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AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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DORA M'CRAE;

An Incident of St. Clair's Defeat.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS

The gathering of St. Clair's army occupied nearly the whole spring and summer of 1791. Among those who centered, somewhat unwillingly, around his standard, were the militia of Kentucky; and among the active men who composed this corps, no one was more unwilling than John McCrae. John's father was an old settler, and had been out with Clark more than once. "Had a thirst for hair,"—as they say of Indian fights under Harmar—but John had no love of Indians, and no love of war, and when the old man, with his kindling Indian eye, put into his son's hand the hunting knife, with which many a deer, bear, panther, and more than one "human" had been bled to death, the son's own blood ran cold.

"Give it to the varmints," said the white-haired hunter, "and come back here without a scalp on your head, or with many under your belt, or you'll taste a kiss of my old rifle, my boy."

The Kentuckians all went to the contest unwillingly, because regulars were to be with them, and regular officers were to command them; but John McCrae was backward, because in his soul he was an arrant coward. But his father was more terrible than Mechecannaqua, and John went to the wars. The old man had as much of suspicion that his son was a coward as such a man could have. But the truth was only known to one being, Dora McCrae, John's twin sister. In size, complexion, features, movements, even voice, few could distinguish the two urchins that played in the sugar-troughs, and pounded the hominy together. John was tinged to his tones even with effeminacy; Dora, tho' free from all coarseness, was tall, active, daring, and possessed a voice which, ringing through the clear woods of Fayette, might have puzzled an old Pagan to tell whether it was Diana or Apollo he listened to.

But, alike as they were externally, within, John and Dora differed widely.—She had no knowledge of fear till the woman's dread of insult and wrong slowly sickened in her soul. The beasts of prey—wolves, cougars, bears—had no terror for her childhood; and many a time had she gone fearlessly into the forest to learn the meaning of some strange cry, while John cowered in the cornfield.

When John was to leave for Fort Washington, Dora, perfectly understanding his dread of the work before him, made up her mind to go with him. She had cousins in the little village of Cincinnati, and obtained her parents' leave to go and visit them while John was preparing for his northward march under St. Clair. She knew that her strong affection for her brother, was fully returned by him, and trusted her presence and influence would keep him true to his duty.

They reached the little marshy town; John reported himself to the proper officer, and until the movement of September 17th, when the army was got under way for the Miami station—now Hamilton—all went well, and Dora's throbbing heart grew every day more calm. On the morning of that day she rose early and went to her brother's room to bid him farewell—it might be forever. She knocked; no answer—louder: there was no reply—she spoke: no sound followed, but the snore of the sleepers below. She went into the room: the bed was empty, the window open, the clothes of the late occupant scattered here and there. The dress he had worn on duty lay on the floor. The truth instantly flashed across the mind of the agitated girl—"He has deserted!"

For a while, contempt for him, love for him, dread of her father's anger, sorrow for the deadly grief of the old veteran, were mingled in her mind. She saw the grey Indian-fighter as he sat at his cabin-door, in the early autumn sun, and counted the victims of his son's rifle and knife—again, she saw him as some neighbor, cruel with news, came in and told him of that son's desertion—she shuddered at the look of incredulous horror as it crept over and froze that beaming, scarred countenance—she heard his cry of agony, of vengeance, as he realized the terrible truth, that the son of a McCrea was a coward.

With that swelling from the heart which chokes the throat, and runs over in the wet, but unweeping eyes, she gathered her soul's energies, and saw her way suddenly, but dimly—as the pilot sees the circling Ohio when the mornig mist lifts like a curtain.

Often in early youth—the twins were at the time we write of but eighteen—she had changed dresses with her brother, to make sport among the neighboring cabins, a few miles south, on the Elkhorn. At this moment filled with mingled emotions, in which fear for the fugitive, the pride of the race of McCrae, and womanly diffidence prevailed; she determined to clothe herself in his hunting shirt and leggings, to take his place in the ranks, to save his reputation from the slanderer, and, if she lived, hide the truth from all but the brother she had saved.

