The Weekly Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. | THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION. | TERMS--$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 23. | TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1874. | WHOLE NUMBER 907.

Choice Poetry.

THANKSGIVING.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Many and bright are the scenes that are planned,
Many the hearts that with gladness expand,
Many the hopes with fruition at hand,
And the voice of the turkey is heard in the land;
For Thanksgiving Day
Is welcomed alway—
A heart-warming, glorious, genial season,
When the feelings, repressed
By traffic's behest,
On one day, at least, for dominion contest,
And strive, as of old, to be specially blest,
While care is a species of treason.

The city shuts up its shop for the day;
The oldest and youngest play or pray;
The churches are open in the ancient way,
For preachers to utter whatever they may,
With few to listen to what they say;
While all the chaises and carriages
Are dashing around with their merry loads
Of babies dressed in their prettiest modes,
To dump at the doors of kindred abodes—
Or filled with those still happier nodes,
Who rush to try that best of codes
Which binds us up in marriages.

The horse in the stall, the dog at the door,
Are loved and caressed and kissed once more,
And smiles are joyously beaming;
And the pullets, destined for them to die.
Look on the scene with a cheerful eye,
In sympathetic seeming.

The land is vocal with psalm and prayer,
And joy's glad note sounds everywhere
A festival oblation;
And savory steams like clouds arise,
To tickle the palate and glad the eyes
Of lovers of virtue and pumpkin pies,
Where grave and gay, and dull and wise,
Pay tribute to gustation.

NOVEMBER.

BY ALICE CARY.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild;
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the Winter is over,
The boughs will make new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallows back to the caves;

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and the dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The Spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rain so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous Summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

Select Story.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON.

A TALE OF THE TORY ASCENDANCY.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF PHILLIP LINDSAY—SENSIBILITY AND RETIREMENT APT TO ENGENDER A PERNICIOUS PHILOSOPHY.

The thread which I now have to take up and weave into this history, requires that my narrative should go back for some years. It briefly concerns the fortunes of Philip Lindsay.

His father emigrated from England, and was established in Virginia about the year 1735, as a Secretary to the Governor of the Province. He was a gentleman of good name and fortune. Philip was born within a year after this emigration. As America was then comparatively a wilderness, and affordded but few facilities for the education of youth, the son of the Secretary was sent at an early age to England, where he remained, with the exception of an occasional visit to his parents, under the guardianship of a near relative, until he had completed his collegiate course, and also his course at the Temple—an indispensable requirement of that day for young gentlemen of condition.

In due course of time, he fell heir to his father's wealth, which, with the estate of his wife, made him one of the most opulent and considerable gentlemen of the Old Dominion.

He had but two children—Mildred and Henry—with four years' difference between their ages, These were nurtured with all the care and indulgent bounty natural to parents whose affections are concentrated upon so small a family circle.

His relations to the Government, his education, pursuits and temper, as might be expected, had deeply imbued Lindsay with the politics of the Tory party, and taught him to regard with distrust, and even with abhorence, the revolutionary principles which were getting into vogue. In this sentiment, he visited with a dislike that did not correspond with the more usual development of his character, all those who were in any degree suspected of aiding or abetting the political heresy of the time.

About two years after the birth of Mildred, he had purchased a tract of land in the then new and frontier country lying upon the Rockfish River. Many families of note in the low country had possessed themselves of estates at the foot of the Blue Ridge, in this neighborhood, and were already making establishments there. Mr. Lindsay, attracted by the romantic character of the scenery, the freshness of the soil, and the healthfulness of the climate, following the example of others, had laid off the grounds of his site, a neat and comfortable rustic dwelling, with such accommodation as might render it a convenient and pleasant retreat during the hot months of the Summer.

From the fact that it was allied with some of the tenderest associations connected with the infancy of Mildred, it was called by the fanciful and kindly name of "The Dove Cote."

The education of Milred and Henry became a delightful household care. Tutors were supplied, and the parents gave themselves up to the task of supervision with a fond industry.

Whilst this epoch of happiness was in progression, the political heaven began to be darkened. The troubles came on with harsh portents; war rumbled in the distance, and at length broke out in thunder. Mildred had, in the meantime, grown up to the verge of womanhood—a fair, ruddy, light-haired beauty, of exceeding graceful proportions, and full of the most interesting impulses. Henry trod closely upon her heels, and was now shooting through the rapid stages of boyhood. Both had entwined themselves around their parents' affections, like fibres that conveyed to them their chief nourishment; and the children were linked to each other even, if that were possible, by a stronger bond.

The war threw Lindsay into a perilous predicament. His estates were large, and his principles exposed him to the sequestration which was rigidly enforced against the royalist party. To avoid this blow, or, at least to mitigate its severity, he conveyed the estate of the Dove Cote to Mildred, assigning as his reason for doing so, that, as it was purchased with moneys belonging to his wife, he consulted and executed her wish, in transferring the absolute ownership of it to his daughter. The rest of his property was converted into money, and invested in funds in Great Britain. As soon as this arrangement was made, about the second year of the war, the Dove Cote became the permanent residence of the family; Lindsay preferring to remain here rather than to retire to England, hoping to escape the keen notice of the dominant party, and to find, in this classic and philosophical privacy, an oblivion of the rude cares that beset the pillow of every man who mingled in the strife of the day.

He was destined to a grievous disappointment. His wife, to whom he was romantically attached, was taken from him by death, just at this interesting period. This blow for a time almost unsettled his reason. The natural calm of such a mind as Lindsay's is apt to show paroxysms of grief. Its sorrow was too still and deep for show. The flight of years, however, brought healing on their wings; and Mildred and Henry gradually re-illumed their father's countenance with flashes of cheerful thought, that daily grew broader and more abiding; till, at last, sense and duty completed their triumph, and once more gave Lindsay to his family, unburdened of his grief, or, if not unburdened, conversing with it only in the secret hours of self-communion.

