

cannot feel you, for each sense grows dull; stoop lower yet.—Oh, soul, why all this haste? Amanda, Claude, poor, missing Mona, I have somewhat more to say to you; quick, listen, listen, or it will be too late. Pshaw! pshaw! it is too late, too late, too late!” And his head fell backwards, and with his arms clasped convulsively around the necks of Claude and Amanda, the advocate, like his son, was a corpse.

On the following day both of them were laid in the English burying ground, but no stone marks the spot, and in vain the stranger seeks to discover it. None are able, or care, to point it out, restrained by a superstitious awe. A few octogenarians still remember him, and look grave and shake the head, when questioned as to the story and fate of the talented and terrible Advocate of Montreal.