With that intense calmness, which belongs to the intense situations of life, Dora thought at her position. She must account for her own apparent absence from her father's house; and she must meet the difficulties which would grow from an almost entire want of a knowledge of military life. Such were the two most pressing problems before her. To solve the first was the work of a few moments.—She rapidly wrote, in her backwoods fashion, a few lines addressed to John, telling him that she could not bear to wait for his departure; that she dreaded the last farewells, and had left at early dawn to return to her home. This done, she went to her room, packed up her clothes, which she put in his saddle-bags, put her chamber in order; carefully cut her hair, and lay down upon his bed. Not long after the oldest son of her cousin came to call John to his last breakfast. Dora rose, dressed herself in her brother's militia suit, which was not after a very military fashion, and with trembling limbs descended the ladder by which communication between the two stories of the log house was effected.—The family were all assembled, and wondered why Dora, who was commonly up so early, though John was given to morning naps, had not yet appeared. John, (as we shall now call his representative,) sat down to his corn-bread and rye coffee, and if but little was said, and she seemed somewhat queer and troubled, it was ascribed to his near departure, for which, as the family suspected, he had no especial fancy. "But where's Dora? Where can the girl be?" was the constant inquiry.—At last the mother of the young Buckeyes went herself into the loft to look after her cousin, and soon, with fear and wonder in every feature and limb, came down, bringing the note to John, which in her plain way she had read as soon as she saw it. "The child's mad!" said the father. "She's a fool!" cried the aunt. "She's as wild as she's good, that's sure," chimed in the matron herself. John's eyes brimed with tears—but who could wonder; and Dora rejoiced to find that her bold nature made that seem natural for her to do, which, done by another, would have seemed most out of nature. No one doubted her departure; no one suspected that the young soldier was any other than John McCrae.

And now she has, (we had better call the fellow McCrae, by way of compromise, however, and say McCrae has,) well McCrae has found a squad of the sons of "Old Kaintuck," (they at twenty being older than their mother,) and is pressing on with them to Ludlow's Station, where the body of the troops had long been. Dora was as well acquainted with the Kentucky boys as John had ever been, and so long as it was merely to carry a rifle and use it hunter-fashion, she was equal to any man; her old father would have thought her education very childish if she could not carry, load, and fire a rifle—run, leap, walk, ride—in short, go through any frontier calisthenics. But she dreaded to meet the Colonel, and be put upon those semi-military evolutions which John had been practiced in for many weeks. Her second problem as yet found no solution. Ludlow's station is soon reached, Col. Oldham calls his boys to order, puts them in line, and though no very strict disciplinarian, tries to learn what material is under him. "Who are you, sir?" "John McCrae." "Where from?" "Fayette." "A son of the old Irishman?" "He's my father." "Good my lad," says the Colonel; "mind you keep up the honor of the McCraes. I've heard you had scarce their blood in you." Dora's flashing eyes and expanded nostrils made the Colonel fairly jump. "It's a scandal, a slander," muttered Oldham, as he moved on; "the fellow has soul, has pluck, if I know an eye from an acorn." Slowly, through the wilderness of stumps, called playfully a road, the troops dragged on towards the point where Fort Hamilton was to be erected.

During the march no "evolutions," except the common one of getting out of a quagmire, were called for, and our genderless McCrae got the run of the corps, the outline of operations quite clearly in mind. But at the Miami was to come the trial; there, in the intervals of mud-heaving, were to come the military movements, and Dora had as yet no solution to her problem. Sickness, or a sprained ancle even, might lead to detection; she dared not get into the hands of the Doctors. That young McCrae had forgotten all he had learned at Fort Washington was not to be believed for a moment. What could be done?—When her wits, hardly tasked, failed to answer, the power which men term Fortune stepped in with a reply.

The day after they reached the Miami, Col. Oldham had no inspections and his men lounged about, killing that aboriginal who never dies, old Time. McCrae, guided by Fortune, went to the field where certain of the regular troops were under drill. Among them was a fellow whose heels had been stolen by Bacchus. He knew nothing of the acute "right wheel," and "left wheel;" but kept up a chronic wheel in all directions. The eye of the officer caught him; a reprimand, an arrest, a sentence of confinement till the army moved again, were the product of a moment. Our misclad heroine looked and listened; at first laughing; for such curves were no new thing in her forest geometry; then troubled; then thoughtful; lastly hopeful, for her problem seemed less perplexing; Homer might have said that Minerva came to her aid; we ascribe the help to another supernatural agent, whiskey. 'Will not whiskey explain all my awkwardness,' said she to herself.

