

FINLEY MARTHA

ELSIE YACHTING WITH
THE RAYMONDS

Martha Finley
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PREFATORY NOTE

The Author, having received many letters from young and interested readers, has decided to acknowledge them in this way, because feeble health and much work for the publishers make it impossible to write a separate reply to each gratifying epistle.

She also desires to freely acknowledge indebtedness for much information regarding Revolutionary times and incidents, to Bancroft and Lossing; and for the routine at West Point, to an article in Harper's Magazine for July, 1887, entitled "Cadet Life at West Point," by Charles King, U. S. A.

M. F.

CHAPTER I

The train, which for some hours had been running very fast and too noisily to admit of much conversation, suddenly slackened its speed, and Lulu turned upon her father a bright, eager look, as though some request were trembling on her tongue.

"Well, daughter, what is it?" he asked, with an indulgent smile, before she had time to utter a word.

"Oh, Papa!" she began in a quick, excited way, and quite as if she expected her request would be granted, "I know we're going through New York State, and I've just been thinking how much I would like to see Saratoga, – especially the battle-field where the Americans gained that splendid victory over the British in the Revolutionary War."

"Ah! and would Max like it, too?" the Captain asked, with a smiling glance at his son, who, sitting directly in front of them, had turned to listen to their talk just as Lulu began her reply to their father's query.

"Yes, sir; yes, indeed!" Max answered eagerly, his face growing very bright. "And you, Papa, would you enjoy it, too?"

"I think I would," said the Captain, "though it would not be for the first time; but showing the places of interest to two such ardent young patriots will more than compensate for that. – And there have been changes since I was there last," he continued, musingly. "Mount McGregor, for instance, has become a spot of

historic interest. We will visit it."

"Oh, yes! where dear General Grant died," said Lulu. "I would like to go there."

"So you shall," returned her father. "This is Friday; we shall reach Saratoga Saturday night, should no accident detain us, spend Sunday there resting, according to the commandment, then Monday and Tuesday in sight-seeing."

"How nice, Papa," Lulu said with satisfaction. "I only wish Mamma Vi and Gracie could be there with us."

"It would double our pleasure," he replied. "I think we must go again some time, when we can have them along."

"Oh, I am glad to hear you say that, Papa! for I am quite sure I shall enjoy going twice to so interesting a place," said Lulu.

"I, too," said Max. "I don't know of anything that would please me better."

"I am glad to hear it, and hope there will be no disappointment to either of you," their father said.

But the train was speeding on again, too fast and too noisily for comfortable conversation, and they relapsed into silence, the Captain returning to his newspaper, Max to a book which he seemed to find very interesting, while his sister amused herself with her own thoughts.

Lulu was feeling very happy; she had been having so pleasant a summer out in the West with Papa and Maxie, and was enjoying the homeward journey, – or rather the trip to the sea-shore, where the rest of the family were, and where they all expected

to remain till the end of the season, – the prospect of seeing Saratoga and its historical surroundings, and other places of interest, – a view of which could be had from the boat as they passed down the Hudson; for she and Max had both expressed a preference for that mode of travel, and their father had kindly consented to let them have their wish. She thought herself a very fortunate little girl, and wished with all her heart that Gracie could be there with them and share in all their pleasures.

Dear Gracie! they had never been separated for so long a time before, and Lulu was in such haste for the meeting now that she could almost be willing to resign the pleasure of a visit to Saratoga that they might be together the sooner. But no, oh, no, it would never do to miss a visit there! It would defer their meeting only a day or two, and she should have all the more to tell; not to Gracie only, but to Evelyn Leland and Rosie Travilla. Ah, how enjoyable that would be! Oh, how full of pleasure life was now that Papa was with them all the time, and they had such a sweet home of their very own!

With that thought she turned toward him, giving him a look of ardent affection.

He was still reading, but glanced from his paper to her just in time to catch her loving look.

"My darling!" he said, bending down to speak close to her ear, and accompanying the words with a smile full of fatherly affection. "I fear you must be growing very weary with this long journey," he added, putting an arm about her and drawing her

closer to him.

"Oh, no, not so very, Papa!" she answered brightly; "but I'll be ever so glad when we get to Saratoga. Don't you think it will be quite a rest to be out of the cars for a day or two?"

"Yes; and I trust you will find them less wearisome after your three days at Saratoga."

"What time shall we reach there, Papa?" asked Max.

"Not long before your bed-time, I understand," replied the Captain.

"Then we cannot see anything before Monday?"

"You will see something of the town in walking to church day after to-morrow."

"And we can start out bright and early on Monday to visit places of interest," added Lulu; "can't we, Papa?"

"Yes, if you will be careful to be ready in good season. We want to see all we can in the two days of our stay."

"And I don't believe we'll find Lu a hindrance, as some girls would be," said Max. "She's always prompt when anything is to be done."

"I think that is quite true, Max," their father remarked, looking from one to the other with a smile that was full of paternal love and pride; "and of you as well as of your sister."

"If we are, Papa, it is because you have trained us to punctuality and promptness," returned the lad, regarding his father with eyes full of admiring filial affection.

"And because you have heeded the lessons I have given you,"

added the Captain. "My dear children, when I see that you are doing so, it gives me a glad and thankful heart."

They reached Saratoga the next evening more than an hour earlier than they had expected; and as the moon was nearly full, they were, much to the delight of Max and Lulu, able to wander about the town for an hour or more after tea, enjoying the sight of the beautiful grounds and residences, and the crowds of people walking and driving along the streets, or sitting in the porches. They visited Congress Park also, drank from its springs, strolled through its porches out into the grounds, wandered along the walks, and at length entered the pavilion.

Here they sat and rested for awhile; then the Captain, consulting his watch, said to his children, "It is nine o'clock, my dears; time that tired travellers were seeking their nests."

He rose as he spoke, and taking Lulu's hand, led the way, Max close in the rear.

"Yes, Papa, I'm tired enough to be very willing to go to bed," said Lulu; "but I hope we can come here again on Monday."

"I think it altogether likely we shall be able to do so," he replied.

"If we are up early enough we might run down here for a drink of the water before breakfast on Monday," said Max. "Can't we, Papa?"

"Yes, all three of us," replied the Captain. "Let us see who will be ready first."

They passed a quiet, restful Sabbath, very much as it would

have been spent at home; then, on Monday morning, all three were up and dressed in season for a visit to some of the nearer springs before breakfast.

They went to the Park together, took their drinks, returned after but a few minutes spent in the garden, breakfasted, and shortly after leaving the table were in a carriage on their way to Schuylerville.

They visited the battle-ground first, then the place of surrender, with its interesting monument.

"We will look at the outside first," the Captain said, as they drew near it. "It is called the finest of its kind, and stands upon the crowning height of Burgoyne's intrenched camp."

"I wonder how high it is," Max said inquiringly, as they stood at some distance from the base, he with his head thrown back, his eyes fixed upon the top of the shaft.

"It is said to be more than four hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river," replied his father.

"Oh, I wonder if we couldn't see the battle-field from the top!" exclaimed Lulu, excitedly. "I suppose they'll let us climb up there, won't they, Papa?"

"Yes, for a consideration," returned the Captain, smiling at her eager look; "but first let us finish our survey of the outside."

"What kind of stone is this, sir?" asked Max, pointing to the base.

"Light granite," replied his father. "And the shaft is of dark granite, rough hewn, as you will notice."

"And there are gables," remarked Lulu, – "great high ones."

"Yes; nearly forty feet high, and resting at their bases upon granite eagles with folded wings. Observe, too, the polished granite columns, with carved capitals, which all the cornices of doors and windows rest upon."

"And the niches over the doors," said Max, still gazing upward as they walked slowly around the shaft, "one empty I see, each of the others with a statue in it. Oh, they are the generals who commanded our troops in the battle!"

"Yes," said his father, "Generals Schuyler, Morgan, and Gates, – who by the way was hardly worthy of the honour, as he gave evidence of cowardice, remaining two miles away from the field of battle, all ready for a possible retreat, while Burgoyne was in the thickest of the fight. The fourth and empty one, do you not see, has the name of Arnold carved underneath it."

"Oh, yes, Arnold the traitor!" exclaimed Max. "How *could* he turn against his country? But, Papa, he did do good service in this battle and some of the earlier ones, and it's such a pity he turned traitor!"

