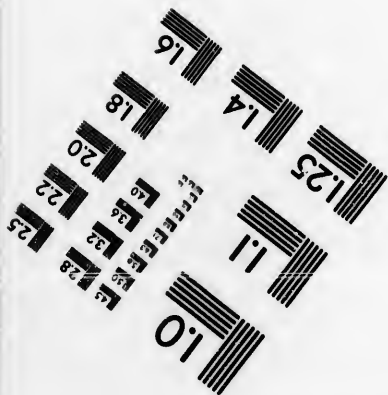
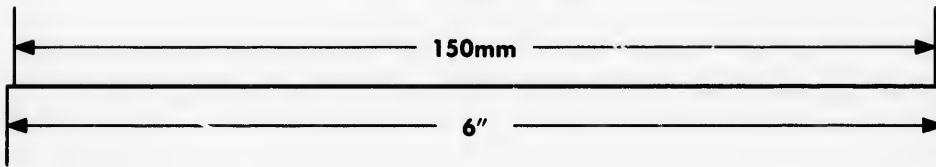
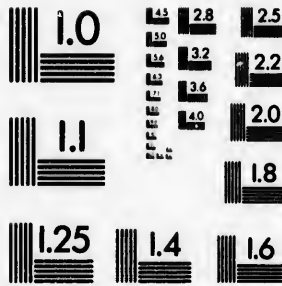
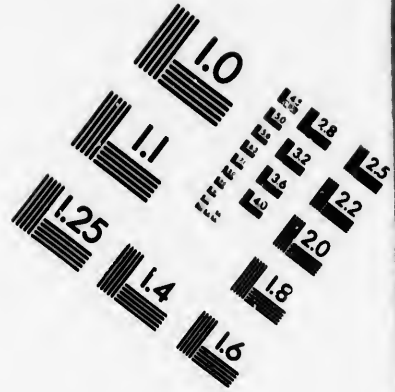
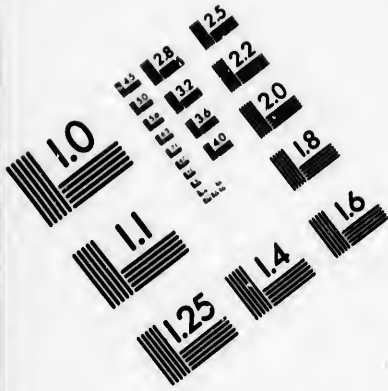


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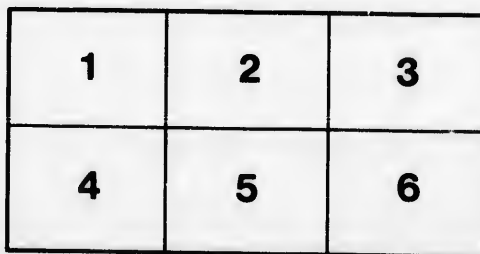
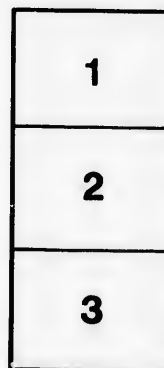
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THE
VICTIMS OF TYRANNY

A TALE,

BY

CHAS. E. BEARDSLEY, ESQ.

"To you the unflattering muse deigns to inscribe
Truths that you will not read in the gazettes,
But which 'tis time to teach the hireling tribe
Who fatten on their country's gore and debts,
Must be recited; and—without a bribe."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Volume II.

BUFFALO:

PUBLISHED BY D. JUNE, 273 MAIN STREET.

1847.

PRESS OF C. E. YOUNG.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, on the 15th day
November, 1846, by

CHARLES E. BEARDSLEY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,
for the Western District of New-York.

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CHAPTER I.

Who's there that knocks?—SHAKESPEARE.

Fates! we will know your pleasure :—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

JULIUS CESAR.

But

It is too late to ponder thus: you must
Set out ere dawn.—WERNER.

There is a secret spring;
Remember, I discovered it by chance,
And used it but for safety.—BYRON.

Sam Johnson was seated alone at the fire-side of his master's kitchen. The curtains of night had not long been unfolded, and the apartment was, as yet, only lighted by a blaze from the hearth.

A gentle rap at the door interrupted his meditations, and a female entered at his bidding. He presented a chair, and the girl being seated, he lit a candle, and re-seated himself.

The stranger breathed audibly with agitation, and Johnson viewed in sympathy, the gentle countenance of the girl.

At length she inquired, in hurried words, if a person by the name of Johnson, served there; and being answered in the affirmative, she continued:—"I have stolen from my mistress to put him on his guard against a plot—"

The maid paused, to compose herself, and Johnson replied to her unfinished sentence:—"Well, my gall, if that's your business, I had ort, at any rate, to be thankful to you."

The familiar address of the young Yankee, caused a sudden movement of the female, while she gathered her cloak more around her. But the servant, without noticing her manner, added:—"And if you'll gin me an idee on't, I'll try to look out for't, any how."

After a brief silence, the maid said:—"I must not be known as your informant."

"I can't make known what I don't know myself. Howsomever, I conjecter you won't refuse to gin me your name?" returned Johnson, while his eyes were fixed in mild respect on his visitor.

"Arietta Williams," said the maid.

The young Yankee was becoming much interested in the female.

"You ha'nt lived long in York, I conclude?" said he, inquiringly.

"Not very long."

"Not more than a month or two, I calculate? for I ha'nt seed you before, as I know on."

"Not quite a month."

"I've lived a considerable while in the consarned hole; and accordin to my idees, 'ta'nt the place for young galls like you."

"I know but little of it."

"I know considerable on't, and it beats all *my* acquaintance for villainy, any how."

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Arietta remained silent, and Johnson added:—
"Ta'nt my business to advise, as I know on; but I guess you'd best not stay longer in York than you can help."

"I serve, like yourself, and must stay where I can best earn a living," said the maid, mildly.

"Whether or no—there's other places where folks can pick up as good a livin as about these diggins; and if I don't practice jest what I preach, I'm a leetle more fashinable than I'd like to be, because I like Squire Wilcox more than I hate the place I'm livin in."

Arietta made no remark in reply; and after a silence of several moments, Johnson again spoke.

"I was born and brought up in Connecticut," said he. "My folks was called honest, but desperate poor. So when I was'nt knee-high to a grasshopper, put out to one Squire Carleton. He died when I was a leetle risin eighteen, and then I got into this consarned hole. You're Canada born, I conclude?"

"Yes," answered the maid, briefly.

"A'nt very old, I calculate?"

"In my nineteenth year," replied Arietta, with a modest and frank simplicity that reached to the very core of Sam Johnson's heart.

"Be your old folks livin?"

The maid looked thoughtful and sad, and Johnson regretted that he had asked this question.

"They are both dead," answered the girl at length, with averted eyes; and the servant, after a respectful pause, alluded to the object of her visit.

"Howsomever, Miss Williams, we've forgot the business you've come on."

"Yes, and I am afraid that my mistress will discover my absence if I delay much longer."

"We'd best be gittin along with it then."

"Well—there has been a plan laid to murder you—"
The maid shuddered and paused. The young Yankee deliberated for a moment, and then said, inquiringly :

"I should'nt wonder if Squire Bolinbrooke's got a finger in the pie?"

"He is the instigator," said the maid in reply.

"And who's goin to do the job for 'im?"

"Men by the names of Wilson and Whitten.

"When is the big business goin to be done up?"
enquired Johnson, with a composure that excited the wonder of the female.

"At eight o'clock this night. But I will tell all as I heard it."

"That's the idee. Tell the hull story; and then if I don't take care o' myself, it's nobody's business, as I know on."

Arietta developed the plot formed by Bolingbrooke, Mustiface and the two hirelings; and Johnson having inquired how she had discovered it, she replied:—"I was arranging a room, communicating by a closet, with the office of Mr. Bolingbrooke, (for I am a servant in his house,) and accidentally overheard him propose the murder of some person. I thought that there would be no harm in listening to save life; and

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the doors that lead from the two apartments into the closet, being ajar, I heard distinctly the conversation that followed, and that I have already related."

While the strongest feeling of gratitude was exhibited on the countenance of the young Yankee, he said: "Well, Miss Williams, there a'nt no words as I know on, to thank you clean out for the sarvice you've done me."

Arietta rose to depart, while an expression of benevolence animated her face, and well nigh obliterated from the memory of Johnson the story he had just heard.

"You a'nt goin hum alun, Miss Williams? It's ruther dark, and there's chaps in York that would'nt think nothin on sassin galls," said the young Yankee. Then rising from his seat, he took a brace of pistols from a shelf, and depositing them in his pocket, started with the maid; and having parted with her at her master's gate, returned, with hasty steps, to prepare for his expcted visitors.

It was eight, and the last stroke of the clock was yet sounding in the ear of Johnson, when a loud rap at the kitchen door, announced the approach of the assassin. The servant unhesitatingly invited him in. The door turned on its hinges, and the visitor stepped into a bear-trap. He would have given an alarm, but Johnson springng from his seat, presented a pistol before the captive's eyes.

"Wilson," said he, "none o' your noise; but if

you've a mind to be *civill*, and have your hands tied behind you, and your feet tied together, I'll let you out o' the trap alive. Howsomever, if you'd ru'ber have your brains blowed out, I a'nt no ways particular as I know on."

"This is curious treatment, Johnson!" said the entrapped wretch, in subtlety, while every muscle of his face quivered with pain that the trap occasioned.

"There a'nt no time to argue the pinte; and if you ha'nt a mind to choose for yourself, I'll do up the business accordin to my own ideas," rejoined Johnson, as he aimed the muzzle of his pistol more directly at the head of Wilson.

Wilson consented to be shackled, and he soon lay extended on the kitchen floor—more an object of mingled pity and disgust, than terror to his intended victim.

The young Yankee took a dagger from the bosom of his prisoner, and having viewed him a moment, in order to assure himself that he was well secured, picked up his trap, and proceeded to the gate, where the work of death was to have been finished. Here he cautiously set it again, and then, as if a blow had been suddenly struck at his life, he cried for mercy. Whitten lept through the gate-way, and a howl of anguish proved that he was also caught.

"What in nater be you makin sich a fuss about?" interrogated Johnson, of the entrapped man, "if you want to kick up a rumpus, you'd best do't out o' Squire Wilcox's yard, any how."

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"I can't get out," cried Whitten, in agony.

"What did you come in for? That's the story!"

"I was called in," replied the captive, bewildered with pain and fright.

"Whether or no, you had ort to behave decently in other folk's yards; and if you do'nt stop your howlin o' your own accord, I'll have to put an end to't myself."

As Johnson concluded he elevated his pistol to the constables eyes. The steel glittered in the darkness of the night, and the assassin begged for mercy.

This was in turn offered on the conditions, that he would deliver up his dagger and allow his hands to be fastened behind him.

Whitten readily struck in with these terms; and being driven before the muzzle of the yankee's pistol to the kitchen, was there extended beside his accomplice. Then locking the door, the servant proceeded to the library for his master,

"Squire," said he to Mr. Wilcox, if you can spare time I'd like to have you go to the kitchen and look at two critters I've ketched in my bear trap."

"I will go Johnson," returned Mr. Wilcox in affability. "But what kind of animals have you taken?"

"Jest come and see. There's been queer varmin about these diggins to-night Squire: and I'd jest like you to larn for yourself their nater. I ha'nt had to go to the woods this time for game."

The servant returned to his captives and his master soon followed him.

Mr. Wilcox had not suspected the real cause of his invitation; yet he was not so much surprised to find the assassin in his house, as to see two such men as Willson and Whitten shackled and powerless under the hand of Johnson.

Experience had taught him that locks and pistols were his only safeguards, and he now believed that his own life had been screened from the daggers of the wretches before him, by the dexterous prowess of his faithful servant, whom he could not have suspected of becoming so striking an object of vengeance. On seeing the prostrate criminals therefore, admiration at what appeared to him, an almost incredible feat by Johnson, took the place of indignation and resentment towards his enemies.

He looked enquiringly at his servant, who while he exhibited the weapons he had taken from the captives with some appearance of triumph, said;—"Daggers wa'n't made for nothin Squire!"

"No Johnson, and I would have you explain the encounter that has subjected these men and their daggers to your hands;" said Mr. Wilcox in a hasty manner, that betrayed eager curiosity, yet no passionate excitement.

"I'm at your sarvice Squire; but as the critter themselves had ort to be a leetle the best acquainted with the consarn clean out, I recking I'd best make them tell the story from the beginning to the eend.

"Proceed in your own way Johnson," said Mr.

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Wilcox, and the servant commanded the criminals to make a relation of the circumstances which led to their capture. They spoke not however, and he concluded, "come folks, you may jest as well be a leetle accommodatin under the sarcumstances."

The assassins still maintained a silence, and as he examined the lock of his pistol with a threatening manner, he added;—you're detarmined to be a leetle contrary I guess!"

"Will you require me to expose any one but myself?" enquired Wilson in hurried words.

"Sartin," answered the servant. We calculate on havin the hull story from the beginin to the eend."

Wilson yet undecided, cast his eyes in the direction of his companion in shackles. Sam Johnson shook his head significantly at the captives, and then letting his fore finger drop on the trigger of his pistol, he interrogated in a loud voice;—a'nt you goin to begin?"

"We may as well confess all. We cant make things worse;" cried Whitten to Wilson—as he eyed in terror the motions of the yankee.

"You may make things considerable better, howsomever. Squire Wilcox aint goin to wait all night to larn the story—that's a fact!" said Johnson, and then he let the muzzle of his pistol drop in the direction of Wilson's head.

The wretch attempted to speak; but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth with fear, and the young yankee continued;—"well Squire Wilcox we've gin 'em

a pretty fair chance for their lives, and we dont ort to be blamed any how!"

As he concluded, he feigned an intention of drawing on the trigger of his pistol, and Mr. Wilcox with difficulty maintained his gravity; while both prisoners exhibited a convulsive action.

"I will tell all;" cried Wilson suddenly, with difficult articulation. Then pausing again for about a moment, he added;—But I hope you will not refuse to let our lives be the condition."

"If you'll tell the hull story man fashin I'll gin you up to Canada justice to-morrow mornin, and I recking that an't a desperate idee to you."

"We have done wrong; but I suppose it is now too late to profess penitence;" commenced Wilson; and then he hesitated again as if he would avoid a confession.

Johnson looked with assumed severity at the assassin, who continued;—"It was our intention to take your life this night."

"And what had you agin me?"

"I owed you no ill will myself;" answered the captive.

"You wa'nt doin the business on your own hook then, I conclude."

"I was not."

"Whose hook then?"

"Wilson hesitated to answer, and Sam looking significantly at his master, said as he fidgeted his pistol in his fingers with feigned impatience:—

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"Squire Wilcox, I guess they'll drive me to do what I do'n't ort, if I can help it."

A silence was still maintained; but the yankee after a few moments, gave his arm a sudden jerk as if he would bring his pistol to a better bearing, while he adapted his aspect to the motion, and both captives simultaneously vociferated the names of Bolingbrooke and Mustiface.

"I recking it would come out in the eend that the two Squires had fingers in the pie." said Johnson. Then having winked and smiled at his master, he added:—"Them's the chaps—no mistake!

