order for thirty guineas on its delivery. He plead hard with his captors for permission to burn the papers, and offered one hundred guineas for the privilege. All his offers were refused with scorn, and becoming satisfied of the impossibility of bribing his captors, he exclaimed, "Then I'm a dead man." It was even so. He was not allowed again to escape, but he was taken to Albany, where he was tried, condemned, and executed as a spy.

The captors of Bettys were deserving of the same if not higher honors than those conferred upon the captors of Andre. The latter was unarmed, and his capture was the result of accident; while the former was not taken without the risk of life, and after a fearful struggle. He was known to be thoroughly armed, and a desperado of the worst character and disposition. Bettys was a far more dangerous man—though, perhaps, not so important as Andre. Both tempted their captors with gold, and the offers of both were spurned with contempt. In this the cases were similar, and in view of ulterior consequences, perhaps, the importance of the capture rests with Paulding, Williams and Van Wart; but, when viewed in the light of the peril of the enterprise, Corey, Perkins and Fulmer are certainly deserving of the warmest praise for their bravery and intrepidity. Yet the only return they received was the arms of their prisoner, while the others received rich rewards, and were honored after death by monuments, upon which, as well as upon the page of history, their patriotism and honesty have been lauded to the skies. With what a partial hand is the meed of praise bestowed!

ANDREW KNOX AND HIS FIVE DAUGHTERS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Forty years ago, on one of the lesser highlands of the Hudson stood a low-built house, with many gables, indicating a cluster of rooms built up for the convenience of a household, and to meet its many wants rather than in reference to any ideas of architectural beauty. Irregular as it was, with low windows, doors and stoops at all possible angles, the effect was picturesque in the extreme. Old trees in their unmolested redundance of foliage, willows with long pensile limbs and huge proportions clustered around it, and the vine embraced it on every side. A small river chafed in the gorge at the base of the hill, and then lost its coquettish discontent in the Hudson.

Here Andrew Knox, a gentleman of moderate fortune and simple pretensions, had lived for many years. His father had obtained a considerable grant from the early proprietors of the soil, and a few slaves were sufficient to develop the resources of the land and meet all the wants of the family. Andrew was an only child, his mother having died in his infancy. At twenty he found himself at the head of the establishment—his father being, in fact, prematurely old from grief at the loss of his wife.

The youth had lived a miscellaneous life, hunting and fishing, and reading the books that fell in his way, but with no sense of responsibility whatever. The whim of the moment, the incitements of the few companions of his age, or the state of the weather had decided the nature of his pursuits, and a moment of forethought had scarcely ever obtruded upon his brain.

Once, however, as he sat in a cozy nook, patiently dallying a fly that was to beguile the unwary fish, he lifted his eyes to the bank upon the opposite side, and beheld Lucy Schuyler dipping a pitcher into the stream, which sent the eddies quite across, and then she lifted up her comely person, blushed at the sight of Andrew, smiled, and was gone.

"By George, 'what a figure she has!'" was his unconscious exclamation. Truth to say, Lucy had a form for an empress—tall, slender, yet round and elastic as that of a fawn. Andrew, till now, had only observed a tall girl with freckles upon her face, and an immense quantity of reddish brown hair. This was very true of Lucy; but the freckles were slight blemishes upon a skin of wondrous whiteness, and the hair was

"Of brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun."

Andrew arose from the rock on which he had been seated, and for the first time in his life looked at his own reflection in the water beneath.

"Six feet! what a pair we should make! Lucy Schuyler! why, so many times as I have gone to the mountain with Lucy Schuyler; never had to help her over a ditch, nor up a crag; always wide awake, laughing like a bobolink—leaping and skipping as if she had no weight in her; strange I never saw what a girl she is."

Thus he mused as he mechanically put up the fishing rod, and wended his way homeward. We have only thus much to do with his early history, and we note this much only as the point of life when fixed ideas began to gather in the mind of the man. From that time forth Andrew Knox began to conceive an extravagant admiration for comely proportions and stately figures; and when in the course of events Lucy

Schuyler became Mrs. Knox, and in the course of years four queenly daughters graced his board, and swept by on prancing steeds to church, great was the exultation of the worthy Andrew.