"Yes, a very great pity!" assented the Captain, heaving an involuntary sigh. "While detesting his treachery, I have always felt that he has not received deserved credit for his great services in the earlier part of the war, – the expedition to Canada, and besides smaller engagements, the terrible battle of Valcour Island, Lake Champlain, in which he was defeated only by the great superiority of the enemy in numbers of both men and

vessels. Though beaten, he brought away to Ticonderoga his remaining vessels and surviving troops. His obstinate resistance so discouraged the British general, Carleton, that he retired to Montreal for the winter, which made it possible for the Northern army to spare three thousand troops to help Washington in striking his great blows at Princeton and Trenton."

"And after all that, as I remember reading," said Max, "Congress treated Arnold shamefully, promoting other officers over his head who neither stood so high in rank nor had done half the service he had. I'm sure his anger at the injustice was very natural; yet he still fought bravely for his country, – didn't he, Papa?"

"Yes; and all that occurred some months before this battle of Saratoga, in which he did such service. Ah, if his career had ended there and then, what a patriot he would now be considered! It is almost certain that if he had been properly reinforced by Gates, he would have inflicted a crushing defeat upon Burgoyne at, or shortly after, the battle of Freeman's farm. But Gates was very jealous of Arnold, disliking him as a warm friend of General Schuyler, and the two had a fierce quarrel between that battle and the one of Saratoga, occasioned by Gates, prompted by his jealousy, taking some of Arnold's best troops from his command. Arnold then asked and received permission to return to Philadelphia; but the other officers, perceiving that another and decisive battle was about to be fought, persuaded Arnold to remain and share in it, as they had no confidence in Gates,

who was, without doubt, a coward. He showed himself such by remaining in his tent while the battle was going on, though Burgoyne was, as I have said, in the thick of it. It was a great victory that crowned our arms on the 7th of October, 1777, and was due more to Arnold's efforts than to those of any other man, though Morgan also did a great deal to win it."

"Wasn't Arnold wounded in this battle, Papa?" asked Max.

"Yes, severely, in the leg which had been hurt at Quebec. It was just at the close of the battle. He was carried on a litter to Albany, where he remained, disabled, till the next spring. One must ever detest treason and a traitor; yet I think it quite possible – even probable – that if Arnold had always received fair and just treatment, he would never have attempted to betray his country as he afterward did. Now we will go inside, and see what we can find of interest there."

The Captain led the way as he spoke.

They lingered awhile in the lower room examining with great interest the tablets and historical pictures, sculptured in bronze, *alto rilievo*, which adorned its walls.

"Oh, Papa, see!" cried Lulu; "here is Mrs. Schuyler setting fire to a field of wheat to keep the British from getting it, I suppose."

"Yes," her father said; "these are Revolutionary scenes."

"Here is George III.," said Max, "consulting with his ministers how he shall subdue the Americans. Ha, ha! they did their best, but couldn't succeed. My countrymen of that day would be free."

"As Americans always will, I hope and believe," said Lulu. "I

feel sure your countrywomen will anyhow."

At that her father, giving her a smile of mingled pleasure and amusement, said, "Now we will go up to the top of the shaft, and take a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country."

They climbed the winding stairway to its top, and from thence had a view of not only the battle-field, but of other historic spots also lying in all directions.

Max and Lulu were deeply interested, and had many questions to ask, which their father answered with unfailing patience.

But, indeed, ardent patriot that he was, he keenly enjoyed making his children fully acquainted with the history of their country, and there was much connected with the surrounding scenes which it was a pleasure to relate, or remind them of, as having happened there.

From the scenes of the fight and the surrender they drove on to the Marshall place, the Captain giving the order as they reseated themselves in the carriage.

"The Marshall place, Papa? What about it?" asked Max and Lulu in a breath.

"It is a house famous for its connection with the fighting in the neighbourhood of Saratoga," replied the Captain. "It was there the Baroness Riedesel took refuge with her children on the 10th of October, 1777, about two o'clock in the afternoon, going there with her three little girls, trying to get as far from the scene of conflict as she well could."

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Max. "I remember, now, that there was

a Baron Riedesel in the British army, – a Hessian officer, in command of four thousand men; wasn't he, Papa?"

"Yes; and his wife seems to have been a lovely woman. She nursed poor General Frazer in his dying agonies. You may remember that he was killed by one of Morgan's men in the battle of Bemis Heights, or Saratoga, fought on the 7th, – or rather, I should say, he was mortally wounded and carried to the Taylor House, where the Baroness Riedesel had prepared a dinner for the officers, which was standing partly served upon the table. He lay there in great agony until the next morning, and then died."

"Oh, yes, Papa, I remember about him!" said Lulu; "and that he was buried the same evening in the Great Redoubt, which was a part of the British intrenchments on the hills near the river."

"Yes, the strongest part," said Max. "I remember reading of it, and that the Americans opened fire on the procession from the other side of the river, not understanding what it was; so that while the chaplain was reading the service at the grave, hostile shots were ploughing up the ground at his feet, and covering the party with dust."

"Oh, Papa, won't you take us to see his grave?" asked Lulu.

"Yes, daughter, if we have time."

"Here we are, sir. This is the Marshall place," announced the driver, reining in his horses in front of a modest-looking farmhouse; "and here comes a lad that'll show you round, and tell you the whole story of what happened in and about here in the time of the Revolution."

The Captain quickly alighted, helped Lulu out, and Max sprang after them.

The lad had already opened the gate, and lifted his hat with a bow and smile. "Good-morning!" he said.

Captain Raymond returned the salutation, adding, "I would like very much to show my children those parts of your house here connected with Revolutionary memories, if – "

"Oh, yes, sir; yes!" returned the boy, pleasantly. "I'll take you in and about; it's quite the thing for visitors to Saratoga to come over here on that errand."

He led the way into the house as he spoke, the Captain, Max, and Lulu following.

They passed through a hall, and on into the parlour, without meeting any one.

"This," said the lad, "is the northeast room, where Surgeon Jones was killed by a cannon-ball; perhaps you may remember about it, sir. The doctors were at work on him, cutting off a wounded leg, when a ball came in at that northeast corner and took off his other leg in its way diagonally across the room. They gave up trying to save him, then, and left him to die in yon corner," pointing to it as he spoke.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Lulu. "I can't help feeling sorry for him, though he was an enemy to my country."

"No, Miss, it was a pity, and does make one feel sorry; for I suppose he really had no choice but to obey the orders of his king," returned the lad. "Well, the ball passed on, broke through

the plank partition of the hall, and buried itself in the ground outside. They say eleven cannon-balls passed through the house in just a little while. For my part, I'd rather have been in a battle than keeping quiet here to be shot at."

"I certainly would," said the Captain.

"I, too," said Max. "I should say there was very little fun in standing such a fire with no chance to return it."

"Yes; and our people would never have fired on them if they had known they were women, children, and wounded men; but you see they – the Americans – saw people gathering here, and thought the British were making the place their headquarters. So they trained their artillery on it, and opened such a fire as presently sent everybody to the cellar. Will you walk down and look at that, sir?" addressing the Captain.

"If it is convenient," he returned, following with Max and Lulu as their young guide led the way.

"Quite, sir," he answered; then, as they entered the cellar, "There have been some changes in the hundred years and more that have passed since that terrible time," he said. "You see there is but one partition wall now; there were two then, but one has been torn down, and the floor cemented. Otherwise the cellars are just as they were at the time of the fight; only a good deal cleaner, I suspect," he added, with a smile, "for packed as they were with women, children, and wounded officers and soldiers, there must have been a good deal of filth about, as well as bad air."

"They certainly are beautifully clean, light, and sweet now, whatever they may have been on that October day of 1777," the Captain said, glancing admiringly at the rows of shining milk-pans showing a tempting display of thick yellow cream, and the great fruit-bins standing ready for the coming harvest.

"Yes, sir; to me it seems a rather inviting-looking place at present," returned the lad, glancing from side to side with a smile of satisfaction; "but I've sometimes pictured it to myself as it must have looked then, – crowded, you know, with frightened women and children, and wounded officers being constantly brought in for nursing, in agonies of pain, groaning, and perhaps screaming, begging for water, which could be got only from the river, a soldier's wife bringing a small quantity at a time."

"Yes, a woman could do that, of course," said Lulu; "for our soldiers would never fire on a woman, – certainly not for doing such a thing as that."

"No, of course not," exclaimed Max, in a scornful tone. "American men fire on a woman doing such a thing as that? I should say not!"

