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## POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

### WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The ocean looks up to heaven,  
As 'twere a living thing;  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand  
As bends the human knee;  
A beautiful and tireless hand  
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour the glittering treasure out  
Which in the deep have birth;  
And chant their awful hymns about  
The watching things of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up  
From every mountain shrine;  
From every flower and dewy cup  
That greets the sun's shine.

The mist is lifted from the hills,  
Like the white wings of prayer;  
They lean above the ancient hills,  
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As in a prayerful spirit passed  
To nature as in men.

The clouds sweep o'er the fallen world,  
The sun-repentant love;  
The blue and airy air  
They feel in light above.

The sky is a temple's arch—  
The blue and airy air  
Is glorious with the spirit  
Of messenger of prayer.

The gentle sun, the kindly sun  
The many stars are given,  
As shines to burn earth's incense—  
The altar-fire of heaven.

## Regulars and Continentals.

### A Tale of the Revolution.

BY ROBERT F. GREELLY.

(CONCLUDED.)

On the 19th day of April, 1775, that the first blow was struck in favor of American Independence. The British commander, General Gage, learned that the Americans had collected military stores at Concord, sent a detachment of regulars to them, but Providence interposed a signal obstacle to the accomplishment of his intentions. The British moved as far upon their intended route as the town of Lexington, where the first signs of opposition manifested themselves. Yet they maintained an unbroken front, and marched steadily onward, until at last, from the adjacent fields, from the principal streets, as well as from small lanes and bye-ways, from house and hovel, from arms of armed men, with determination strongly fixed upon their countenances, came forth to meet them. Then, indeed, came the "day of war," and the sun shone down upon the advancing ranks from the windows, the house-tops, the fences—on every place, in fact, where shelter could be found. In old men, women, and children assisted in the work of destruction; while the younger and more athletic, discharging concealment, rushed upon the discordant ranks, with clubbed muskets, in the face of a deadly fire, they beat back until all order was destroyed and British guns, for the first time in their lives, were beat back from their positions. The British, however, were not to be so easily vanquished. They were determined to fight to the last man, and in every direction they were weeping for their husbands, children for parents, mothers for their young, and lovers for the maid. But it was a great blow in favor of Independence, and it must have convinced our British oppressors, that in spite of an easy conquest of the country, they had but dealt with tougher material than they imagined, and adapted their materials and strengthened their resources accordingly. The results of this action, as it is recorded by the historian:—"The torch and war being thus lighted up, the colonists fled to Concord, where the Americans quietly prepared themselves for the coming struggle. As further hostilities were now actually expected, the Americans, that they might secure Charleston, sent a detachment of men at night to destroy considerable works at Bunker's Hill. When these operations were discovered in the morning, a heated war was commenced from the enemy's ships, and the Americans, having expended their ammunition, were driven with great difficulty from their intrenchments by Generals Howe and Pigot; but it was not until the British had lost half their number, and the Americans, having only the butts of their muskets, or their bayonets to rely upon, had become totally exhausted, that they yielded the hard-fought ground. On their own side, the Americans lost many, among whom was General Warren, who died fighting bravely in the thickest of the action. After the battle they retired to Americans this victory. History has chronicled upon works on another hill opposite, and the British troops were closely intrenched in the peninsula.

defensive operations. Ticonderoga and Crown Point had already been taken by a party of Americans, with Ethan Allen for a guide, and it was determined to fit out an expedition against Canada, under Generals Montgomery and Arnold; but in an attempt against Quebec Major General Richard Montgomery fell, and Arnold, after being dangerously wounded, was compelled to make a precipitate retreat.

It was upon one of these occasions, when Washington was holding a consultation with his officers relative to the plan of an expected engagement, that the term *Brother Jonathan* obtained its origin. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, Governor of the State of Connecticut, being present—a person in whom the General placed the greatest reliance—Washington, being in some perplexity, exclaimed, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." He did so, and the result having justified the application, the term became a byword throughout the country.

But we are all this while forgetting our hero and heroine. In order to keep pace, therefore, with the proceedings, the reader will pardon us for going back a little to our narrative.

