

"Why, Lud," said Malcolm, "the date is five years behind, man."

"We are not in a position to pick our banners," Ludwig retorted; "and this can be easily changed."

"Right you are," spoke up another man. "Just clap a seven over that two and the job's done, eh?"

Again there was hilarious amusement, and Ludwig Wideman was deputed to have the needed alteration made.

A bustle outside diverted the attention of the bullet-moulders; and a man, greatly excited, rushed in pell-mell.

"Boys," he cried, "we are to organize and fall in to-night. Doctor Rolph has sent word from the Executive by young Wright to Gibson's, that the Government is aroused and arming; and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of William Lyon Mackenzie."

"Where is he?" Where is Wright?" a dozen shout together.

"Gone on to notify Sam Lount at Holland Landing. Mackenzie is wanted and no one knows his whereabouts."

At this unexpected intelligence, three or four of the triangulators who were unarmed departed to provide themselves with weapons, and Ludwig Wideman left with Malcolm to have Mistress Maciver sew the higher dight on the flag.

"Will I stitch it? No!" sententiously said Malcolm's mother, when the subject had been broached. "Ye hae taen the banner o' a losin' cause; an' ye may thank the guid Lord if ye come out o' this aye with hale skins an' unthrangit necks."

"Mother, what makes you say such gloomy things?" expostulated Malcolm. "We're for the freedom of the people; and we strive to thwart the machinations of a tyrannical Family Compact Government."

"An' rix forment the law o' the A'-michty, wi' your uncouth bits o' pikes an' blunderbusses—ah, lads, I ken mair than ye'll be takin' oot wi' a sma' tooth-comb. Bidwell was defeated at the elections wi' yon flag, an' it ill becomes ye tae tak' a staun beneath a losin' drape. I tell ye aince mair I'll no' saw on a seven."

Malcolm managed to induce his sister to make the alteration, and with Ludwig repaired to David Gibson's house. Here the altered motto was paraded.

"Are you not compunctious about bringing Mr. Bidwell's name into the undertaking against his will?" Mr. Gibson enquired with some concern.

"Never fear, Mr. Gibson," Lud merrily ejaculated; "Mr. Bidwell should be a 'rebel' if he is not one. But, because he has not consented to join with us, I shall take care that this flag falls into no recreant hands. He who takes it kills me first!"

The clattering hoofs of a rapidly approaching horse echoed from the northward. Nearer and nearer it came, until young Wright, who had sped on to Sam Lount's forge earlier in the evening, pulled up his foam-flecked steed before the expectant party.

"What news?" was the uppermost greeting.

"Lount has started for the rendezvous with a goodly gang of men. Has Mackenzie turned up yet?" Wright said and asked.

"No," rejoined David Gibson; and, after some further consultation, Wright tore away toward Toronto to report to Dr. Rolph.

The noise of the hoofs of the departing emissary's animal had hardly died away, when "clopp, clopp," came reverberating along the highway once more from the way of Holland Landing. There was a breathless wait of a few minutes, and pudgy little William Lyon Mackenzie came scuttling into their midst.

"What's up, what's up?" he queried in a fluster, glancing about at the plainly apparent bustle.

"The country, sir," said Malcolm Maciver, laconically.

David Gibson told the little agitator that the Government had at last aroused from their lethargy, had begun to mobilize the militia, and had issued a warrant for the arrest of the chief insurgent himself—accompanied by the offer of \$2,000 for his capture.

"Do you mean me, Gibson?" Mackenzie demanded.

"Aye, aye; and if you'll take my advice, you'll make double-quick time across the border into Yankee Land, while your skull and skin are whole."

"Tut, tut, I fear no warrant! I'll stay with my followers to the last!" Mackenzie shouted pompously, and waddled around trying to strut, and pounded his chest viciously—much to the elation of the assembly.

"To horse, then," cried Gibson; "and let us away to Montgomery's Tavern, or Lount, and his men will be there before us."

"No!" yelled Mackenzie, crimsoning with choler; "I set the time of attack for the night of September seventh, and not one iota shall that date be budged!"