"No, indeed, I should hope not!" returned their young conductor, leading the way from the cellar to the upper hall, and out into the grounds. "Yonder," he said, pointing with his finger, "away to the southwest, Burgoyne's troops were stationed; the German auxiliaries, too, were resting from their fight, near Bemis Heights. Away to the west there, Morgan's famous riflemen were taking up their position along Burgoyne's front and

flank, while Colonel Fellows was over yonder," turning to the east and again pointing with his finger, "bringing his batteries to bear upon the British. Just as the Baroness Riedesel in her calash with her three little girls stopped before the house, some American sharpshooters across the river levelled their muskets, and she had barely time to push her children to the bottom of the wagon and throw herself down beside them, before the bullets came whistling overhead. Neither she nor the little folks were hurt, but a soldier belonging to their party was badly wounded. The Baroness and her children spent the night there in the cellar. So did other ladies from the British army who followed her to this retreat that afternoon. They were in one of its three divisions, the wounded officers in another, and the common soldiers occupied the third."

"It must have been a dreadful night to the poor Baroness and those little girls," remarked Lulu, who was listening with keenest interest.

"Yes, indeed," responded the lad; "the cries and groans of the wounded, the darkness, dampness, and filth and stench of the wounds, all taken together, must have made an awful night for them all. I wonder, for my part, that the women and children weren't left at home in their own countries."

"That's where they ought to have been, I think," said Lulu. "Was it that night Surgeon Jones was killed?"

"No, Miss, the next day, when the Americans began firing again harder than ever."

"Where were they firing from then?" Lulu asked.

"The other side of the river, Miss; probably from some rising ground a little north of Batten Kil."

"Well, sir, what more have you to show us?" asked the Captain, pleasantly.

"A plank cut and shattered at one end, probably by the ball that killed the Surgeon. This way, if you please; here it is. And here is a rafter which you see has been partly cut in two by a shell. It was taken out of the frame of the house while they were repairing in 1868. Here are some other bits of shot and shell that have been ploughed up on the farm at different times. Ah! there are some things at the house I should have shown you."

"We will not mind going back so short a distance," said the Captain, "and would be glad to see everything you have to show us."

"Yes, sir; and I think you will say these things are worth looking at."

He led them back into the house and exhibited, first, a gold coin with the figure and inscription of George III. on one side, the British arms and an inscription with the date 1776 on the other, then a curious old musket, with bayonet and flint lock, which was carried in the Revolutionary War by an ancestor of the family now residing there.

CHAPTER II

"You may take us now to Frazer's grave," Captain Raymond said to the driver as they re-entered their carriage after a cordial good-by and liberal gift to their young guide.

"Please tell us something more about Frazer, Papa, won't you?" requested Lulu.

"Willingly," returned her father. "Frazer was a brave and skilful officer; made brigadier-general for America only, by Carleton, in June, 1776. He helped to drive the Americans out of Canada in that year. Burgoyne chose him to command the light brigade which formed the right wing of the British army, so that he was constantly in the advance. In the fight of October 7th he made a conspicuous figure, dressed in the full uniform of a field-officer, mounted on a splendid iron-gray gelding, and exerting himself to encourage and cheer on his men. Morgan saw how important he was to the British cause, pointed him out to his sharpshooters, and bade them cut him off. 'That gallant officer,' he said, 'is General Frazer. I admire and honour him; but it is necessary he should die, because victory for the enemy depends upon him. Take your stations in that clump of bushes, and do your duty!' They obeyed, and in five minutes Frazer fell mortally wounded, and was carried from the field by two grenadiers. Only a few moments before he was hit, the crupper of his horse was cut by a rifle-ball, and directly afterward another passed through

the horse's mane, a little back of his ears. Then his *aide* said, 'General, it is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?' 'My duty forbids me to retire from danger,' Frazer answered; and the next moment he fell. That is Lossing's account; and he goes on to say that Morgan has been censured for the order by some persons, professing to understand the rules of war, as guilty of a highly dishonourable act; also by others, who gloat over the horrid details of the slaying of thousands of humble rank-and-file men as deeds worthy of a shout for glory, and have no tears to shed for the slaughtered ones, but affect to shudder at such a cold-blooded murder of an officer on the battle-field. But, as Lossing justly remarks, the life of an officer is no dearer to himself, his wife, and children, than that of a private to his, and that the slaying of Frazer probably saved the lives of hundreds of common soldiers."

"Yes, Papa," returned Max, thoughtfully; "and so I think Morgan deserves all praise for giving that order to his men. If Frazer did not want to lose his life, he should not have come here to help crush out liberty in this country."

"Papa, do you think he hated the Americans?" asked Lulu.

"No, I presume not; his principal motive in coming here and taking an active part in the war was probably to make a name for himself as a brave and skilful officer, – at least, so I judge from his dying exclamation, 'Oh, fatal ambition!'"

"How different he was from our Washington," exclaimed

Max. "He seemed to want nothing for himself, and sought only his country's good. Papa, it does seem to me that Washington was the greatest mere man history tells of."

"I think so," responded the Captain; "he seems to have been so entirely free from selfishness, ambition, and pride. And yet he had enemies and detractors, even among those who wished well to the cause for which he was doing so much."

"Such a burning shame!" cried Lulu, her eyes flashing. "Was Gates one of them, Papa?"

"Yes; to his shame, be it said, he was. He treated Washington with much disrespect, giving him no report whatever of the victory at Saratoga. It was not until early in November that he wrote at all to the commander-in-chief, and then merely mentioned the matter incidentally. In that month Gates was made president of the new Board of War and Ordnance, and during the following winter he joined with what is known as the 'Conway cabal' in an effort to supplant Washington in the chief command of the army."

"What a wretch!" exclaimed Lulu. "It would have been a very bad thing for our cause if he had succeeded, – wouldn't it, Papa?"

"Without doubt," answered the Captain; "for though Gates had some very good qualities, he was far from being fit to fill the position held by Washington."

"He wasn't a good Christian man, like Washington, was he, Papa?" she asked.

"No, not by any means at that time, though it is said – I hope

with truth – that he afterward became one. He was arrogant, untruthful, and had an overweening confidence in his own ability. Yet he had some noble traits; he emancipated his slaves, and provided for those who were unable to take care of themselves. Also, he was, it is said, a good and affectionate husband and father."

"Papa, wasn't it known whose shot killed Frazer?" queried Max.

"Yes; it was that of a rifleman named Timothy Murphy. He was posted in a small tree, took deliberate aim, and saw Frazer fall. Frazer, too, told some one he saw the man who shot him, and that he was in a tree. Murphy was one of Morgan's surest shots."

"I should think he must always have felt badly about it, only that he knew he did it to help save his country," said Lulu.

"It seemed to be necessary for the salvation of our country," replied her father; "and no doubt that thought prevented Murphy's conscience from troubling him."

"Didn't the Americans at first fire on the funeral procession, Papa?" asked Lulu.

"Yes; but ceased as soon as they understood the nature of the gathering, and at regular intervals the solemn boom of a single cannon was heard along the valley. It was a minute-gun, fired by the Americans in honour of their fallen foe, the gallant dead. Ah, here we are at his grave!" added the Captain, as horses and vehicle came to a standstill and the carriage-door was thrown open.

They alighted and walked about the grave and its monument, pausing to read the inscription on the latter.

"Though an enemy to our country, he was a gallant man, a brave and good soldier," remarked the Captain, reflectively.

"Yes, Papa; and I can't help feeling sorry for him," said Lulu. "I suppose he had to obey his king's orders of course; he couldn't well help it, and probably he had no real hatred to the people of this country. It does seem hard that he had to die and be buried so far away from all he loved."

"Yes," said Max; "but he had to be killed to save our country, since he would use his time and talents in trying to help reduce her to slavery. I'm sorry for him, too; but as he would put his talents to so wrong a use, there was no choice but to kill him, – isn't that so, Papa?"

"I think so," replied the Captain; "but it was a great pity. Frazer was a brave officer, idolized by his own men, and respected by even his enemies."

"It seems sad he should lie buried so far away from all he loved, – all his own people; and in a strange land, too. But he could hardly lie in a lovelier spot, I think," remarked Lulu; "the hills, the mountains, the beautiful river, the woods, the fields, and these tall twin pine-trees standing like sentinels beside his grave, – oh I think it is just lovely! I think he showed excellent taste in his choice of a burial-place."

