mr. Waitt caught me; he held me for a minute or two, then taking my hand in his, asked me if I would be his wife.

"I really did not understand him; I had lived in such retirement on my uncle's farm that the idea of marriage had never entered my mind. I hardly knew there was such a thing. I do not know what I said, but just then Jack came up.

"I am asking your sweet cousin if she will be my wife, Jack?" said Mr. Waitt, 'but she will not answer me.'

"I will answer for her," said Jack. 'She will not refuse you; she must have a protector, I am going away, I cannot leave her here, and you I know will take kind care of her. Why don't you say yes, Mary?'

"I hesitated and knew not what to do. I had been so accustomed to yield implicitly to Jack's guidance, that I thought what he recommended me to do must be right. He saw me yielding, and he vehemently impressed it upon me that I must do it. He said he never should feel happy to leave me without a protector; he must see me married—Waitt was so kind and good—and a thousand like arguments.

"I finally submitted without a knowledge of what I was doing, and Jack arranged I should