The captive would fain have concealed the names of his employers; but having now exposed them, he hesitated no longer to make a developement of the plot that had beenformed for the distruction of Sam Johnson. Whitten being then compelled to relate the affair of the morning, and upon which the murderous design was grounded, the servant raised him to his shoulder with an ease that astonished his master—conveyed him to a room and returned for Wilson.

This man was the heavier of the two, and Mr. Wilcox proposed to assist his servant.

Johnson prided himself a good deal on his bodily powers, and though he rejected the offer with civility, he was at least half offended.

"No Squire," grunted he, while in the act of shouldering his prisoner;—"No Squire Wilcox, I'm pret-solid if I a'nt so desperate big. Howsomever," he

added in a triumphant manner, as he started off with his load, "I'm jest as much obleeged to you as though I could'nt git along alun."

The assassins disposed of for the night, in separate apartments, and Mr. Wilcox again in his library the servant seated himself before the kitchen fire. Here he ruminated till midnight. Then picking up his bear trap he proceeded directly to the office of Justice Bolingbrooke; and having reached it, a light shining through the blinds of the window, assured him that the peace officer was yet awaiting his hirelings.

He thought he would not stand upon punctilios on such an occasion, and applying his ear to the key-hole of the office door, distinctly heard the voice of Bolingbrooke.

"There's two on'em anylow; for 'taint likely Squire Bolingbrooke's talkin to nothin. Howsomer I guess tother's Squire Mustiface and he's jest as good as nothin," thought the yankee, and without further meditation on the consequences, he cautiously set his trap before the door. Then drawing his brace of pistols from his pocket he cried murder.

The door was suddenly opened, and the darkness favoring the deception, Johnson added in a low and apparently faint voice:—"Don't kill me, Wilson! Howsomer I can't run no further, as I know on."

"Kill the damned yankee rascal!" growled Bolingbrooke and then he jumped into the trap.

"Kill him Wilson!" squawled Mustiface, not ver-

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luring from the threshold, as a half suppressed cry of agony issued from the lips of the Justice of the Peace.

Sam presented suddenly and simultaneously before the eyes of each a pistol; (for the official champion was but an arms length from Bolingbrooke,) and in a peremptory tone said:—"I'm here myself—that's the story!"

Mustiface dropped in fright to the floor, and Johnson having secured his hands and feet, addressed the Justice.

"Squire Bolinbrooke," said he, "if you've a mind to come on fair terms about our consarns, I haint no objections, as I know on, to let you go agin."

"I am entirely in your power, Johnson, and must submit to such terms as you propose," returned the peace officer, as he writhed with the pain the trap caused.

"I aint agoin to drive, Squire. That aint my fashion, but I've trapped Wilson and Whitten too, and I'd like to have you act Justice agin 'em."

"I must do so."

"There's no must about it. If you'd rather have your own brains blown out, I recking I can do't. However, I'd a leetle rather not take the law into my hands, if I can git along without it."

"I will consent to your terms Johnson," said Bolingbrooke and then he groaned with pain.

You must do the business jest as though you wa'nt

B.

interested, and be ready for't at the peep o' the sun."

"You may depend on me."

"I should'n't wonder; but you won't take offence I conclude, if I'm a leetle particular; for its a considerable old sayin that you had ort to deal with honest folks jest as though they're rogues."

"Make your terms," said Bolingbrooke.

"I'd liko to have a writin from you, Squire, that would gin me a leetle power over you, after I let you go."

"The justice hesitated, in unwillingness; but a length growing very impatient of his pain he said "very well—dictate it."

"I jest want your confesshin from the beginnin to the end on our consarns; and you know what that had ort to be, Squire."

"My confession!"

"That's the idee, and besides I want you to put the end on't, that in all your consarns with me, you acted agin law—agin justice—agin human nater; and that I trapped you for'em and sarved you right."

Bolingbrooke pondered a full minute on the requisition of the servant.

"I suppose I must comply," said the conqueror of Justice at length.

"I tell you, Squire, there's no must in the business. I a'n't agoin to domineer over any body's folks, because I've got a leetle power in my hands. You can have your brains blowed out, if you'd rather

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"Release me, and you shall have all you ask," groaned the suffering Justice of the Peace.

"I'd a leetle ruther have the writin fust, Squire."

"I cant get to my table with this trap on my leg."

"Its a heavy consarn, no mistake, but I can help you along with it," said Johnson, and then raising the trap from the ground, he assisted Bolingbrooke to hop into his office.

The official champion had nearly resuscitated by this time; but after looking with wonder and terror for an instant, at the novel appendage to the Justice's leg, he relapsed.

Bolingbrooke being well seated at his table, said enquiringly:—"Johnson, I trust that you will not exhibit the paper I am about to draw?"

"That'll depend on sarcumstances, Squire."

"You will not, at any rate, do so, if my conduct as a Justice with regard to Wilson and Whitten proves satisfactory to you?"

"That you may be sartin on," replied the servant.

The Justice, without more words, drew an ample acknowledgement of all that Johnson required; and the Yankee professing to be well pleased, released the leg, and shouldering his trap, departed without further noticing Mustiface.

Again by his own fireside, he lay down his burden and seated himself to watch the approach of day.

His undertaking had been crowned with better success than one even more sanguine than he, could have

anticipated. He had foiled and humbled the assassin without being forced to shed one drop of blood ; and he was enjoying pleasant meditations when day dawned. Now, however, he rose from his chair to visit his prisoners, and he was engaged heart and hand preparing them for a walk when his master joined him.

Dispensing with one pair of fetters, he united the captives with the other ; (leaving one leg of each free ;) and then taking a pistol from his pocket, he ordered them to proceed to the office of Justice Bolingbrooke.

"To the office of Justice Bolingbrooke !" repeated Mr. Wilcox in surprise, as he made a motion to detain the prisoners.

"Sartin, Squire Wilcox, I'm agoin to see the criers to Squire Bolinbrooke's."

"And do you hope to get justice there ?" enquired Mr. Wilcox with impatience in his manner.

"Raiz justice aint to be got in Canada, Squire."

"Bolingbrooke, however, is the instigator of these men, and, of course, deeply interested for them. You cannot consistently demand justice of him in this matter. Why not take your prisoners before some other Justice of the peace ?"

"I've got an idee that I'll bring about things considerably to my own likin. But as to raiz justice bein done in the eend, I aint lookin out for't."

"If you have no expectation of seeing your prisoners brought to justice, you had better take on yourself the credit of releasing them."

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the Yankee

"Justice aint to be got in these diggins, any how, Squire, by strait up and down dealin. But folks can sometimes be used for honest parposes, if they aint so desperate honost themselves."

"You expect, then, to make use of Bolingbrooke for honest purposes?"

"Sartin," answered Johnson, "I expect 'im to do up my business accordin to my say so. You don't know the hull story yit, Squire; and I recking you'd best object to my tryin 'im."

Without suspecting the real stratagem, Mr. Wilcox was assured by the enigmatical language of his servant, that he at any rate thought he had the means of restraining Bolingbrooke to official action against prisoners. Nevertheless, he *reluctantly* acquiesced in the young Yankee's desire, fearing that instead of effecting his purposes of justice, he might place himself in a situation to become a victim of the assassins and their judicial accomplice.

Johnson proceeded with the captives, and Mr. Wilcox, more anxious for the safety of his faithful servant, than desirous of the punishment of the criminal, soon followed, and overtook them at the Justice's

They were admitted with readiness; and though Bolingbrooke trembled with agitation, there was nothing in his manner that betrayed surprise. He took a seat at the table—placed paper before him, and then looked at Johnson, as if he expected him to open the business. The Yankee commenced.

"Squire," said the servant, "these folks, according to my ideas, ha'n't been doin the thing that's right, and I concluded to see what you thought on't."

The Justice replied enquiringly and with a trembling voice:—"You have a charge to allege against them?"

"That's the business," rejoined Johnson, and then Bolingbrooke, swearing him on the Evangelists, directed him to make his relation.

"Ta'n't necessary, according to the oath, I concluded to tell every tittle o' the story?"

"You are only bound to state such facts as are necessary to criminate the prisoners," answered the Justice.

"Well, Squire, to begin then—there happened to be a bear-trap jest inside o' Squire Wilcox's kitchen door, and I was settin by the fire thinkin o' thine. Somebody's folks knocked, and I axed 'em in. Wilson opened the door, and comin in in a considerable hurry, got his leg in the trap, and set up a desperate howlin. I thought——"

The worthy Justice becoming alarmed at the apparent disposition of the witness, to indulge in details notwithstanding his intimation to the contrary—interrupted him.

"Johnson," said Bolingbrooke, "this is all unnecessary. That these men have been captured, is ready evident. The manner of their capture can be of no consequence in the course of this examination."

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Such facts as fix criminality on them need only to be related."

"I'm jost to consider the critters trapped then, Squire, and begin with the confeshin part o' the story. Is that the idee, Squire?"

"Yes—you may relate the material parts of their confession."

"Wilson was spokesman for both on 'em, about all that happened after our scrape about gaoler Wortman, Squire."

"Well, what did Wilson confess, then?" interrogated the Justice with suppressed anger at the servant's allusion.

"A desperate queer story. He said Squire Musti-face called 'im into the office o' Squire Bol——"

"Johnson!" interrupted Bolingbrooke in alarm:—"Johnson, state nothing that is not necessarily associated with the guilt of the prisoners!"

"I aint a goin to, as I know on, Squire."

"Proceed, then," said the Justice, with a nervous intonation of his voice.

"Wilson said they'd detarmined to put an eend to me, accordin to a bargain made with you and Squire Mus——"

"Stop!" cried Bolingbrooke, becoming incautious with passion. "Don't mention my name as associated with this affair!"

"I ha'nt yit, Squire."

"You must not allude to me, in any way!"

"How in nater be I goin to git along with the story, then, Squire?"

"I will question you," said the Justice, still trembling with rage.

"Jest as you please, Squire."

"Did these men confess the commission of any crime against you?"

"They could'nt do that, Squire."

"Why?"

"Because they had'nt committed none."

"For what did you bring them here, then?"

"Jest to see what you thinked had ort to be done with 'em, under the sarcumstances."

"What do you think ought to be done with them?" interrogated Bolingbrooke, striving to suppress the storm that was still raging within his breast.

"I think they had ort to be sent to the dungeon you had an idee o' puttin me in."

"You think I ought to send men, whom you say have committed no crime, to a a dungeon!—ha?"

"Whether or no, they ha'nt done the thing that's right; and I knowed you had sent one innocent man there, and was a goin to send another, any how, Squire."

"False, insulting villain!" exclaimed Bolingbrooke, entirely forgetting himself in passion.

"You do'nt ort to git so riled, Squire, when you know you sent Squire Wilcox there, and was a goin to send me there; and we did'nt neither on us do nothin, as I know on."

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"You locked the gaoler in his own dungeon, sir!"

"If I did, that wa'nt nothin agin me."

"What right had you to imprison the gaoler?"

"Because he desarved it."

"For what?"

"For bein so crank when he had Squire Wilcox under 'is thumb."

"He was acting under the command of his superior."

"So was I, I recking."

"What superior were you serving?"

"My conscience," answered Johnson. Then taking the Justice's acknowledgement from his pocket, he began to open its folds.

The judicial assassin recognized the paper—his countenance suddenly fell, and after struggling a space with his passions, he said, in a subdued voice:—"Johnson, you may proceed with your allegations against the prisoners."

"Well, Squire, to begin where I left off, then—"

"Stop!" interrupted the Justice, in a quick, though stern manner, "I will question you."

"Jest as you think best, Squire."

"Did the prisoners attempt any crime against you?"

"Not as I know on—they had'nt a chance."

"Did they intend any, then?"

"That was their idee, accordin to Wilson's story; he said they'd been sent to put an end to my worldly concerns," answered Johnson. Then exhibiting the

daggers he had taken from the culprits, he continued : " These tell a considerable story agin the critters, too, Squire. One on 'em's got your name on't ! and folks that would commit murder, would'nt be desperate nice about stealin'."

The very demon was now exhibited on the countenance of Bolingbrooke, and his breast heaved with commotion. But at length, controlling his wrath, he said, in subterfuge to the servant :—" These daggers should be left in my custody, till the ' prisoners will have had their trial.

" There'd be no use in a trial, as I know on, Squire," returned the young Yankee. " The big folks would'nt let critters that they could'nt git along without, be hanged in the eend ; and as I captered the daggers, I guess I'd best keep 'em."

The Justice could not help raising his eyes in malevolent rage, at the servant ; but again dissimulating, he inquired, in a moderate voice :—" Why did you enter a complaint, then ?"

" Jest to git 'em in the dungeon you was goin to put me in. One night in the dungeon is all I ax for the critters ; and if you ha'nt evidence enough for that—say so, Squire."

" Have you further evidence ?" inquired Bolingbrooke.

" Sartin—I ha'nt gin you Wilson's confeshin clean out, yit. Then agin, I've got a paper that tells a desperate story agin the critters ; but as it would make

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some folks feel a leetle cheap, and as I promised not to make use on't, if you acted the Justice as you had ort in the consarn. I'd a leetle ruther see the business ended without no more ado about it. Honor's honor. Howsomever, Squire if you an't particular, I an't."

Bolingbrooke, in confusion, directed his eyes towards Mr. Wilcox, as if he would ascertain whether Johnson's inuendo was understood by that gentleman. He then dropped them again on his paper, and having contend'd a few moments with his malevolent nature, said:—"The evidence is already sufficient to warrant the commitment of the prisoners for trial."

"I tell'd you, Squire, I did'nt want no trial about it. All I ax on you is, to put the critters one night in the dungeon."

"Very well—the mittimus can be made according to your desire," said the now pliable Justice.

"That and the daggers, and Squire Mustface's cane, is all I ax for my trouble through the hull consarn. But, be a leetle carful, Squire, to fix the mittimus so gaoler Wortman won't be put to 'is stumps where to put 'em."

"You may be assured that the gaoler will be properly directed by the mittimus. However, we must hunt up a constable, to take the prisoners to him."

"Can't I act constable, under the sarcumstances, Squire?" enquired the Yankee.

"I can specially appoint you for the occasion, if you desire it," replied Bolingbrooke.

"I aint particular one way nor tother—only it would save the trouble o' huntin up one ; and I'll be a leetle more sartin that the critters is rightly taken care on."

Mr. Wilcox had been a wondering witness of the judicial proceeding ; for, though evident that Johnson had a control over the refractory nature of the Justice, the cause of his power was as yet wrapped in mystery.

The mittimus being finished, the young Yankee started towards the gaol with his captives, and his master proceeded homeward. Nor could Mr. Wilcox help indulging some mirth at the Justice's expense, on being assured by his final compliance that the servant had fully accomplished the object for which he set out with his prisoners.

Johnson having arrived at the gaol, was confronted by Mrs. Wortman who, thinking of the trick he had practiced on her husband, at once commenced a tirade.

"I'm King George's officer now, Miss Wortman," interrupted Johnson, with a smile on his face : "and if you ha'n't no respect for me, you had ort to have a leetle for the old chap 'imself."