"Yes, nice place enough to lie in, if one could only be on top of the ground and able to see what it's like," came in hollow tones,

seemingly from the grave.

The Captain glanced at his son with a slightly amused smile.

Lulu was startled for an instant; then, with a little laugh, as her father took her hand and led her back to the waiting carriage, "Oh, Maxie, that was almost too bad, though he was an enemy to our country!" she exclaimed.

"I wouldn't have done it if I'd thought it would hurt his feelings," returned Max, in a tone of mock regret; "but I really didn't suppose he'd know or care anything about it."

"Where now, sir?" asked the driver as the Captain handed Lulu to her seat.

"To the Schuyler mansion," was the reply.

"Oh, I'm glad we're going there!" exclaimed Lulu. "I've always liked everything I've heard about General Schuyler; and I'll be ever so glad to see the house he used to live in."

"It isn't the same house that Burgoyne caroused in the night after the battle of Bemis Heights, is it, Papa?" asked Max.

"No; that was burned by Burgoyne's orders a few days later," replied the Captain.

"And when was this one built?" asked Lulu.

"That is a disputed point," said her father. "Some say it was shortly after the surrender in 1777; others, not until soon after the peace of 1783."

"Anyhow it was General Schuyler's house, and so we'll be glad to see it," she said. "Papa, is it on the exact spot where the other – the first one – was? The one Burgoyne caroused in, I mean."

"They say not, quite; that it stands a little to the west of where the first one did."

"But General Schuyler owned and lived in it, which makes it almost, if not quite, as well worth seeing as the first one would have been," said Max.

"Yes," assented the Captain. "It was on his return from Bemis Heights that Burgoyne took possession of the mansion for his headquarters; that was on the evening of the 9th of October. His troops, who had been marching through mud, water, and rain for the last twenty-four hours, with nothing to eat, encamped unfed on the wet ground near Schuylerville, while he and his cronies feasted and enjoyed themselves as though the sufferings of the common soldiery were nothing to them."

"Wasn't that the night before the day the Baroness Riedesel went to the Marshall place?" queried Max.

"Yes," replied his father. "Her husband, General Riedesel, and others, urgently remonstrated against the unnecessary and imprudent delay, and counselled hasty retreat; but Burgoyne would not listen to their prudent advice. While the storm beat upon his hungry, weary soldiers lying without on the rain-soaked ground, he and his mates held high carnival within, spending the night in merry-making, drinking, and carousing."

"What a foolish fellow!" said Max. "I wonder that he didn't rather spend it in slipping away from the Americans through the darkness and storm."

"Or in getting ready to fight them again the next day," added

Lulu.

"I think there was fighting the next day, – wasn't there, Papa?" said Max.

"Yes; though not a regular battle. Burgoyne was attempting a retreat, which the Americans, constantly increasing in numbers, were preventing, – destroying bridges, obstructing roads leading northward, and guarding the river to the eastward, so that the British troops could not cross it without exposure to a murderous artillery fire. At last, finding his provisions nearly exhausted, himself surrounded by more than five times his own number of troops, and all his positions commanded by his enemy's artillery, the proud British general surrendered."

"And it was a great victory, – wasn't it, Papa?" asked Lulu.

"It was, indeed! and God, the God of our fathers, gave it to the American people. The time was one of the great crises of history. Before that battle things looked very dark for the people of this land; and if Burgoyne had been victorious, the probability is that the struggle for liberty would have been given up for no one knows how long. Perhaps we might have been still subject to England."

"And that would be dreadful!" she exclaimed with warmth, – "wouldn't it, Max?"

"Yes, indeed!" he assented, his cheek flushing, and his eye kindling; "the idea of this great country being governed by that bit of an island away across the sea! I just feel sometimes as if I'd like to have helped with the fight."

"In that case," returned his father, with an amused look, "you would hardly be here now; or, if you were, you would be old enough to be my grandfather."

"Then I'm glad I wasn't, sir," laughed Max; "for I'd rather be your son by a great deal. Papa, wasn't it about that time the stars and stripes were first used?"

"No, my son; there was at least one used before that," the Captain said with a half smile, – "at Fort Schuyler, which was attacked by St. Leger with his band of British troops, Canadians, Indians, and Tories, early in the previous August. The garrison was without a flag when the enemy appeared before it, but soon supplied themselves by their own ingenuity, tearing shirts into strips to make the white stripes and stars, joining bits of scarlet cloth for the red stripes, and using a blue cloth cloak, belonging to one of the officers, as the groundwork for the stars. Before sunset it was waving in the breeze over one of the bastions of the fort, and no doubt its makers gazed upon it with pride and pleasure."

"Oh, that was nice!" exclaimed Lulu. "But I don't remember about the fighting at that fort. Did St. Leger take it, Papa?"

"No; the gallant garrison held out against him till Arnold came to their relief. The story is a very interesting one; but I must reserve it for another time, as we are now nearing Schuyler's mansion."

The mansion was already in sight, and in a few moments their carriage had drawn up in front of it. They were politely received,

and shown a number of interesting relics.

The first thing that attracted their attention was an artistic arrangement of arms on the wall fronting the great front door.

"Oh, what are those?" Lulu asked in eager tones, her eyes fixed upon them in an intensely interested way. "Please, sir, may I go and look at them?" addressing the gentleman who had received them and now invited them to walk in.

"Yes, certainly," he answered with a smile, and leading the way. "This," he said, touching the hilt of a sword, "was carried at the battle of Bennington by an *aide* of General Stark. This other sword, and this musket and cartridge-box, belonged to John Stover, and were carried by him in the battles of the Revolution."

"Valuable and interesting souvenirs," remarked Captain Raymond.

They were shown other relics of those troublous times, — shells, grape, knee and shoe buckles, grubbing-hooks, and other things that had been picked up on the place in the years that had elapsed since the struggle for independence. But what interested Max and Lulu still more than any of these was a beautiful teacup, from which, as the gentleman told them, General Washington, while on a visit to General Schuyler, had drunk tea made from a portion of one of those cargoes of Boston harbour fame.

"That cup must be very precious, sir," remarked Lulu, gazing admiringly at it. "If it were mine, money couldn't buy it from me."

"No," he returned pleasantly; "and I am sure you would never

have robbed us, as some vandal visitor did not long ago, of a saucer and plate belonging to the same set."

"No, no, indeed!" she replied with emphasis, and looking quite aghast at the very idea. "Could anybody be so wicked as that?"

"Somebody was," he said with a slight sigh; "and it has made us feel it necessary to be more careful to whom we show such things. Now let me show you the burial-place of Thomas Lovelace," he added, leading the way out into the grounds.

"I don't remember to have heard his story, sir," said Max, as they all followed in the gentleman's wake; "but I would like to very much indeed. Papa, I suppose you know all about him."

"I presume this gentleman can tell the story far better than I," replied the Captain, with an inquiring look at their guide.

"I will do my best," he said in reply. "You know, doubtless," with a glance at Max and his sister, "what the Tories of the Revolution were. Some of them were the bitterest foes of their countrymen who were in that fearful struggle for freedom, – wicked men, who cared really for nothing but enriching themselves at the expense of others, and from covetousness became as relentless robbers and murderers of their neighbours and former friends as the very savages of the wilderness. Lovelace was one of these, and had become a terror to the inhabitants of this his native district of Saratoga. He went to Canada about the beginning of the war, and there confederated with five other men like himself to come back to this region

and plunder, betray, and abduct those who were struggling for freedom from their British oppressors, – old neighbours, for whom he should have felt only pity and kindness, even if he did not see things in just the same light that they did. These miscreants had their place of rendezvous in a large swamp, about five miles from Colonel Van Vetchen's, cunningly concealing themselves there. Robberies in that neighbourhood became frequent, and several persons were carried off. General Stark, then in command of the barracks north of Fish Creek, was active and vigilant; and hearing that Lovelace and his men had robbed General Schuyler's house, and were planning to carry off Colonel Van Vetchen, frustrated their design by furnishing the Colonel with a guard. Then Captain Dunham, who commanded a company of militia in the neighbourhood, hearing of the plans and doings of the marauders, at once summoned his lieutenant, ensign, orderly, and one private to his house. They laid their plans, waited till dark, then set out for the big swamp, which was three miles distant. There they separated to reconnoitre, and two of them were lost; but the other three kept together, and at dawn came upon the hiding-place of the Tory robbers. They were up, and just drawing on their stockings. The three Americans crawled cautiously toward them till quite near, then sprang upon a log with a shout, levelled their muskets, and Dunham called out, 'Surrender, or you are all dead men!' The robbers, thinking the Americans were upon them in force, surrendered at once, coming out one at a time without their arms, and were marched

off to General Stark's camp, and given up to him as prisoners. They were tried by a court-martial as spies, traitors, and robbers; and Lovelace, who was considered too dangerous to be allowed to escape, was condemned to be hanged. He complained that his sentence was unjust, and that he should be treated as a prisoner of war; but his claim was disallowed, and he was hanged here amid a violent storm of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning."