Lucy was still fresh, blooming; and, though now of more matronly proportions, was still most gracefully dignified and sustained in her elegant form. Andrew had no tendency to rotundity, and, by manly exercise and hardy adventure, looked like a second Hardicanute, so

"Stately stepped he east the wa', and stately stepped he west."

Great had been his anxiety respecting the fate of these four nobly-proportioned girls. Beautiful were they in their healthful womanhood, with no single defect of form and feature, alike and yet unlike, as the various beauties of either parent were softened and commingled in marvelous harmony.

Andrew, who, but for this one worship of an ideal physique, might have lived and died with no single motive to life, had from the time that Lucy Schuyler dipped the pitcher into the stream, and thus scared the fish from his hook, lived with this one thought perpetually before him. Air, exercise, diet, whatever concerned health or ministered to beauty, became to him a subject of intense interest.

As the superb forms of his daughters, with their clear complexions, abundant hair, dark, indolent eyes, and rich, swan-like motions, year after year floated before him, he experienced an exquisite satisfaction difficult to be conceived. They were the tallest women of the country, and fairer than all others.

After admiring so long the stateliness of wife and daughters with a complacent gratulation, inwardly sustained over his own stout manliness of figure, the transition was an easy one to another sort of hobbyism, namely, that his girls should never marry other than tall, handsome men.

Such a state of feeling at the hall soon went abroad, and accordingly every lover, far and near, learned to grade his hopes of success with the splendid girls of Knox Hall by the hight of his person and breadth of his chest. The girls laughed at the whim of their father, but with a pleasant, compliant laugh, that showed a world of easy recognition of the thing. Truth to say, they had been educated, as a matter of course, into the same way of thinking, and were hardly likely to see much of manly attractiveness in a youth less in hight than their goodly father.

Fortunately that mountainous region is favorable to a graceful and vigorous growth, and all the dreams of Andrew Knox were realized in the grand forms of his sons-in-law. Four such youths and maidens were never before seen in all the country, and long will it be before such may be seen again, unless, indeed, another Andrew Knox, as careful to train, and as warm an admirer of a fine physique, should again arise.

One condition of a union with his daughters, Andrew made, was, that a portion of each year should always be passed at the Hall, and hence the many angles of the building, with their quaint appellatives of Anna's bower, Margaret's, Hester's and Kate's. There were merry holidays, and long Christmas rejoicings, and stately dancings in those good old times; and the ebony faces of the negroes grew broader and more shiny as they beat time to the fiddle and shared the general cheer of the patriarchal household.

Every story must have a dark shade to relieve its brightness, and so must that of Andrew and Lucy Knox. We have spoken of four daughters. There were, in fact, five; but we have forborne to speak of the youngest, because herein lay the great grief of Andrew and a slight shade of mortification on the part of Lucy.

This last daughter was five years younger than Kate; she was called Lucy, but the family most frequently addressed her by some term supposed to characterize her mood at the moment. Thus she was most generally called Teeney, from her size, or Ninny, on account of her quick sensibilities, which her better sustained and queenly sisters regarded as a weakness. Yet, with all this, Lucy was the pet of the household. Indulged as child never was, caressed and teased, and kissed and laughed at, like a very child, and this even when the depth of womanhood had entered her very soul.

All this, because poor little Lucy had not been cast in the splendid mold of her tall sisters. True, she was proportioned like a very sylph, was light as an embodied zephyr, and the last curvings of grace swayed in the slight roundings of her exquisite form, and the airy lightness of her nature. Yet, alas! Anna was more than half a head taller, Hester a full head, and as to Margaret and Kate, they counted their inches more; of course Lucy was always called "little Lucy," and "dear little Ninny," and "pretty Teeney," and all sorts of diminutives.

In the process of time, the four girls being married, Andrew learned to regard the smallness of Lucy with less of regret. Her never-failing vivacity contrasted not unpleasantly with the graver character of her sisters. Then her tenderness, her ready sensibility grew upon his imagination till a wildness of paternal love almost oppressed him.