John McCrae, for fear of quarrel, had always shunned the bottle. That night John was beside himself. His companions were sobered with amazement. "McCrae, my boy you'll catch it on the parade to-morrow," were words that cheered Dora's heart, as she suffered the abominable liquid to trickle over her bosom, and sink into the folds of her garments.

The morrow came; the prophecy was realized: such slovenly habits of musket-handling, marching, moving, in a young man four weeks under drill, could not escape Oldham's eye. The goddess of whiskey, however explained it all. 'He shall be made an example of,' swore the Colonel. "It's the first time he was ever known to drink," said the Captain at his elbow.—"So? so?" mused the commander. "Call him here." The trembling masker came. "McCrae," said the officer kindly, "you are plainly drunk, but I'm told it's the first time. You will, however, consider yourself so far under arrest as not to appear on parade again until notice is sent you."—Dora's heart beat prayers and thanksgiving till long after midnight.

Shut out from any participation in the exercises, but allowed to witness them, McCrae was soon so well acquainted with what had to be done, that when called to the ranks again while Fort Jefferson was slowly rising from the sods, no more ignorance was noticed than a month out of practice would easily account for.

It was a weary march, that of St. Clair's doomed army. Through muddy, timber-cumbered roads, often making only seven miles a day, with scant and poor food, thro' early snows and ceaseless rains,—cold, wet and hungry, the troops toiled on from Fort Jefferson toward the fatal field. And yet this march was the brightest period of Dora's life. On such a march as that we speak of, strict discipline could not be observed, and the members of the different corps were frequently during the day intermingled. Now it happened that on the way from Fort Hamilton, McCrae was thrown into the company of the New Jersey regulars, or rather those who had been such during the revolutionary war. Among them was Capt. Kirkwood, an old veteran, and with him—in a manner under his charge a young man, son of a Mr. Grey of Trenton, who was acting as a volunteer. Grey's father had been in the N. Jersey regiment himself, and the son had been from his boyhood a soldier in purpose and in spirit; and yet a more gentle being never lived. Fearless of danger, calm in battle, he was horror-struck by the rudeness, the profanity, the vulgarity of a camp; and had taken up an especial dislike to the Western soldiers or hunters.

It was with no good will, therefore, that he saw McCrae rapidly becoming a favorite with Kirkwood; whose tales of Camden, Guilford and Eutaw, the beardless Kentuckian never tired of hearing. But as Grey noticed his new companion more closely, and remarked that no oaths, no vulgar slang, no bitter taunts, or foolish boasting ever passed those almost effeminate lips, as he thought them, he began to fall in with the old Captain's liking for the boy and before the halt at Fort Jefferson took place the two youngsters were inseparable. Grey was amazed and charmed by the spirit of refinement which marked the wildest sallies of his comrade, & grew more and more attached to the gentle savage. Dora, who had never before met an educated, polished, and yet free-spoken, & open-hearted man, need we say how her brain began to swim and her blood to tingle?—how her ears grew deaf to old Kirkwood's yarns, and her eyes blind to every wonder but one? For the first time she dreaded the day of battle; she prayed that the roads might grow deeper, and the rains mightier; and the weary march endure forever. But her prayers even, could not prolong it forever. On the evening of the 3d of November, the army reached its charnel-field, and McCrae passed with the rest of Oldham's corps beyond the creek, and took up a position a quarter of a mile in advance.

The night of the 3d was by no means a pleasant one for a bivouac. The ground had been covered with a light snow the day before, which had partially melted, saturating the earth with moisture. As night came on it grew more and more chill. Crystals of ice began to skim over the little puddles and stiffen the wet ground. The soldier standing or lying, had his choice between a quicking snow, or a freezing bog. The troops had for some days been on short allowance; and as the wet and half-starved wretches crowded round the watch-fires, happy was the man, who could find a dry comfortable log to sit on, and a chunk to support his freezing feet. Under these circumstances our heroine, who was less used to cold and wet than her companions, and whose feelings made their company distasteful, determined to keep in motion, and went to Col. Oldham to ask the privilege, of acting as a scout; for it was rumored among the militia that they were not more than 15 or 20 miles from the Miami villages, that the creek behind them was a branch of the St. Mary's and that St. Clair thought the Indians who had been seen north of the creek when the army first came in sight of it, were the advanced guard of the body of savages. When McCrae made the request stated, Oldham readily granted it: adding that the commander-in-chief had ordered the greatest care to be taken to prevent a surprise, and had directed the woods to be thoroughly searched. He therefore cautioned the young soldier to be noiseless & watchful; to use the rifle only in case of absolute necessity, and to trust to speed or the hunting knife in case of danger. "A select body of regulars under Capt. Slough," added the Colonel, "is to take a position a mile in advance of us, as a still farther precaution; take your range to the left, move slowly, so as to come to them about midnight, then turn on your track again and be in the camp for morning muster."