"They hung him as a spy, did they, sir?" asked Max.

"As a spy and murderer. He was both; and," pointing out the precise spot, "after his execution he was buried here in a standing posture."

"And his bones are lying right under here are they, sir?" asked Lulu, shuddering as she glanced down at the spot the gentleman had indicated.

"No," was the reply; "his bones, and even his teeth, have been carried off as relics."

"Ugh! to want such things as those for relics!" Lulu exclaimed in a tone of emphatic disgust.

"They are certainly not such relics as I would care to have," returned the gentleman, with a smile. Then he told the Captain he had shown them everything he had which could be called a souvenir of the Revolutionary War, and with hearty thanks they took their leave.

CHAPTER III

It was dinner-time when Captain Raymond and his children reached their hotel, and at the conclusion of the meal they went immediately to the station of the Mount McGregor road. There was just time for the buying of the tickets and seating themselves comfortably in the cars before the train started.

"Papa, how long will it take us to go there?" asked Lulu.

"Thirty-five minutes," he answered. "It is about ten miles to the mountain; then we go up about eleven hundred feet above Saratoga Springs."

"Yes, sir," said Max; "and here on this time-table it says that in some places the grade is as high as two hundred and forty-six feet to the mile."

"Set that down in your memory," returned his father, with a smile. "Now look out of the windows, Max and Lulu; the country is well worth seeing."

The ride seemed very short, – it was so enjoyable, – and Lulu was quite surprised when the car stopped and all the passengers hurried out.

Every one went into the Drexel Cottage, which was close at hand. A man showed them about, pointing out the objects of special interest, – the bed where General Grant died, the candle he had extinguished but a few minutes before breathing his last, and so on.

They spent some time in the cottage, going quietly about, looking with a sad interest at everything which had any connection with the dear departed great man, then went on up to the mountain top, where stood a large hotel. They passed it, and went on to the edge of the mountain, which overlooks the Hudson River valley.

"Oh, what a lovely view!" cried Lulu, in delight. "What mountains are those, Papa?"

"Those to the east," he replied, pointing in that direction as he spoke, "are the Green Mountains, those to the north are the Adirondacks, and those to the south the Catskills."

"Oh, Lu, look yonder!" cried Max. "There's Schuylerville with its monument, I do believe, – isn't it, Papa?"

"Yes, you are right, – the place of Burgoyne's surrender, which we visited this morning," the Captain answered. "Now suppose we go to the observatory at the top of the hotel, and take the view from there."

Max and Lulu gave an eager assent to the proposal. There were a good many stairs to climb, but the view fully repaid them for the exertion. They spent some minutes in gazing upon it, then descended and wandered through the woods till the train was ready to start down the mountain.

Max and Lulu were tired enough to go to bed at dark; and the next morning they took an early train to Albany, where they boarded a fine steamer, which would carry them down the Hudson River to West Point, where, to the children's great

delight, their father had promised to stay a day or two, and show them all of historical interest connected with the spot.

It was the first trip on the Hudson that Max or his sister had ever taken, and they enjoyed it greatly, – all the more because their father was sufficiently familiar with the scenes through which they were passing to call their attention to whatever was best worth noticing, and give all desired information in regard to it, doing so in the kindest and pleasantest manner possible. The weather was all that could be desired, – cloudy, with an occasional shower, seldom heavy enough to obscure the view to any great extent, and just cooling the air pleasantly, as Lulu remarked with much satisfaction.

It was not raining when they landed at West Point, though clouds still veiled the sun. They took a carriage near the wharf, and drove to the hotel. As they alighted, some gentlemen were talking upon its porch, one of whom was in military uniform.

"Raymond, this is a meeting as delightful as unexpected, – to me at least!" he exclaimed, coming hastily forward with outstretched hand.

"Keith, I don't know when I have had a pleasanter surprise!" returned Captain Raymond, taking the offered hand and shaking it heartily, while his eyes shone with pleasure. "You are not here permanently?"

"No; only on a furlough. And you?"

"Just for a day or two, to show my children our military academy and the points of historical interest in its vicinity,"

replied Captain Raymond, glancing down upon them with a smile of fatherly pride and affection. "Max and Lulu, this gentleman is Lieutenant Keith, of whom you have sometimes heard me speak, and whom your mamma calls Cousin Donald."

"Your children, are they? Ah, I think I might have known them anywhere from their remarkable resemblance to you, Raymond!" Mr. Keith said, shaking hands first with Lulu, then with Max.

He chatted pleasantly with them for a few minutes, while their father attended to engaging rooms and having the baggage taken up to them. When he rejoined them Keith asked, "May I have the pleasure of showing you about, Raymond?"

"Thank you; no better escort could be desired," replied the Captain, heartily, "you being a valued friend just met after a long separation, and also an old resident here, thoroughly competent for the task, and thoroughly acquainted with all the points of interest."

"I think I may say I am that," returned Keith, with a smile; "and it will give me the greatest pleasure to show them to you, — as great, doubtless, as you seemed to find some years ago in showing me over your man-of-war. But first, let us take a view from the porch here. Yonder," pointing in a westerly direction, "at the foot of the hills, are the dwellings of the officers and professors. In front of them you see the parade-ground: there, on the south side, are the barracks. There is the Grecian chapel, yonder the library building, with its domed turrets, and there are the mess hall and hospital." Then turning toward the west

again, "That lofty summit," he said, "is Mount Independence, and the ruins that crown it are those of 'Old Fort Put.' That still loftier peak is Redoubt Hill. There, a little to the north, you see Old Cro' Nest and Butter Hill. Now, directly north, through that magnificent cleft in the hills, you can see Newburgh and its bay. Of the scenery in the east we will have a better view from the ruins of 'Old Put.'"

"No doubt," said the Captain. "Shall we go up there at once?"

"If you like, Raymond. I always enjoy the view; it more than pays for the climb. But," and Mr. Keith glanced somewhat doubtfully at Lulu, "shall we not take a carriage? I fear the walk may be too much for your little girl."

"What do you say, Lulu?" her father asked with a smiling glance at her.

"Oh, I'd rather walk, Papa!" she exclaimed. "We have been riding so much for the last week and more; and you know I'm strong and well, and dearly love to climb rocks and hills."

"Very well, you shall do as you like, and have the help of Papa's hand over the hard places," he said, offering it as he spoke.

She put hers into it with a glad look and smile up into his face that almost made Donald Keith envy the Captain the joys of fatherhood.

They set off at once. Lulu found it a rather hard climb, or that it would have been without her father's helping hand; but the top of Mount Independence was at length reached, and the little party stood among the ruins of Fort Putnam. They stood on its

ramparts recovering breath after the ascent, their faces turned toward the east, silently gazing upon the beautiful panorama spread out at their feet.

It was the Captain who broke the silence. "You see that range of hills on the farther side of the river, children?"

"Yes, sir," both replied with an inquiring look up into his face.

"In the time of the Revolution every pinnacle was fortified, and on each a watch-fire burned," he said.

"They had a battery on each, Papa?" queried Max.

"Yes; but yonder, at their foot, stands something that will interest you still more, – the Beverly House, from which Arnold the traitor fled to the British ship 'Vulture,' on learning that André had been taken."

"Oh, is it, sir?" exclaimed Max, in a tone of intense interest. "How I would like to visit it, – can we, Papa?"

"I too; oh, very much!" said Lulu. "Please take us there, – won't you, Papa?"

"I fear there will be hardly time, my dears; but I will see about it," was the indulgent reply.

"You have been here before, Raymond?" Mr. Keith said inquiringly.

"Yes; on my first bridal trip," the Captain answered in a low, moved tone, and sighing slightly as the words left his lips.

"With our own mother, Papa?" asked Lulu, softly, looking up into his face with eyes full of love and sympathy.