"The King must be hard run for officers, I think!" returned Mrs. Wortman, sneeringly.

"If he is—'taint the fust time, I calculate."

"He never got a Yankee in his service before, at any rate!"

"I shouldn't wonder if he didn't. Howsomever, recking he wouldn't a turned up his nose, if a few 'em had offered their sarvices in 1776."

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The appearance of Wortman himself interrupted the dialogue. He looked both surly and surprised on receiving the mittimus from the hands of Johnson.— He spoke not, however, save to direct the prisoners to their destined and dismal apartment; and the special Bailiff having seen his captives locked in the dungeon, bowed low to Mr. and Mrs. Wortman, and retired.

CHAPTER II.

*Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida;—HORACE.*

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place.—SHAKESPEARE.

The next morning Mr. Wilcox issued a number of his paper.

In the course of the last three days he had been incarcerated in a dungeon as a State prisoner, through the secret machinations of the ruling power—Judge Thorpe had been suspended from the Bench for asserting the supremacy of the law, and Johnson had nearly fallen a victim, by the hand of assassins, who promised themselves impunity under the plea of loyalty.

Few incidents could be better associated for the purpose of giving a proper idea of the petty policy and rottenness of a government.

We are not surprised to hear of dark deeds committed under State influence, in a country where the Prince is endued with absolute power. But the political institutions of Great Britain and her dependencies, profess to insure liberty unalloyed to the subject—and we would fain believe them! There cannot, however, be true freedom under any government that does not acknowledge a dependence on the people.—The limited monarchies of the present day, therefore, are little, if any, better than despotisms, while the theory that props them is as alluring as it is false.

A political equilibrium cannot be supported, when the sovereign alone is the fountain of office and honor. He, in such case, must have a controlling influence, that turns every other branch of the Government into mockery, and makes the subject still a suppliant at the throne, for the privileges which our theoretical constitution of his country surreptitiously tells him he inherits at his birth.

But never mind, God save the King! and Kings!

For if he don't, I doubt if men will longer.

I think I hear a little bird, who sings,

The people by and by, will be the stronger:

The verriest jade will wince whose harness wrings

So much into the raw as quite to wrong her

Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob

At last fall sick of imitating Job.

“At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,

Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a giant,

At last it takes to weapons, such as men

Snatch when despair makes human hearts less pliant.

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Then comes the tug of war ; 'twill come again,
I rather doubt ; and I would fain say fie on't,
If I had not perceived that revolution
Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution."

Mr. Wilcox had indeed become a prominent object of the vindictive tempers of the powerful of his country. Yet he was not *at all* subdued. He knew that if he had been deficient of moral honesty, he might still have been floating on the current of Government patronage. He had, however, chosen poverty and oppression to avoid chastisement from a more severe—though a just arbiter—*his own conscience* : and he determined to maintain the high principles of independence on which he had set out.

In this number of his paper, therefore, from the Governor down to the verriest minion of the Government, he probed the character to the very core ; and the officials were more than ever panic struck by the boldness of the editor.

His paper well afloat, our hero visited the forest-cottage.

Caroline had not heard of this last attempt at his destruction ; nor had she as yet been able, fully to realize in her mind, the petty malevolence of that class, that she had been taught from infancy to respect as the very essence of honor and integrity.

She had observed, during the last visits of Mr. Wilcox, a reservedness in his manner and language. Instead, therefore, of attributing it to the right cause, she had begun to nurture a suspicion that his matrimonial engagement had been premature.

Alas! true affection is seldom allowed to remain unalloyed. That "green eyed monster," jealousy, while particularly averse to conjugal love, is ever a foot and engenders uneasiness, if not absolute discord.

Now indeed Mr. Wilcox appeared more reserved than ever, and Caroline resolved, however great the sacrifice to her, to give him an opportunity of freeing himself of his engagement, before again leaving the cottage.

The evening was nearly spent before a convenient season offered to Miss Carleton to fulfil her determination. Her heart palpitated, but she was firm to her purpose.

"I am apprehensive, Mr. Wilcox, that you are unhappy?" said she with a sudden effort.

It is not always that conscious integrity, though ever a sure solace in affliction, insures happiness. Mr. Wilcox was indeed unhappy. His anticipations of as perfect earthly bliss as his mind could well conceive, had been, at any rate for the present, blighted. Nor could he help indulging a presentment that so hallowed a connection as that of husband and wife, would never be realized by Caroline and himself.

He struggled several moments with his thoughts, and then instead of replying directly, he enquired: "Why do you think me unhappy, Caroline?"

"Your manners and conversation of late have constrained me to think so."

"In truth Caroline I am not happy."

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"Why then try to hide from me the source of your unhappiness?" asked Miss Carleton.

"Because I would not voluntarily be the means of adding to afflictions that are already too burdensome."

Caroline could not conceive that Mr. Wilcox could have an aversion to communicate to her such of his troubles as peculiarly affected himself; and his answer even tended to confirm her suspicion that his heart had grown weary of her.

"Suspense becomes sometimes as heavy an affliction as any," rejoined Miss Carleton, with a manner and emphasis which, though unintelligible to Mr. Wilcox, excited his surprise.

"It is your right to know my every thought, Caroline," said our hero.

"I claim no such privilege. Nevertheless, if I could relieve your mind of any troublesome thought, it would give me pleasure to do so."

"You shall know the secret cause of all you have observed in my manner and language. My own selfish heart inclines me to communicate to you, Caroline; all my troubles; for sorrows once told to a friend lose half their poignancy. Think not, therefore, that I have withheld any thing that concerns our happiness for my own sake."

"I will not think so," said Miss Carleton, while she inwardly reproached herself for having harboured unjust suspicions.

Mr. Wilcox continued;—"You are aware that since

the government divested me of my office, my life has not only been a mark for every official aspirant to level his weapons at, but that my character, (which for your sake, at that very moment, as it were, became dearer to me than life,) has been continually stigmatized, in order to render justifiable such conduct. But the hand of the assassin has been too tardy for the vindictive disposition of my enemies." He hesitated—"Dear Caroline would you hear more?"

"I would know your sorrows," replied Miss Carleton, with solicitude.

"Since I last saw you I have been the occupant of a dungeon," rejoined our hero with strong emotion.

"A dungeon!" repeated Miss Carleton. And for what?"

"For an alleged crime—"

"The crime?" aspirated Miss Carleton.

"Treason," answered Mr. Wilcox.

"Treason! The charge is false!"

"You think me innocent, Caroline?"

"The charge is false!" repeated Caroline, and her cheeks glowed with indignation.

"Yes, the charge is false. Nevertheless it will be supported under oath. The government can not be satisfied with any thing short of my life's blood, and the purpose is to be effected through perjured agents."

Caroline grew suddenly pale and enquired in an agitated and quick voice: "Why not leave your enemies, and seek some more secure and peaceful home?"

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"I can not forget that I am the affianced husband of Miss Carleton, nor that there is a condition belonging to the engagement. No Caroline, I will not flee from my enemies, and thus cause credence to be given by the honest man, to the charge against me," replied Mr. Wilcox decisively. "But," added he, "if there was no other objections, I am under an insuperable obligation to Mrs. Darwin and Mr. O'Cleary to meet the consequences of a trial whatever they may prove."

"Why under an obligation to meet an unjust fate?" interrogated the anxious Caroline.

"They are surities for my appearance at the court, and my non-attendance would subject them to a loss of a thousand pounds."

"Such a sum would weigh but little in my aunts estimation, if its loss were the only alternative of your life. And if perjury is to be resorted to by the connivance of the government, for the purpose of convicting you, there can be no hope if you remain, either for character or life. By fleeing, therefore, you can do no injury to the one, and will preserve the other."

"Fortunately, that bulwark of British liberty—trial by jury—has not yet been destroyed, though much injured, by the corrupt system of packing; and if one honest man be found among the twelve drawn for my trial, I have no fear of conviction."

"But *that one*, could only judge of your innocence or guilt, through false testimony."

"True—yet I believe that perjury can seldom be

so well contrived as to evade detection, while it may serve as a convenient screen for a corrupt jury."

"And do you hope to be tried by an honest jury?"

"I question not that a jury will be carefully packed, to hang me; and I look not for an acquittal. Nevertheless, under the law, I will have the privilege of challenging thirty-five out of forty-eight; and if there should be one honest man, by mistake of the Sheriff, amongst the remaining thirteen, he might chance to be one of the twelve drawn to try me; and then I think there would be no verdict."

"If not acquitted by their verdict however, you would be again put upon your trial, and your enemies, in the end, would effect their purpose."

"No—it is a rule of the English law, that no man shall be twice arraigned for the same crime; nor should I apprehend an attempt of the kind with me.—For, (though short but severe experience constrains me to say, that there is no honest regard for law, in the ruling power of Upper Canada,) it is the policy of Government never to pervert rules long established and acted on, while means are devised to evade them. For instance—the trial by jury is never refused, although the right may be rendered almost worthless by a corrupt Sheriff. So the law I have mentioned may become nugatory, as regards me, by other accusations."

"And do you then hope, at any rate, to escape the malevolence of enemies, who have already resorted to the basest means for your destruction? There is no hope for Joseph Wilcox, but in flight!"

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"I cannot avoid the trial, Caroline ; said Mr. Wilcox, decisively ; and Miss Carleton, no longer able to control her feelings, burst into tears.

CHAPTER III.

Across the green, behold the court
Where jargon reigns, and wigs resort ;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles ;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And Judges dream in spite of gout.—MONTGOMRY.

But still it was a lie—you knew it false,
And so did all men.—BYRON.

But something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.—SHAKESPEARE.

The day appointed for the trial of Mr. Wilcox, had now arrived ; and the streets of York were thronged at an early hour, by people from the surrounding country.

The officials and their satellites, were a tip-toe with the most confident anticipations of the conviction of our hero. There was another class, however, that looked forward to this trial, (though, perhaps, their hopes less sanguine,) with feelings more honorable to the human heart.

The offices and shops of the Capitol, were closed. The town bell gave the signal for the court to meet,

and there was a simultaneous rush of the multitude.—

Each individual pressed for a convenient place to witness the course of the prosecution.

The court room and its galleries were soon filled.—Scaffolds were built to the windows, and so deep was the interest felt by the public, that half of the crowd had not yet reached the court house. And

“There, on the outside of the door,
(As sang a wicked wag of yore,)
Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.”

The Chief Justice and his associates, (Messrs. Carleton and Bolingbrooke were named in the commission,) being seated on the bench, our hero stepped into the dock.

A triumphant and undisguised smile played on the lips of the petty Official, as he viewed the ex-Sheriff, while the buoyancy of the higher caste one, was partially shielded by a mockery of dignity.

The Attorney General moved for the trial, and the forms usual on arraigning prisoners being finished, the Clerk began to call the jury.

Of the whole pannel, there was not one who was not an official tool. Only three, however, were enabled to reach the Clerk's desk—the rest being out of doors, and prevented, by the density of the crowd, from obeying the call. The three were peremptorily challenged by the prisoner, and on the prayer of the Attorney General, the Sheriff was directed by the Chief Justice to make a tales.

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The deepest interest pervaded the throng, as Wentworth cast his eyes round in order to make a new jury. The official party, finding themselves deprived of their packed one—that cheerful insolence which had characterized their first appearance, was no longer observable. They had, till now, considered our hero their sure victim; for, allowing him to challenge thirty-five, (the extent of his privilege,) there would yet have been thirteen chosen villains, into the hands of twelve of whom they thought he must inevitably fall. But the panel having failed, and Mr. Wilcox still having the privilege of thirty-two peremptory challenges, a hope that forty-five men, moulded to corruption, could be picked from the crowd within the court house, could scarcely be indulged.

On the other hand—the liberal party—although exulting in their hearts at the disappointment of the officials, and becoming more sanguine of the safety of the prisoner—were no less anxious than their opponents. A glance assured them that within the walls, Mr. Wilcox's enemies were comparatively few; but it also assured them that these were invested with official power, or that they were corrupt minions of it.

The Sheriff was evidently in a dilemma, and the prisoner relieved him.

“My Lord, I would make a suggestion,” said our hero to the Chief Justice, who, as it were, frowned assent, and Mr. Wilcox continued:—“I am arraigned for a high crime, and whether guilty or not guilty, the

law presumes that I am to be tried by an impartial jury of my country ; and—

“The law,” interrupted his Lordship, “does not merely presume—it insures an impartial trial to prisoners whose crimes are of the very darkest hue. Of which class your’s is !”

“It is, therefore, the more necessary that I should have an impartial jury,—and I would suggest the best mode of getting one under the circumstances.”

The Chief Justice frowned again on the prisoner, and then directed the Sheriff to make a jury ; but our hero persisted :—“Your Lordship has said that the law insures me an impartial trial ; I am, therefore, asking no favor.”

The Chief looked in indignation at Mr. Wilcox, and said :—“Prisoner, I have directed the Sheriff to his duty, and mind you ! the court will protect its dignity !”

“The dignity of the court should not be maintained however, at the expense of life or justice, my Lord,” retorted our hero, with a slight exhibition of resentment. “The Sheriff,” continued he, “has packed one jury, and I doubt not, if left to himself, he will pack another. I would, therefore, suggest that your Lordship direct him to a certain quarter of the room for a tales.”

“Prisoner,” cried the Chief, “be silent !”

“I must persist, my Lord. I ask not for advantage, but suggest a course, in the selection of my jury-men, alike fair for the King and the prisoner.”

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"Hear him!—hear him!—hear him!" cried a thousand voices.

The Chief Justice looked in alarm around him and relaxed.

"I think," said His Lordship at length, "that there can be no legal objection to the course you propose; and as the law wills not that a prisoner should be tried by any one man against whom he has conceived a prejudice; it is, perhaps, right for the court to comply. Understand, however, that I cannot for a moment doubt the integrity of the Sheriff, while I act upon that principle of tenderness which the law allows—though it does not enforce—to relieve your mind of a timorous and unfounded suspicion." Then addressing Wentworth, His Lordship added, as he pointed to the right:—"Mr. Sheriff, you may take the jury from that quarter."

Wentworth bowed in acquiescence, and immediately commenced calling the tales-men. One out of thirteen was only challenged by the prisoner, and the jury being sworn, the Attorney General opened the prosecution.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "the prisoner at the bar is arraigned for the highest civil crime of which a subject can be guilty—*high-treason*; and my instructions encourage me to assure you, that I shall be enabled, in the plainest and most positive manner, to show his guilt. It will, indeed, appear in evidence, that the prisoner has ever been disaffected to our po-

tical institutions—though himself a fondling of their benignity. Yet, a clear and full development of his treasonable designs, never came to the Government, till within a week.

“He has been both insidious and ungrateful,” continued the Attorney General. “It is, however, an ancient, and my experience inclines me to believe a true saying, that ‘murder will out.’ Gentlemen, the designs of the wicked seldom completely prosper!”

“At moments when he thought himself secure in the congeniality of his auditors, he divulged his own wickedness, and thus unexpectedly threw himself into the hands of justice.