His hopes of ease and retirement were disappointed in another way. His house was open to the visits of the Tory leaders, no less than to those of the other side; and although this intercourse could not openly be maintained without risk, yet pretext were not wanting, occasionally, to bring the officers and gentlemen in the British interest to the Dove Cote. They came stealthily and in disguise, and they did not fail to involve him in the insidious schemes and base plottings by which a wary foe generally endeavors to smooth the way of invasion. The temporary importance which these connections conferred, and the assiduous appeal which it was the policy of the enemy to make to his loyalty, wrought upon the vanity of the scholar, and brought him, by degrees, from the mere toleration of an intercourse that he at first sincerely sought to avoid, into a participation of the plans of those who courted his fellowship.

Mildred had grown up to the blossom-time of life, in the possession of every personal attraction. From the fanciful ideas of education adopted by her indulgant father, or, rather, from the sedulous care with which he experimented upon her capacity, and devoted himself to the task of directing and waiting upon the expansion of her intellect, she had made acquirements much beyond her years, and altogether of a character unusual to her sex. An ardent and persevering temper had imparted a singular enthusiasm to her pursuits, and her air, though not devoid of playfulness, might be said to be habitually abstracted and self-communing.

As the war advanced, her temper and situation both enlisted her as a partisan in the questions which it brought into discussion; and, while her father's opinions were abhorent to this struggle for independence, she, on the other hand, unknown to him, was casting her thoughts, feelings, affections, and hopes, upon the broad waters of rebellion; and if not expecting them to return to her, after many days, with increase of good, certainly believing that she was mingling them with those of patriots who were predestined to the brightest meed of glory.

A father is not apt to reason with a daughter; the passions and prejudices of a parent are generally received as principles by the child; and most fathers, counting upon this instinct, deem it enough to make known the bent merely of their own opinions, without caring to argue them. This mistake will serve to explain the wide difference which is sometimes seen between the most tenderly attached parent and child, in those deeper sentiments that do not belong to the every day concerns of life. Whilst, therefore, Mr. Lindsay took no heed how the seed of doctrine fructified and grew in the soil where he desired to plant it, in truth it fell upon ungenial ground, and either this was blown away by the wind, or perished for want of appropriate nourishment.

As the crisis became more momentous, and the discussion of national rights more rife, Mildred's predilections ran stronger on the republican side; and at the time my story opens, she was a sincere and enthusiastic friend of American independence.

It is, however, due to truth to say, that Mildred's eager attachment to this cause was not altogether the free motion of patriotism. How often does some little under current of passion, some slight and amiable prepossession, modest and unobserved, rise to the surface of our feelings, and there give its direction to the stream upon which floats all our philosophy!

My reader must be told that, before the war broke out, this enthusiastic girl flitted across the path of Arthur Butler, then a youth of rare faculty and promise, who combined with a modest and gentle demeanor an earnest devotion to his country, sustained by a chivalrous tone of honor that had in it all the fanciful disinterestedness of boyhood. It will not, therefore, appear wonderful that, amongst the golden opinions the young man was storing up in all quarters, some fragment of this grace should have made a lodgement in the heart of Mildred Lindsay.

Butler was a native of the lower Districts of South Carolina, and was already the possessor, by inheritance, of what was then called a handsome fortune. He first met Mildred, under the safe conduct of her parents, at Annapolis, Maryland, at that time the seat of opulence and fashion.

The war was at the very threshold, and angry men thought of turning the ploughshare into the sword. Amongst these was Butler, an unsparing denouncer of the policy of Britain, and an unhesitating volunteer in the ranks of her opposers. It was at this eventful time that he met Mildred. I need hardly add that, under these inauspicious circumstances, they began to love. Every interview afterwards, (and they frequently saw each other at Williamsburg and Richmond,) only developed more and completely the tale of love that nature was telling in the heart of each.

Butler received from Congress an ensign's commission in the Continental army, and was employed for a few months in the recruiting service at Charlottesville. This position favored his views, and enabled him to visit at the Dove Cote. His intercourse with Mildred, up to this period, had been allowed by Lindsay to pass without comment—it was regarded but as the customary and commonplace civility of polite society. Mildred's parents had no sympathy in her lover's sentiments, and consequently no especial admiration of his character, and they had not yet doubted their daughter's loyalty to be of less stern materials than their own. Her mother was the first to perceive that the modest maiden awaited the coming of the young soldier with a more anxious forethought than betokened an unoccupied heart. How painfully did this perception break upon her! It opened upon her view a foresight of that unhappy sequence of events that attends the struggle between parental authority and filial inclination, when the absorbing interests of true love are concerned; a struggle that so frequently darkens the fate of the noblest natures, and whose history supplies the charm of so many a melancholy and thrilling page. Mrs. Lindsay had an invincible objection to the contemplated alliance, and immediately awakened the attention of her husband to the subject. From this moment, Butler's reception at the Dove Cote was cold and formal, and Mr. Lindsay did not delay to express to his daughter an aversion to her intimacy with a man so uncongenial to his taste. I need not dwell upon the succession of incidents that followed—are they not written in every book that tells of young hearts loving in despite of authority? Let it suffice to say that Butler, "many a time and oft," hied stealthily to the Dove Cote, where, "under the shade of melancholy bough," or sometimes of good Mistress Dimmock's roof, he found means to meet and exchange vows of constancy with the lady of his love.

Thus passed the first year of the war. The death of Mrs. Lindsay, to which I have before adverted, now occurred. The year was doubly afflictive to Mildred. Her father's grief hung as heavily upon her as her own, and to this was added a total separation from Butler. He had joined his regiment, and was sharing the perils of the Northern campaigns, and subsequently of those which ended in the subjugation of Carolina and Georgia. During all this period, he was enabled to keep up an uncertain and irregular correspondence with Mildred, and he had once met her secretly, for a few hours only, at Mistress Dimmock's, during the Autumn immediately preceding the date of the opening of my story.