Although three months had fled since the date of his first introduction to the reader, Walter Maynard had come a change as marked as it was unaccountable. The transition from good to bad had been exemplified in his case in a most rapid and extraordinary manner. Naturally of an idle and meretricious disposition, he had hitherto with secret pleasure the approach of the British army as a means of retrieving his fallen fortunes; for his idle disposition had become so well known to the people of the neighborhood in which he formerly lived, that none of them would consent to give him employment. Mr. Ashley, Lucy's father, had been the last to cast off the prodigal, and Walter Maynard, with his innate love of display, and his passion for money, found an opportunity for the gratification of both in the tempting inducements held forth by the British commander to all who would desert the ranks of the rebels for those of the king. With his usual shortsightedness, Maynard looked upon the final overthrow and conquest of the colonists as very certain, and did not hesitate, therefore, to attach himself to that side which promised the most glorious results. He applied for, and obtained the rank of sergeant in one of the infantry regiments of the line, and immediately entered with his comrades into all the dissipated habits and unbridled indulgences which too frequently mark the course of the soldier in an enemy's country. In a short time he had lost all self-respect he had retained, and was quite hardened to all sense of shame and duty.

This mistake young man had, early in life, conceived a passion for Lucy Ashley. This passion, he had kept close locked within his own breast—not even daring to disclose it to the object which had inspired it, knowing too well the bent of her inclinations in favor of his former playmate, Edgar Wallis. But now that he had rank and money; now that he was a king's officer of infantry, instead of a home-spun, hard-working cottager, he began to entertain some hopes of changing the direction of the girl's sentiments. Having intimated, on one occasion, more than his usual allowance of the ardent, Maynard sought the dwelling of his former friend and benefactor.

The captivity of her lover caused in Lucy, as may be well conceived, the most poignant regret; but the victories obtained by her countrymen had animated her with confidence, and she did not doubt that his liberation would shortly be effected. It was while pondering upon having strolled by herself unconsciously to some distance from the cottage, was surprised and shocked by the appearance of an officer in scarlet uniform, who was rapidly approaching her. She would have fled, but he beckoned her to stay, and a latent hope of hearing some news of her lover caused her to conquer her repugnance and remain. She was surprised still more, when in the features of the intruder, she recognized those of Walter Maynard. She hesitated, and would have turned back, but he detained her by placing himself in her way.

"Miss Ashley, to seek to avoid me is useless; I have taken great trouble all run many risks to procure this interview, and you must hear me."

"Must hear you, Walter Maynard?—must?" she rejoined, with a look of contempt. "I am the daughter of an American patriot, and seem to be dictated to by one who, for party sake, has betrayed his country. Out of my path, sir, or I shall call those who will put it out of your power to insult me further."

"Lucy Ashley," replied Maynard, artfully, "you are a high-spirited and honorable girl, and I prepared myself for a reception as this one furnished me the resolution to present myself to you. Whether I feel any regret for the steps which I have taken, it matters not now to say; I have marked out a course, and must pursue it wherever it may lead me."

"What! if it lead to shame and an ignominious death? Walter Maynard, it is not yet too late; you have taken but the initiatory step, and can easily retract, if so disposed. In spite of your error, by joining the ranks of your countrymen, you may yet become an honor to the cause of justice and humanity; for believe me, Walter, it is better to die fighting for the holy cause of Freedom than to have the finger of scorn pointed at the page on which your treachery will be inscribed."

"Lucy, I have thought a great deal over this; in taking up arms to resist your King, are you not playing the part of traitors to the allegiance you owe him?"

"Alas, were no allegiance to tyranny," she replied, warmly; "O, no, alone, should his allegiance be tendered, and I think, Walter, if you had been convinced, of this great truth you would not have acted as you have. But why are you here? Is it, as you explained, her voice trembling with anxiety as she spoke, "is it for the purpose of betraying those who have covered you with benefits?"

"Your opinion of me must be poor, indeed," he answered, "if you think that I could stoop to such baseness?"

"What, then, can be your object here?"

"What? Lucy, do you not guess it?"

"It relates to Edgar!" she exclaimed eagerly, while her brow became suddenly suffused.

"No—no," he replied hastily, and with a frown.

"No? What then, can it be?"

