

Our Serial Story.

The Forging of the Pikes. A Romance Based on the Rebellion of 1837.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Selwyn.

November 23rd, 1837.

I have met Howard Selwyn! He is still in this city!

This evening at shortly before sundown I had occasion to pass the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, when I saw a party of ladies and gentlemen assembled before it, mounting to horseback, with much talk and merriment, and evidently assembled for some evening outing, the roads being now hard-frozen again after the rain and slush that followed on a sudden change of weather two days ago.

As I went by I noticed that one of them was Selwyn, and before I knew what I was doing I had dashed to his horse and caught it by the bridle.

He had been talking to one of the ladies, but with that he whirled about and raised his whip as if to strike me. Then, apparently he recognized me, and let it drop, and asked me what I wanted.

So I went close to him and asked him if he knew anything of Barry Deveril.

These were the words he said:

"My dear fellow, I have much more to do than go about the country keeping track of Barry Deveril for you."

But as he said them I felt that he was making an evasion, for he looked annoyed and put the spurs to his horse so that it sprang off before I could by any means hold it, but could only look after him as he joined the party, who were waiting for him at a short distance, all of them then clattering off with much talk and laughter.

For a moment I stood there dazed, in the middle of the road.—Then I turned and walked and walked, far past the Garrison, wherever a path in the snow afforded footing, trying to get hold of the ends of all this tangled skein and devise some means by which I can find the truth about Barry and learn where she now is.

Evidently Howard Selwyn will not tell me, unless—

Well, twice he has slipped from me. The third time he shall not.

And now it is midnight. I can write no more. And yet I cannot rest without doing something. I think I shall go out again and walk.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The "Patriotes."

November 26th, 1837.

TODAY all the talk here has been of the outbreak in Lower Canada.

Some days ago the news came that a small party of British troopers who were bringing two French Canadian disturbers of the peace in to Montreal had been set upon by a party of "rebels" and put to rout, the two prisoners being liberated.

It now appears that a much more serious collision has taken place—and with disaster again to the regulars.

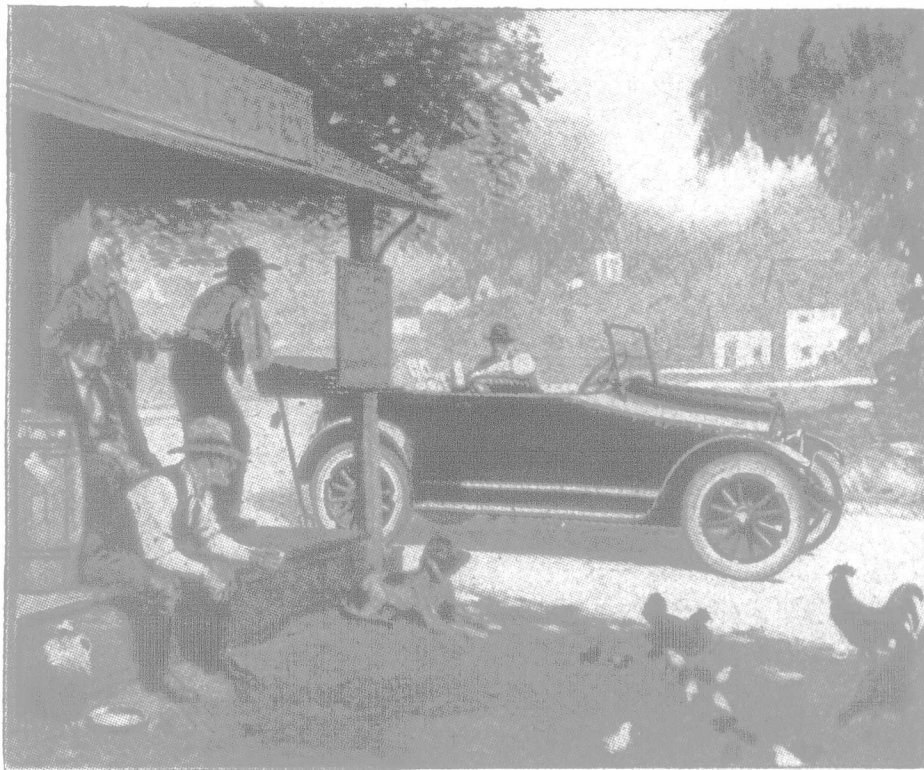
All day to-day the wildest rumours have been flying about, and no doubt there are many exaggerations, but as nearly as we can make out the following are the facts:

That because of the increasing hostility of the habitants to the Government, an order was issued to arrest the leaders, Papineau, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, Thomas Brown and Edmund O'Callaghan, who it is said, fled to the very heart of the disaffected district, Richelieu;—that for the protection of these men the habitants gathered in force at the villages of St. Denis and St. Charles; and that, accordingly, Sir John Colborne, sent out troops with cannon, under Colonel Gore, to disperse them and quell what now promised to be serious insurrection.

Three days ago, it appears, these troops, after a hard journey because of the mud and rain, having travelled all night from Sorel, arrived at St. Denis before day-break, only to find their way barred by a stockade and the place strongly fortified, with the habitants standing at defence in great numbers.

As they neared the place the church-

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