Mrs. Lindsay, upon her death bed, had spoken to her husband in the most emphatic terms of admonition against Mildred's possible alliance with Butler, and conjured him to prevent it by whatever means might be in his power. Besides this, she made a will, directing the distribution of a large jointure estate in England between her two children, coupling with the bequest a condition of forfeiture, if Mildred married without her father's approbation.

I have now to relate an incident in the life of Philip Lindsay, which throws a sombre coloring over most of the future fortunes of Mildred and Arthur, as they are hereafter to be developed in my story.

The lapse of years, Lindsay supposed, would wear out the first favorable impressions made by Arthur Butler upon his daughter. Years had now passed; he knew nothing of the secret correspondence between the parties, and he had hoped all was forgotten. He could not help, however, noticing that Mildred had grown reserved, and that her deportment seemed to be controlled by some secret care that sat upon her heart. She was anxious, solicitous, and more inclined, than became her youth, to be alone. Her household affections took a softer tone, like one in grief. These things did not escape her father's eye.

It was on a night in June, a little more than a year before the visit of Butler and Robinson, which I have narrated in a former chapter, that the father and daughter had a free communion together, in which it was his purpose to penetrate into the causes of her disturbed spirit. The conference was managed with an affectionate and skillful address on the part of the father, "sadly borne" by Mildred. It is sufficient to say that it revealed to him a truth of which he was previously but little aware, namely, that neither the family afflictions nor the flight of two years had rooted out the fond predilection of Mildred for Arthur Butler.

But let us pass from this unpleasant incident, to a theme of more cheerful import—the loves of Mildred and Arthur. I have said that these two had secret meetings. They were not entirely without a witness. There was a confidant in all their intercourse—no other than Henry Lindsay, who united to the reckless jollity of youth, an almost worshipping love for his sister. His thoughts and actions were ever akin to hers. Henry was therefore a safe depository of the precious secret; and as he could not but think Arthur Butler a good and gallant comrade, he determined that his father was altogether on the wrong side in respect to the love affair, and, by a natural sequence, wrong also in his politics.

Henry had several additional reasons for this last opinion. The whole countryside was kindled into a martial flame, and there was nothing to be heard but drums and trumpets. There were rifle corps raising, and they were all dressesd in hunting-shirts, and bugles were blowing, and horses were neighing; how could a gallant of sixteen resist it? Besides, Stephen Foster, the woodman, right under the brow of the Dove Cote, was a Lieutenant of mounted riflemen, and had, for some time past, been training Henry in the mystery of his weapon, and had given him divers lessons on the horn, to sound the signals, and had enticed him furtively to ride in a platoon on parade, whereof he had dubbed Henry Corporal or deputy-Corporal. All this worked well for Mildred and Arthur.

Mr. Lindsay was not ignorant of Henry's popularity in the neighborhood, nor how much he was petted by the volunteer soldiery. He did not object to this, as it served to quiet suspicion of his own dislike to the cause, and diverted the observation of what he called the rebel Government, from his own motions; whilst, at the same time, he deemed it no other than a gewgaw that played upon the boyish fancy of Henry without reaching his principles.

Mildred, on the contrary, did not so regard it. She had inspired Henry with her own sentiments, and now carefully trained him up to feel warmly the interests of war, and to prepare himself by discipline for the hard life of a soldier. She early awakened in him a wish to render service in the field, and a resolution to accomplish it, as soon as the occasion might arrive. Amongst other things, she taught him to love Arthur Butler, and keep his counsel.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INTRIGUE.

I must now introduce my reader to the library of the Dove Cote, where, beside a small table covered with papers, and lighted by two candles, sat Philip Lindsay, with a perplexed and thoughtful brow. Opposite to him, in an easy chair, reclined his guest, Mr. Tyrrel, a man whose appearance might entitle him to something like thirty-five years, and whose shrewd and intellectual expression of countenance, to which an air of decision was given by what might be called an intense eye, denoted a person conversant with the business of life; whilst an easy and flexible address no less distinctly announced him one habituated to the most polite society. The time of this meeting corresponded with that of the interview of Mildred and Arthur beneath the Fawn's Tower.

It is necessary only to premise that these two had frequently conferred together, within the last two or three days, upon the subject with which they were now engaged.

"Sir Henry Clinton does me too much honor by his confidence," said Lindsay. "He overrates my influence amongst the gentlemen of the province. Truly, Mr. Tyrrel, I am well persuaded that neither my precept nor example would weigh a feather in the scale against the heady course of this rebellion."

"We are seldom competent to judge of the weight of our own influence," replied Tyrrel. "I might scarce expect you to speak otherwise than as you do. But I have the opportunity to know, can take upon myself to say, that many gentlemen of note in this province, who are at present constrained by the fear of the new Government, look with anxiety to you. They repose faith in your discretion, and would follow your lead. If an excuse be necessary, you might afford them some pretext of pastime to visit the Dove Cote. Here you might concert your plan to operate with our friends in the South."

"'Tis a rash thought," replied Lindsay. "This little nook of woodland quiet has never yet been disturbed with the debates of men who meditated the shedding of blood. God forbid that these peaceful walls should hereafter echo back the words that speak of such a purpose."

"It is to spare the shedding of blood, Mr. Lindsay, and to bring speedy peace to a distracted country, that we invoke you and other friends to counsel. A single battle may decide the question of mastery over the province. We are well assured that the moment Lord Cornwallis reaches the Roanoke—"

"Cornwallis has yet to win the ground he stands upon," interrupted Lindsay; "there may be many a deadly blow struck before he slakes his thirst in the waters of that river; many a proud head may bow low before that day."

"Think you, sir," said Tyrrel, rising as he spoke, "that this patched and ragged levy—this ague-stricken army that is now creeping through the pines of North Carolina, under the command of that pompous pretender, Gates, are the men to dispute with His Majesty's force their right to any inch of soil they choose to occupy? It will be a merry time when we meet them, Mr. Lindsay. We have hitherto delayed our campaign until the harvest was gathered; that is now done, and we shall speedily bring the hero of Saratoga to his reckoning. Then, following at the heels of the runagates, his Lordship, you may be prepared to hear, within two months from this date, will be within friendly hail of the Dove Cote."

