

misher or two of the advanced guard hinted what they would be ere long. But the road! Prettily as it wound up and down, through dell and ravine, past the wood-crowned heights that rose beside it, it was a weary way, nevertheless, to those who sat on the hard seats of the springless waggon, as it swayed and bumped at a tedious pace over ruts and stones and long stretches of corduroy bridges that crossed the wayside "creeks," or the black moist intervals of otherwise impassable bog which nourished such rich, waving ferns, and such a luxuriant vegetation, and were altogether so inviting and so deceitful.

The passengers of the stage driven by John Wardle on that particular day of June, 1812, were as dissimilar in the traits that make up the outward man as in the more important characteristics which constitute the inner one. The one who sat beside the driver, and who would at first sight have attracted most notice, was unmistakably a British officer in undress uniform. He might have been recognised as such, even without the military accoutrements, the clanking spurs, the sword, the military cap with the figures "41," denoting the regiment to which he belonged. As unmistakably did his English birth appear in the fair though sunburnt complexion, the chestnut hair with its broken gleams of gold, the clearly cut, refined features, and the bright, keen, grey-blue eye which, if it seemed a trifle cold, could take in so much at a glance. There was perhaps a slight haughtiness of expression about