“This cold-blooded traitor! it will be shown has been a principal inciter of rebellion against His Majesty’s Government in this Province—that he has not only held a correspondence with conspirators in his own country, but with people living in the United States, in order to facilitate their present belligerent designs against Great Britain and her dependencies—that fifty thousand men are now awaiting a signal from the prisoner and his wicked accomplices, to organize themselves for the purpose of subverting the Government—munitions of war, sufficient for such a force being also secretly deposited for use.

“In short, I expect to shew by incontrovertible evidence, that the prisoner at the bar, has to all intents and purposes, waged war against His Majesty’s Government in Upper Canada, and that he is consequently guilty of high-treason.”

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John Doty being now called and sworn as a witness for the crown, His Majesty's counsel enquired:—"Doty, are you acquainted with the prisoner at the bar?"

"Intimately," answered the witness.

"How long have you known him?"

"Since the day after his appointment to the Sheriff's office. I then became his deputy."

"How long did you serve as his deputy?"

"More than a year."

"Did you find him during this time to be a person of a taciturn or communicative disposition?"

"Quite communicative. Always ready, indeed, to express his opinions with reckless freedom."

"What appeared to be the darling topic of his conversations?"

"The Government of Upper Canada."

"Did he speak well of it?" asked the Attorney General with a facetious look.

"By no means," answered Doty, and he shrugged his shoulders and chuckled as he spoke. "By no means, sir; it was far from him to speak well of the Government, or any one who belonged to it."

"You mean to except the prisoner himself—I presume? He could certainly not have been so destitute of self-esteem, as to derogate from his own character as an officer of Government," rejoined the counsel for the crown, still in a facetious mood.

"I certainly meant to except the prisoner himself;

for, indeed, he appeared at times to think that he was the only person capable of governing Upper Canada," said the witness, and the official party laughed.

"Do you think that the prisoner ever dreamt of governing Upper Canada?"

"I do, indeed, if a man's thoughts while awake, can be called dreams," answered Doty; and the official corps again laughed.

"You think, then, that he dreamt, while awake, of some day governing Upper Canada?"

"I know, at any rate, that he thought of a change of government; and, I doubt not, that his vanity led him to believe, that in such case, he would have something to do with its helm."

"You are *sure*, then, that he thought of changing the government of Upper Canada?"

"Very sure."

"Give your reason for this opinion."

"In the month of June, 1810, the prisoner was appointed to the Sheriffalty, and I entered his service the day after his appointment. He was, from the beginning, free in conversation, favoring the complaints of the people, and reprehending measures of Government. The same boldness of expression did not, however, characterize his discourses from our first acquaintance; and though I often indirectly reprov'd him for his political sentiments, it was long before I mistrusted real disaffection. Towards the last he grew bolder, and I began to reproach myself for concealing his po-

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litical principles—feeling that it was wrong to let such an one enjoy place under Government. Nevertheless, human feeling mastered duty, and it was long, even after he had divulged all his evil designs, before I could make up my mind to give information against him.—Indeed, had I felt that there was any probability of influencing him to abandon his criminal intentions, I believe that I should yet have been remiss in my duty to my King.”

Doty paused a few moments to collect his thoughts, and then continued:—“On the 25th day of August last, I went to the Sheriff’s office at the usual hour in the morning. The prisoner was already there, and soon opened a conversation which led to the engrossing subject of his mind. Experience had taught me that argument would be useless. I therefore said little; but he was determined to make me his confidant against my will, and exposed a plan of treasonable enterprise, that, notwithstanding all I had before listened to, astonished me. I could not but exclaim at the development; and the prisoner eyed me with apparent surprise. Is it possible, thought I, that this man has attributed my forbearance, to acquiescence in his principles, and that he has considered my former reproofs like the coy expressions of a love-sick girl, who, while her manner bespeaks pleasure in the advances of her lover, her words bid him beware? The prisoner at length averted his eyes—rose from his seat, and paced the floor in evident agitation. Then re-

seating himself, he told me that he had looked on me as a true friend—that if I would embark with him in the enterprize, he would insure good success to the cause, and that office and honor should await me at every step. He added, by way of encouragement to me, that men of talent and worth, in every quarter of the Canadas, were already engaged, and that in the course of a fortnight, he would be enabled, through such agents, to embody an army of fifty thousand men, properly equipped and furnished.”

Doty paused again, and the Attorney General said, inquiringly :—“The prisoner professed to be a leading actor in this rebellious design ?”

“Certainly. His language could mean nothing else. He professed to have it in his power to bestow office on those who should join the cause ; and, indeed, spoke of his accomplices, as agents ready to act at his command.”

“Did he intimate any foreign assistance ?”

“He did. The United States Government, he said, was preparing for a war with Great Britain—that there was not much doubt it would soon be declared, and that this would be an advantage to his cause, though not necessary to insure success, he having ascertained, (through agents in the United States,) that thousands stood ready to volunteer in behalf of the Canadian people, whenever their services should be required.”

“Did you see any of the correspondence between the prisoner and his accomplices ?”

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"Did you request him to show it to you?"

"I did. At the close of our last conversation, I re-
 solved to give information against him, and desired a
 perusal of his correspondence. He said he had com-
 mitted all to me flames."

"Did you understand when he intended bringing
 his rebellious force to bear against the Government?"

"Very well," answered Doty, promptly. "He
 said that, although every thing would be in readiness
 for a good attempt in the course of a fortnight, it was
 not intended to make one for at least six months—that
 his forces were daily increasing, and that, by the ex-
 piration of that time, he thought the plans of the rebels
 would be so well matured, their failure would be mor-
 ally impossible."

"Notwithstanding your determination to inform
 against the prisoner, you still omitted your duty to
 your King, in this respect—did you not?"

"I did."

"What reason would you give for the omission?"

"Friendship for the man, caused me to defer my
 duty to His Majesty; and I justified myself in the
 prisoner's assurance, that no operations against the
 Government, would be undertaken within six months.
 Nevertheless, it never was my intention to withhold
 the information entirely, unless satisfied that he had
 abandoned his designs."

"You are not aware, however, that the prisoner's
 designs, in this respect, have at all abated?"

"I am not," answered the witness.

"Do you believe that they have?"

"I do not; for had I suspected so, even, I should yet have been remiss in my duty, as a loyal subject."

"How long after your last conversation with the prisoner, did you serve as his deputy?"

"Not a moment."

"What caused you to leave his service so suddenly?"

"The story I have related, will, perhaps, answer that question," answered Doty; and the examination in chief being here closed, Mr. Wilcox commenced a cross examination.

"Doty," interrogated our hero, "does the Sheriff's office contain more than one room?"

"It does," answered the witness briefly.

"How many then?"

"Two."

"For what purposes were these rooms respectively used?"

"One was occupied exclusively by yourself; and the other was used for business purposes."

"In which of the rooms was I, when you entered the office on the morning of your alleged conversation with me?"

"In the private one, but I had not been long in the office when you came to me and commenced the conversation I have related."

"You have stated that this conversation took place on the twenty-fifth of August last?"

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"I have," replied the witness.

"The warrant under which I was apprehended, was founded on your complaint—was it not?"

"I presume so."

"In that complaint then, you mentioned the same day and month, as the time of the alleged treasonable developement?"

"Certainly."

"You are very sure then, that you can not be mistaken with regard to the time, I presume?"

"Very sure," answered Doty.

"Were you more than once at my office during that day?"

"I was not; nor have I ever had my foot inside of it since," replied the witness, with an insolent and significant air.

"Did any misunderstanding arise between us, during the time you served as my deputy?"

"We did not always agree."

"Can you mention the time when our first serious misunderstanding took place?"

"On the twenty-fifth day of August last," answered Doty with strong emphasis.

"What was its cause?" interrogated Mr. Wilcox, in a pointed manner; and the witness with evident embarrassment, answered:—"The story which I have related is a sufficient explanation of its cause."

"I should, however, like a more explicit answer."

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"It would be taking up time to no purpose," argued Doty saucily.

"I wish you, nevertheless, to answer the question directly," rejoined Mr. Wilcox.

"I have already answered it in such a way that all can understand who will."

"Do you then mean, to have it understood by the court and jury, that the only serious variance between us, was caused by the alleged treasonable language?"

"I have answered the question," said Doty sulkily.

"I would have you answer it better," said Mr. Wilcox, and Doty, remaining silent, he at length appealed to the court.

Carleton whispered to the Chief Justice, and His Lordship, after a few moments, enquired:—"Prisoner, what is your object in wishing to enforce a more direct answer to the question?"

"The only object that I could have in desiring a direct answer would be to know literally the intention of the witness," replied our hero.

"It appears to me," rejoined the Chief, "that the witness has already virtually answered the question, and I think so as to be well understood."

"I contend, notwithstanding your Lordship's opinion, that his answers with regard to the point I am pressing to, have been prevaricating—in as much as they leave the mind without positive satisfaction," sur-rejoined the prisoner, spiritedly.

The Secretary again dictated to the Chief Justice

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and Mr. O'Cleary rising from his seat at the bar, addressed His Lordship.

"My Lord," said he, "I am proud to assert before the greatest concourse I ever beheld in a court-house in Upper Canada, that I am a friend of the prisoner at the bar. By the rules of our court I shall be debarred the pleasure of addressing the jury in his behalf; (for I expect to be on the witness' stand before this trial will have been finished,) yet I can speak to your Lordship for his legal benefit.

"May my heart and my lips never be backward in the cause of the oppressed, but when I have cognizance of facts which assure me that perjury and subornation of perjury, have been resorted to, in order to convict Mr. Wilcox of a crime of which he is no more guilty than your Lordship—when I know the barefaced malignancy which your Lordship's associate on the right, has, in defiance of both law and justice, for a length of time exhibited against my friend, and behold him now dictating a course which would tend to shield the character of a miscreant witness; should I remain silent, I should not only prove myself unworthy of the station I hold at the bar, but an accessory to the perjury which has just been committed for the purpose of supporting this prosecution."

"Mr. O'Cleary," interrupted the Secretary in a loud and threatening voice:—"Mr. O'Cleary, you have forgotten where you are!"

"By no means, I know well where I am."

"The court will not be brow-beaten, sir!" cried Carleton.

"Nor will I, as one of the people of Upper Canada, tamely see the laws of my country trampled under foot."

"Mr. O'Cleary! Will you persist?" said the Secretary in a voice trembling with rage.

"It is my right to persist; and depend on it, I shall ever feel it a duty to animadvert on the conduct of him who perverts the true object of the law, while he professes to administer it," retorted the Barrister; and then without giving the Secretary an opportunity of replying, he again addressed the Chief Justice.

"A Judge," continued Mr. O'Cleary, "is sworn to administer the law in its purity, and any submission to vindictive dictations or prejudice, would stamp the crime of perjury on his character, as readily as if he were to take a false oath on the witness' stand. Yet how often have we seen Judges on the Bench of Upper Canada warped by malevolent tales and political feeling from their sacred duty, and lend themselves even to legal chicanery, in order to promote conviction.

"Your Lordship and I are equally cognizant of the numerous state trials which have, within the last few years, taken place in this province. We have both, too, seen men whom no unprejudiced mind could pronounce guilty of the crimes for which they were arraigned, consigned to the gallows by the connivance of corrupt Judges and packed juries. In short we both know

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that it is a principle grafted in our government, that no man who is accused of a political offence shall escape the penalty prefixed to it—whether he be innocent or guilty :—as if the sacrifice of human blood were necessary at any rate, to support the fabrick.—How corrupt, rotten and tottering must an institution be that requires such a prop !

“ My Lord, beware of the demon who whispers in your ear !—Beware of the Nero of Upper Canada ! He would have you prejudice the prisoner. Act in accordance with that humane principle of the law, that deems every man innocent till found guilty by a verdict of his peers. Nay—be in reality what the law intends, your Lordship—both Judge and counsel for the prisoner.

The Barrister paused for a moment, and then added in a positive manner :—“ Mr. Wilcox is entitled to a direct answer from the witness !”

The Chief Justice knew well that no legal reason could be assigned for refusing to enforce an answer to the prisoner’s question. Nevertheless, he would fain have pleased the Secretary ; nor could he help exhibiting some resentment in his manner at the allusions of Mr. O’Cleary.

His Lordship replied :—“ Mr. O’Cleary, the prisoner asked the witness when the first serious misunderstanding between them occurred. The answer was—on the twenty-fifth day of August last. The cause was then asked, and Doty replied that the story

related, explained it. The prisoner, after exchanging some words with the witness, asked him if he meant to have it understood, that the variance between them had been occasioned by the alleged treasonable language. This was of course the intention of the witness. I, at any rate, believed it to be, and I think all who heard his answer, must have understood as I did. What, then, can be the object in enforcing an answer in different words, which could have no other effect? To indulge the prisoner," added the Chief Justice, "would be to encourage him in a course of examination of witnesses which would prolong the trial without any advantage to himself."

The Barrister rejoined:—"With due deference to your Lordship's opinion, it is to be presumed that the prisoner or his counsel is more capable of judging of the advantage or disadvantage that is to be derived from the witness' direct answer, than any other person. But this is not the point on which the court is called to decide. Is the prisoner entitled or not to a direct answer? is the question to be decided: and your Lordship is aware that, by the law of evidence, a witness is bound to answer every legal question directly, unless by doing so he would criminate himself."

"Duty, undoubtedly, intended to convey to the minds of the court and jury, that the cause of his departure from the service of Mr. Wilcox, was the treasonable language alleged in the evidence. But if there is no reservation in his mind at variance with this

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idea, why does he object to answer the question whether he means to be understood thus directly? His answer, of course, would be yea or nay; and he would, therefore, not be under the necessity of criminating himself. Consequently, there is no legal ground for withholding one."

"That a witness is bound to answer directly every question, that he is bound to answer at all, is too plain a principle of law to admit of a momentary doubt; and your Lordship having admitted that the question is proper, cannot justifiably refuse to enforce a direct answer."

The Chief Justice sur-rejoined:—"I think, Mr. O'Cleary, that the prisoner's desire to enforce a direct answer, can only be founded on caprice. He cannot have any object in it, beneficial to his defence."

"This is merely a surmise of your Lordship's mind. Yet, if it were really true, the prisoner should not be debarred of his legal right."

"The court is not bound to submit to the caprices of a prisoner," said the Chief, in a hasty manner.

"Nor can the court, in justice, attribute caprice to the lawful desire of a prisoner," retorted the Barrister.

"No—no—no," cried voices from the audience.

The Chief Justice gazed in terror on the crowd, and a thousand determined visages were fixed at the Bench.

"Justice! Justice!" vociferated the crowd, and His Lordship soon yielding, the witness answered in the affirmative and retired.

Meddleton was the next witness called on the part of the crown, and being sworn, the Attorney General enquired:—"Are you acquainted with the prisoner?"

"I am," answered the witness.

"Have you long known him?"

"Ever since he arrived in the Province."

"You know him, then, to be a good and loyal subject, I suppose?" said the Attorney General, in an ironical manner.

Meddleton shook his head and laughed.

"Perhaps you know him to be a very disloyal one, then?"

"I do. From the beginning of my acquaintance with him, I suspected him of disaffection. Nevertheless, I did not suspect him of traitorous designs, till five months ago."

"About five months ago, then, you began to suspect the prisoner of traitorous designs?"

"About five months ago, I was assured that his designs were such."

"Ah!—assured, indeed!—how?"