"Doctor Rolph has misled us, you know very well, Mackenzie," insisted Gibson; "and now it would be insanity to delay our operations."

Eventually, though still fuming, Mackenzie was convinced, and a start was made south along Yonge street toward Montgomery's Tavern.

A narrative is not needed to deplete the occurrences of the exasperating days that intervened between this Sunday and the seventh of December of that year. Historians have already and often, graphically described the premature outbreak of the Upper Canadian Rebellion, and the disastrous after-effects on the final success of the daring, but misled insurgents.

Bright and early on the morning of the seventh, the ill-armed strikers for constitutional liberty were warned that a body of gaily-caparisoned troops and militia, with flags flying, bayonets glittering, and bands playing war-like airs, was on its way north from Toronto. Loath to believe it, the "rebels" were at length compelled to do so by the actual appearance of the Government's van on the summit of a distant hill.

"Heigh, Lud," said Malcolm Maciver, addressing Wideman, what do you think is the latest?"

"The royal troops are on us, eh, Malcolm?"

"No; better than that, Lud."

"What?"

"Mackenzie has asked me to place a horse, ready saddled and bridled, on the next cross-road north. He expects defeat, I guess, and is shrewd enough to be prepared for flight."

Ludwig laughed, and soon increased his merriment; for the attacking soldiers had planted a cannon and had sent

a ball crashing through the wooden sides of the tavern—much to the discomfort of the rebels within, who poured forth like a swarm of terrified bees, without waiting for a repetition of the dose, and sought shelter in the adjacent woods.

Ludwig carried the "Bidwell" banner; and, waving it vigorously, he exhorted in stentorian tones his comrades to rally.

"Shoot that man!" roared an officer who rode well forward in the attacking force.

Wideman heard the order, but he never flinched. Fluttering the banner gallantly aloft, he cheered for Canada his native land, and the freedom of her people.

"Cr-r-rang!" came from several rifles in the ranks of the loyalists and, with a cry of: "My God! For Canada!" Ludwig Wideman reeled, and fell into the arms of Malcolm Maciver, who had just returned after attending to Mackenzie's desire about the horse. Brave Ludwig was shot through the brain. His soul had gone up with the departing wreaths of smoke from the cruel rifles.

Rushing up, the soldiery seized the flag, and made a prisoner of Malcolm. He was caught red-handed bearing arms against his sovereign; his gun was in his hand; so he was thrown into gaol at Toronto.

Mistress Maciver and Maggie wept bitterly when they learned of Ludwig's violent and untimely death and Malcolm's incarceration. It was a tedious time that elapsed before Malcolm was brought to trial. The two women moved into the city, to be nearer; and, as often as they were allowed, they visited him and did all they could to alleviate his misery. His mother did not upbraid him.

Cold Winter had tightened his frosty bands about yielding Nature, and subtle Spring had once more loosened them; that the voluptuous Dame might revel in the toxic trance of Summer, before Maciver's prison-doors were flung ajar and he was allowed again to tread the earth a free, though fearfully altered man. Often had he vowed in the silent gloom of his cell to avenge the death of Ludwig Wideman; and now he reiterated the oath with caustic emphasis before his mother and his sister. They were appalled.

"Ye hae no ca' tae add tae your sins, Malcolm, wi' makin' siccan oaths. Gang tae wark, an' gie thae memories awa'," said his mother; "It'll dae ye hae guid tae brood!" that style, laddie."

Malcolm conceded only half of his mother's desire. He laboured willingly, but continually harboured an intense wish for vengeance; and resolved some day to have it.

Meanwhile his employer despatched him to open a branch business at the royal, western city of Guelph. Shortly after his arrival there, Malcolm was sitting in the reading-room of his hotel and overheard some men discussing the battle of Montgomery's Tavern. It was soon apparent they were not "rebel" sympathisers.

"A lots o' those ragamuffins were killed that day," said one.

"No; only one insurgent lost his life," interjected warmly a man sitting a little apart, who had not hitherto spoken. He was a fierce-faced, weather-tanned man with iron-grey locks, and had a peculiar