"Lucy," he said, "my time is brief, and you must conceal yourself to listen to me, even though my communication be an unpleasant one. I ask but your patience for a few seconds, and I warn you beware how you refuse me; for I have means and influence, and with sufficient provocation might do harm."

"What means this strange language? I do not comprehend you," she said, with a bewildered air.

"I can easily make myself understood, then. In brief, Lucy Ashley, from childhood up to this hour you have been the cherished object of my secret thoughts. Never for a moment, through all my frivolities and changes, has the hope of winning you deserted me. Nay, hear me, further," he continued, seeing she was about to speak; "when I was a poor orphan boy, and hardly dared to lift my eyes to yours, for I was dependent for my daily bread upon your father, I trembled at the sound of your light footstep, and the lowest note of your musical voice found an echo in every chamber of my palpitating heart. You could not see this agitation, for your love had been given to another. But I witnessed every change of your angelic countenance, and with a lover's justness gazed the cause. I marked how your cheek, when you thought no one was observing you, would flush at the mere men-

tion of the name of Edgar Wallis; I observed how it thrilled your frame when he took your hand in his own; but I was silent, for what was I but a sort of spy? For a moment he paused, in reality overcome by this burst of genuine feeling, but soon conquering his emotion, he resumed in a changed tone—"All this I saw, and yet spoke not the secret thoughts that glowed like stifled embers deep within me. But now the case is different. I have rank, money and powerful friends, through whom I hope to gain a station worthy the ambition of a man. Edgar Wallis has given himself, body and soul, to his country's welfare, and can never be yours. Instead, then, of dooming yourself to perpetual slavery as a farmer's wife, be mine, and adorn a station for which your manners so eminently qualify you."

He ceased, and for a second's space there was deep and unbroken silence. Astonished at the turn his revelations had taken, Lucy at first scarce knew how to express herself. At length she spoke, and all the fire and energy of her American nature became manifest as she replied:

"Walter Maynard, it is said that there are feelings in human nature too deep for utterance; and such is my score for you! Ask me to become your bride? Ask me rather to forget all ties of consanguinity and friendship, to betray those who are nearest and dearest to me! Sir, I am the daughter of a patriot, and as such can give you only my unqualified contempt!"

"Beware, beware, Lucy Ashley, how you provoke me. I am a close friend but an implacable enemy."

"Let me have a moment changes you? Is this the voice that a moment since pleaded so eloquently in a lover's name? But why waste I the minutes thus? Walter Maynard, you have my answer; he who can betray his friend and devise the destruction of a benefactor's happiness, is no fit match for Lucy Ashley."

"Go, then, proud girl!" he exclaimed, in a sudden fit of passion; "and remember my words. It was no idle boast I made to you, and soon you'll learn to regret the course you have taken! Walter Maynard, as a farmer's boy, was poor and defenceless; as a British officer, he is not to be insulted with impunity!"

And while Lucy, without further words, retraced her steps towards her father's cottage, Maynard, with rage and jealousy, juggling at his heartstrings, made his way rapidly in the direction of the British camp.

Lucy's first impulse, on regaining her home, was to communicate to her father all that had occurred during her brief absence; but she only laughed at her fears, and bade her think no more of them. Notwithstanding all this, Lucy's misgivings did not abandon her, and when she retired to seek her pillow, it was with a heavy and drooping heart. About midnight she was awakened from her sleep by the report of fire-arms; only to find her worst apprehensions realized. The apartment was filled with the glare of flames cast from the burning cottages, and the night was rendered hideous by the screams of violated women and the groans of dying men. Rapid discharges of musketry, added to the infernal havoc which prevailed. Hastily throwing a robe about her person, Lucy forgotful of her own safety, was proceeding in an agony of mind to arouse her parents, when the door of her apartment flew open with a stunning crash, and Walter Maynard, with a long knife dripping with blood, brandished in his hand, and his face begrimed with powder, dashed into the room.

"My parents—where are they?" she almost screamed, flying towards him, and clutching desperately at his clothes, regardless of his knife. "Have you slain them, sir?"

"No, they are now the occupants!" he snarled savagely; "look, girl! this steel has drunk the blood of father and mother; had you been wise, a single word would have saved the hamlet; but you laughed to scorn my warning, and I have kept my promise! Come—the house is burning about our heads; come, if you would not add yourself to the number of the victims!"