Dora started upon her solitary way, having first learned the watchery—the thrill of the little owl—by means of which the scouts were to know one another. How calm her feelings as she moved through those solemn woods, catching now and then a sight of the half-starred, half-clouded heavens, through the leafless branches. A week had changed the girl into a woman. She had risked her life to save her brother's honor, as much from the recklessness of her Irish blood and backwood breeding, as from any higher impulse; but now she felt a serious heroism strengthening every limb, sending a nobler life into every fibre. Love in her true nature was not that selfish passion which binds to one fellow-being; it was that divine power which, opening the spiritual eyes, and changing all nature, binds to all through one.

She went upon her path silently, watchfully—not for her own sake, not because Gray's life might depend upon her care, but because his life and all other lives around her, might hang upon it.

We need not follow her through those tedious hours. She was fearless, because, little as she had heard of religion, she knew by a sense just developed, that God was with her. Towards midnight she drew to the outpost; gliding from tree to tree, she approached the warfire—no one was by it, the logs had burned to cinders and were unrenewed.

Startled by this discretion she was doubting whether to return direct to the militia camp, or retrace her steps as directed by the Col., when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and by the light of mouldering embers beheld an Indian, his finger on his lips. For an instant *the woman unmanned her.* During that instant her rifle and knife were taken. She bowed her head in bitter silence, awaiting the tomahawk. The Indian, in equal silence, took her by the arm and led her away; he plainly thought he had caught a coward. After a little while the low whinning of a fox was heard, her companion repeated it, and in a few moments more they stood amid a band of savages.

A short talk in Indian followed; her hands were then bound behind her back, and she was tied to a tree, with a significant gesture which told her that a word, a cry, would ensure her a cleft skull. It was perfect darknes. But near her she heard the sound of some one breathing heavily, as if asleep or gagged. Her heart grew light with the hope of a fellow-captive,—so selfish at times are the best of us. At last an Indian, bearing a torch drew near; and as the welcome light brought the world back to her, she saw not only one, but eight captives each bound to his tree.

Some wore the careless dress of the militia, others the uniform of the United States; and as the torch-bearer drew nearer to where she stood, examining the hands of the captives, or inquiring as to St. Clair's strength and position, and as not only forms but features grew distinct in the glare, Dora recognized with a kind of horrid joy the person and face of Grey.

He had been one of the volunteers under Capt. Slough. That officer had placed him and others upon the outskirts of his party as sentinels, having been convinced, soon after taking up his position, that the savages were numerous in his vicinity.—Grey, like many unused to Indian tricks, had been taken noiselessly; some had fired their guns and been killed.

Slough, some time before Dora reached his watchfire, finding clear proof of the enemy's force in these frequent captures, had returned to make his report to Gen. Butler.

Dora's first sensation was a horrid joy as we have said; but the horror soon outweighed the joy. She could have died and smiled in death; its worst pang would have been that her brother after all was not saved; but,—that *he* should die! A faintness never felt before in her young limbs, came over them. Excitement, horror, cold, fatigue had weakened both soul and body! When Mechecunaqua, for the torch-bearer was the Little Turtle himself—came to the tree where they had tied her, she was hanging lifeless in her bonds.

