

"Have you any further commands with me in this business, Sir William, or is it now your pleasure that I should withdraw?" inquired Oxleigh.

"Yes—withdraw, sir! Begone! I will set off to-night for London;—I will lay your atrocious conduct before the Secretary of State—I will seek advice of eminent counsel!"

"Do you not think, then, Sir William, that one depository of such a secret as this is enough? Would you rather prefer being at the mercy of a dozen than one?" The baronet heaved a profound sigh and looked deadly pale.

"Sit down, Sir," said he, in a mournful tone—"Pray be seated, Mr. Oxleigh!" Oxleigh bowed and resumed the chair he had left.

"Put away your pistol, Sir——"

"Excuse me—pardon me, Sir William!—Forgive me holding it in my hand, after what has happened between us, as an argument for coolness and consideration, till you and I thoroughly understand one another!" The baronet's lips—rather his whole frame—quivered with insuppressible emotion, and his eyes were suddenly fixed with a kind of anguished stare on those of Mr. Oxleigh. He suddenly hid his face in his hands, pressed his hair back and muttered—"Surely, surely this is all dreaming!"

"It is a dreadful business," exclaimed Oxleigh, "and I see you feel it to be so. I thought you would." The baronet spoken not, but seemed absorbed in deep reflection.—"Sir William," resumed the attorney, in a low tone, "is it impossible for us to come to an—amicable adjustment?"

"Great Heaven!" groaned the baronet, rising from his chair and walking hurriedly to and fro; "here is absolutely a wretch, in my own house tempting me to become a villain!"

"Say, rather, a friend, who would persuade you to prefer safety to destruction, Sir William!"

"And pray, what do you mean, sir, by—an amicable adjustment?" inquired the baronet, sternly; pausing and looking full in Oxleigh's face.

"Surely, Sir, William, it is not very hard to imagine a meaning," replied Oxleigh, looking unabashed at the baronet, with equal keenness and steadfastness. Sir William seemed confused at the easy effrontery of his companion.

"Sirrah, what do you mean? do you wish me to meet the person you have been speaking of and buy him off heavily?"

"No, no, Sir William; such a thought never passed through my head. It would be folly personified. There are ways of cutting the knot: what you name would tie it faster."

"You would not murder him, then?" said

the baronet, in a hollow tone, eyeing Oxleigh with horror.

"Oh, no, Sir William, no! There are other ways yet of disposing of him, and firmly securing you. For instance, what if he were quietly sent out of the country, and kept abroad, without knowing how, why, or by whom? If you can but keep him there but for nine years, it will be enough; you are safe—his right is barred—he is shut out forever!"

"What! why do you pretend to intimate—do you wish me to believe that such conduct could be practised with impunity? That you could by such means cheat him out of his rights, in spite of God and man?"

"I do!" said Oxleigh.

To be Continued.

Original.

AN ADVENTURE

IN THE WOODS OF CANADA.

Concluded. I found that the swamp near where I had stopped, was narrow; and by following it up a short distance, I got round it. This swamp was plentifully stored with Cranberries, and as they are a fine and wholesome fruit, it is needless to say that I regaled myself lustily on them. They grow on a small viny stem, near the water. From this swamp, after travelling over some rough ground and piny hills, I met the sun just as I came into a spacious, open, level country or plain. Tho' weary and fatigued with my night excursion, I hailed the new-born sun, in accordance with the heart-melting choir of green forest warblers, whose songs broke on my ever-welcoming ear. But I must say, that near all marshy ground, music of a less welcome kind was abundant: that is, the croaking of the frogs,—who join the chorus of praising the spring.—The piping of the whistling frog, is however, not so unpleasant; its cry is rather pleasing when familiar to one. I was still capable of appreciating the beauty and fragrance of the morn: which in a manner revived my spirits, depressed with anxiety as to my destiny or escape from this pathless wilderness. As the bright beams of the orb of day were blazing on the green and sparkling foliage of the forest, and the gay and busy inhabitants of the grove were pouring forth their copious strains of melody, I ascended a rising ground which commanded an extensive prospect and sat me down on a stone. I looked around but all was a forest, or waving ocean of foliage. I could see nothing; not even lake Erie—as I thought I might. I imagined I could descry a distant smoke—or what I took for smoke—rising in curls in the dizzy distance. After an hour or two of musing with this suppositious guide, I directed my course thither.

Through the course of the day, I met with many things of an enlivening character. I saw large numbers of deer, whose tameness