A fierce crackling was heard among the rafters as he spoke, and Lucy Ashley heard not his last words. At the announcement of her parents' murder, she had uttered a piercing shriek, and fallen prostrate at the foot of the assassin. Lifting her easily from the floor, Maynard rushed down the stairs, followed by a volume of flame and smoke, and placing his insensible charge upon a horse, and leaping up behind her, he sounded the call for a retreat. The scene lately so pleasant, was now horrible to look upon. The glare of flickering embers, mingled with the moon beams, and a black cloud hung like a spirit of evil omen upon the spot. Unsanctioned corpses of men, women and children, butchered as they had fairly awakened from their sleep, strewed the ground in all directions, intermingled with fragments of clothes, pieces of broken furniture, &c. &c. of this horrible scene, Maynard spared away from the place of slaughter, and in a few hours reached the security of the British camp. Here he spent the remainder of the night in drinking and debauchery, and when the recollection was awakened, it found him still at his revel. The truth is, he was afraid his conscience might reproach him, and thus sought to drown it.

The news of this awful calamity spread far and wide throughout the province, and a thousand sturdy souls were speedily in arms to avenge this indiscriminate massacre of their countrymen and countrywomen. The British officers of the small detachment to which Maynard belonged were in high carousal and song, on the night succeeding this affair, when the first signs of attack were heard. The Continentals burst upon them from all sides with an impetuosity which nothing could withstand. They discharged their pieces, and, without waiting to reload them, rushed into the mêlée with clubbed muskets, bayonets, and even pruning knives and sickles. Luckily for Maynard, he had been dispatched to Boston, with letters for the commandant, by his Colonel, and taken Lucy, for safe keeping, along with him—intending to leave her at the house of an abandoned relative until a more favorable opportunity should occur for the renewal of his odious offers. The result of the affray can hardly be doubted. Surprised at the ferocious bearing of their foes, the British officers were the first to fly, and the men soon scattered on every side, leaving their arms and ammunition to the victors. Many were slain, and after a brief though savage conflict of only fifteen minutes duration, the Continentals remained masters of the bloody scene. Among the American prisoners liberated by this vigorous effort was Edgar Wallis; thanks to the humanity of Walter Maynard, he had already been informed of the fate of the Ashley family; and his first movement on quitting the place of his captivity, was to seek the place where he had spent so many happy hours. It was moonlight when the young continental arrived at the familiar spot; but oh! how changed and desolate it was. A heap of smouldering embers marked the site of the once peaceful cottage, and Edgar, going down upon his knees over the funeral pyre of his friends, swore a fearful oath not to abandon the cause until he had avenged their wrongs, or lain himself beside them. In the midst of his audible reflections another person stepped upon the scene, and slapped him upon the back addressed him in a tone which evinced that he was no stranger to the kneeling youth.

"That's bravely said, my lad!" exclaimed the new comer, who wore the continental uniform, and appeared to hold the rank of sergeant; "many's the time I have prophesied that the hand which could raise itself to protect a bird's nest from destruction, as this one did, would not be loath to draw the blade in defence of its country. You shall go with me to the camp; there is not a soul that will not be glad to welcome you as a brother!"

"Is your friend Rolfe? At such a time no voice could be more welcome; the tenor of your words finds an echo in my thoughts; with whom do you serve?"

"With the gallant Warren to be sure; he's the lad for all emergencies like this, and under him we are certain of a victory. Come—what do you say? Will you go with me?"

"This instant, Rolfe; you will not find me an unavailing bystander, although I do lack somewhat in age and experience. If I could harbor one thought of cowardice, it should make me warble!"

"I know your spirit well, boy, and it was therefore that I came hither to seek you."

"How know you I should be here?"

"The captive bird, when released, always flies to the nest that reared it. Besides, I knew your affection for a certain damsel, who once dwelt hereabouts, and having missed you during the serenade, I felt certain of finding you here."

"For God's sake, name her not again!" he replied, distractedly; "one thought of her who is now in heaven would madden me!"

"Come, then, Edgar Wallis; fame, I see, has marked you for her own, and though it should be your fate to fall in the next affray, posterity will not fail to give you credit for the good intent."

