

The "authorities" exercised a wise discretion. The placard remained in untouched sacredness, until Mr. Fullerton removed it, when it became too dusky in the evening to read it.

Mr. Fullerton, then, was in earnest. Heart, hand, liberty and life, Mr. Fullerton meant revolution, and we must admit that for any government he was, locally, a dangerous man. The Habeas Corpus Act had not yet been suspended, or things might have come easier to the guardians of "order." Mr. Fullerton might in such case have been seized, though he were loyal as a pensioner on the Crown. How was he to be stopped, and handcuffed, *according to law*?

Mr. Baring is "the man in the gap;" but Mr. Baring had more than one reason for at least making a visit to Mr. Fullerton.

Whether the visitor whom Mr. Baring had been communing with mentioned Mr. Fullerton's name, we have no way of discovering: but, certain it is, that a few days after, Mr. Baring appeared at Mr. Fullerton's pleasant residence, and had himself formally announced.

"Mr. Baring of the Crag," said the servant.

"The d—take him!" interiorly, and uncharitably, answered Mr. Fullerton.

"Oh, one of the patriots!" Mr. Fullerton said loudly to his son. "Send him up," added he.

And, behold, Mr. Baring enters the drawing-room—a quaint old apartment with a monkish light falling upon ancient furniture, that is rich in spite of itself, and tells of happiness where there is display.

"Welcome, sir; welcome, Mr. Baring," cried the proprietor of Castle Fullerton.

"Thank you. I quite expected from your patriotism the reception of an old friend. You know me, Mr. Fullerton?"

"Well, I should say, I do. You are called 'the Captain,' I think?"

"Quite right, Mr. Fullerton. I am for good or evil, that man. I have come to you on most important business, and my time in this part of the country must be short."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Baring here whispered very low into Mr. Fullerton's ear. It was that

"one of ours" was outside the door, a brave fellow whom he would not think of introducing without Mr. Fullerton's leave.

Mr. Fullerton at once rang for the servant; and directed that Mr. Charles Baring's friend should be sent up stairs.

So he was; and the enthusiastic Mr. Fullerton bade him "welcome?" Nevertheless, Mr. Fullerton remarked that, coming up the room, the friend of Mr. Baring had a very *measured* tread, and that he had unnecessarily shortened his fine dark hair, and viewed Mr. Fullerton and the drawing room, as if he had been looking for something "lost or mislaid."

Mr. Baring in due time opened his mission or missions. This was, "his friend, Mardyke," he said, "and the 'chief' and the whole organization had unlimited faith in him."

"No doubt," said Mr. Fullerton.

"Then, my friend!" said Baring, "we want to arm the country immediately."

Mr. Fullerton listened.

"You know, brother," Baring continued, "that I am heir to four thousand a year, and that the 'governor' is over seventy."

"I have heard something like that."

"Well, brother, were I to lose the whole estate—were I obliged to sell every sod—our brothers must be armed."

Mr. Fullerton still listened.

"I am going to make you a proposal. It is morally impossible that my governor can live more than six months. I will draw upon you for £500 at six months, and take up the bill when it becomes due. We will buy arms for every penny of it.

"Well, Mr. Baring, what is the object of buying the arms?"

"The object! Why, the object for which you are known to have defied death a few days ago, and the object for which a nation's heart is beating—National Independence, sir!" warmly concluded Baring.

"Hear, hear!" cried Baring's friend.

"I have never 'done' a bill in my life," answered Mr. Fullerton. "And I certainly—even if I had done bills—would not do one to purchase arms. Hal hal pardon me—"

"I fear you do not trust me Mr. Fullerton!"

Mr. Fullerton glanced around the