

**THE BIVOUAC; OR, STORIES
OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.
IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOLUME III**

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The bivouac; or, Stories of the Peninsular War. In three volumes. Volume III by W. H. Maxwell

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W. H. MAXWELL

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THE BIVOUAC;

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STORIES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE
B I V O U A C ;
OR
STORIES OF
THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

AUTHOR OF

"STORIES OF WATERLOO," "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE THIRD VOLUME.

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17456

THE BIVOUAC.

BARBARA MAXWELL.

He clasped her sleeping to his heart,
And listened to each broken word ;
He hears—why doth Prince Azo start,
As if the archangel's voice he heard ?
That sleeping whisper of a name,
Bespeaks her guilt, and Azo's shame !

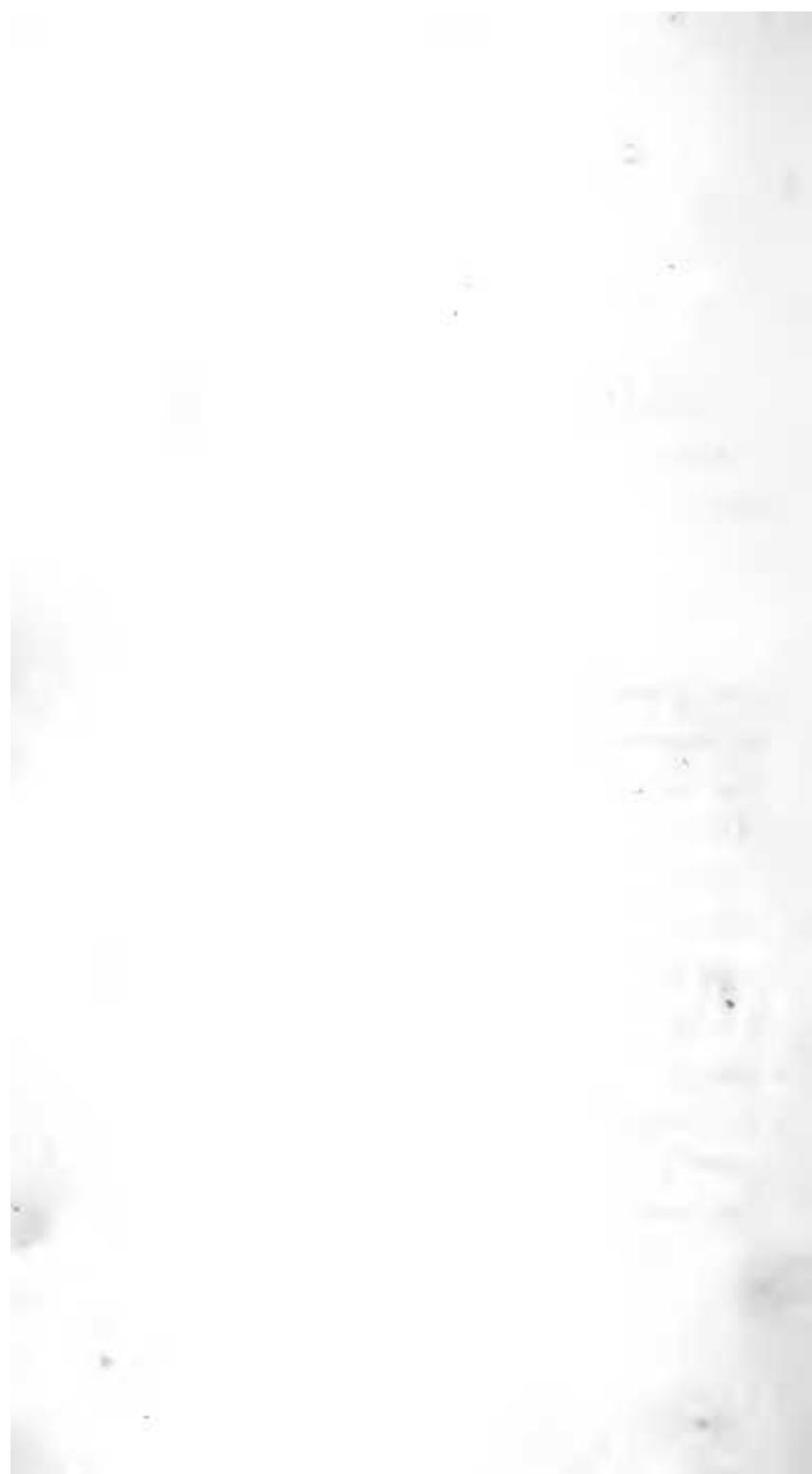
PARASINA.

IMOGEN. False to his bed ! what is it to be false ?

PISANO. Alas, good lady !

IMOGEN. I false ?

CYMBELINE.



THE BIVOUC.

CHAPTER I.

BARBARA MAXWELL.

THE night was dark and stormy—the snow fell fast—and the wind howled through the leafless branches of the old oaks which encircled Selby Place. Doors shook and casements rattled, as the frequent gusts struck them heavily. All without was gloomy and inclement, while the scene of joyous revelry within, formed a striking contrast. Christmas had passed, and right hospitably had that ancient festival been observed. Twelfth-night was come, and all that was noble and fair for many a mile around, were assembled in the baron's hall; while in buttery and

kitchen, yeomen and domestics were carousing merrily.

The feasting was ended, and the hall cleared for the dance. The music struck up a sprightly measure; and in the silver stream that a hundred tapers shed over the polished floor, stately dames and bright-eyed damsels were led from their seats by the noblest of the youth of Britain.

It was the mirthful season of the year, venerated alike by saint and sinner, when a world's deliverance had been achieved, and why should not all be happy? Beauty was beaming from sparkling eyes, wine had cheered the heart, and glee and roundelay lightened the bosom of every lurking care. Yet in that joyous company one spirit was depressed; and he who should have been the happiest of all sighed in secret, although, with a forced smile of welcome, he did the honours of his father's hall to the distinguished guests whom the old baron had collected.

But three months had passed since George Selby had been united to a young and beautiful