Edgar bestowed one farewell glance upon the scene where all his fondest hopes lay buried, and then, taking the ark which professed him by Rolfe, the two Continentals hurried together from the spot.

Shortly after the events above detailed, occurred the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, already described.—Edgar Wallis was foremost in the ranks of his countrymen, and by his hardihood and daring won the admiration of all who observed his efforts. He sought no rank—he desired no emoluments; but, armed with a deadly rifle, in the use of which he was well skilled, and loosely clad in a shirt and trousers, his dark hair streaming carelessly in the wind, he traversed the scene of wide-spread carnage like a revenging demon, and dealt death and desolation wherever an opportunity presented itself for the display of his prowess. He became a mark for the balls of the enemy, and bullets flew about him thick as hail; yet he heeded them not, but passed on amid the storm as though protected by some higher power. Even Warren noticed him and praised his courage. A moment after, the brave general fell, mortally wounded; but the rifle of Edgar Wallis revenged his fall. A week after this young Wallis received a Lieutenant's commission, and immediately betook himself to the task of raising recruits for the patriot service.

On a lowering night, not long after this bloody transaction, a group of British officers were congregated in a canton, or drinking shop, situated in the suburbs of the city of Boston; they were engaged in various ways—some inhaling, some playing at cards or dice, and almost all of them smoking. The greatest confusion prevailed, as a matter of course, and among the noisiest of the party was Walter Maynard, since elevated to the dignity of a lieutenant. He was one of the players at dice, and after playing for some time, with seemingly indifferent luck, an epithet applied to him by an English officer, struck him to the quick. In allusion to something he had said, the Englishman remarked to the effect that a traitor to his country should consider himself honored in being admitted to such company. All the evil passions of Maynard were roused in him by this taunt. Without reflection he raised from the table the heavy pewter mug from which he had been drinking, and with a determined air, he dashed the contents of the vessel into the face of the English officer. The injured officer was instantly carried from the apartment, and Walter Maynard had a dozen duels upon his hands. In the midst of the fierce conversation, occasioned by this scene, the door again opened, and a pedler, covered with dirt, and bearing before him, suspended from a band which passed round his neck, a box filled with trinkets and jewelry of all descriptions, rolls of tobacco, &c. &c., adorned with a number of the printed ballads of the day, entered the crowded apartment.

"Here you are, gentlemen! make a trade, if you're wise; such chances don't offer every day in one's life; I've jewels of every description for your sweethearts, and I've keys for absent friends, and pistols for present enemies; or, if you prefer, I've got a fresh assortment of rhymes containing hits at rebels, at censors, at cetera. Make your trade, gentlemen—make your trade."

"Be done with your senseless jargon," exclaimed the hostess, approaching the pedler; "there is no sense enough already without your bawling. Come—tramp."

As she approached the seeming pedler, the latter inclined his head and whispered in her ear. The effect of his communication was miraculous; the worthy hostess shaded her eyes with her hands, and drew a step or two back, to take a better scrutiny—finally bursting into a hearty laugh, which was checked by a significant motion of the other.

"Well, well, for this once you may stay," she exclaimed aloud, addressing the pedler; "so put down your traps, and you shall have a canin' of flip to refresh your inner being. Gentlemen," she continued, turning to the officers, "though you may not feel disposed to traffic for the sake, yet here is an old neighbor of mine, Jones Vaneotem, who for a consideration will give you any information you may desire concerning the rebels now camped on Bunker's Hill."

There was a general movement towards the pedler at these words, and in a brief time almost every article in his assortment had been purchased and paid for, so great was the general desire for news.

"Doubtless you know all that is transacting at this moment within the rebel camp," said an officer, who, from his foppish air, could be no other than the one to whom Edgar Wallis had been so unceremoniously introduced upon a former occasion.

"I should be blind as a mole and deaf as my grand-mother Magery, if I had not had her hearing these three years, poor soul, if I did not pick up something during my peregrinations." And he began singing, or rather chaunting, in a whining voice, from one of the ballads—

"Oh! the red coats they turned out  
For to march to Concord town,  
But the Continentals made them route  
At bloody Lexington!"