"You speak like a boastful soldier, Mr. Tyrrel. It is not unlikely that his Lordship may foil Gates, and turn him back; such I learn to be the apprehension of the more sagacious amongst the Continental officers themselves; but whether that mischance is to favor your incursion into this province, may be worth a soberer study than, I doubt, you have given the question. The path of invasion is ever a difficult road, when it leads against a united people. You mistake both the disposition and the means of these republicans. They have bold partisans in the field, and eloquent leaders in their Senates. The nature of the strife sorts well with their quick and earnest temper; and by the man's play of war we breed up soldiers who delight in the game. Rebellion has long since marched beyond the middle ground, and has no thought of retreat. What was at first the mere overflow of popular passion, has been hardened into principle, like a fiery stream of lava, which first rolls in a flood, and then turns into stone. The delusion of republicanism, like all delusions, is embraced with more enthusiasm than men embrace truth. We deem too lightly of these men and their cause, and we have already, more than once, suffered for the error. When they expelled Dunmore, they committed treason against the Crown; and they are wise enough to know that the cup, once tasted, must be drained to the bottom; they have, therefore, imbrued their hands the deeper in rebellion. They have raised their idol of democracy high, and have fenced it about with the penalties of confiscation and death to those who refuse to bow before it; and now they stand pledged to the prosecution of their unnatural war, by such a bond of fate as unites mariners who have rashly ventured forth upon the raging sea, in a bark of doubtful strength; their minds, braced up, by the thoughts of instant perdition, to the daring effort necessary to reach the haven."

"That haven shall they never reach," cried Tyrrel, impatiently. "Let them invoke the aid of their patron devils! We have a spell to conjure them back again to their own hell, else there is no virtue in the forged steel these rebels have felt before."

"The battle is not always to the strong," said Lindsay, "nor is the craft of soldiership without its chances."

"If we had listened, my friend," said Tyrrel, "to musty proverbs, Charleston would this day have been in the secure and peaceful possession of the enemy. All that you say against our present scheme was heretofore urged, though not with such authority, perhaps, against the invasion of Carolina. And yet how prettily have we gainsaid the prophets! Look at their principal town surrendered—all the strongholds delivered up—the people flocking to our standard for protection—and the whole province lifting up a voice of gratitude for the deliverance we have wrought They are even now arming themselves in our behalf, whilst the shattered fragments of the rebel force are flying to the swamps and their mountain fastnesses. Why should not the same game be played in Virginia? Trust me, Mr. Lindsay, your caution somewhat overleaps that wholesome moderation, which I do not deny is necessary to check a too sanguine reckoning. Come, good sir, lend us a more auspicious counsel. Sir Henry relies much upon your wisdom, and will not, with good heart, forego your service."

"Sir Henry has sadly disturbed my repose," returned Lindsay. "To tell the truth, I have no stomach for this business. Here, I am a native of the province; I have found old friends separated from me; early associations torn up by the roots; and the elements which feed my strongest personal attachments, poisoned by this accursed spirit of revolution. I would hide my head from the storm, and die in these shades in peace."

"It is not for Mr. Philip Lindsay, nor such as he," replied Tyrrel, "to desert his sovereign in his hour of need."

"God forgive me for the thought, Mr. Tyrrel, but it remains yet to be proved who most faithfully serve their sovereign—they who counsel peace, or they who push war to its fatal extremes. There lives not a man within the realm of England to whom I would yield in devotion to the glory of our country. Once make it clear to my judgment that we may hope to regain the lost allegiance of this province by sacrifice of life and fortune, and, dearly as I cherish the welfare of those around me, I will obey the first summons to the field, and peril this worthless existence of mine in bloody fight. Yea, if need be, I will, with my own hand, apply the torch to this peaceful abode, and give it over a smoking ruin to the cause."

"I know you too well," replied Tyrrel, "to doubt the sincerity of your words. But is it not obvious that the war must inevitably tend to this field? Having gained the Carolinas, should we turn our backs as soon as we have reached the confines of Virginia? On the contrary, does not every obligation of honor impel us to maintain and protect our friends here? The conquest of Virginia is an easier enterprise than you deem it. If the Continentals can muster ten thousand men, we, assuredly, may double that number, counting our provincials levied in the South. We have money and all the means of war, whilst the crippled Congress has drained from the people their last groat; their wretched troops will disband from mere want of supplies. They may expect no aid from the North, for there Sir Henry will furnish them sufficient motive to stay at home. We come animated by victories, full of mettle and vigor; they meet us broken by defeats, dejected by mutiny. Never did treason or rebellion array itself with more certainty of punishment than this."

"I have read," said Lindsay, "how John Hampden resisted the exaction of twenty shillings of ship money, and for that pittance dared the displeasure of Charles and his Star Chamber—how he voted the impeachment of the judges who were supple enough to warrant the imposition; how, in this cause, he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard; how he brought Strafford to the block for levying war against the commons of England; and through all that disastrous time, have I read that Charles promised the cavaliers splendid victories, and derided the feeble means of those who were in arms against him; yet Hampden shrank not from the struggle. To me, it seems there is a strange resemblance between the Congress now sitting in Philadelphia, and the Parliament of 1640; and this George Washington might claim kindred with John Hampden. I will not seek for further likenesses."

"If I read that history right," replied Tyrrel, "Hampden met his reward at Chalgrove, and Cromwell turned his crop-eared Parliament out of doors. We may, perhaps, find a Chalgrove on this continent—and Sir Henty Clinton will most probably save the wiseacres at Philadelphia from the intrusion of an upstart Cromwell."

"It would be too bold in us to count on that, Mr. Tyrrel. I am the enemy of these men and their purpose, but I cannot deem otherwise of them than as misguided subjects of the King, frenzied by the imagination of grievances. They are men of good intents and honest hearts, misled by passion. I would that we could give their tempers time to cool. I would even now preach moderation and compromise to His Majesty's ministers."