"By his own lips."

"Well—what did he say?"

"He said a plan for the subversion of our Government had been nearly brought to maturity—that a large quantity of munitions of war was secured for use, and that fifty thousand men were enrolled in the two Provinces of Canada."

"Did he speak of a rebellious correspondence?"

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"He did," answered Meddleton. "He even boasted of holding a correspondence, as well with United States' citizens friendly to his cause, as rebels residing in both Provinces of Canada."

"Did you see any of the correspondence?"

"I did not. He refused to let me see it; and he also cautiously concealed the names of his accomplices."

"He was in this respect acting on honor, I suppose," said the Attorney General with facetious irony.

"They say there is honor amongst thieves," returned Meddleton, and the whole official corps laughed outright.

"Did he invite you to join him?" interrogated the counsel for the crown.

"He did. In short," continued the witness, "he told me that there was a deep and unerring plot laid for the subversion of the Governments of the Canadas—that he was, himself, a principal concerter of the matter, and offered to guarantee to me an honorable rank, if I would embark with him in the rebellious cause."

"Did he anticipate any assistance from the United States' people or Government?"

"He said a war between Great Britain and the United States, was inevitable; and that, in such case, the United States and rebel armies, would act in concert. However, he thought the rebels had strength enough within themselves, to effect the independence of the Canadas."

The Attorney General smiled contemptuously at the concluding words of Meddleton, and then dropping on to his seat, Mr. Wilcox took the witness.

"At what time and place did this interview and conversation, of which you have spoken, take place?" interrogated the prisoner.

"About five months ago, at the Sheriff's office," answered the witness.

"Can you not specify the day?"

"I think I have a paper in my pocket, that will show the very day. I made memoranda of the conversation," said Meddleton, with unblushing effrontery.

Mr. Wilcox could not help looking in wonder at the witness, as he desired him to refer to the memoranda; and he even appeared much disconcerted when Meddleton, with a semblance of candor that veracity could not have surpassed, drew a paper from one of his pockets—glanced his eyes over it, and stated that the treasonable designs of which he had testified, were developed to him on the twentieth day of September.

After hesitating in reflection, a few moments, our hero said to the witness:—"Be sure that your memoranda do not mislead you."

"That was the very day. This cannot err. I made it in ten minutes after leaving your office," returned Meddleton, as he held up his paper, triumphantly.

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"Have you also made a memorandum of the hour?"

"I have not; but recollect very distinctly, it was early in the afternoon."

"During office hours, then?"

"Certainly."

"For what purpose did you visit my office, at that time?"

"For the purpose of answering your call. I was passing it, and you invited me in," answered the witness with promptness; and then he was allowed to retire.

The evidence of Doty could be fully confuted by Mr. O'Cleary, and circumstantially by Johnson; while an alibi could be proved as regarded the interview sworn to by Meddleton.

"The last witness, fortunately for our hero, had fixed the day of his alleged conversation with him, during the period of Miss Carleton's malady; and Mrs. Darwin could swear positively, that on the twentieth day of September, he was at the forest cottage. Yet, apprehensive that this lady, in the course of an examination, might be under the necessity of exposing the refuge of her niece, a question, as to the propriety of calling her as a witness, arose in Mr. Wilcox's mind. He advised with Mr. O'Cleary.

The testimony of Meddleton being very positive, and his manner and language being such as left no room for suspicion, even, against his veracity, the Barister thought the evidence of Mrs. Darwin could not be dispensed with.

Sam Johnson, (who, at the commencement of the trial, had posted himself as near his master as possible,) had his eyes and ears both open; and although the conference between Messrs. Wilcox and O'Cleary, had been conducted in a whisper, he learned enough to believe that there was an opportunity of offering his services.

“Squire,” said he to the Barrister, “If any thing wanted, I'm your chap!”

Mr. O'Cleary replied:—“Mrs. Danwin would be an important witness for your master, Johnson, and her attendance should not be delayed.”

“I a'nt snalish under sich sarcumstances, Squire,” rejoined the servant; and then he began to press through the crowd.

Finding it difficult, however, to force his way through so dense a mass of human flesh, he betook himself to an expedient which relieved him from the necessity of applying his physical powers.

“Folks!” cried he, at the top of his voice, I'm Squire Wilcox's man, and goin after a witness, if you han't no objections?”

The crowd at once parted to the right and left; and the servant becoming garulous with joy, at the readiness of the people to serve his young master, caused hearty and repeated shouts of laughter from the audience, in spite of the voice of the Sheriff.

Mr. Whifler, who had not been the least among the enemies of Mr. Wilcox, was the third and last witness called on the part of the Crown.

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The political conversation which had passed between him and the prisoner, at Darwin house, was thought corroborative of the evidence of Meddleton and Doty. The Divine, therefore, having related in substance, the Government theory of our hero, took a pinch of Macaboy, and was allowed to retire from the witness stand, without a cross-examination. // And the case of the Crown being closed, Mr. O'Cleary offered himself as a witness, on the part of the prisoner. He was sworn.

"Not a word uttered under oath by the first witness, tending to criminate Mr. Wilcox, is true." Doty, to be sure, was at the Sheriff's office on the twenty-fifth day of August last. He was there, however, but a few minutes; and a word respecting the Government, was not spoken during the time," stated the Barrister; and when he waited for a cross examination.

The Attorney General rose from his seat in passion and said:—"Mr. O'Cleary, you have virtually accused Doty of perjury!" "I am well aware that I have," replied the Barrister.

"Doty is considered a very respectable man," rejoined the Attorney General emphatically.

"By a certain faction, I know," sur-rejoined Mr. Cleary.

"Your allusions are censorious!" "They should be. Doty is the tool of a faction!"

the Barrister pointedly. "I was in the private

office

when he entered the public apartment of the Sheriff's office for the last time, according to his own statement, I was arranging an account of Sheriff's fees with Mr. Wilcox, who no sooner heard his deputy enter the office, than he left me to meet him; and leaving the door ajar, I heard every word that passed between them. Mr. Wilcox accused Doty of barbarity towards a prisoner whom he had lately taken—told him that he had frequently heard of similar conduct by his deputy, and dismissed him from his service. I again say," added the Barrister, "that there was no allusion to the Government."

The counsel for the crown feeling no disposition to question farther, Mr. O'Cleary returned to his seat at the bar; while the official party, from the Chief Justice and his associates on the Bench, to the most faithful sycophant, was down cast: and, as if by a general understanding, there was a cessation of proceedings. At length, however, the Chief called on the prisoner to proceed with his defence, and he in answer to the requisition, informed his Lordship that he was in momentary expectation of a witness. The Chief Justice bit his lips in disappointment, and rejoined: "Your witness should have been in readiness, prisoner."

"Had I been furnished with a statement of the defence intended to be brought against me, as I should have been, delay would not have been necessary, Lord," said our hero.

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"Did you not see the warrant under which you were apprehended?"

"I had that privilege through the coercion exercised by Judge Thorpe and the kind exertions of Mr. O'leary. But this was entirely founded on the evidence of Doty. Meddleton was not known to me as a witness till to-day."

The voice of Sam Johnson, announcing the approach of the Honorable Mrs. Darwin, was suddenly heard from the yard, and interrupted the dialogue.

Shouts of welcome resounded again and again from the populace as the lady stepped from her sleigh, and her passage was readily made for her by the crowd.— She reached our hero, and in the face of his oppressors, extended her hand to him, while tears were the faithful interpreters of the language of her heart.— Here, indeed, friendship dwelt—true friendship—not to be removed by the adversity of its object, nor the frowns of the powerful.

The Chief Justice again told the prisoner that the court was waiting on him, and Johnson being at once called and sworn as a witness, the Attorney General suggested the propriety of questioning him respecting a religious creed.

"My Lord," said the counsel for the crown, "this witness has been brought up in a country where atheism is tolerated, and I think, before being permitted to give evidence in the matter before the court, it would be a necessary precaution to examine him with regard to his religion."

The Chief Justice acquiesced, and the Attorney General abruptly interrogated:—"Johnson, do you believe in a God?"

The witness addressed the Chief Justice in feigned anger:—"Judge, I aint a goin to be sassed!"

"Answer the question, witness!" commanded His Lordship.

"I'm a civil man myself, Judge, and if I aint as big as some folks, I like to be treated civil!"

"The question is a civil one, and must be answered!"

"If you say so, Judge, it must be so. Howsomever, I'm a leetle suspicious myself about the civil part."

"Answer the question, sir!" cried Carleton in sudden passion at Johnson.

The servant smiled placidly at the Secretary, and in turn said:—"Don't git out a sorts, Captin, for I don't want nothin but the thing that's right."

Carleton's teeth chattered in rage. The Chief Justice looked indignant at the servant, and the Attorney General renewed in a loud and imperative voice the question:—"Johnson, do you believe in a God?"

"Sartin—do you think I'm a natteral fool, Squire?" said Johnson. "Do you, then believe in future rewards and punishments?"

"I had ort, any how."

"Answer the question!"

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"You have not yet answered my question."

"You seem to be desperate particuler, Squire."

"Answer the question directly! Do you believe in future rewards and punishments?"

"It's my idee, Squire, if a feller goes through this world with a clean conscience, he'll find his sarcumstances in 'tother considerable easy. Then agin, it's my idee if he don't go along as he had ort in this'n, he'll any how, feel in tother, as though it would a been a leetle better for 'im."

"My Lord," said the Attorney General, while half choking with passion:—"My Lord, the witness is incorrigible!"

The Chief gazed round on the audience, as if he would consult their sense of Johnson's conduct, before taking any decided step. Many a mirthful eye met his Lordship's, and assured him that the course of the servant was not unpopular. A knowledge of human nature too, convinced the Chief that the feelings of a congregated people ought in prudence to be flattered, rather than resisted; and he, therefore, determined to exercise his authority over the witness with moderation.

"Witness," said his Lordship at length, "you should answer all proper questions without reserve."

"I calculate to do so, Judge."

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"Why not answer the question of the Attorney General then?"

"Han't I agin and agin Judge?"

"Not directly."

"Well Judge, if I han't, I can try agin, and may be he'd best put his questions in a leetle plainer shape," said Johnson, and the Chief Justice, directing the examination to be continued, the Attorney General still boiling with passion interrogated:—"You want the question put in a plainer way—ha?"

"A leetle plainer," answered the witness.

"Well, do you believe in future rewards?—that is to say—do you believe that the just will be rewarded in Heaven?"

"That's my idee complete, Squire."

The Attorney General looked at his Lordship in dissatisfaction, and the Chief said, "I think the answer sufficiently explicit. He of course means by the word idea—opinion, and opinion and belief are synonymous."

"Yea or nay would nevertheless have been more explicit my Lord," returned the counsel for the crown with passionate emphasis.

His language is indeed peculiar," rejoined the Chief Justice briefly, lest he should encourage discussion, and the counsel again questioned the witness.

"Johnson, do you believe in future punishment—that is to say, continued he, in a jeering manner, "do you believe that the wicked in this life will be tormented in another world?"

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"Accordin to my notion, Squire, some folks will never git their desarts till the old boy gits 'em—that's a fact!"

"I wish the old boy had you!" vociferated the Attorney General.

"I recking you're a leetle put out at me Squire, but you ha'nt no reason as I know on."

"What will be the situation of a wicked man in a future state?" fumed the counsel.

"I can't say exactly Squire, but I should'nt wonder if it would be ruther oneasy."

The Attorney General cast his eyes in wrath towards the Bench.

The Chief Justice heeded him not, but Carleton in sympathetic rage attempted to enforce a direct answer.

"Sam," vociferated the secretary, "answer the question directly or make up your mind to go to gaol!"

"Captin, you dont ort to begin to pick at me too!"

"Is there a place of future punishment or not?"

interrogated Carleton with a voice of thunder.

"Tan't for me to say, right up and down, as I know on captin. Howsomever, I've got an idee about it."

"What is your idee then?"

"Well captin, I cant git round thinkin that some folks will git desperate hard feed in tother world, that's considerable crank in this'n, that's a fact!" answered Sam Johnson, and then he winked, and nodded significantly at the secretary.

Carleton became speechless with rage at the servant's intimation and manner, and the Attorney General persisted, "will you say Johnson, without reserve, that mankind will be punished in a future state for the deeds done in this carnal body?"

"One man will Squire—no mistake! But I cant go the figure clean out, that's a fact."

"Not another word of your nonsense sir!" fumed the counsel.

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I cant gin in to the idee that every body's folks, is goin to suffer for the consarned works o' one! that's a fact squire."

"Is there a hell?" interrogated the Attorney General furiously.

"Sartin—and a devil too, and I'm glad on't," ejaculated the incorrigible Johnson, while he looked pointedly at the counsel.

The mirth that had been gathering in the hearts of the audience from the commencement of the young Yankee's examination, was now spent in shouts of laughter, amidst which the Attorney General dropped on to his seat.

The uproar being over, Mr. Wilcox commenced the examination of the witness in chief.

"Johnson, how long have you lived in this town?" asked the prisoner.

"It's goin on four years sence I come to york," answered the witness.

"What has been your occupation during your residence here?"

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"I've been what folks call a sarvant."

"Who have you served?"

"Only captin Carleton, and squire Wilcox."

"How long since you left the service of Mr. Carleton?"

"A leetle better than five months ago."

"Did you at any time before leaving his service, hear a conversation between him and John Doty?"

"I recking I did, onct any how."

"What was the subject of discourse then?"

"Squire Wilcox and the walkin paper, Deputy Doty got from 'im."

"You heard Doty admit then that he had been dismissed from my service—did you?"

"Sartin—and he made a desperate fuss about it too."

"How long since you heard the conversation?"

"Not fur from six months ago. A leetle before I quit the captin's sarvice."

"Did he on that occasion, even intimate that he abandoned the office of Deputy Sheniff, of his own accord?"

"Not by a long chalk. He tell'd the Captin lump and plain he was turned out o'nt."

Mr. Wilcox resigned the witness to the Counsel for the crown, who with unabated warmth interrogated;—

Do you dare to say on oath sir, that John Doty acknowledged to Mr. Carleton that he had been turned out of the service of the prisoner?"

"Ha'nt I already squire? and if you a'nt satisfied with my say so, put the question to the captin 'imself—that's to say if he can act Judge and witness both."

"You have indeed said so before, and now let me know how you happened to hear the conversation of which you have spoken!"

"Well Squire, I was one day drivin the Captin out, when Deputy Doty met us and seemed as though he wanted to say somethin. The Captin telled me to hold up, and then they chatted about the consarn."

"And Doty took the liberty to stop the Secretary in the street, this being his only business?"

"I did'nt say that Deputy Doty stopped the Captin."

"Did you not say that the Secretary's stop was made at the instance of Doty?"

"I recking not Squire. I said the deputy looked as though he wanted somethin, and the Captin telled me to hold up—that's the story."

"State then litterally what followed this holding up."

"The hosses stopped stock still, and so did the carriage—the Captin and your humble sarvant."

"Did any conversation follow?" vociferated the Attorney General.

"Sartin."

"Respecting what then?"

"All about Squire Wilcox."

"What was the tenor of it?"

