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until she found the person to whom she was addressed. The maid promised her untiring endeavors, and resolved to meet her aunt boldly, and upbraid her for her duplicity, she descended for her breakfast.

Miss Susan had left the breakfast-room before her injured niece entered, and she partook of the meal, alone and undisturbed. Soon after her return to her own apartment a servant thrust in the newspaper containing the account of her marriage on the previous evening, saying at the same time, that it had been sent her by Miss Susan.

The tears flowed afresh, as she read the announcement, but they were not tears of sorrow or useless regret. They were tears occasioned by an excess of indignation.

"Poor fool!" she exclaimed, as she threw the paper violently upon the floor. "He deceives himself, most wonderously, if he thinks to bind me as his wife, by the proclamation of last night's mummeries!"

For a month she never saw the face of Sinclair, yet she learned from the servants that he was regular in his daily visits to the house. This, she supposed was done to impress the public with the fact, that he had been in the society of his wife. Despite of her situation, Agnes could not forego a laugh at his folly, and at the witless course pursued by her aunt.

Every day the servant, to whom she had entrusted the epistle for Edward Vernon, returned from her prolonged rambles about the city, bringing to her mistress, each day, a bitter disappointment. Edward Vernon never made his appearance, neither could she, by the utmost exertion of her skill, find out his whereabouts, or learn the cause of his absence from the public walks, and from places of popular amusements. Agnes could not bring herself to believe that he had, or would desert her and she finally settled up on the conclusion, that business of an important nature called him from Boston.

By and by, Agnes received a notification from her aunt, that she must prepare to receive her husband, and make her appearance in public in his company, inasmuch as the total seclusion of the fortunate and blooming bride, was becoming the talk of the whole town. In order to frighten her into a compliance with this mandate, the heartless hypocrite insinuated that rumors of the most scandalous nature were already afloat, because she had not yet gratified the people with a view of her charms, since they became the sole property of Joseph Sinclair

To this notification, Agnes returned the most prompt and positive refusal. She even threatened, that in case Sinclair attempted to intrude himself into her presence, she would call in the aid of the civil authorities and seek protection where it would be granted. This somewhat intimidated the bel dame, and for a brief space, her importunities on that point ceased. They were destined, however, to assume another shape, more tormenting and aggravating; if such a thing could be.

One evening, the maid, who was still endeavoring to ferret out the whereabouts of Vernon, returned, after having remained more than an hour beyond her usual time, and Agnes saw by her countenance, that she had at last been successful in her search. As soon as the girl had become seated, Agnes exclaimed, her eye brightening, and her cheek glowing.

"What news, Mariah, I am sure you have discovered him at last. Did you give him the letter?"

"I have found where he is to be sure," replied the overjoyed girl; "but I have not seen him. He will get your letter to-night notwithstanding!"

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must not be subjected to danger. I shall lead the attacking party to the other extremity of the village, and whilst the action is raging there, Sampson, myself and you, if you choose, will visit their dwelling and take them to a place of safety in the forest."

"Why not take them away before the expedition starts. All danger would thus be avoided. For my part, I most firmly believe that Sinclair would himself place the knife at their throats, rather than they should fall into our possession. He is desperate!"

"I have thought of all that, too; but the very reasons you have just now advanced, as the reasons why we *should* do so, are the very reasons that have induced me *not to do so*. It would be bringing the danger we seek to avert from them, directly upon them. We could not expect to spirit them away in such a manner as not to be detected. Sinclair's friends would rally, and we should be compelled to fight them. Thus, you see, the females would be betwixt two fires. Beside that, if Sinclair should fear the result, he would himself become their murderer, as you have hinted."

"I had not thought so far, I confess;" said Fitzgerald, startled at the plain view of the case. "*Your* plan is the only feasible one. On farther reflection, I must say, that I cannot see any danger from it.—Won't the wolf growl though, when he finds his prey is gone. It will be worth a month of pain and exile, to witness his ravings!"

"Aye! let him rave!" said Vernon, through his closed teeth. "My time is come, and I shall have the satisfaction of meeting the contemptible knave face to face, without the interference of his cousin's regiments of ruffians to back up his insolence."

"Have you determined on the time for the undertaking?" enquired Fitzgerald.

"Yes. In a week from this day, the troops from Stark are to be at Warland prepared for the business. In the meantime, I must arouse the Gleamington Whigs, now at the village; see to their arms, and counsel them about the point to attack, and some other matters that we must have by heart,' before we set out. Sampson will return before that time, and I can make him acquainted with my plans before we are ready to march."

"By the way," interposed Fitzgerald, "you promised to give me the history of your connection with Mr. Combat, and I now hold you to your promise. I am anxious to know more of the man."

"Well," replied his friend, "we shall not probably obtain a better opportunity. After to-day, we shall be busily employed, and most of our time will be spent in the village. The arrangements for our enterprise must be thorough and complete, and nothing must be left to chance. The Tories will far outnumber us, do the best we can, but for that I do not fear. 'The battle is not always to the strong.'"

"The first time I saw Sampson was in my prison at Boston, where I was placed, I suppose, by the kindness and consideration of Mr. Joseph Sinclair. What kind of argument he used with my jailor, in order to obtain admittance, I am unable to say, yet I always thought it was a golden one.—After being admitted to the wretched room I occupied, he inquired if my name was Vernon, and if I knew Agnes Glenwood. I replied in the affirmative, and as if he had been my most intimate friend and acquaintance, he inquired particularly about her form, her features, her education and accomplishments. After I had answered his questions, though not without being surprised at his inquiries, he asked me concerning her aunt: the length of time she had been in the country, her fortune, her politics, and the commencement of her acquaintance with Sinclair. I answered all these interrogatories to the best of my abilities, when he opened the folds of his coat, and presented me with a letter from Agnes, which he requested me to read aloud."

"I was somewhat out of humor at this uncourteous request, but yet I could not refuse him. After I had finished the letter, he informed me that a project was on foot amongst the 'liberty boys,' for my

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