"The die is long since cast," said Tyrrel, "and all that remains now is to take the hazard of the throw. At this moment, whilst we debate, friend and foe are whetting their swords for a deadly encounter on the fields of Carolina. It is too late to talk of other arbitrament. Assuredly, my good friend, our destiny directs us to this province; and the time has come when you must decide what course you will take. It has been our earnest wish—Sir Henry's letters, there upon the table, anxiously unfold it—to have you up and active in the cause. Why will you disappoint so fair a hope?"

"Alas! Mr. Tyrrel—it is a thorny path you would have me tread. Think you I am the man to win my way through these intricacies? I, that live in the shelter of these woods by sufferance only—an unmolested outlaw, to speak soberly, whom these fanatics of liberty have forborne, for the sake of past acquaintance and present peaceful habits? Am I not girded round about with the hot champions of independence? Look among these hills—there is not a cabin or a woodman's hut, no, nor stately dwelling, whose roof defends one friend to the royal cause, save my own. My lips are sealed; my very thoughts are guarded, lest I give room to think I mean to fly from my neutrality. These papers that lie upon the table might cost me my life; your presence here, were your purpose known, might consign me to captivity or exile—one random word spoken, might give me over to the censures of the power that holds its usurped domination in the province. What aid may be expected from one so guarded, fettered, watched and powerless?"

"And can you patiently," exclaimed Tyrrel, "bow to this oppression? You, a native born freeman of the province—a Briton, nursed in the sunny light of liberty! Shall your freedom of speech be circumscribed, your footsteps be followed by spies and traitors, your very inmost thoughts be read and brought up to the censure of the judgment seat? Shall these things be, and the blood continue to run coolly and temperately through your veins? There are ills, Mr. Lindsay, which even your calm philosophy may not master. But, perhaps, I have mistaken your temper; these evidences, at least, shall not put you in peril," he said, as he took up the letters from the table and held them over the candle, and threw the flaming mass upon the hearth. "That fear, I hope, is removed; and as for my presence here, one word briefly spoken, and it shall not longer jeopardize your safety."

Lindsay looked fixedly at his companion as he destroyed the papers, and then said, with stern emphasis:

"Your duty, sir, is in the field. You have been bred to a profession that teaches you blind obedience to orders. It is not your part to weigh the right of the cause, nor to falter in the execution of any foul purpose of blood, so that it come under the name of honorable warfare. Therefore, I excuse this unbecoming warmth; but do not presume upon the hazardous nature of your calling, and fancy that it implies more fidelity to the King than the allegiance of his more peaceful subjects. It is a thought unworthy of you, that fear of disaster to myself—be it tenfold more imminent than it has yet been—should arrest my step in that path where my country's honor, or my sovereign's command, bids me advance."

"Worthy and excellent friend," said Tyrrel, taking Lindsay's hand, "I have done you wrong. I am rash and headlong in my temper, and my tongue often speaks what my heart disavows. I am little better than a boy, Mr. Lindsay, and a foolish one; I humbly crave hour pardon."

"Speak on," said Lindsay.

"Then, briefly this. Your situation is all that you have described. Sir Henry is aware of the trial he impose upon you. He would have you act with the caution which your wisdom dictates; and if it should become necessary to speak that word which is to bring the wrath of the rebels upon your head, remember there is sanctuary and defence under the broad banner of England. Who so welcome there as Philip Lindsay? Even at this moment, our councils should be tempered by your presence, and it becomes almost a patriotic duty to pluck you from the seclusion of the Dove Cote, and give you a share in the stirring events of the day. Sir, the country has a claim upon your service, scarce compatible with the idle contemplation of this momentous trial of strength."

Lindsay had advanced to the window, where he remained looking over the moon-lit scene. His companion stood close beside him, and after a short interval, took his arm, when they stepped forth upon the porch, and sauntered backward and forward, as Tyrrel continued:

"The Government would not be unmindful of the benefit you might confer. There are offices of trust and dignity to be filled in this province, when it shall be restored to its allegiance. The highest post would not be unfitly bestowed, if it should be assigned to you. Sir Henry Clinton bids me speak of that, as a subject that has already occupied his thoughts. It would give grace and dignity to our resumed authority, to have it illustrated by the accomplished scholar and discreet statesman, who has, before this, discharged important and difficult trusts with a fidelity that has won all men's esteem. And then, my dear sir," he added, after a pause, "who may say that it shall not be Sir Philip Lindsay, or even something yet higher?—a coronet would not be an honor unsuited even to the wilds of Virginia. His Majesty is not slow to discern worth, nor backward to raise it to its proper station. These are toys and baubles to you, Mr. Lindsay, but they are still worth the seeking. You have a son to follow you."

"Ah! there, Mr. Tyrrel, you touch me more nearly than you imagine. You remind me, by this language, that I have also a daughter. As to Henry, he has a temper and a capacity to make his own way through the world. I fear not for him—nor would I seek for honors to add to his name. But my Mildred! You know what emotions the thought of her, in these troubles, costs me. Who shall guard and defend her, while I pursue this way-laid road to ambition? What sanctuary would she find, under a war-encircled banner, should misfortune assail me, and adversity separate us? Alas, alas!—that is the spell that, like a net cast over my limbs, makes me feeble and submissive."

"I have not been without my solicitude, Mr. Lindsay, on that subject," said Tyrrel. "You yesterday did me the honor to say that my proposal in regard to Miss Lindsay was not distasteful to you. Could my ardent wish but be accomplished, she should be placed in safety, assured of ample and kind protection. If, haply, her thoughts should incline to a favorable reception of my offer, which I would fain persuade myself her reverence for you may render not altogether improbable, when she knows that you deem well of my suit, we might remove her to Charleston, where, secure amidst assiduous friends, she would pass the brief interval of alarm, and leave you free to act on this theatre as your honor and duty may impel you."

