

HEMLOCK

CHAPTER I.

THE SPY

The rain of the forenoon had been followed by an outburst of heat and the sun beat fiercely on the square of the barrack-yard of Montreal. There was a milkiness in the atmosphere which, conjoined with a distant bank of clouds over the St. Lawrence, indicated a renewal of the downpour. The yard was deserted. Dinner was over and the soldiers lounged and snoozed indoors until the sun abated his fervor, always excepting the sentry, who stood in the shade of the gateway, his gaze alternately wandering from the refreshing ripples of the blue waters of St. Mary's current to the cluster of log houses, interspersed by a few edifices with high tin roofs, which formed the Montreal of 1813. Presently the sound of hoofs was heard, and there came galloping to the gate an orderly from the general's headquarters. Passing the sentry, he pulled up at the door of that part of the harracks where the officer of the day was quartered, and who, in another minute, was reading the despatch he had brought. It was an order for a small detachment to report without delay at headquarters. Instantly the voice