

were assembled, they found a large crowd gathered, the times were unsettled, and all were anxious for news. Every one had heard of the rout at Montgomery's, and that several of those who had taken up arms against the Government, had already been arrested. When it was added that both the Hewit boys had been out, and this had caused the death of their amiable mother, the people's indignation knew no bound. Particular trouble was taken by some to state the reasons for the boys acting as they did. William, it was said, joined because he was easily led astray, and had been over persuaded; but Harry had merely joined through ambition, he was discontented, and wished to be a great man, and cared not who he went with provided he effected his purpose; and it was now made out by some to their satisfaction, and they tried to convince others, by stating their conclusion as facts that the reason for making way with Arnly was because Frank had found him out and was going to inform on him.

As Harry came forward with Bertram and his followers, he found many who before would have been proud to call him their friend, now looking on him with stern countenances and contracted brows. No sooner was the court-room door thrown open than the crowd rushed in, it needed but a spark to inflame them to madness, many of them being filled with liquor and excitement. On one of the judges proceeding to read the charge, against him, a voice from the crowd shouted—"He's a traitor!—a rebel! a murderer! a matricide! lynch him, it's too good for him,—swing him from the highest tree in the neighborhood, for an example to others!" With shouts of out with him, out with him, he's a rebel!—he broke his mother's heart,—he murdered Frank Arnly! The crowd closed forward, and were on the point of seizing on Harry, when seeing that the court were powerless, and unable to protect him, he drew a pistol from his belt, and placing his back against the wall, said bitterly, come on, I'm but one among a crowd, but the first man that attempts to lay a hand on me his blood be upon his own head. The crowd paused, struck with admiration at the firm bearing of Hewit, more than with awe at his arms.

Before they could again crowd forward, a side door was pushed violently open, and Frank Arnly sprang forward, and placed himself at Harry's side, shouting,—you say I'm killed, but attempt to lay a hand on Harry Hewit, and I'll show you that I'm not only living but kicking.

Had a spectre risen before them, the assembly could not have been more amazed, and had not all been too busy to notice it, they might have observed several individuals leave on short notice, when Frank disturbed their project of lynching Hewit. Questions poured so fast on Frank, that he