

sooner you take him out the better ; but I am
 ' afraid you think yourself better than you are,
 ' and he would have too much Advantage over
 ' you.'

' I'll try, however,' answered *Jones*, ' if you
 ' please, and will be so kind to lend me a Sword :
 ' For I have none here of my own.'

' My Sword is heartily at your Service, my
 ' dear Boy,' cries the Lieutenant, kissing him,
 ' you are a brave Lad, and I love your Spirit ;
 ' but I fear your Strength: For such a Blow, and
 ' so much Loss of Blood. must have very much
 ' weakened you ; and tho' you feel no Want of
 ' Strength in your Bed, yet you most probably
 ' would after a Thrust or two. I can't consent
 ' to your taking him out To-night ; but I hope
 ' you will be able to come up with us before we
 ' get many Days March Advance ; and I give
 ' you my Honour you shall have Satisfaction, or
 ' the Man who hath injured you shan't stay in
 ' our Regiment.'

' I wish,' said *Jones*, ' it was possible to de-
 ' cide this Matter To-night : Now you have
 ' mentioned it to me, I shall not be able to
 ' rest.'

' O never think of it,' returned the other,
 ' a few Days will make no Difference. The
 ' Wounds of Honour are not like those in your
 ' Body. They suffer nothing by the Delay of
 ' Cure. It will be altogether as well for you,
 ' to receive Satisfaction a Week hence as now.'

' But suppose,' says *Jones*, ' I should grow
 ' worse, and die of the Consequences of my
 ' present Wound.'

' Then your Honour,' answered the Lieute-
 ' nant, ' will require no Reparation at all. I