The chief looked amazed the pale lips showed no shamming; he laughed silently in scorn of the long knife who had been scared to death—or was it the faintness of a wound? He ordered the belt which held her to the tree to be loosened, the wrists to be set free, and laying the body upon the earth, threw open the hunting shirt to discover. A grunt of extraordinary astonishment burst from the group of binding scalplocks, for one glance showed the sex of the captive. At that moment came messengers who reported the white army alarmed and in motion; for Slough on his way in had informed Col. Oldham that the foe were near in force, and they should certainly be attacked in the morning or sooner, and Oldham thinking the same from the reports of his spies, had detached several small parties to bring in the scouts.—The Little Turtle, who knew of St. Clair's habit of getting his men under arms before day-light and then dismissing them to breakfast, had planned,—what he actually performed,—a surprise between daybreak and sun-rise, when all would be off guard; but this information, that St. Clair was alarmed and in motion, made him fear his whole plan abortive. Hastily directing a follower to send a squaw to the young pale-face, he at once left therefore to re-arrange his red-men. One captive and that a woman, was of small interest compared with the news just delivered, and Dora, still insensible, was left, deserted on the icy leaves. At last, life painfully came again; then recollection; she moved; she was free; she tried to pierce the darkness, but could not. Where was she? How came she free? Presently she heard that heavy breathing again. Reassured, she rose, and, directed by the sound reached the tree where she thought Grey was tied; and whispering in the captive's ear that it was a friend, with trembling fingers she took the gag from his mouth. She had been right; it was he. A few minutes more and he too was at liberty. He had seen the body of a captive laid on the ground not far from him, but had not seen the face amid the circle of savages. Deep was his gratitude and joy to find his deliverer to be his dearest friend; but how much deeper the joy of that deliver.

And now they would have freed the others, but again a torch was seen; the squaws were grumbling on their way in search of the pale face. Not knowing whither they went, the two Americans glided away.

They took, fortunately for them, the very opposite direction from that which they would have taken had they known the points of the compass, and so went directly north. It was fortunate for them, because the Indians, when Little Turtle had at length prevailed in the council soon after midnight, had drawn in close about the devoted army, and when Dora first saw by the stars the direction they had taken, they were far behind the foe. They then changed their course, and judging the savages were between them and their comrades, made a detour to the West until, shortly before day-break, they struck the creek on which St. Clair had encamped, but some distance below him. This they crossed, to escape any flanking party of red-men; and soon heard the drums of the regiments, then about being disbanded for the morning.

"Thank God, they are alive and up," cried Grey. "Slough gave the alarm, and the old man will have the red-skins now in spite of his crutches." And Slough had given the alarm, but to heedless ears. He had reported to Gen. Butler, as was proper, his own conviction and that of Col. Oldham, that the enemy was before them in great force, and would attack in the morning or earlier. Butler, an old Indian trader and hunter, despised the regulars with whom he acted, whenever Indians were concerned: the militia he despised for their insubordination; St. Clair he despised also, as a worn-out invalid. Indeed they were not at that time on speaking terms. Slough and Oldham, communicated nothing definite; only their own convictions. What were they worth? Butler sent no word to St. Clair; took no measures to prevent a surprise. A brave man himself, he would have felt like a coward to alarm the whole army on such grounds. His courage cost many lives.—Had St. Clair received the accounts of Slough and Oldham, he would have attacked the Indians, and Mechecunaqua's plans would have failed.

As Grey and his comrade drew nearer to the army they moved with greater stealth and care. Day had now fairly broken. Presently, far to their left, were heard yells, shouts, rifles, and that sea-like sound of many feet shaking the earth.—In a moment more the drums beat again, and in front of the fugitives the clash and hubbub of the ranks forming suddenly rose on the frosty air.

"It is the attack"—said Grey, pausing—"but what are those sounds to the left?"

"The yell of the savages; the cries of the Kentuckians," answered McCrea, "the militia has been driven back."

Dora was right. Oldham, waiting for orders, had taken no efficient steps to prevent a surprise. His corps were taken unawares, and rushing back upon the regulars threw all into confusion, and lost the day. We need not follow the details of the battle; they are known but too well. When the fugitives of our tale reached the field all was confusion. The survivor's of McCrea's company were scattered wherever there was shelter. Kirkwood was killed. Through the dreadful carnage of those three hours and a half, the friends, seizing the arms of the fallen, fought side by side. At last the word spread that the troops were to retreat.—"Like a drove of bullocks," as a spectator says,* the survivors pressed to the right. In the press, Dora found herself alone.—She struggled forward with what was tho't the despair of terror, he was not there; she lagged amid the hastening crowd with what men deemed the apathy of cowardice, but she could not see him; she turned and strove madly to stem the human torrent, and die with him under the tomahawks of the pursuing savages, but the torrent bore her along. Once more she pressed forward; he was strong, active—he was in the advance. She ran till her limbs, which had not rested for so many hours, failed her, and she sunk by the roadside. The flying troops still hurried by—men, women, and boys—some on foot, some on jaded horses. The yells of the foe who, stopping to scalp those they slew, followed slowly, were just audible. Amid the crowd of terrified runners she could see no form like his. The tide of life that had once before that morning, again flowed backward. The hideous scalp-shrieks drew nearer, she closed her eyes and resigned herself once more to death.