"Mildred will not leave me," said Lindsay; "my dear daughter would suffer a thousand deaths in the anxiety of such a separation."

"Then, why not accompany her to Charleston?" asked Tyrrel. "Your presence there would be equally efficient as at head-quarters—perhaps more so."

"There are other obstacles, Mr. Tyrrel. You talk of Mildred as if her heart were to be disposed of at my bidding. You do not know her. I have long struggled to subdue an attachment that has bound her to our worst enemy. I fear with little success. I have trusted to time to wear out what I deemed a mere girlish liking; but it seems to me the traces fade but slowly from her heart."

"I know of whom you speak," said Tyrrel—"that half-brained enthsiast, Butler. It is a freakish and transient passion, and cannot but fall into forgetfulnes. Miss Lindsay has from circumstances been but little conversant with the world, and, like an inexperienced girl, has fostered in solitude a romantic affection. That alone should be a motive to remove her into a busier scene. Besides, this Butler will be himself forced to give over his hopeless aim—if he has not done so before this; measures are already taken, and I do not scruple to tell you, at my instance—to confiscate his lands in Carolina to his Majesty's use. The close of this war will find him penniless; and not likely, my dear sir, I myself may be the possessor of his inheritance—I have some pledge of the pre-emption of these lands at a small fee."

"It will win you no favor with Mildred," said Lindsay, "to tell her that you succeed by such a title to this man's wealth. She is a wayward girl, and is not used to crosses. Her devotion to her purpose, as it sometimes excites my admiration, gives me, in the present case, cause of profound alarm."

"You have spoken to her on this subject?"

"I have not," replied Lindsay, "and almost fear to broach it. I can, therefore, give you no encouragement. Some little time hence—perhaps to-morrow—I may sound her feeling. But remember, as her father, I claim no right beyond that of advice. I shall think myself fortunate if, by giving a new direction to the current of her affections, I can divert her mind from the thoughts of an alliance to me the most hateful—to her full of future misery. A maiden's fancies are scarcely intelligible even to a father."

"These subjects require meditation," said Tyrrel. "I will not press them further upon your thoughts to-night."

"Heaven guide us in the way to safety and happiness!" said Lindsay, almost in a whisper. "Good night, my friend."

When Tyrrel was left alone, he strolled forward to that end which overhung the cliff, near the door that opened from the library; he leaned his breast upon the parapet, and looked down upon the wild and beautiful scenery of the valley. The night was calm and full of splendor. The tops of the trees that grew in the ravine, almost perpendicularly beneath his eye, here and there caught the bright moon-beam, where it glowed like silver, and the shades, rendered deeper by the contrast, seemed to brood over a black and impenetrable abyss. Occasional glimpses were seen of the river below, as it sparkled along such portions of its channel as were not hidden in darkness. The coolness of the hour and the solitude of the spot were not ungrateful to the mood of Tyrrel's mind, whilst the monotonous music of the river fell pleasantly upon his ear. He was not unheedful of these charms in the scene, though his thoughts were busily employed with a subject foreign to their contemplation. "Have I advanced," was the tenor of his present self communion, "the purpose I have so much at heart, by this night's conference? Could I but engage Lindsay in the issues of this war, so commit him in its purposes and its plots as to render his further residence at the Dove Cote insecure, then would I already have half-compassed my point. Where could he remove but to Charleston? And there, amidst the blandishments of friends and the allurements of gay society, I might make sure of Mildred. There, cut off from all means of hearing of this Butler, and swayed, as she must necessarily be, by the current of loyal feelings, she would learn to detest this foul rebellion, and soon lose her favor for the rebel. Then, too, the confiscation of his lands—but I am not so sure of that!—she is rich, and would make a merit of sharing her fortune with a man whose brave resistance of oppression—for so, doubtless, Butler pursuades her it is—has cost him his wealth; the confiscation should not seem, at least, to be my doing. Well, well, let her be brought to Charleston. Any change were better than to remain here, where anxiety and suspense and solitude nurse and soften her woman's affections, and teach her to fancy her lover whatever her imagination delights to think on. Then, may not the chances of war assist me? This Butler, all men say, is brave and adventurous. He should be short lived. Whatever ill may befall him, cannot but work good to me. Yet Lindsay has such a sickly caution—such scruple against involving himself in the scheme—I could almost find it in my heart to have told it amongst his neighbors that he is in correspondence with the enemy. Ha, that would be a bright device!—inform against him! No, no, I will not abuse his generous nature. Let him come fairly into the fold, and I will guard his gentle lambkin like a very shepherd. Then, if we make him Governor of the province—that will work well. Mildred will thank me for my zeal in that good purpose, at least, and I will marry her, and possess her estate, if it be only to enable her to be grateful to me. 'Twill be a brave reward, and bravely shall it be won."

As Tyrrel ruminated over these topics, in the strain indicated by this sketch, the noise of footsteps ascending the rugged stairway of the cliff, and the opening of the iron wicket, but a short distance from where he leaned over the parapet, roused his attention, and put an end to this insidious and selfish communion with his own heart.

The cause of this interruption was soon apparent. Henry and Mildred entered that part of the terrace where Tyrrel stood. The shade of the house concealed him from their view, until they were within a few paces—"Ha, Miss Lindsay! You are a late rambler," he said, in a tone of gallantry. "The dampness of the valley, at this hour, is not altogether safe; the ague is a sore enemy to romance; beware of it."

"I am not afraid of the night," replied Mildred, as she increased the rapidity of her gait; then, turning immediately upon the porch, she almost ran, leaving Henry and Tyrrel in pursuit, until she reached the farthest window, which was heard descending the moment she passed through it into the parlor. When Tyrrel and Henry entered the same apartment, she had disappeared.

"My sister is not well this evening," said Henry. "We strolled too late upon the river bank."

"It was still an over-hasty retreat," muttered Tyrrel to himself. "I bodes not well for me. I will wager, Henry," he said, raising his voice, "that I can guess what you and your sister have been talking about."

"Let me hear," said Henry.

