

angel spell, cloudlets became revealed and were transformed into plumage of scarlet and gold. The train of Morton's reverie was snapped by the tread of soldiers behind him. Turning, he saw a file escorting a manacled man. When they neared the head of the wharf, the order to halt was given. Morton knew what it meant. The tall thin man in his shirt sleeves was a spy and he was going to be shot. It was supper-time and boats and wharves were no longer the scene of activity, but the grimy hateau men paused in their repast, to watch the tragedy about to be enacted. Two soldiers lifted from their shoulders the rough box that was to be his coffin, and the doomed man stood beside it. Behind him was the St. Lawrence, a lake of molten glass; in front the soldiers who were to shoot him. There was no hurry or confusion, everything being done in a calm, methodical way. The prisoner stood undauntedly before his executioners; a man with a sinister countenance, in which low cunning was mixed with imperturable self-possession. He waved the hugler away when he approached to tie a handkerchief over his eyes. "Guess I want ter hev the use o' my eyes as long as I ken; but say, kurnel, moughtn't you loose my arms? It's the last wish of a dyin' man." The officer gave a sign with his hand and the rope was untied. "Prisoner, are you ready?"

"Yes, kurnel."

Turning to the firing party, the officer gave the successive orders—make ready,—present,—fire! Hardly had the last word been uttered, than the prisoner, with surprising agility, gave a backward leap into the river, the volley swept over where he had stood, the bullets ricochetting on the surface of the river behind. "The Yankee scoundrel! Has he