"Cease your Concord and Lexington—a few such songs as that, in the British camp, might cost you your life, friend pedler."

"They must catch me first; and after all I don't think they'd harm me. On the word of a pedler, five times have I had my neck within the halter, but I'm of so little consequence, they can't find it in them to harm me, and so let me go. Ah! those Continentals are funny devils. If I had but the knack of making shoes, I could make them my stepping-stone to fortune—that could I—providing they had the money to pay for their solesing."

And he again struck off with—

"It was in the month of June  
That the Continentals came  
To Bunker's height all in the night,  
Of which no soul did dream  
And on the height they built a fort,  
And called it a redoubt.  
But the regulars came from Charleston neck,  
And made 'em turn about."

This unexpected conclusion tickled the officers so much that they requested, for lack of something better to employ their time, to hear the remainder of this singular specimen of versification—probably the work of the pedler himself.

"They do say that the Continentals fought like devils incarnate," continued the pedler, "and that by right the victory should have been theirs; but it's always natural for the whipped rooster to crow, and it were cruel to deny them that consolation—"

"Then the British they begin  
To find the Yankees up to snuff,  
And swore to swash the blue and buff;  
They settled down in Boston town,  
And for want of work to do,  
They congregated at taverns  
Smoked cigars and played at loo."

"Ha! ha! he has us, 'faith!" exclaimed the Colonel, good-humoredly.

"But a God-forsaken youth—  
Walter Maynard was his name—  
He went and joined the Regulars,  
I sing it to his shame;  
And they gave him a commission,  
And they gave him stores of gold—  
Oh! I wouldn't have his character  
For riches all untold."

"What's that—who used my name?" asked Maynard, savagely, emerging from the chimney corner, where he had been seated, puffing his pipe and chewing the cud of bitter fancy, like a baffled tiger. But the pedler, seemingly not aware of the interruption, went on as before—

"He went into a hamlet,  
At a quiet night,  
Where summer breezes was playing,  
And the moon a shining bright,  
A bold score of men in uniform,  
Broke down each cottage door,  
And many souls followed  
But the dust rose no more."

"But all this was nothing to the sequel; for this traitor, Maynard, putting for revenge on a family by the name of Ashley, set fire to their cottage, and—"

"Stealing like a guilty thing  
Into the quiet hall,  
He drew his knife, and in cold blood  
He murdered one and all!"

"It is false—false as the lying tongue that says it," exclaimed Maynard, stamping to the south by the reproach conveyed in the looks of his brother officers.

"The father and the mother I killed, 'tis true; but the daughter lives to defy me still!" And he fell into a chair, frothing at the mouth with contending passions.

"Here, pedler," said the Colonel, approaching, "what is gold for you; but leave this house immediately, or, notwithstanding my protection, I cannot answer for the consequences."

Muttering his thanks, the pedler swallowed his can of flip, and made his exit, followed by the hostess, who, as he said, to take care of her property, for people had so altered of late, there was no telling who to trust!

"Are you mad to peril yourself thus, by venturing into the very den of the outraged lion?" she asked, when they were beyond sight and hearing.

"Tush!" he replied; "there is an old adage, you know that walls have ears, and should we be overheard, the result would not be pleasant for either of us. Suffice it, Mother Terrill, that I am here on secret duty, and shall look to you to render me all the information you may obtain, when you can do so without peril to yourself. Adieu! I will visit you shortly again."

And saying this, Sergeant Rolfe (for he it was) turned down an adjacent alley, and was immediately lost to sight. Hurrying onward with what speed he might, Rolfe traversed many bye-ways and sinuous passages, until he had almost made the circuit of the city, until at length he came to an old and decaying rookery, whose exterior bore a strong resemblance to a beggar's garment. Here he entered, and ascending to the highest floor, found himself presently in a low, cheerless looking room, where, on a bed which occupied one of the corners, was stretched a figure, which, owing to the cunningness of the disguise, few would have recognized for Edgar Wallis. His head was bound up with a piece of soiled cotton, and his face, colored by some liquid preparation, had the hue of death.

"Well, my poor invalid, how fares it with thee, tonight—art still alive?" asked Rolfe, joyously, while he discerned himself his pedling apparatus.

