

MES ADIEUX

draught that Sir Henry and my Lord Cornwallis must presently prepare to swallow.

I had not had a letter or any word from Lois at Fort Tioga. At Easton there was a letter which, she wrote, might not reach me; but in it she said that they had taken lodgings in Albany near to the house of Lana Helmer; that Mr. Hake had been more than kind; that she and her dear mother awaited news of our army with tenderest anxiety, but that up to the moment of writing no news was to be had, not even any rumours.

Her letter told me little more, save that her mother and Mr. Hake had conferred concerning the estate of her late father; and that Mr. Hake was making preparations to substantiate her mother's claim to the small property of the family in France—a house, a tiny hamlet, and some vineyards, called by the family name of Contrecoeur, which meant her mother *was* her father's wedded wife.

"Also," she wrote, "my mother has told me that there are in the house some books and pictures and pretty joyeaux which were beloved by my father, and which he gave to her when she came to Contrecoeur, a bride. Also that her dot was still untouched, which, with her legal interest in my father's property, would suffice to properly endow me, and still leave sufficient to maintain her.

"So you see, Euan, that the half naked little gypsy of Poundridge camp comes not entirely shameless to her husband after all. Oh, my own soldier, hasten—hasten! Every day I hear drums in Albany streets