A hand was laid on her shoulder. She looked, sprang up—it was Grey, but so deathly pale she scarcely knew him; what was it A wound, a ball through the shoulder; his dress was dripping with blood. He had sought his saviour of the morning in front and rear; had pressed too near the enemy, a rifle had sped its ball close to his heart. In an instant Dora's wearied limbs seemed rested, even as Grey sank exhausted by her side. Scalp-screams came nearer. She gave one glance at him—he was senseless; one at the chances of escape near by, which her own fate had never led her to look at. Snow still covered the earth, but here and there were batches of bare leaves. At a little distance was an old moss grown tree-skeleton, fallen half a century before. Many a time had Dora hidden in such in her childhood. A few steps carried her to it; it was, as she guessed, hollow. She returned; lifted with her whole life-energy the body of him she loved, and bore it to the rotten log. With great difficulty she brought back his senses by the help of the snow around them; bound his wound; pointed out his danger and only place of refuge; and just as the Indians appeared in the road almost beside them, filled the open end of their hiding-place with the leaves that had before hidden within it from November winds.

It was a happy thought thus to push those within out, rather than to draw up those that lay about the opening. Dora, and he whom she had twice saved, lay feet to feet, unable to speak; but though speech was denied them, hearing was not. They heard steps; voises; nearer and nearer they came; low, guttural sounds were heard just over them. Presently two or more Indians, invited by the mossy seat, sat down over their heads, then they heard a gurgle, as the whiskey canteen of some dead regular was applied to savage lips, then laughter and yells; presently a white man's voice—perhaps Simon Girty's, he is said to have been there*—asked what was in that log they were on. The tipsy Indian stuck his hand into the hollow and answered "leaves, leaves."

Ere long the love of blood out grew that of the fire-water, and the green log covered less palpitating hearts. Then came the sounds of the returning victors, and then the silence of night. The fugitives ventured forth. The cold, earth-mouldering wood had stopped Grey's bleeding, but he was still weak from the blood he had lost. They both needed food; they had not eaten for twenty-four hours—Dora silently disappeared. She went to the battle-field and procured some flour, meat, and spirits from the slain, for many of the army, in the absence of legal supplies, had provided illegal. She tore off the dim-seen dead men's linen to make bandages for him that lived. She took their coats for his bed.

Four days passed. The Indians, loaded with scalps and spoils, had gone northward. The whites were getting their breaths and spinning their yarns in forts Hamilton and Washington. The vultures, and the buzzards, and the carrion crows, possessed the battle-field. Grey, his strength almost restored, had gone out to look at the traces of death, while his comrade, having now for the first time dared to light a fire, prepared some civilized food. The young officer wandered some way towards the ground of the engagement, till warned by weakness he turned again.—Sauntering along, in that luxury of laziness, known only to the valetudinarian, he saw suddenly a figure before him. It was McCrea, whom he had left over the kettle, only so differently dressed!

"Where, M[illegible], did you get that?" cried he.

"Ha! you know me!" said the other, with a savage, wreckless gravity, that astonished Grey beyond measure.

"Know you, my dear John, I have reason to know you. But why this masquerade? Is breakfast ready?"

McCrea stared with an air of one who had met a madman: "Who *are* you?" said he, "where have you seen me?"

Grey thought the gay young woodsman playing a part, in his joy, for their safety; so putting on a part himself, he replied,—"You're mad, John—raving crazy. Our escapes, our wounds, our starving, our freezing, have turned your head, John. I must bleed you, my boy."

The boy—it was John, himself—stood stupefied. He had from his hiding-place gone back to Cincinnati—had learned that John McCrea had marched with his company—had guessed his sister's sacrifice; and when the breath of defeat reached him—stung into heroism by the air, by shame and fear—had gone [illegible] to die if she were dead—to live to redeem her with Grey's last words.

*Van Cleve. Am. Pioneer, ii. 150.

*Stone's Life of B[illegible]