"Well, Squire, I considered it ruther sassy. However, I didn't wonder much, for Deputy Doty'd

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Carleton whispered to the Chief Justice, and His Lordship interrupted the examination, alleging that he could see no object in pressing the witness upon a point to which he had already testified. The Attorney General however, still desirous of persisting, said in an impatient manner:—"My Lord be assured that I would pursue no course without having an object in view."

The Secretary again spoke in the ear of the Chief, who replied to the Counsel with decisive emphasis:—

"Any conversation which may have passed between the Secretary and Doty can not be of importance to the Crown. I therefore beg, Mr. Attorney General, that you will not again bring the witness' attention to it."

The Barrister yielded reluctantly, and at length resumed the examination of the witness with a temper, by no means mollified by the decision of the court.

"Johnson," said he, enquiringly, "you have lived in Mr. Carletons's house as a servant?"

"Sartin;—and I sarved him a considerable time too."

"You are not now however, very friendly to him, I think?"

"There's no perticular friendship between us, as I know on."

"Are you not a particular enemy of the Secretary?"

"I ha'n't nothin agin the Captin on my own account Squire."

"You mean to say then, that you have no unfriendly feeling towards your former master?"

"Sartin—I haint nothin whatsomever agin 'im on my own account."

"Recollect that you are under oath, Sir!"

"You wont find my memory as short as Deputy Doty's, Squire," retorted Johnson.

"You have never had any difficulty with the Secretary, I suppose?" said the Attorney General enquiringly and ironically.

"I and the Captin's had some snarls—no mistake. Howsomever, he ginerally got off second best, and I ha'n't nothin agin 'im for 'em. Satisfaction's satisfaction, Squire!"

"What was the cause of your leaving the Secretary's service?" interrogated the counsel at the top of his voice.

"'Ta'nt my business to tell tales out a doors, Squire."

"Mind my question alone, sir!"

"Must I answer 'im, Judge?" enquired the witness of His Lordship.

"Certainly. The question is proper," replied the Chief.

"Well, Squire," said Johnson in reply to the Attorney General:—"Well, Squire, a considerable dust was the cause on't."

"State plainly the cause of your leaving Mr. Carlton's service."

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"I understand you, Squire; but to gin you a right
see on't, I'll have to tell a considerable long story."

"Were you, or were you not turned out of his
service?" interrogated the counsel vehemently.

"I'll jest tell the sarcumstances clean out, Squire;
and then you can have your own idees about that part
n't."

"I have asked you for your idees, sir!"

"Well, Squire, my idee is that I wa'nt, but would
been."

"You think you would have been turned out of his
service—ha?"

"I sartinly do."

"You believe that your conduct could not have
been endured longer by your mæster?"

"It wouldn't a been, any how, I conclude."

"Very well—this looks a little more like candor,"
said the Attorney General, in a moderate voice.

"I'm on oath, Squire,—and for my part, I consider
pretty particular bizness."

"You ought to consider it so, at any rate."

"No mistake—it's pretty particular bizness."

"You recollect, undoubtedly, the provocation your
mæster had for dismissing you?"

"I telled you that, accordin' to my idee, I wa'nt
dismissed."

"You admitted, however, that there were sufficient
provocations for dismissing you."

"The Captin thought so, I calculate."

"Well, then—what were the Secretary's ideal provocations?"

"Shall I tell the hull on 'em?"

"Yes, and without reserve."

"Well, Squire—to begin, there'd been a gineral idee that the Captin'd scart Miss Carry to 'er long ham. Howsomever, the Captin aint slow, and he twigged 'er at a tea-shine at Darwin-house, and seemed as though the gall put the devil in 'im; f—

"Sam!" cried Carleton in sudden rage.

"That's my name, Captin," interrupted the witness.

"Sam, there must be an end to this!"

"Sartin; but the eend's a good ways off yit, Captin."

"Let it end here, sir!" fumed the Secretary.

"Jest as you and the Squire can agree, Captin. Howsomever, the Squire seems detarmined to ha the hull on't."

The Chief Justice interfering before the Secretary could again speak, said:—"Witness,"—

"Your sarvant, Judge," interrupted the Yank in the act of bowing low to His Lordship.

"Witness," repeated the Chief, with subdued anger, "you must try to keep nearer the point on which Majesty's Counsel is questioning."

"The Squire's question, howsomever, Judge, concludes a considerable many pintes."

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ascertain the circumstances which caused your departure from the service of the Secretary."

"That's my idee too, Judge, and the sarcumstances make up the story I was beginnin'."

"The immediate cause of your departure, however, must be alone, the object of the Attorney General's question," said his Lordship.

"Of course, My Lord," interlarded the Counsel for the Crown. "But the witness, decidedly in the interest of the prisoner, is determined to prevaricate me out of it."

"Squire," said Sam Johnson, and he looked reproachfully at the Attorney General as he spoke:—"Squire, you do'nt ort to talk that way, when, if my memory sarves me, you telled me, I must gin you all the Captin's idee-ill provocachins."

"I ask you now, then, what the immediate cause of your leaving Mr. Carleton's service was?" interrogated the Counsel for the Crown, in a hasty manner."

"I'd like to understand you perfectly Squire, for I don't like to be dinged at to etarnity, about the consarn."

"Tell nothing, then, in answering my questions, that is not connected with the very hour of your departure from the Secretary's house!"

"Then I a'nt to say nothin about the Captin's folerin a strange gall to Buffalo for his'n—nor about the buckin I and he got in the river—nor about the promise he made, to let Miss Carry choose for 'erself, if I'd

keep 'im from drowndin—nor how he backed out on 'is bargain—had the gall nabed, and was goin to have her spliced, whether or no, to Squire Cranmore—nor how he agreed, in the eend, to let 'er be riged for the weddin jest as he found 'er at the tea shine at ——”

“Cease, sir!” cried Carleton, frantically.

“I'm agreed' Captin, if the Judge and Squire be.”

“The Chief Justice losing sight, for a moment, of the guard he had placed over himself, said, in an elevated voice:—“Witness, you will compel me to commit you!”

“You're considerably mistaken, Judge. 'Taint my mater to drive, any how; and I shouldn't consider a big bizness for a young chap like me, to drive old folks like you, to do things they don't ort.”

His Lordship stared in indignation at the Yankee while the half suppressed laugh that buzzed through the court house, deterred him from taking further notice of the repartee.

After a pause of several moments, the Attorney General said to the witness, in a peremptory manner:—“You must come to the point at once, Johnson! your conduct cannot be brooked, patiently, any longer!”

“If I a'nt to tell nothin that don't come within the hour, and if the Captin don't meddle agin, I reckon I'll git along with the consarn in considerable show order, Squire.”

“Speak of nothing that is not connected with the case of your departure, at any rate!”

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“Well, Squire—Miss Carry was the Captin’s prisoner, and I was his turn-key. The Captin sent Sally, the sarvant gail, to dress ’er, and I let ’er into the room. After a while there was considerable stirrin and fussin about with the galls, as though somethin was goin on they did’nt want every body’s folks to know on, and I felt a lectle curious, I tell you. Howsomever, it wan’t my bizness to peek through the key-hole, when the galls was drossin ——”

“Not another word of this matter, Sam!” interrupted Carleton; and then he looked with a frantic expression at the Chief Justice, as if his Lordship was more an object of his vengeance, than the servant.

“I’m within the hour, Captin!” returned Johnson, while he looked in feigned surprise at the Secretary.

“Villain!” growled Carleton, through fixed teeth: “You shall not persist with impunity!”

“If the Squire will gin me clear, I say agin, I’m agreed; but he keeps dingin, dingin, dingin at me, and I don’t know how in nater I’m goin to please both you—that’s a fact!”

The Secretary became again speechless with passion; and the Attorney General, scarce less enraged than he, cried:—“Johnson, this trifling is to be borne no longer, I tell you!”

“If the Captin interrupts bizness, you don’t ort to come me for’t Squire. Howsomever, it seems as though you’re set, among you, upon usin me up,” replied the young Yankee.

"Witness, rejoined the Counsel in a deep voice, "If there is not an end to this abuse, I shall move the court to commit you."

"There would a been an eend to it before, Squire, if the Captin hadn't made a fuss about it. I was jest ngoin on to say, that after the galls had fussed round in the room a considerable time, I let one on 'em out, rigged accordin to the bargain between the Captin and Miss Carry. Squire Cranmore was waitin at the door, and she took hold o' his arm, and went into the drawin room with 'im—and there they was spli——"

"Johnson!" thundered the Attorney General.

"Squire," said the witness, in turn, as he bowed obsequiously to the counsel.

"Johnson—I tell you that this must be finished!"

"I'm jest at the eend on't, Squire. This gall was spliced to Squire Cranmore, and turned out to be Sally the sarvant gall: and Miss Carry'd taken leg-bail. The Captin was desperately rigged, and blamed me for't——"

The Attorney General again interrupted the witness' story, by moving for his commitment. But the Chief Justice was in a dilemma; for the popularity of Johnson was too evident to render such a step sure impunity. He, therefore, after some reflection, thought he would evade the motion.

"Mr. Attorney General," said His Lordship, "could I see clearly the object you have in view, perhaps I would not hesitate to enforce the power of the

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court over the witness; but I must confess I begin to doubt the legality of your course."

The counsel explained.

"It is not always necessary," said he, "for counsel to be so cautious, as to withhold from the court his real object, in pressing answers on points that in themselves appear trivial. On this occasion, however, I have to deal with a man whom, (your Lordship has perceived,) not only piques himself on his double-edged powers, but who is indeed somewhat wily. I have, therefore, endeavored to conduct his examination without discovering to him my real drift, and have consequently been constrained to keep your Lordship also in ignorance of it.

"The witness has, undoubtedly, felt secure in the belief, that the Honorable Mr. Carleton, (being associated with your Lordship,) could not be called from the Bench to the witness' stand. This is evident from a remark that, notwithstanding his self-sufficient chicanery, inadvertently fell from his lips at an early stage of his cross-examination. He has stated pointedly, (and by doing so, he has in substance confuted all the material evidence of the first witness,) that Doty confessed to your Honorable associate, that he had been dismissed from the service of the prisoner; and has had even the audacity to assert that the Secretary himself, would have to corroborate, in this respect, his testimony. Trusting, therefore, that this part of his evidence could be readily confuted by him,

whom he thought could not change his judicial capacity for that of a witness, I wished to have him fully commit himself, by a relation of the alleged conversation between the Secretary and deputy Sheriff. In this your Lordship foiled me. Besides, however, instructed that instead of leaving, of his own accord, the service of Mr. Carleton, he was dismissed from it, and believing that his pride would at length fully overcome his veracity, I have persisted in questions to this point, in order to strengthen the evidence I intend to adduce against his credibility."

"If this be the only ground on which you claim the interference of the court, I must refuse your motion, Mr. Attorney General," said the Chief. "Could you show that the point at which you are aiming would in any way strengthen a material fact of the case, then it would be a proper subject of examination. But if it be isolated and immaterial, save for the purpose of criminating the witness, certainly the law would not justify me in granting your request."

"The witness must have his own way, then, my Lord," said the Attorney General, in a sarcastic tone.

The aspect of the Chief Justice betrayed a strong feeling of resentment at the indirect taunt of the counsel, as he said imperatively in turn:—"It is my opinion, at any rate, Mr. Attorney General, that your requisition of the witness cannot be legally enforced!"

Sam Johnson took advantage of a pause to address His Lordship.

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"Judge," said he, "sence I've gone so fur, I may jest as well eend the story as no. There aint but a leetle more on't."

"Witness," replied the Chief Justice impatiently, "I have decided that you are not bound to answer the question. You may retire."

"I'm jest as much obleeged to you Judge, as though I didn't want to accommodate the Squire. Howsomewher, I ha'nt no objections to go to the eend on't, as I know on."

"Sam," cried the Secretary in stammering rage, "are you determined to prolong this tale?"

"Sartinly not, Captin—it had ort a been eended before; but I don't ort to be blamed; for, when I was put out, I was jest eendin it. I said you felt desperately rigged by the galls, and blamed me for it;—and then I was goin on to say, that I see there wa'nt no use in arguin the pinte, you'd got in sich a fuss—I concluded I'd a leetle ruther leave your sarvice an be kicked out on't."

Johnson bowed low and in succession to the Secretary, the Chief Justice and the Attorney General, and retired from the witness' stand.

Mrs. Darwin was next called, and with a word, as were, sapped the foundation of Meddleton's fabrication. And the Attorney General, nearly forgetting urbanity in vexation, began an abrupt cross-examination.

"Madam," said His Majesty's counsel, "you have been in very positive terms!"

"I have the very best reason for speaking so," replied the lady.

"You think, then, that it was not possible for Mr. Meddleton to see the prisoner without your knowledge?"

"I know that he could not have had an interview at the Sheriff's office with Mr. Wilcox on the twentieth day of September last," answered the lady firmly.

"Why so positive, Mrs. Darwin?"

"Because, during that day I was continually associated with Mr. Wilcox, as an attendant and companion of a sick lady."

"A sick lady!" ejaculated the Attorney General.

"A sick lady," repeated the Honorable Mrs. Darwin.

"You are, at any rate, perfectly satisfied that Mr. Meddleton did not see the prisoner the day he named under oath?" said the counsel in an enquiring and sarcastic tone of voice.

"I am."

"You surprise me, madam!"

"Very like," retorted the lady, with a contemptuous manner, and her examination was urged no farther. The Attorney General, however, thinking that he might destroy the credibility of Sam Johnson, approached the Bench; but, after holding a momentary conversation with the Secretary, he returned to his place at the bar; and signifying that he had no rebutting evidence to offer, the prisoner addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," said our hero, "the power in which I placed my trust, has been more careful of me than I could have hoped. Deep and vile have been the designs of my enemies; yet, a watchful providence has disclosed them to your view, and made your task far easier than could have been anticipated at the moment of my arraignment.

"The charge against me has been attempted to be sustained by the evidence of two witnesses—Doty and Meddleton. The evidence of the one has been fully confuted, twice over. Once by Mr. O'Cleary, as well a member of the Legislature as the Bar, and a gentleman who maintains a character of the highest respectability—and once by Samuel Johnson, an individual whose integrity (I do not hesitate to say) was never doubted by one who knows him.

"The evidence of the other has been as decidedly nullified by the Honorable Mrs. Darwin—a lady, too, worthy for my tongue to praise.

"But was it necessary, in order to assure my acquittal, to confute, by three unimpeachable witnesses, the bare-faced perjury by which this prosecution has been supported? I trust not. The wretched instruments themselves have done this in the estimation of every unprejudiced mind. Inconsistency has characterized the evidence of both throughout.

"For instance—I jeopardized my own life;—say they, in the most reckless manner, by giving them the disposal of it: but I was so tender of others that

I could not be persuaded to divulge the name of a single accomplice.

“In the United States, too, I had as a traitor, friends and emisaries; yet, I refused to expose them and their correspondence to even these, my chosen confidants. Why? Lest the foreigners, too, would have become the victims of British law?”

“Doty suffered a war of friendship and conscience—says he—to rage in his breast for several months before he could make up his mind to cast me into the hands of justice! While, however, he professes so gross a dereliction from duty, for my sake, the avidity with which he gave his evidence in chief, showed that there was malignancy lurking in his heart against the object of this prosecution. He was even eloquent in his accusations; but, during his cross-examination he became dull—nay, sulky.