"First," replied Tyrrel, "she repeated some verses from Shakspeare about the moonlight sleeping on the bank—this is just the night for poetry—and then you both fell about talking sentiment; and then, I'll be bound, you had a ghost story, and by that time you found you had got too far from the house, and were a little frightened, and so came back as fast as you could."

"You are wrong," said Henry. "I have been telling sister Mildred how to bob for eels. Did you know that an eel will never pass a streak of moonlight, for fear of being found out by the watchers?"

"Indeed, I did not."

"Well, sister Mildred is wiser than you are; and as I have taught you that, I will go to bed."

Tyrrel was again left to resume his meditations, and to hatch his plots for invading the peace of the Dove Cote, on his pillow. To that sleepless pillow he now betook himself.

CHAPTER IX.

TYRREL RETREATS.

The next morning, Tyrrel rose with the sun. He had passed a restless night, and now sought refreshment in the early breeze. With this purpose, he descended to the river, and strayed along the dewy pathway which crept through the shrubbery on the right bank, in the direction of the Fawn's Tower. He had not wandered far, before he perceived a horseman moving along the road upon the opposite side.

"Halloo, James Curry!—which way?—What news have you?"

"I seek you, sir; I was on my way to the Dove Cote," replied the horseman, who at the same time turned his horse's head to the river, and, spurring the animal forward, plunged into the stream, which was here still, and deep enough to reach above his saddle flaps. After some floundering, the horse and rider gained the margin, where Tyrrel awaited them! The vigor of the animal, as well as the practiced hand that held the rein, was shown in the boldness of the attempt to climb the steep bank, and break through the briars and bushes that here guarded it. As soon as Curry reached the level ground, he hastily dismounted.

"In God's name, man, what is the matter with your face?" asked Tyrrel.

"It is of that, among other things, that I came to speak to you," was the reply; "I have news for you."

"Speak, without prelude. Tell me."

"Major Butler slept last night at Mrs. Dimmock's."

"And is there still?"

"No, sir. He started at early dawn this morning."

"To join Gates?"

"I think not. He talked of going to Ninety-Six—perhaps to Georgia."

"So, ho! The hawk hovers over that field! Does he travel alone?"

"He has a giant in his company, a great ploughman by the name of Horse Shoe Robinson. A quarrelsome rascal; he would needs pick a quarrel with me, last night. And in the skirmish, I got this face."

"Did I not command you to bear yourself peaceably? Fool! will you risk our lives with your infernal broils? Now, I would wager you told the fellow your name."

"Little need of that, sir. He told it to me; said he knew me before. The fellow, for all his rough coat, is a regular trained soldier in the rebel service, and has met me somewhere—Heaven knows!—I don't remember him; yet he isn't a man to see once and forget again."

"And me; did he speak of me?"

"He knew that I was in the employ of an English gentleman, who was here at the Dove Cote. I have nothing especial to complain of in the man. He speaks soldierly enough; he would take no advantage of me for being here, as long as our visit was peaceable."

"Humph! And you believed him. And you must fight with him, like a brawling knave. When will you get an ounce of wit into that fool's head? What time of day was it when this Butler arrived?"

"Long after night fall."

"Did you understand anything of the purpose of his visit?"

"He talked much with Mistress Dimmock, and I think their conversation related to the lady at the Dove Cote. I could hear but a few scattered words."

"Away—Here, (throwing his purse to the horseman), pay your score at the inn, and at your greatest haste attend me on the river bank, immediately below Mr. Lindsay's house. Ask Mrs. Dimmock to have a breakfast prepared for me. Away; I will expect you in half an hour."

Curry mounted his horse, and choosing a more convenient ford than that which he had passed, he soon regained the track, and was seen, almost at high speed, sweeping around the base of the Fawn's Tower.

Tyrrel returned hastily to the Dove Cote, and seeking his valet, gave orders to have his portmanteau packed, his horse saddled, and to be in waiting for him at the foot of the hill. These commands were speedily obeyed, and everything was in readiness for his journey, before any of the family had made their appearance in the breakfast room.

While Tyrrel meditated writing a line to explain to Lindsay his present sudden movement, and had drawn near a table for that purpose, he was saluted by the voice of Henry, who had entered the apartment, and stolen unobserved almost immediately behind his chair.

"Booted and spurred, Mr. Tyrrel!" said Henry. "You are for a ride. Will you take a fowling piece? There are pheasants over upon the hills."

"Oh, ho! Master Henry, you are up! I am glad of it. I was just writing a word, to say that business calls me away this morning. Is your father yet a-bed?"

"He is sound asleep," said Henry; "I will wake him."

"No, my lad. You must not do that. Say that I have received news this morning, that has called me suddenly to my friends. I will return before long. Is your sister stirring?"

"She was in the garden but a moment since," replied Henry; and the young man left the room, to which he returned after a short space. "Sister Mildred is engaged in her chamber, and begs you will excuse her," said he, as he entered the door.

"Tush! Henry, I didn't tell you to interrupt her. Make her my most respectful adieu. Don't forget it. I have all my way to win," he said to himself, "and a rough road to travel, I fear."

Tyrrel now left the house, and descended to the river, accompanied by Henry, who sought in vain to know why he departed in such haste as not to stay for breakfast. James Curry waited below; and when Henry saw his father's guest mounted in his saddle and cross the ford, attended by his two servants, he turned about and clambered up the hill again, half saying to himself, "I'm glad he's gone," accompanied with a trolling chorus, expressive of the satisfaction of his feelings at the moment. "He'd a got a flea in his ear, if he stayed. I should like to know what Major Butler would say to Mr. Tyrrel, if he was to meet him. Zooks! may be, Butler will see him this morning at Mrs. Dimmock's. Now, I wonder. Shall I whisper that to sister Mildred? She would be glad for once, I'll be bound! May be, they might have a fight. And if they do, let Mr. Tyrrel look out! He never had his bread so buttered in his life, as it would be then."