"As well as can be expected, onswathed like a mummy in fifty bandages, and half turned to a pickle in oils and balsams," replied Edgar, leaping vigorously from the bed, while his comrades fastened the door. "If this treatment comes not shortly to an end, I shall become an invalid in sober fact. But, tell me, what have you learned during your absence?"

"Something that will not fail to interest you, or I am no judge of character," replied Rolfe, seating himself.

"Lucy, as I surmised, is a prisoner here in Boston, and by the exertion of a little ingenuity we can, doubtless, manage to obtain an interview with her. But the attempt must be conducted with extreme caution."

"In what manner is this to be effected?"

"Ah! then art but a dull block in affairs of this kind, Master Edgar; had it been some years, they'd have found their way ere this to thy mistress's chamber, I warrant me!"

"I confess my usefulness for the task, good Rolfe, and consider myself, in truth, lucky in the having of such an assistant. But, let us hear your suggestions; I am all impatience."

"Well, then, the plan I should purpose is this: that you disguise yourself as a servant to some officer in the British service, for which I can readily obtain the necessary uniform; and by loitering about the house in which she is kept confined, you can easily, on pretence of being the bearer of a letter from your master—which you may allow to be read—obtain admission to her presence. Once there, you will find plans enough to effect her liberation, trust me!"

"It is a capital suggestion," said Edgar, "and I shall immediately avail myself of it."

Accordingly, before sunrise, Rolfe had procured the necessary disguise, and written a letter purporting to come from Colonel Beaufort, the officer mentioned in the tavern-scene between Maynard and the pedler. At the proper time Edgar sallied forth from the wretched domicile, and hurriedly took his way towards the house which Rolfe had designated as the one which contained his betrothed—he having obtained that information from Mistress Terrill, hostess of the Red Lion inn. Fortune seemed in every respect to favor our hero's plans; he arrived at the dwelling, and was suffered to pass freely on the mere mention of his errand. At the moment of his intrusion, Lucy—somewhat worn by her recent trials—was seated at a window commanding a view of the American entrenchments on Bunker's Hill, and did not observe, in her abstractions, his sudden entrance, although, had she known that the object of her present thoughts was so near to her, she would not long have retained the air of melancholy indifference with which she greeted the seeming lacquey as he entered. Edgar, forgetting his disguise, was rushing towards her for the purpose of unfolding her in his arms, when she repelled him. Surprised and confounded at this cold reception, he drew back, exclaiming—

"This from thee, Lucy! I did not look for such a cold rebuff from thee!"

Lucy gazed on him earnestly for an instant, and threw herself with a low cry into his arms.

"Edgar!" she said, "how could you expect that I could recognize you under such a transformation? Did you think so little of my constancy as to believe me capable of avowing?"

"Forgive me, dearest, but in my anxiety I totally for-

got my disguise," removing the wig and cap as he spoke. "Let us, however, forget every thing but the means of releasing you from your duress, of which, I doubt not, you are heartily tired."

"You have arrived most opportunely," she rejoined, "for Walter Maynard, the cause both of your sufferings and mine, has just come to town, and I am hourly dreading his appearance."

With his arm encircling her waist, Edgar Wallis, oblivious of all but the object of his present undertaking, proceeded calmly to discuss with her the most feasible method of effecting her release; but this was not for long, for, in the midst of their cogitations, a light step was heard behind them, and turning, they discovered, to their mutual horror, Colonel Beaufort. An expression of triumphant malice was observable upon his features; for Edgar having, as we have said, cast aside the wig which had disguised him, that officer had no difficulty in recognizing him for his former captive.

"So, so—the taste of the fire so agreeable, that you must needs again place yourself in the midst of it?" he said, with an attempt at irony. "I am sorry for you, young man, for you are here seemingly as a spy, and martial law prescribes severely for those who may be caught working in co-operation with the enemies of their King."

"I fear no law save that of Heaven," replied the young continental, firmly and fearlessly; "as for a King, I have none; for my country—the land of my nativity—alone, is my allegiance due; and I have sworn that by her I would rally, or by her would fall. As for your threats, Colonel, know that they have no effect upon me, save to increase the contempt I feel towards all who wear your scarlet uniform. You can only take my life, at the worst, and should I fall, there are thousands of my countrymen on yonder heights"—and he pointed, as he spoke, through the open window towards the works on Bunker's Hill—"who will not fail to avenge my death!"