“Meddleton displayed a tact throughout his examination,—seldom, if ever, surpassed. Nevertheless, his ingenuity failed in his desire of certainty. Had he not exhibited his memoranda, my task would, perhaps, have been more arduous. Now, however, every material point of evidence, on the part of the crown is fully contradicted, not only by witnesses, unimpeached, but unimpeachable: and besides its own inconsistency condemns it. Therefore, Gentlemen, confidently submit my case to you, believing that in doing justice to yourselves and your country, you can not but acquit me of the charge alleged in the indictment.”

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The manner and diction of the Attorney General was naturally vigorous. Now, however, he appeared much paralyzed, and his address to the jury in reply, was not only brief but insipid.

The nerves of the Chief Justice had become much disturbed during the trial; and anxious to avoid both the odium of the people and the Government, he made a timorous and temporizing charge: and the jury, without leaving their seats for deliberation, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Mr. Wilcox was suddenly wafted from the dock to the shoulders of his friends, and amidst the deafening cheers of the people, carried to a sleigh in waiting.

He was conveyed in triumph through the principal streets of the capital. Then being left at his own door, the people retired to the fields adjacent to the town—built bon-fires, and hanged and burnt the Governor, Secretary and Chief Justice in effigy.

CHAPTER IV.

At O. Deorum quidquid in cœlo regit
Terras et humanum genus,
Quid iste fert tumultus?—HORACE.

Carleton seeing the bon-fires, and hearing the triumphant jolity of the people, became alarmed for his safety; and proceeding to Government house, obtained an order from the Governor to have the troops of the garrison marched out against them.

The Secretary then waited in person on Sir Anthony Aberthenot, and presented the mandate.

The Knight read the paper over twice, in order to assure himself of its contents, and then looked earnestly at Carleton, as if he would be more particularly informed of the intention of Sir Francis. The Secretary, however, waited for the Knight to break the subject, and Sir Anthony at length enquired :—"What under heaven does this paper mean?"

"Does it not explain itself, Sir Anthony?" enquired Carleton in turn.

"Explain itself!" repeated the Knight. "It professes to; but I consider it altogether a nonsensical thing. Surely, Mr. Carleton," continued Sir Anthony with animation—"surely—His Excellency must have been heated with wine when he wrote it!"

"By no means, Sir Anthony. Our country is in danger throughout from the disaffection of the people and this town—and with it, the very Government is this night liable to fall a prey to an unwieldy and extensive mob."

"Upon my word, Mr. Carleton, you amuse me," said the Knight, and he chuckled as he spoke.

"It is not the time for merriment, however," said Sir Anthony, when we are beset by a rebellious mob," returned the Secretary pointedly.

The Knight rejoined :—"Every thing that does the savor of sycophancy, is attributed in this Province to disaffection. For instance," continued Colonel Aberthenot,

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thenot—"if a man is so unfortunate as to let his risi-
le faculties get the advantage of him, when he sees
the periwig of a Government officer awry, he is at
once pronounced disaffected. If a Government offi-
er pulls his neighbor's nose, and the compliment is
returned, as it ought to be, the defendant is denounced,
any rate, as a rebellious character. But, above all
if one is so bold as to express an opinion that mili-
tes against the selfish interests of those who are not
ly living at the expense of the people's pockets, but
eir liberties, he is hunted like a wild beast, put in
ison as a traitor; and his life is jeopardized by per-
ry. Then," added Sir Anthony, "when the honest
ople of the country think it proper to celebrate with
arks of triumph the acquittal of such an one, the
ddiery is ordered out to murder them. Sir Francis
ust have been in his cups, Mr. Carleton!"
"You are mistaken, Sir Anthony!" said the Sec-
ary in subdued anger.

"Nevertheless, His Excellency will have cause to
ank me to-morrow, for disobeying the mandate.—
ese people are only rejoicing at the escape of young
lcox from his blood-thirsty enemies; and well
y they rejoice, that so honorable, independent, and
able a champion of their rights has not been crush-
He is a clever fellow, Mr. Carleton. May God
him, and cause his enemies to fall before him!"
Allow me to say, Sir Anthony, that you have
ed God's blessing for an enemy to your King."

“I have taken some pains to learn the true character of Mr. Wilcox, and I would like you, Mr. Carleton, to bear in mind, that I consider him a gentleman and that I am his friend. Indeed, the persecuting trial which I had the curiosity to listen, instead of depreciating, raised him in my estimation. An enemy to his King—ha?” continued the Knight, and he grew warm as he spoke. “There is not one amongst his enemies who can, in truth, support such a vituperation. On the contrary, I have found that the various allegations intended to stamp infamy on his character prove him to be an honest, open-hearted and independent gentleman. An enemy to his King! Endeavour with talent and virtue, he is rather an honor to his King and an ornament to his country. An enemy to his King, indeed! He is a true friend to his sovereign; for he independently exposes the corruption of His Majesty’s officers, and thus freely sacrifices his own interest—though by a course of connivance and dissimulation he might arrive at the highest office in the Province.

“Those, Mr. Carleton, who profess to support the dignity of the British crown in this colony, are the real enemies of His Majesty. The course they pursue tends to the destruction of loyalty; for they are scoured at their arrogance—insolence and injustice—length contract a hatred for the source from which their power is derived. If ever, therefore, these American Colonies, or either of them, are separated

learn the true character of the tyrant. I like you, Mr. Carr, to consider him a gentleman, and not a persecuting tyrant. The persecuting tyrant is the subject." The Knight added:—"His Excellency must have been in his cups when he issued the order! Therefore, think myself justifiable in refusing to obey."

"This is the answer, then, that I am to return to the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in Upper Canada?" said the Secretary, in allusion to the last words of Sir Anthony, as he struggled with passion.

"I have not directed any answer to be returned to the mandate of Sir Francis. Humanity dictates disobedience to it, and I will answer for myself when called on. You may communicate any thing you please, by way of performing your own duty to the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in Upper Canada; but, be assured that the titles of His Excellency are by no means terrific to me. Duty is that can be required of a British officer."

The Secretary, notwithstanding his arrogant and insupportable temper, could exercise caution, when interest suggested it. He only indeed exhibited his intolerance towards those whom, he thought, could effectually resist his power.

Sir Anthony was one whose resentment he knew would not with impunity be provoked. He, therefore,

gave no vent to his passions, but retired execrating in his heart the staunch and independent Knight.

CHAPTER V.

Quid immerentes hospites vexas, canis,
Ignavus adversum lupos?—HORACE.

Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The people in their hilarity did not forget their own political interests. Death had lately caused a vacancy in their representation, and this was soon thought of as a favorable opportunity for nominating a candidate to supply the loss.

The effigies, therefore, being hanged and burnt, a spacious booth was built and a meeting organized in it.

Mr. Wilcox was the political idol; but the meeting did not break up on his nomination. Poignant resolutions of censure were passed on various Government measures; nor was the judicial persecution of the day forgotten—this being plainly attributed to official intrigue.

The night being spent, a committee was appointed to wait on our hero, as well for the purpose of soliciting the publication of their resolutions in his paper, as an acquiescence to their desire to become a candidate for a seat in the Provincial Parliament.

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prove his enemies, but to make their persecutions, even, the means of his elevation, excited the strongest feelings of gratitude in the heart of our hero. Tears sparkled on his eyes, when the committee closed their mission, and he said:—"Gentlemen, a day ago, I was doomed (in the hearts of my persecutors) to death: nor did I, by any means, think my escape from their machinations sure. My name, however, was rescued from that ignomy which is associated with the gallows, (though its victim be spotless,) by the independent bearing of my country.

"To you, and those whom you represent, under a merciful providence I owe my life—not to a wholesome administration of the laws. The people have, indeed, given me the most signal assurances, that I am living in a land worthy of the most assiduous efforts of the best men for the promotion of its welfare.

"Language already fails me, when I think of expressing my gratitude, and you are still pressing obligations on me.

"You would honor me with a seat in your Legislature. I will, at any rate, become a candidate for your suffrages, and if a successful one, I may, in the capacity of your representative, evince at least a disposition to repay the debt of gratitude I owe."

The committee waved their hats over their heads, and gave three hearty cheers, while a concourse, without, (awaiting the result of the mission,) at once echoed these evidences of their success:

Mustiface, who was riding by at this juncture, being terrified at the sudden uproar, made a vigorous application of his spurs, and proceeded directly to the garrison. There, dismounting, he waited on Sir Anthony Aberthenot, and with a ghastly aspect reported that there was an insurrectionary movement at the residence of the ex-Sheriff.

The Knight at first laughed out-right; but soon assuming a serious cast of countenance, he apparently, listened with the strictest attention to the official champion.

And the express having finished a relation of the facts on which he grounded his opinion, Colonel Aberthenot opened his port-folio, and wrote an invitation to our hero to dine with him. Then fixing a white handkerchief to the head of his cane, he delivered it and the note to Mustiface, and said :—"Give this letter to Mr. Wilcox, and in order to insure your safety keep this flag well elevated."

"Mr. Wilcox is my enemy, Sir Anthony," returned the official champion, in a tremulous voice.

"If he be a rebel he is an enemy to all His Majesty's subjects," rejoined Colonel Aberthenot.

"He is however, my personal enemy," sur-rejoined the express.

"Your flag of truce will protect you, at any rate," said the Knight; "and if your story be correct, it will not do to lose time in argument. Deliver my note personally, and besides, recollect that I expect you to be the bearer of an answer!"

Mustiface retired in extreme agitation, and mounting his horse, proceeded towards the residence of our hero. However, on coming within sight of the crowd which had evidently increased since he had passed them, he reigned up in hesitation.

The people desirous of personally assuring the ex-Sheriff of their support and suffrages, were continually entering and retiring from his door. Mustiface saw no implements of war, but he doubted not that every man knew where to lay his hand on one; and he was almost bewildered with imaginary terrors.— He dare not, however, disobey the command of the Knight, and at length elevating his flag, the full length of his arm and cane above his head, he proceeded onward.

“Gentlemen,” cried the official champion in a sharp voice, as he approached the concourse:—“Gentlemen, I have a message for your leader, and I hope that you will respect the flag of peace.”

He was at once taken for a wag who was thus deriding the idea commonly held out by the official corps, on seeing an assemblage of the people; and his address was followed by shouts of merriment. He thought of a retreat; but his reins were seized by some sturdy yeomanry, while others helped him from his saddle and conveyed him into the presence of our hero. Here he was discovered to be senseless; nor was he readily resuscitated. But being at length revived by repeated and plentiful applications of cold



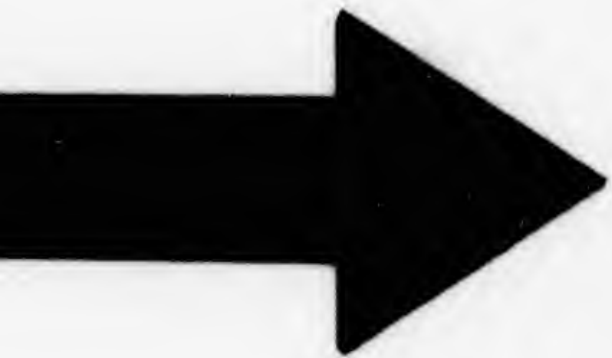
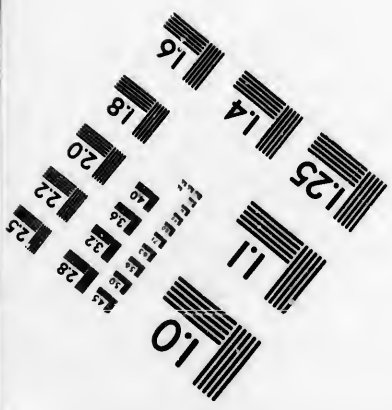
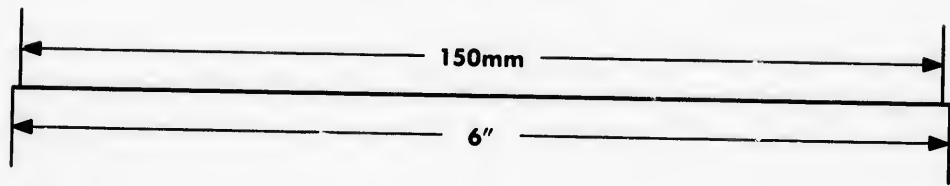
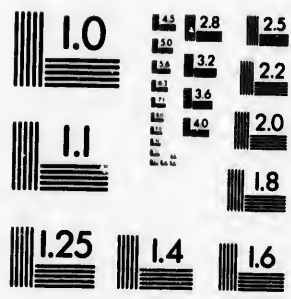
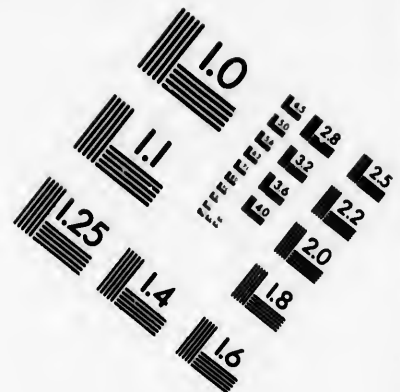
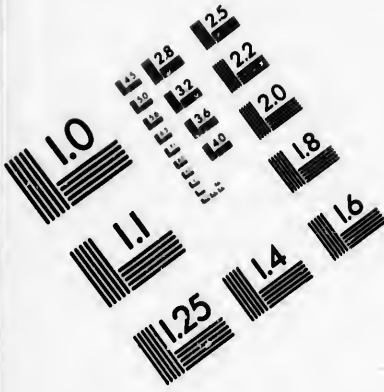


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water, he extended the note of Sir Anthony to Mr. Wilcox, who broke the seal and read its contents with much internal merriment.

"My dear Wilcox," wrote the Knight. "Informed by the bearer of this that your residence is surrounded by a force, with which you intend demolishing the Upper Canada Government, and unwilling to shed human blood, (if the shedding of it can be avoided with honor and safety to the British crown,) I have determined to give you an opportunity of capitulating. The terms I offer, follow:—

Article 1st.—The force under your command to be dismissed by six o'clock this evening.

Article 2d.—In order to satisfy me of your subsequent pacific intention, you must dine with me precisely at seven.

"Please favor me with an answer by Mr. Mustiface, whose safe conduct from your camp will have been insured by his flag of truce."

Our hero penned an answer, in which he promised an unreserved compliance with Sir Anthony's terms and the official champion receiving it with assurance of a safe passage through the throng, withdrew. And being again well mounted and out of his imaginary danger, he exhibited his joy by chuckling and grimaces which excited many a merry laugh, as he galloped on his way.

On meeting Sir Anthony, he delivered our hero's letter with all the buoyancy of feeling that a true

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brave man could experience, on being assured that his character was duly appreciated.

The Knight was susceptible of the ridiculous and fully enjoying the manner of the champion in his heart, said, ironically :—"Few would have been willing to do as you have done, Mustiface !"