She was his constant companion, and he was never weary with watching her elastic step as she threaded the mountain path, and the infinite grace that seemed to pervade the very atmosphere she inhaled. Teency was the pet, the ideal of grace in his mind's eye; yet after all this soul-felt admiration of her exceeding loveliness, a soft compassion would ultimately mingle with his tenderness, as the cherished standard he had so long preserved came back to his fancy, and he would press his lips to her forehead, exclaiming,

"Poor, poor, dear Teency, God forgive me, but I would give all I have in the world to see thee taller."

Then Lucy would laugh and curvet her palfrey, and wheel around with such graceful sauciness, and such pretty mock regret, that Andrew laughed again and declared that she was a "changling," that some spiteful fairy had stolen away his should-be tall daughter, and left her in its place, and Teency found this ample apology for all sorts of freakishness.

But now Lucy had been moping as much as one so gay could mope, for many a month. Her father seemed bent as much as ever upon seeing her married to a tall husband like her sisters. Lucy threatened to marry a dwarf; she would make love to the shortest man in the country. She even ventured upon sentiment—wondered how her sisters could make size a rule of judging; for her part, truth, soul should decide with her.

Andrew chucked her under the chin, and contented himself with frowning medium sized youths out of the house, except a hale, thin young man, who came every week to ride with Andrew and Lucy; but he was so shy—rarely even spoke to Teency; and besides, he wrote verses, not one word of which was intelligible to Andrew, and of course would be less so to Lucy, who even had been seen to blush for him, as she read his rhapsodies.

But now poor little Ninny was often found in tears; she even grew petulant, scolded the maids, and then cried about it; refused to ride, tore up the verses of Mark Stewart, and called her antic little palfrey a "lazy beast."

Andrew was at his wit's end. One day he saw her in tears, and Mark was pressing her fingers to his lips, while she was hurriedly repeating,

"That's it, Mark—I'll do it; he will never consent to the union, so completely is this ridiculous idea in his head, (dear, good father, I am wicked for saying that,) he'll never consent. But I'll do it; I will go to him now, and tell him I *will* have my own way—I *will* have Dick Jordan, half dwarf that he is; I *will*, dear Mark."

"No, by George, you don't," exclaimed the indignant Andrew; "no, never, ungrateful changeling that ye are."

"But, father, you worry me to death with your ugly monsters; I am tired at the sight of them. No wonder I should go to the other extreme and love a dwarf, when you talk only of giants."

"Teency, Teency—poor little Teency," said the old man, compassionately, "thy soul is stinted as well as thy body; but Ninny, dear, don't break my heart."

Lucy flung her arms about his neck. Andrew raised her like an infant under one of his arms, and approached Mark.

"Ye see how it is with her. She'll disgrace the family. Mark, you're a nice youth, leaving out the size; could ye—"

"Father, father, for mercy's sake what are you saying?" and she darted from his arms.

It was astonishing to observe the change wrought in Mark by these few words. Teency had left one shoulder just visible in the doorway, and now a slight, graceful laugh burst upon the ear, and then she proposed a ride; and never were such blushes as grew upon her cheek as Mark caught her hand to his lips, and called her "a dear Ninny."

THE DRINK OF HALF THE WORLD.

Is the war in China to put the world on short allowance of *tea?* That is the question, and a momentous one it is, too. Weak-minded mathematicians with long rows of figures, and uneasy journalists with exciting paragraphs, have for some time been trying to frighten us with the story that a comet is shaping its course directly for our quiet and well-behaved planet, and will certainly run afoul of us some time about this month of June, and whisk us all into nonentity in a twinkling. But that is nothing; the sublimity of the operation might well repay us for the little sacrifice we should have to make to behold it; it would all be over in a moment—the mere turning of an infinitessimal point in the infinite works of creation, which we feeble mortals could not help and should not object to. Besides, if the earth should be turned wrong-side out, or molded over anew, we might turn up afresh on its new surface and find ourselves in a better condition even than we are now. At any rate, we have no dread of the comet whatever.

But the tea question is one of importance—of real vitality; it touches the beverage of half the world. And since the bombardment of