

**A REVOLUTIONARY
LOVE-STORY: AND
THE HIGH STEEPLE
OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S**

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A Revolutionary Love-Story: And the High Steeple of St. Chrysostom's by Ellen Olney Kirk

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A Revolutionary Love-Story

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

ONE Sunday morning in July, 1776, Cicely, only daughter of John James Farrington, Esq., of Saintford-on-the-Sound, was standing before the oval mirror of her dressing-table, tying on her bonnet to go to church. She wore a gown of white paduasoy, embroidered with rose buds, over a bodice of sprigged muslin. Her large flaring bonnet of fine Leghorn straw was trimmed with a scarf of the silk, while inside the brim a cap of shirred

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net framed the delicately featured face. If Cicely Farrington was not perfectly beautiful, she still possessed many distinct traits of beauty. Her eyebrows, her eyelids, the way the dark hair grew away from her forehead and temples; the modeling of her lips, her hands, her feet: her slim shape and nymph-like carriage—each of these different points was in its way almost perfect. At this moment, nevertheless, she surveyed her own charming image without any satisfaction in herself or in her toilet. For in these "times which tried men's souls"—

"To be drest

As you were going to a feast"

showed a dangerous leaning. Still, it may be that Cicely cared less for public than for private censors, or that what

J. G. V. M.

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she dreaded was lest a certain pair of eyes might be better pleased with Ruth Gentry in patriotic homespun than with Cicely Farrington in imported silk.

A knock at the door roused her from her reverie.

"Mars' Farrington says he's ready to 'tend Missus Cicely to church," called one of the black boys, indifferently trained to take the place of footman in the colonial establishment. And Cicely, with a glance back over her shoulder, hurried from her room and down the stairway.

Four men, hat in hand, stood ready to receive her.

"There is no haste, my daughter," said the squire, as John James Farrington was generally called. He was a man of sixty-four, tall and broad, and,

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with his own gray hair tied in a queue, showed an old-world air of stateliness, further set off by his Georgian frock-coat, ruffled shirt and kneebreeches. His two sons, James and Bicknell, resembled him, and wore their nan-keens and carried their three-cornered hats with rather a foppish air. The fourth of the group, a kinsman of Cicely's mother (now some ten years deceased), Morris Marshall by name, was dressed in a suit of rough gray homespun.

Marshall, in spite of a slight deformity which made him walk with a limp, was a powerful-looking man, with a cool, determined face, a subtle blue eye, an aquiline nose, a well-cut mouth and heavy jaw, all aided by a manner which gave his least word and act

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impressiveness. As the girl reached the lowest stair, he took a step forward and made a low salutation.

"You look like a bride, fair Cicely," he said, with an emphasis which seemed almost irony. "Will you go to church with me?"

"With my father, if it pleases you, Cousin Marshall," Cicely replied, with a slight rise of color in her cheeks.

"You do not like my homespun?"

"My Cousin Marshall is best judge whether he should wear homespun or broadcloth," Cicely said again, with a slight touch of disdain.

"Lay my fault to the emptiness of my pockets and the necessities of the times, Cousin Cicely," Marshall replied, with his easy air of dominating the situation. "I am glad, however, to

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keep a friend at court, while it may be well if the Farringtons have an humble kinsman and servant in homespun among the Sons of Liberty."

Cicely glanced at her father with some alarm at these political allusions, but Mr. Farrington only pursed his lips as he offered his arm to his daughter, and led the way through the great door, held wide open by two black servants, one on each hand, bowing obsequiously. Although the Farringtons had lived for more than a century in the Connecticut colony, the family had retained not only the traditions of high life in England, but in some reduced, scanty sort, many of its forms. John James Farrington himself, although born in Saintford of a father also born in Saintford, took a tone,