



almost the first thing she saw was Rodolph, with his musket shouldered, and the perspiration streaming down his cheeks, while the rough, harsh voice of an old corporal ordered him instantly to his quarters.

Mary waved her hand to him, but he did not see her. The tears rolled down from her eyes, as she turned from him—for she knew the hardships he would have to suffer—and hurrying home, threw herself in the arms of the Old Guard, and wept as though she had lost her only friend. The next day she heard of his departure, and went to her studies, with the hope that he might return and spend some happy hours with her once more.

After the regiment had stayed a long time in France, it returned to Italy again; and coming to a beautiful village, the Old Guard told Mary it was the place where the battle was fought, and showed her the place where he found her. Mary could not remember the spot nor any thing else which she saw, for it was a long while ago, and she was a very little girl at that time. The houses which had been burned down were all built up again, and the little boys and girls were all playing about as though nothing had ever happened. On the arrival of the soldiers, they all ran to look at the Guards and hear the drums.

It soon became known that a young lady was with the regiment, and the story of her and the Old Guard was told to almost every one, and that she once lived in that beautiful village, and was found on the battle-field and carried off by the French soldiers. It was not long before the story of little Mary was told