"Yes, daughter; and she enjoyed the view very much as you

are doing now."

"I'm glad; I like to think she saw it once."

An affectionate pressure of the hand he held was his only reply. Then turning to his friend, "It is a grand view, Keith," he said; "and one that always stirs the patriotism in my blood, inherited from ancestors who battled for freedom in those Revolutionary days."

"It is just so with myself," replied Keith; "and the view is a grand one in itself, though there were no such association, – a superb panorama! The beautiful, majestic river sweeping about the rock-bound promontory below us there, with its tented field; yonder the distant spires of Newburgh, and the bright waters of its bay, seen through that magnificent cleft in the hills," pointing with his finger as he spoke, – "ah, how often I have seen it all in imagination when out in the far West scouting over arid plains, and among desolate barren hills and mountains, where savages and wild beasts abound! At times an irrepressible longing for this very view has come over me, – a sort of homesickness, most difficult to shake off."

"Such as years in the ports of foreign lands have sometimes brought upon me," observed the Captain, giving his friend a look of heartfelt sympathy.

"Dear Papa, I'm so glad that is all over," Lulu said softly, leaning lovingly up against him as she spoke, and again lifting to his eyes her own so full of sympathy and affection. "Oh, it is so pleasant to have you always at home with us!"

A smile and an affectionate pressure of the little soft white hand he held were his only reply.

"Ah, my little girl, when Papa sees a man-of-war again, he will be likely to wish himself back in the service once more!" remarked Keith, in a sportive tone, regarding her with laughing eyes.

"No, sir, I don't believe it," she returned stoutly. "Papa loves his home and wife and children too well for that; besides, he has resigned from the navy, and I don't believe they'd take him back again."

"Well, Lu," said Max, "that's a pretty way to talk about Papa! Now, it's my firm conviction that they'd be only too glad to get him back."

"That's right, Max; stand up for your father always," laughed Keith. "He is worthy of it; and I don't doubt the government would be ready to accept his services should he offer them."

"Of course," laughed the Captain; "but I intend to give them those of my son instead," turning a look upon Max so proudly tender and appreciative that the lad's young heart bounded with joy.

"Ah, is that so?" said Keith, gazing appreciatively into the lad's bright young face. "Well, I have no doubt he will do you credit. Max, my boy, never forget that you have the credit of an honourable name to sustain, and that in so doing you will make your father a proud and happy man."

"That is what I want to do, sir," replied Max, modestly.

Then hastily changing the subject, "Papa, is that town over there Phillipstown?"

"Yes; what do you remember about it?"

"That a part of our Revolutionary army was camped there in 1781. And there, over to the left, is Constitution Island, – isn't it, sir?"

"Yes," answered his father; then went on to tell of the building of the fort from which the island takes its name, and its abandonment a few days after the capture by the British of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, near the lower entrance to the Highlands, in 1777.

"Such a pity, after they had been to all the expense and trouble of building it!" remarked Lulu.

"Yes, quite a waste," said Max; "but war's a wasteful business anyway it can be managed."

"Quite true, Max," said, Mr. Keith; "and soldier though I am, I sincerely hope we may have no more of it in this land."

"No, sir; but the best way to keep out of it is to show ourselves ready for self-defence. That is what Papa says."

"And I entirely agree with him. Shall we go now, Raymond, and see what of interest is to be found in the buildings and about the grounds of the academy?"

The Captain gave a ready assent, and they retraced their steps, he helping Lulu down the mountain as he had helped her up.

Keith took them, first, to the artillery laboratory to see, as he said, some trophies and relics of the Revolution. Conducting

them to the centre of the court, "Here," he remarked, "are some interesting ones," pointing, as he spoke, to several cannon lying in a heap, and encircled by some links of an enormous chain.

"Oh," exclaimed Max, "is that part of the great chain that was stretched across the Hudson, down there by Constitution Island, in the time of the Revolution?"

"Yes," replied Keith. "And these two brass mortars were taken from Burgoyne at Saratoga; this larger one, Wayne took from the British at Stony Point. I dare say you and your sister are acquainted with the story of that famous exploit."

"Oh, yes, sir!" they both replied; and Lulu asked, "Is that the English coat-of-arms on the big cannon?"

Her look directed the query to her father, and he answered, "Yes."

"And what do these words below it mean, Papa, – 'Aschaleh fecit, 1741'?"

"Aschaleh is doubtless the name of the maker; '*fecit*' means he executed it, and 1741 gives the time when it was done."

"Thank you, sir," she said. "Is there any story about that one?" pointing to another cannon quite near at hand.

"Yes," he said; "by its premature discharge, in 1817, a cadet named Lowe was killed. In the cemetery is a beautiful monument to his memory."

"Here are two brass field-pieces, each marked 'G. R.," said Max. "Do those letters stand for George Rex, – King George, – Papa?"

"Yes; that was the monogram of the king."

"And the cannon is fourteen years younger than those others," remarked Lulu; "for, see there, it says, 'W. Bowen fecit, 1755.'"

"Oh, here's an inscription!" exclaimed Max, and read aloud, "Taken from the British army, and presented, by order of the United States, in Congress assembled, to Major-General Green, as a monument of their high sense of the wisdom, fortitude, and military talents which distinguished his command in the Southern department, and of the eminent services which, amid complicated dangers and difficulties, he performed for his country. October 18th, 1783.' Oh, that was right!" supplemented the lad, "for I do think Green was a splendid fellow."

"He was, indeed!" said the Captain; "and he has at last been given such a monument as he should have had very many years sooner."

"Where is it, Papa?" asked Lulu.

"In Washington. It is an equestrian statue, by Henry Kirke Brown."

"Yes; and very glad I am that even that tardy act of justice has been done him, – one of the bravest and most skilful commanders of our Revolutionary War," remarked Mr. Keith. Then he added, "I think we have seen about all you will care for here, Raymond, and that you might enjoy going out upon the parade-ground now. The sun is near setting, and the battalion will form presently, and go through some interesting exercises."

"Thank you!" the Captain said. "Let us, then, go at once, for

I see Max and his sister are eager for the treat," he added, with a smiling glance from one brightly expectant young face to the other.

CHAPTER IV

They reached the parade-ground just in time to see the battalion forming under arms, and Max and Lulu watched every movement with intense interest and delight, – the long skirmish lines firing in advance or retreat, picking off distant imaginary leaders of a pretended enemy in reply to the ringing skirmish calls of the key-bugles, deploying at the run, rallying at the reserves and around the colours.

That last seemed to delight Lulu more than anything else. "Oh," she exclaimed, "isn't it lovely! Wouldn't they all fight for the dear old flag if an enemy should come and try to tear it down!"

"I'm inclined to think they would," returned Mr. Keith, smiling at her enthusiasm. "Now look at the flag waving from the top of the staff yonder."

The words had scarcely left his lips when there came the sudden bang of the sunset gun, and the flag quickly fluttered to the earth.

Then followed the march of the cadets to their supper, and our little party turned about and went in search of theirs.

On leaving the table they went out upon the hotel porch and seated themselves where the view was particularly fine, the gentlemen conversing, Max and Lulu listening, both tired enough to be quite willing to sit still.

The talk, which was principally of ordnance and various matters connected with army and navy, had greater interest for the boy than for his sister, and Lulu soon laid her head on her father's shoulder, and was presently in the land of dreams.

"My poor, tired, little girl!" he said, low and tenderly, softly smoothing the hair from her forehead as he spoke.

At that she roused, and lifting her head, said coaxingly, "Please don't send me to bed yet, Papa! I'm wide awake now."

"Are you, indeed?" he laughed. "I think those eyes look rather heavy; but you may sit up now if you will agree to sleep in the morning when Max and I will probably be going out to see the cadets begin their day. Would you like to go, Max?"

"Yes, indeed, sir!" answered Max, in eager tones; "it's about five o'clock we have to start, – isn't it?"

"Yes, Max. Lieutenant Keith has kindly offered to call us in season, and become our escort to the camp."

"Oh, Papa, mayn't I go too?" pleaded Lulu, in the most coaxing tones. "I won't give you the least bit of trouble."

"You never do, daughter, in regard to such matters; you are always prompt, and ready in good season."

"Then do you say I may go, Papa?"

"Yes, if you will go to bed at once, in order to secure enough sleep by five o'clock in the morning."

