

seen. Men, apparently of unblemished character, who had not the plea of poverty to extenuate their crimes, who, in the common parlance of the country, were "well to do," who had flocks and herds, and farms, had joined the fearful gang, and aided each other, first in plundering their neighbours, and then in hiding their ill-gotten gains. The society had its members in every county of the western part of the colony, who were in constant communication with kindred spirits throughout all other portions of the land. It was a dreadful association, and threatened in time to become more dreadful still, but that some unusual atrocities caused the arrest of several of the principal members of the gang, and the whole hideous machinery was exposed to light. Thus was the province saved from the disgrace and misery which the existence of such an association could not have failed to entail upon it.

There was, nevertheless, a strange inconsistency in the character of the man. He seemed to be actuated by no lust of money—no avaricious desires could as yet be traced to him. He appeared to loathe the spoils, for to no portion of them had he ever yet laid claim, and his share, if it were apportioned to him, he disdainfully rejected. What the nature of the charm that bound him to such associates was, not even his wife could tell. Perhaps it was his respect for her—for to know her, and not to respect her, was impossible,—that forced him to reject the spoils, for the acquirement of which he had sacrificed his peace of mind, and his hitherto unspotted character. Whatever it was, he persevered for months in attending the deliberations of the band, counselling the most prudent measures, and yet neither seeking nor deriving benefit or advantage when success was achieved.

For some moments he looked intently upon his wife, as she sat stricken and cowering with the grief by which she was consumed. At length, he too sat down, but it was only to examine the caps of his pistols, and to ascertain that the matches he carried in his pocket were still in a serviceable condition. While thus employed, a rap was heard at the door, and he hastily covered over with a cloth, the implements of his trade. The stranger was admitted, and the cloud cleared from the brow of Craghton—such was his name. He knew the man as one of themselves, who had called to accompany him to the place of rendezvous.

He was a low, stout man, with a receding forehead, and a bold, yet cunning leer in his eye, one of those whom we are not surprised to hear, is guilty of any atrocious act or any petty meanness of which man's nature is susceptible. On

his entrance, the wife had risen from her crouching posture, and wiping the tears from her eyes, was about to speak, but her husband interrupted her before she had well begun.

"No more of that, Alice. I've had enough to-night, and you know my mind's made up, come what will. Take a good stiff glass, Nathan, and let us be off."

"Your health, Ned!" returned his companion familiarly. "It's time to go." He emptied his glass, and without looking at the mistress of the house, the twain departed.

In many parts of Upper Canada there are still to be met with small elevations of the earth, to which tradition has given the name of Indian Mounds. Many of them are supposed to contain the remains of tribes, who have been buried there, and the very remembrance of whom has become extinct. Relics of the rudest implements of war, and decaying human bones, have been sometimes found on digging into these mounds. By these has the popular belief been fed. Many of the places which bear the name are nevertheless simply accidental elevations of the land, which although too small to bear the name of hills, are yet entitled to no other.

In a densely wooded spot not far from the shores of Lake Ontario, and a few miles distant from a thriving village, one of the largest of these mounds may be seen, on one side of which a fissure or opening had been found, covered over in course of years, with thick foliage, and dwarf or stunted shrubs. Within, the adventurous discoverer had found a cavern or hollow of considerable extent, into which enough of light was admitted to give the idea of exploring it. He did explore it, and finding it suitable for the dark purposes he had in view, he at once determined to make use of it. The discoverer was one of the founders of the gang to which allusion has been already made.

Care had been taken to destroy none of the natural covering of the entrance. Those who were once admitted there, were cautioned that to reveal its mysteries, was to ensure their own death, for all were bound, at whatever sacrifice, and by every means, to insure the general safety. To all appearance, then, the mound remained as it had ever been, and the land was purchased by one of the members of the club, and a trusty settler located in the neighborhood, in order to secure its remaining undisturbed by the axe of the woodman, and thus exposing to view the mysteries it enclosed. Its own position was its best security against any chance discovery.

To this spot, Craghton and Gray directed their course. They had some eight or ten miles to travel, and for the purpose, they made use of a