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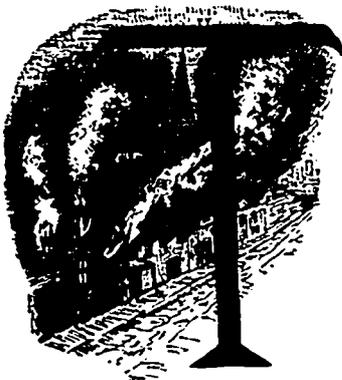
REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

CHAPTER IV.

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; a stage, where every man must play a part, and mine a sad one."

—MERCHANT OF VENICE.



HE rising at St. Eustache in December following having been quenched in blood and fire, and the contingent of the captured already in jail having been further augmented by those taken prisoners at that affair with arms in

their hands, and by many others arrested on civil warrants, the government set about restoring quiet in the disturbed districts, and preparing for the trials of those indicted for treason. After months of weary waiting these took place before a court martial, resulting in a number being sentenced to transportation, eleven to execution, the remainder being acquitted.

The deepest sympathy was aroused on behalf of poor Raoul de Bienville, on account of his youth and high connections. The best legal talent was retained for his defence, and every effort made to secure his release, but without effect. The evidence was direct and over

whelming as to his active participation in the revolt; justice demanded her need of satisfaction; the bravest and best are needed for the sacrifice, and Raoul was numbered among those unfortunates whom fate had snatched from death on the field, and, denying even the soldier's consolation, reserved for them to drink the bitter cup on the scaffold of the common criminal.

Father Lebeau put forth strenuous efforts to secure a commutation of the sentence. Petitions for the exercise of the governor's clemency poured in from all quarters. The legal counsel engaged on the case, when all else failed, registered by petition a solemn protest against the judicial murder about to be committed. Evelyn presented herself in person before the Major General who presided at the court, begging him to use his influence in support of the petitions. Surprised at such a request coming from such a quarter, the bewildered officer deemed it his duty to lay the matter before his subordinate and associate in the court martial, Evelyn's father. A stormy interview followed. The stern parent, as the bitter truth dawned upon him, threatened to disown her as his daughter if the "traitor's" name was mentioned again.

"So be it, father," was her answer, "you cannot kill my love as you do its object, and, if my father forsake me, then I must fall back on the Lord's promise to take me up."

"Zounds' girl," he shouted, "what do you mean by