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# THE LAST OF THE PATROON 351

"Wait, friends, wait till I show him to you."

She disappeared, but soon came back, carrying her husband in her arms. A cry of horror rose when they saw his starved condition. "Do you remember Sir Evelin, good friends? He used to rival the Earl upon a horse. Where are the roses in his cheeks?" Sir Evelin dropped his head upon his wife's shoulder from very weakness. "See, he cannot even raise his head to look at you he loved. Can you see this without a tear? Will you stand by and permit this to go unpunished in a friend to Yorke? How has he lost his strength? In the prison at Hanging Rock. Now you cry out. The patroon thought to get this house. We have no children, and our will leaves it to the city. Van Volkenberg wanted to rob you. He would starve your wives and children, too. Look upon this poor man and see what the patroon has done. He plotted to give up the city. He rumored it about that Frontenac was coming from the north, and all the time he was plotting for an invasion from the sea. He filled the fort with his Red Band under the pretense of friendship. The Earl has beaten him there, but that is not all. Give him two hours, nay, one, and he will lead an army into the city. Look, look upon my husband. Will you not act for your wives and children?"

Some mobs are boisterous, others are still. They are the kind most to be feared. There was no violent outbreak of passion now, only a smothered