"Oh, thank you, sir! Yes, indeed, I will," she said, hastily rising to her feet, and bidding good-night to Mr. Keith.

"I too," said Max, following her example.

"Good children," said their father; then noticing the longing look in Lulu's eyes, he excused himself to his friend, saying he would join him again presently, and went with them.

"That is a beautiful, bright, engaging, little girl of yours, Raymond, – one that any father might be proud of," remarked Keith when the Captain had resumed the seat by his side.

"She seems all that to me; but I have sometimes thought it might be the blindness of parental affection that makes the child so lovely and engaging in her father's eyes," returned the Captain, in tones that spoke much gratification.

"I think, indeed I am sure, not," returned Keith. "About how old is she?"

"Thirteen. Actually, she'll be a woman before I know it!" was the added exclamation in a tone of dismay. "I don't like the thought of losing my little girl even in that way."

"Ah, you'll be likely to lose her in another before many years!" laughed his friend. "She'll make a lovely woman, Raymond!"

"I think you are right," answered the father; "and I confess that the thought of another gaining the first place in her heart – which I know is mine now – is far from pleasant to me. Well, it cannot be for some years yet, and I shall try not to think of it. Perhaps she may never care to leave her father."

"I don't believe she will if she is wise. You are a fortunate man, Raymond! Your son – the image of his father – is not less attractive than his sister, and evidently a remarkably intelligent lad. He will make his mark in the navy; and I dare say we shall

have the pleasure of seeing him an admiral by the time we – you and I – are gray-headed, old veterans."

"Perhaps so," returned the Captain, with a pleased smile; "but promotion is slow in the navy in these days of peace."

"Quite true; and as true of the army as of the navy. But even that is to be preferred to war, – eh, Raymond?"

"Most decidedly," was the emphatic reply.

"You leave for home to-morrow evening, I think you said?" was Keith's next remark, made in an inquiring tone.

"That is my plan at present," replied the Captain, "though I would stay a little longer rather than have the children disappointed in their hope of seeing everything about here that has any connection with the Revolution."

"They seem to be ardent young patriots," said Keith. "It does one good to see their pride and delight in the flag. How their eyes shone at the sight of the rally round the colours."

"Yes; and they feel an intense interest in everything that has any connection with the Revolutionary struggle. They get it in the blood; and it has been their father's earnest endeavour to cultivate in them an ardent love of country."

"In which he has evidently been remarkably successful," returned Keith. "I am much mistaken if that boy does not do you great credit while in the Naval Academy, and, as I remarked a moment since, after fairly entering the service."

"A kind and pleasant prediction, Keith," the Captain said, giving his friend a gratified look.

"How many children have you, Raymond?" was the next question.

"Only five," the Captain said, with a happy laugh, – "five treasures that should, it seems to me, make any man feel rich; also, a sweet, beautiful, young wife, who is to her husband worth far more than her weight in gold. 'Her price is above rubies.' And you, Keith, – you have not told me whether you have yet found your mate."

"No, not yet. I sometimes think I never shall, but shall soon become a confirmed old bachelor," Keith replied. Then, after an instant's pause, "I wonder if Lulu's father would give her to me should I wait patiently till she is old enough to know her own mind in such matters, and then succeed in winning her heart?"

"Ah, Keith, is that a serious thought or a mere idle jest?" queried the Captain, turning a surprised and not altogether pleased look upon his friend.

"A sort of mixture of the two, I believe, Raymond," was the laughing reply; "but I haven't the least idea of putting any such mischief into your daughter's head, – at least, not at present. But if I ask your permission half a dozen years hence to pay my court to her, I hope it will not be refused."

"Well, Keith," the Captain said, after a moment's silence, "I should be very loath to stand in the way of your happiness, – still more of that of my dear daughter; but the time is so far off that we need not discuss the question now. My little girl seems still the merest child, with no thought of the cares, pleasures, and

duties of womanhood; and I wish to keep her so as long as I can. That is one reason why I rejoice in being able to educate her myself in our own home; and thus far the loves of the dear ones in it have seemed all-sufficient for her happiness. And I own to being particularly pleased with her oft-repeated assurance that she loves Papa better than she does any one else in all the wide world."

"Ah, I do not wonder that she does, for her father is altogether worthy of all the love she can give him!" Keith said, with a half-sigh, thinking of the loneliness of his lot compared with that of the Captain.

"Keith," the Captain said, after a moment's silence, "you tell me your furlough will not expire for some weeks yet. Can you not spend them with us at the sea-shore?"

Donald demurred a little at first, saying he had made other plans; and besides, his going might interfere with his cousins' arrangements.

"Not the slightest danger of that," the Captain averred; "and I am certain that one and all will be delighted to see you."

"And I own to being fairly hungry for a sight of them," laughed Donald. "So, Raymond, your invitation is accepted, and on your own head be the consequences."

"No objection to that; I'm delighted to have you on any terms, reasonable or otherwise," the Captain said, with his pleasant smile.

Max and Lulu had an hour or more of good refreshing sleep

before the two gentlemen separated for the night.

Captain Raymond went very softly into Lulu's room, and stood for a moment by the bedside looking fondly down into the rosy, sleeping face, then, bending over her, kissed her tenderly on cheek and lip and brow.

Her eyes opened wide and looked up into his, while a glad smile broke over her face.

"You dear, good Papa, to come in and kiss me again!" she said, putting her arm round his neck and returning his caresses. "Oh, I do think I have just the very dearest, kindest, best father in the whole wide world!"

"That's rather strong, isn't it?" he returned, laughing, but at the same time gathering her up in his arms for a moment's petting and fondling. Then, laying her down again, "I did not mean to wake you," he said; "and I want you now to go to sleep again as fast as you can, because, though to-morrow will, I hope, be a very enjoyable day to you and Max, it is probable you will find it quite fatiguing also."

"Yes, sir; but I don't mean to think about it now, else I'd be wide awake presently, and maybe not sleep any more to-night," Lulu answered drowsily, her eyes closing while she spoke.

He was turning away, when she roused sufficiently to ask another question. "Papa, will you please wake me when the time comes to get up?"

"Yes, daughter," he replied. "Do not let the fear of not waking in season rob you of a moment's sleep. I think you may safely

trust to your father to attend to that for you."

It seemed to Lulu that but a few moments had passed when her father's voice spoke again close to her side.

"Wake up now, little daughter, if you want to go with Papa and Max to see what the cadets will be doing in their camp for the next hour or so."

"Oh, yes, indeed, I do!" she cried, wide awake in an instant. "Good-morning; and thank you ever so much for calling me, dear Papa!" and with the words her arms were round his neck, her kisses on his cheek.

He gave her a hearty embrace in turn; and then, with a "Now, my darling, you must make haste, we have only ten minutes; but I shall bring you back to rearrange your toilet before going down to breakfast," he released her and went back to his own room.

Lulu made quick work of her dressing, and when her father tapped at her door to say it was time to go, was quite ready.

They found Mr. Keith waiting on the porch, exchanged a pleasant "good-morning" with him, and at once started for the camp.

Max and Lulu were in gayest spirits, and were allowed to laugh and talk till the little party drew near the camp, when their father bade them be quiet, and amuse themselves for the present by looking and listening.

He spoke in a kind, pleasant tone, and they obeyed at once.

Down by the guard-tents they could see a dim, drowsy gleam, as of a lantern; the gas-jets along the way seemed to burn dimly,

too, as the daylight grew stronger, and up about the hill-tops on the farther side of the river the sky was growing rosy and bright with the coming day. But all was so quiet, so still, where the tents were that it seemed as if everybody there must be still wrapped in slumber; and Lulu was beginning to think Mr. Keith must have called for them a little earlier than necessary, when a sudden gleam and rattle among the trees almost made her jump, so startled was she, while at the same instant a stern, boyish voice called out, "Who comes there?" and a sentry stood before them wrapped in an overcoat, – for the morning was very cool up there among the mountains, – and with the dew dripping from his cap.

"Friends, with the countersign," replied Mr. Keith.

"Halt, friends! Advance one with the countersign," commanded the sentry; and while the Captain and his children stood still where they were, Mr. Keith stepped up to the levelled bayonet and whispered a word or two in the ear of the young sentinel which at once caused a change in his attitude toward our party, – respectful attention taking the place of the fierce suspicion. "Advance, friends!" he said, bringing his heels together and his rifle to the carry, then stood like a statue while they passed on into the camp he guarded.