In such a strain of cogitation, he reached the parlor, where he found his sister. The melancholy that hung on her spirits, the evening before, seemed to have been dispelled by the repose of the night, and was doubtless relieved, in part, by the intelligence that Tyrrel had quitted the Dove Dote.

"Come, sister," said Henry, throwing his arm around her waist, and almost dancing, as he forced her through the open window; "come, it will be a good while before father is ready for his breakfast. Let us look at your flowers; I have something to tell you."

"You are quite an important personage this morning," replied Mildred, moving off towards the lawn with her brother. "Your face looks as wise as a book of proverbs."

It was some time before the brother and sister returned to the parlor; and when they did so, their father had not yet appeared. The delay was unusual; for Lindsay generally rose at an early hour, and frequently walked abroad before his morning meal. When he at last entered the room, there was an expression of care and thought upon his brow, that made him haggard. Mildred, as was her custom, approached him with a kiss, and, taking both of his hands, as she looked up in his face, she said, with some earnestness:

"You are not well, my dear father."

Lindsay paused a moment, while he gazed affectionately upon her, and then pressing her to his bosom, uttered; in a low voice, with a smile:

"God bless my dear child! How carefully does she read my looks! Come hither, Henry," he continued, as he gave his son one hand, and still held Mildred with the other, and then turned his eyes alternately upon each. "Now, tell me, which of you love me best? Who has waited most patiently for me this morning? I see by that glance of your blue eye, master Henry, that you have been chiding your lazy father for lying so long abed. Now, I dare say, if the truth were known, you have had your rifle ready to go out and shoot squirrels an hour ago. I beg your pardon, Mr. Sportsman—not to shoot the squirrel, but to shoot at him. Or, perhaps, you mean to bring us a deer to day; you know you have promised to do that, every morning, for a week."

"You shall eat a slice from as fine a saddle of venison to-day, father, as you ever saw smoke over a chafing-dish."

"In good truth, shall I, boy? You are a brave promiser! You remember your own adage—Brag was a good dog, but Holdfast was better.

"In right down earnest, father, you shall. You needn't laugh. Now, you are thinking I have the deer to shoot; there's your mistake. The saddle is this minute lying on the dresser in the kitchen. He was a running buck yesterday; and I could tell where the powder and ball came from (here Henry made the motion of opening a hunting pouch at his side) that put an end to his capers."

"He is a monstrous braggart; is he not, Mildred?" said Lindsay, directing a look of incredulity at his daughter.

"What Henry tells you, is true," replied Mildred. "Stephen Foster was here at sun-rise, with a part of a buck, which he says was shot yesterday."

"Indeed! Then it is to Stephen's rifle we are indebted. You kill your bucks by proxy, master."

"I'll bet," said Henry, "that Stephen Foster hasn't the impudence to charge one penny for that venison. And why? Because, by the laws of chance, one-half belongs to me."

"Oh, I understand," interrupted Lindsay, with affected gravity; "it is a matter of great doubt which of you shot it. You both fired at once; or perhaps, Stephen first, and you afterwards; and the poor animal dropped the moment you took your aim—even before you fired your gun. You know your aim, Harry, is deadly,—much worse than your bullet."

"There is no doubt who killed him, said Henry; "for Stephen was on that side of the hill, and I was a little below him, and the Buck ran right to him, who, of course, gave him the first shot. But there was I, father, just ready, if Stephen had missed, to bring old Velvet Horns to the ground before he could have leaped a rod."

"But, unlucky, Stephen's first shot killed him!"

"I don't know that," replied Henry. "Another person's knife might have done the business; for the deer jumped down the bank into the road, and there"—

Mildred cast a sidelong look of caution at her brother, to keep him from alluding to a third person, whom it was not discreet to mention.

"And there," said Henry, taking the sign, "when I got up to him, he was stone dead. I would almost think a deer couldn't be shot dead so suddenly. But Stephen can pitch his lead, as he calls it, just where he likes."

"Well, it isn't fair to inquire who killed him," said Lindsay. "One hunter often turns the game to the other's rifle. And, all events, your dogs, Henry, I dare say, did as much as either of you."

"Hylas was just at his heels when he was shot," replied Henry; "and a better dog there isn't in Amherst, or Albemarle, to boot."

"Well, well! Let us to breakfast. Where is our guest? Tyrrel is surely out before this."

"He has been gone from the the Dove Cote more than an hour," said Henry. "He told me to say, that some sudden news took him off in haste. I would have waked you, but he forbade it. His man, Curry, who was waiting for him at the ford, I dare say, brought him som dispatches."

"It was very sudden," said Lindsay, musing; "the great game will be shortly played."

"My dear father, you have not your usual look of health," said Mildred again. "I fear something disturbs you."

"A slight cold, only, from exposure to the night air, perhaps. You did not see Tyrrel this morning, Mildred?"

"I did not wish to see him, father. I was up when he set out, but I was not in his way."

"Fie, girl, you almost speak crossly! Tyrrel, I must think, is not a man to win his way with ladies! But he is a loyal subject to his King. I can tell you, Mildred, loyality is a virtue of good associations in these times."

"It is the last virtue, my dear father, that a woman ever writes down in noble qualities. We generally forget it altogether. History is so full of the glory of disloyal heroes, that the indiscriminate and persevering loyalty of brave men has come to be but little noticed. Brutus was disloyal, and so was Tell; and the English barons, of whom you boast so much, when you call them sturdy, were disloyal; and Washington—who knows, my dear father, but that he may be written down by some future nation"—and she laid an emphasis on this word"—"as another name to give credit to this word, disloyal!"

"Thou art a shrewd orator, Mildred," exclaimed her father, as he sought to change the subject; "and I doubt not, if heaven had made you a man, you would now be flattering these rebels, by persuading them that they were all born for heroes. We may thank the gods that they have given you the petticoat instead of the soldier's cloak, and placed you at the head of a breakfast table instead of a regiment."

"I do think," replied Mildred, smiling, "that I should not altogether disgrace the cloak, now