"You speak boldly, and I must confess, I think that you deserve a better fate. The offer I made you before I still adhere to. Should you refuse, death must inevitably follow."

"I repeat it, sir, I scorn your offer, and add that the person who could make so infamous a proposal is far from being a gentleman."

"So it is," replied Colonel Beaufort, contemptuously; "you have made your choice. Ho! there, Wilkins! come up, sir. I've a little business for you!"

"Oh! sir, you cannot be so lost to all the dictates of humanity as to persist in this cruel decision," exclaimed Lucy, throwing herself, in tears, at the obdurate officer's feet. Alas! she little thought that every motion of her exquisitely-tuned limbs only fixed the Colonel still deeper in his purposes. For he, too, had cast an eye of lust upon the helpless girl, and Maynard, well rewarded for his trouble, had made himself a willing instrument.

"It is in vain that you plead for him, my girl," was the Colonel's reply, as he endeavored to raise her; it is my duty, only, that I am performing. In time of war soldiers cannot stand upon delicacy. The place for the exercise of humanity is the private dwelling of the citizen, and not the field of battle."

It was this motto—carried out by the British to the very letter—which rendered them so obnoxious to the American colonists.

Lucy, notwithstanding this cold rebuff, continued to weep and plead for her lover, until he had been fairly torn from her arms, and forced from the apartment, when she gave vent to a heart-piercing cry, and fell upon the floor in a swoon. In the meantime, an order was presented him to wait immediately upon the commanding general at headquarters; and with a half-muttered imprecation upon his lips, he left Lucy to the care of a faithful servant, and immediately left the room.

Days fled away rapidly, and the faithful Rolfe, learning the dangerous position of his friend, hastened to inform General Washington of the predicament in which he had been placed with regard to Edgar Wallis, whose name and exploits were well known to the commander-in-chief of the American forces. The negotiations, then being carried on between Washington and the British general for the evacuation of the city of Boston, enabled him to interfere successfully in the young hero's favor; and on the day subsequent to that on which the British regulars marched out of the town to give admission to the Continentals, Edgar Wallis was united to the object of his choice, and

"Fare as the church could bind them, they were one."

A few weeks after this engagement, the British army in America was strengthened by a large reinforcement, such arrived from England, under the command of Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. Martial law was now proclaimed, but the Congress was not easily intimidated, and, voting that the compact between the two and the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay was dissolved, they recommended that province to resume its natural rights. Several months passed by without any important movements, in this direction, on either side.—An interval was occupied by that branch of the British army forming an elaborate plan for the ensuing campaign, while the Americans quietly prepared themselves for the coming struggle. As further hostilities were now actually expected, the Americans, that they might secure Charleston, sent a detachment of men at night to destroy considerable works at Bunker's Hill. When these operations were discovered in the morning, a heated war was commenced from the enemy's ships, and the Americans, having expended their ammunition, were driven with great difficulty from their intrenchments by Generals Howe and Pigot; but it was not until the British had lost half their number, and the Americans, having only the butts of their muskets, or their bayonets to rely upon, had become totally exhausted, that they yielded the hard-fought ground. On their own side, the Americans lost many, among whom was General Warren, who died fighting bravely in the thickest of the action. After the battle they retired to Americans this victory. History has chronicled upon works on another hill opposite, and the British troops were closely intrenched in the peninsula.

The General Congress published a very animated declaration, in which their reasons for taking arms were assigned, and the objects for which they contended pointed out. They also appointed George Washington general and commander-in-chief of the American forces (July 24, 1775). The military skill evinced by this distinguished soldier in the last war, when he commanded different bodies of provincials, as well as conduct towards his fellow-men in all his relations towards them, fully justified the confidence of his countrymen. Another point they earnestly brought his Majesty to adopt some method of putting a stop to the contest; but this petition, though presented by Mr. Penn, late governor, and one of the Proprietors of Pennsylvania, obtained no answer.

In the meantime the Americans prepared for every event, and animated with the enthusiasm of a people contending for liberty, no longer confined themselves to

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