Max and Lulu, remembering their father's order to them to keep quiet, said nothing, but were careful to make the very best use of their eyes.

Down by the tents, on the south and east sides, they could see sentries pacing their rounds, but there was as yet no sound or

movement among the occupants.

Some drummer-boys were hurrying over the plain toward the camp, while a corporal and two cadets were silently crossing to the northeast corner, where stood a field-piece dripping with dew.

Max motioned to Lulu to notice what they were doing, and as he did so they had reached the gun, and there was a dull thud as they rammed home their cartridge.

The drummer-boys were chattering together in low tones, glancing now and again at the clock in the "Academic" tower over on the other side of the plain. Suddenly a mellow stroke began to tell the hour, but the next was drowned in the roar of the gun as it belched forth fire and smoke, while at the same instant drum and fife broke forth in the stirring strains of the reveille.

Lulu almost danced with delight, looking up into her father's face with eyes shining with pleasure. His answering smile was both fond and indulgent as he took the small white hand in his with a loving clasp; but it was no time for words amid the thunder of the drums playing their march in and about the camp.

Lulu could see the tent-flaps raised, drowsy heads peering out, then dozens of erect, slender lads, in white trousers and tight-fitting coatees, coming out with buckets, and hurrying away to the water-tanks and back again.

Presently the drums and fifes ceased their music; there was a brief interval of silence, while the streets of the camp filled up with gray and white coated figures. Then came another rattle of

the drums like a sharp, quick, imperative call.

"Fall in!" ordered the sergeants; and like a flash each company sprang into two long columns.

"Left face!" ordered each first sergeant, while the second sergeant, answering to his own name, was watching with eagle eye a delinquent who came hurrying on, and took his place in the ranks too late by a full half-second.

"Ah," exclaimed Keith, "that poor lad will be reported as too late at reveille!"

Lulu gave him a look of surprise. "Dear me," she said to herself, "if Papa was that strict with his children what ever would become of me?"

But the first sergeant was calling the roll, and she listened with fresh astonishment as he rattled off the seventy or eighty names without so much as an instant's pause, using no list, and seeming to recognize each lad as he answered "Here."

It took scarcely a minute; then at a single word the ranks scattered, the lads hurrying away to their tents, while the first sergeant made a brief report to the captain, who stood near, then the captain to the officer of the day.

Our little party had now seated themselves where a good view of the camp might be obtained, and Max and Lulu watched with great interest what was going on there. They could see the lads pull off their gray coats, raise their tent-walls to give free circulation through them to the sweet morning air, pile up their bedding, and sweep their floors.

Lulu gave her father an inquiring look, and he said, "What is it, daughter? You may talk now, if you wish."

"I was just wondering if you had to do such work as that at Annapolis," she said in reply.

"I did," he responded, with a smile, "and thought you had heard me speak of it."

"Maybe I have," she said, with a tone and look as if trying to recall something in the past. "Oh, yes, I do remember it now! And I suppose that's the reason you have always been so particular with us about keeping our rooms nice and neat."

"Partly, I believe," he returned, softly patting the hand she had laid on his knee; "but my mother was very neat and orderly, and from my earliest childhood tried to teach me to be the same."

"And I think I'll find it easier because of your teachings, sir," remarked Max.

"I hope so," the Captain said; "you'll find you have enough to learn, my boy, without that."

"A good father is a great blessing, Max, as I have found in my own experience," said Mr. Keith.

But the roll of the drums began again, now playing "Pease upon a Trencher;" again the ranks were formed, rolls called; the sergeants marched their companies to the colour line, officers took their stations; first captain ordered attention, swung the battalion into column of platoons to the left, ordered "Forward, guide right, march!" and away they went, to the stirring music of the fifes and drums, away across the plain till the main road was

reached, down the shaded lane between the old "Academic" and the chapel, past the new quarters, and the grassy terrace beyond. Then each platoon wheeled in succession to the right, mounted the broad stone steps, and disappeared beneath the portals of the mess hall.

Our party, who had followed at so slight a distance as to be able to keep the cadets in sight to the door of entrance, did not attempt to look in upon them at their meal, but hurried on to the hotel to give attention to their own breakfasts, – the keen morning air and the exercise of walking having bestowed upon each one an excellent appetite.

Max and Lulu were very eager to "get back in time to see everything," as they expressed it, so began eating in great haste.

Their father gently admonished them to be more deliberate.

"You must not forget," he said, "that food must be thoroughly masticated in order to digest properly; and those who indulge in eating at such a rapid rate will be very likely soon to suffer from indigestion."

"And we may as well take our time," added Mr. Keith, "for it will be an hour or more before anything of special interest will be going on among the cadets."

"What do they do next, sir?" asked Max.

"Morning drill, which is not very interesting, comes next; then the tents are put in order."

"That must take a good while," remarked Lulu.

"From three to five minutes, perhaps."

"Oh!" she cried in surprise; "how can they do it so quickly? I'm sure I couldn't put my room at home in good order in less than ten minutes."

"But, then, you're not a boy, you know," laughed Max.

"I'm quite as smart as if I were," she returned promptly. "Isn't that so, Papa?"

"I have known some boys who were not particularly bright," he answered, with an amused look. "Perhaps you might compare quite favourably with them."

"Oh, Papa!" she exclaimed; "is that the best you can say about me?"

"I can say that my daughter seems to me to have as much brain as my son, and of as good quality," he replied kindly, refilling her plate as he spoke; "and I very much doubt his ability to put a room in order more rapidly than she can, and at the same time equally well," he concluded.

"Well, it's a sort of womanish work anyhow, – isn't it, Papa?" queried Max, giving Lulu another laughing look.

"I don't see it so," replied his father. "I would be sorry to admit, or to think, that women have a monopoly of the good qualities of order and cleanliness."

"I, too, sir," said Max; "and I'm quite resolved to do my father credit in that line as well as others, at the academy and elsewhere."

"Are we going at once, Papa?" Lulu asked as they left the table.

"No; but probably in ten or fifteen minutes. Can you wait so long as that?" he asked, with a humorous smile, and softly smoothing her hair as she stood by his side.

"Oh, yes, sir!" she answered brightly. "I hope I'm not quite so impatient as I used to be; and I feel quite sure you'll not let Max or me miss anything very interesting or important."

"Not if I can well help it, daughter," he said. "I want you and Max to see and hear all that I think will be instructive, or give you pleasure."

A few moments later they set out; and they had just reached the grove up by the guard-tents, and seated themselves comfortably, when the drum tapped for morning parade, and the cadets were seen issuing from their tents, buttoned to the throat in faultlessly fitting uniforms, their collars, cuffs, gloves, belts, and trousers of spotless white, their rifles, and every bit of metal about them gleaming with polish.

"How fine the fellows do look, Lu!" remarked Max, in an undertone.

"Yes," she replied; "they couldn't be neater if they were girls."

"No, I should think not," he returned, with a laugh. "Oh, see! yonder comes the band. Now we'll soon have some music."

"And there come some officers," said Lulu; and as she spoke the sentry on No. 1 rattled his piece, with a shout that re-echoed from the hills, "Turn out the guard, Commandant of Cadets!" and instantly the members of the guard were seen hastily to snatch their rifles from the racks, form ranks, and present arms.

"Oh, Maxie, isn't that fine!" whispered Lulu, ecstatically. "Wouldn't you like to be that officer?"

"I'd ten times rather be captain of a good ship," returned Max.

"I believe I'd rather be in the navy, too, if I were a boy," she said; "but I'd like the army next best."

"Yes, so would I."

But the drum again tapped sharply, the cadets in each street resolved themselves into two long parallel lines, elbow to elbow, and at the last tap faced suddenly outward, while the glistening rifles sprang up to "support arms;" every first sergeant called off his roll, every man as he answered to his name snapping down his piece to the "carry" and "order."

That done, the sergeant faced his captain, saluting in soldierly fashion, and took his post; the captain whipped out his shining sword; the lieutenants stepped to their posts.

"This is the morning inspection," Mr. Keith said in reply to an inquiring look from Max and Lulu.

"Are they very particular, sir?" queried Max.

"Very; should a speck of rust be found on a cadet's rifle, a single button missing from his clothing, or unfastened, a spot on his trousers, a rip or tear in his gloves, or dust on his shoes, it is likely to be noted on the company delinquency-book to-day, and published to the battalion to-morrow evening."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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