"It was neck or nothing, Sir Anthony," boasted the express. "I had no sooner reached the rebels, than my horse's bridle was seized, and an attempt made to dismount me. However,—mounting their heads and shoulders, I made a bridge of them, and struggled my way into the presence of the arch traitor himself."

"And he showed respect to your flag?"

"This," replied the champion, while he waved his ensign of peace triumphantly :—"This, alone, insured my safety there, Sir Anthony !"

"You have fulfilled my most sanguine expectations Mustiface, and I think I now fully appreciate your character," rejoined the facetious Colonel. Then breaking the seal of Mr. Wilcox's answer, he read it, and told the champion that his services would be no longer required, the enemy having consented to the terms proposed.

The Express bowed to the Knight :—

"And looking on him with a sort of smile,
Took leave with such a face of satisfaction
As good men wear who have done a virtuous action."

CHAPTER VI.

By the consent of all, we were established
The people's magistrates.—CORIOLANUS

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan !
Till they groan, like the people, through ages of woe !
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flowed, and which yet has to flow
BYRON.

Mistress upon my life, I tell you true :
I have not breathed almost since I did see it,
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress : fly begone.
SHAKESPEARE.

“ Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.”
LOVES LABORS LOST.

It was the first of April, and the time for the people to redeem their promise to Mr. Wilcox had arrived.

Never was there before in Upper Canada such interest excited by the approach of an election. Official gold and official influence were both used to the utmost on the one hand ; while on the other, the people were indefatigable in their honest efforts to effect their purpose.

The candidates having addressed the free-holders from the hustings, the poll was opened ; and the principal force of the tories being present, this day

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closed with little advantage to the liberal candidate, though he was ahead. Hero, however, ended the prospect of our hero's opponent ; and two days before the legal time for the polls to be closed had elapsed, Mr. Wilcox's election was insured by a numerical superiority of suffrages. Nevertheless, the contest did not end. Carleton was a leading and indefatigable canvasser ; nor dare any of his party yield without his acquiescence. His native obstinacy, therefore, kept him and his adherents in the political field, persevering, as it were, against hope, till the approach of a triumphal carriage for the reception of our hero. The sight of this was too much for the excitable temperament of the Secretary, and he and his satellites suddenly retired.

Mr. Wilcox was elected by an overwhelming majority, and the returning officer having announced his election, he was conveyed in the arms of his constituents amidst deafening cheers to a barouche.

Sir Anthony Aberthonot had daily attended the poll as a gratified observer of the prospects of his young friend. His heart leapt with joy at the result ; nor did he hesitate to raise his military cap and use his lungs in connection with the constituency.

The band of the garrison, too, was at this moment marched to the hustings, unexpected by all, save the Knight, who ordered the national air to be played, and who (the tune being finished) was suddenly wafted to the side of the young representative.

Sam Johnson was seated with the driver, and held with much pride the staff of a flag, on which was painted in large letters, "Joseph Wilcox, the champion of the people's rights;" and the people being formed in procession by Mr. O'Cleary, flags with various and appropriate mottoes and devices floated in the air at suitable distances along the line.

The band again struck up, and four white steeds decorated with ribbons moved slowly and majestically forward with the barouche.

On passing the residences of the Secretary and the other principal functionaries, the populace rent the air with huzzas for our hero; and he having been thus triumphantly escorted throughout the town of York, Mr. O'Cleary in compliance with an invitation from Mrs. Darwin, directed the procession to her dwelling.

A silk flag, with the young representative's name embroidered on it, floated from the roof of Darwin's house, while sumptuous tables were spread within, to cheer him and his friends.

He had scarcely received the hearty congratulations of the lady of the mansion, when the hand of Miss Carlton was extended in affectionate confidence toward him. He thought he had never seen Caroline when she looked so lovely. Nor did he ever before feel such freedom in greeting her. For having been the object of adversity since the day he was assured that his affections were reciprocated, he had, till now, felt in her presence an unconquerable reserve. He could

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not think of wedding her to his afflictions; but this public mark of confidence and sympathy, renovated the hopes so suddenly checked by the tyrannic arm of Government, and he again anticipated a union with the daughter of the Secretary, without derogating from her rank in society.

The people, with the freedom of welcome guests, were fast thronging the rooms in which tables were spread, and Miss Carleton retired to a private apartment.

The Knight looked archly at his young friend as the beautiful girl glided away, and said:—"Wilcox, I know no one who, (I think,) ought to be as happy as you."

The cheeks of our hero were suffused with crimson, as he replied:—"I am indeed happy, Sir Anthony—(I am superstitious,) perhaps too happy; yet I think it would be criminal to allow desponding thoughts to enter my mind when surrounded by friends."

"Certainly, certainly; and I thank God that your enemies have more cause to despond to-day, than you. You have thus far triumphed over all their machinations: and that your heart may ever have cause to feel as gladsome as it ought this day, is the sincere prayer of your friend, Sir Anthony Aberthenot," rejoined the Knight; and then, without giving Mr. Wilcox an opportunity of even ejaculating thanks, he directed his steps to one of the tables.

* * * * *

The guests being regaled, the triumphal carriage was again awaiting our hero; for his constituents would not have considered their duty well finished, without having conveyed him in triumph to his own door.

Sir Anthony, Mr. Wilcox and Mr. O'Cleary, on taking their leave, however, were invited by the Honorable Mrs. Darwin, to return and spend the evening. The latter gentleman declined, pleading a prior engagement; but the two former readily and joyfully accepted the invitation.

The incentive of the Knight, indeed, for spending the evening sociably at Darwin house, was scarce less than that of his young friend. He had not yet reached his fifty-first year, and the tender emotions were not entirely eradicated from his heart.

Having conceived in early life, an unfavorable opinion of the female sex, he had resolved to die a bachelor. The firmest resolutions, however, are liable to be broken; and the Knight had begun to suspect his own, at least, susceptible of fragility.

Though Mrs. Darwin had passed the middle of life, the flower on her cheek had not yet faded, while her well-bred and independant bearing, (characteristic of female virtue,) rendered her at once an object of respect and admiration. For this lady Sir Anthony had contracted, (what he was pleased to term,) a strong friendship.

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It was about eight in the evening when the Knight and his friend again met the ladies, and social happiness was never better represented than by the little circle now seated in the drawing-room of Darwin house. There was a mutual and entire confidence, that caused each to feel secure and unreserved, while the signal triumph of Mr. Wilcox had shed a lucid ray of joy to the hearts of all.

The election, being soon adverted to by Mrs. Darwin, became the topic of conversation during the early part of the night. Nor was the curiosity of the ladies left ungratified. Sir Anthony, who had been a strict observer of both political parties at the poll, gave a minute and amusing description of the intrigues and counter-intrigues resorted to on the occasion.

He concluded with an anecdote of Sam Johnson.

"The feats of Johnson," continued he, "gave me as much satisfaction as any thing except the success of our friend, that occurred during the election. One of them particularly amused me.

"It is unnecessary to say to those who know Cranmore, that he is a thick-head. He approached the poll to vote, and Johnson having followed close on his steps, stationed himself beside him. The Barrister's name was recorded, and the returning officer requested him to name the candidate for whom he intended voting. Johnson suddenly whispered in his ear, and our friend was named.

"The vote was recorded. Cranmore attempted to

correct it; but Mr. O'Cleary, who kindly acted as poll inspector for Mr. Wilcox, protested against an amendment.

"The Barrister declared that he had inadvertently spoken the name—that he had not intended to vote for Mr. Wilcox, and that he would not allow his vote to remain so recorded. Mr. O'Cleary, however, produced the law in support of his protestation. It was absolute. Moreover, the liberal party was the strongest, and the returning officer decided against the Barrister.

"The decision being made, Cranmore, declaring that he would redouble his exertions in the cause he had undertaken, retired, and in the course of twenty minutes, returned with two voters. The name of one was registered, and Sam Johnson, putting his mouth to his ear, our friend was under the necessity of returning thanks for a vote.

"Cranmore could no longer contain himself; and denouncing Johnson as a Yankee intruder, ordered him from the poll. Johnson refused obedience, and spirited dispute ensued.

"The Barrister forgot his remaining voter, who being a neighbor of the other, and wishing, (as he said) to live in a neighborly way, thought he ought to support the same candidate. Mr. Wilcox, therefore, also received the suffrage of this man, and Cranmore finding himself completely foiled in his attempt at revenge, strode away; nor did I see him again within ten rods of the poll, though this was only the third day of the election.

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"Having now finished the anecdote ladies," added the Knight, "I must not leave an impression on your minds, that the constituents of Johnson's making are samples of the electors of Upper Canada. Experience of a week has assured me to the contrary, and I think indeed, that I can with truth say—few representatives in any country, can boast of so enlightened, honest, and independent a constituency as our friend."

The election story being ended, a more selfish conversation ensued.

Mr. Wilcox gently chided Caroline for exposing herself to the danger of a capture, by again leaving her refuge, and she pleaded a desire to witness his triumph.

"I was neither ignorant of your prospect of success, nor of my aunts intention to regale you and your friends, replied Miss Carleton; and believing that my father was too deeply engaged with politics to think of me, I thought I could indulge in a visit to Darwin House with perfect safety." She added with a smile: "Mrs. Darwin thought so too. I have not, therefore, followed entirely my own judgement."

"Be assured, Caroline," rejoined Mr. Wilcox, "that you are never safe while within reach of your father's hirelings. His retainers never sleep, though they may. They are numerous, and you are liable to be beset by them at any hour."

"It appears to me impossible that my father would persist in loading wretches with gold, in order to have

me captured. He has no longer an inducement for making me a prisoner. Cranmore is wedded."

"Though Cranmore is wedded, I am not; and the hope of separating you from me, is a sufficient inducement for capturing you."

The artless girl replied with animation;—"If my father once suspected you of being a traitor, the legal investigation must have satisfied him of your innocence. And if degradation from rank had an improper influence over his mind, you have now risen above that spoilation of your enemies."

The blood suddenly rushed to the cheeks of our hero, and he rejoined with mingled resentment and pride—"Caroline, your father never believed me guilty of the charges alledged against me! Nevertheless, if you hope for your father's acquiescence to our marriage, you hope in vain. You know not the springs that actuate his heart. I therefore warn you—beware!"

"Surely—my father cannot merely desire to make me miserable!"

"He will never, at any rate, consent to our union. Beware, Caroline, how you tempt his power!"

Miss Carleton remained silent, and Mr. Wilcox continued:—"It is useless to hope for the blessings of the Secretary, on our marriage; but let us trust in the blessings of that father whose mercies never fail."

"God chasenseth whom He loveth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth; and I endeavor at all rates, to feel that my afflictions, are chastisements from

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His merciful hand. Oh! may He at length cause my
father to relent, and smile upon his daughter's choice!"

Our hero looked in deep sympathy at the lovely
girl, as he said:—"Caroline, it appears to me that a
child so affectionate, dutiful and charitable, might in-
deed look in faith for her father's compliance with her
reasonable desires. The motives of a father, however,
in disposing of a daughter in marriage are often as a
irreversible as they are unaccountable. Yours has as-
ert been deaf to your intreaties, while he has never
een at a loss to find one whom he could propose as a
uitable match. Judging, therefore, from the past,
you have little to hope—much to fear. Dear Caro-
line, beware! Once again captured, our hopes may
be blasted—beware!"

Miss Carleton replied pensively:—"You think I
ave been rash in making this visit, and I fear you are
offended at me."

"I cannot be offended at so flattering a mark of the
interest you feel for me. Nevertheless, I would have
you cautious; for I cannot but fear that your unsus-
pecting heart would lead you into a snare, a release
from which could only be bought at the expense of our
happiness. You are artless, because you are innocent.
The one on whose mercies you would depend may have
been old in the school of art, and hardened in the
school of iniquity."

"Can my father be such an one?" enquired Caro-
line hastily and in mortification.

Mr. Wilcox replied with embarrassment :—"Caroline, my remarks have a general application. Men who have long been accustomed to rule, become selfish, inflexible and obdurate: and resistance to their opinions even, is not only considered by them disrespectful to their judgments, but criminal as regards their power. Trust not at all in the mercies of man. Pray rather that you may be protected from his wiles."

"The God who can protect me from the wiles of the wicked, is also able to change the obdurate heart of man. May I not, therefore, pray for a happy return to my father's house?"

"Certainly—and the prayer may be fully granted yet such a result appears to me barely possible. By much assurance, therefore, might prove dangerous."

"The prayer of faith, however, can not err," replied Miss Carleton.

"No," replied our hero, "but I believe that a ebullition of the mind is not unfrequently laid hold of as such, by the suppliant at the throne of grace. The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked above all things!"

"You would make me doubt even the efficacy of prayer," rejoined Miss Carleton. "If the adorant and sincere suppliant is thus liable to be deceived by what means are we to assure ourselves of the possession of any Christian grace?"

Mr. Wilcox sur-rejoined ;—"The efficacy of prayer is certain ; nor can it be doubted that the quickest of us are not slow to be led into temptation."

harassment :—" Can the spirit of God can inspire man with an unerring assurance, of what has not transpired, as it were to his natural senses. Yet the selfishness of the human heart is so invincible, that our prayers are seldom unalloyed with worldly affections. In order therefore to assure ourselves of the possession of faith, or either of the Christian graces, we must upon a thorough examination of the heart, find that the love of God is so shed abroad there, that everything worldly is subservient to it."

pray for a happy " God is indeed a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. But is it wrong to pray for temporal blessings ?"

may be fully granted " By no means, if we desire them only on the condition that the possession of them will promote our spiritual welfare ;" answered Mr. Wilcox. We may not only pray for a happy issue to our afflictions, but may prove dangerous for the riches of this world even, provided the will and pleasure of God be the paramount object of the realization. "

er, can not err," " I believe that a man frequently laid hold of the throne of grace. The only wicked above Caroline rejoined enquiringly :—" You think however, that my prayers for a happy return to my father's house could not be tempered with such spiritual feeling ?"

even the efficacy " I do not think so Caroline :—but I fear that you might mistake ardent hope, for religious faith, and be liable to be deceived thus led into danger. I therefore say again—beware !"

The efficacy of prayer " I indeed sometimes think that my father will never relent," said the afflicted daughter of Carleton sorrowfully.

"I cannot indulge a hope that he will," replied our hero.

"I will make a promise that will shield me at least from throwing myself upon his mercy." Yet he said, "my father!" rejoined Caroline with strong emotion.

"I am selfish Caroline, for my happiness is blended with yours. Believe not however, that I would exercise so tyrannic a sway over your will, as to require a promise. I would only have you cautious."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Carleton with decision and emphasis;—"I promise never again to step without your consent into the precincts of Darwin Forest, without having obtained your consent."

"I regret that you have made a promise that unforeseen circumstances may cause you to deplore," replied Mr. Wilcox. Mrs. Darwin is a friend on whose advice you may at all times depend; and it would be well at any rate, to qualify your obligation, by leaving yourself at liberty not only to consult her, but others, provided you should deem it necessary. Promises should always be made in anticipation of emergencies."

Sorrow and glee often follow each other, in an almost blending succession; (for the heart like a fine-toned instrument vibrates to every touch,) and Caroline now with sudden playfulness rejoined:—"Your agreement would leave me at liberty to consult my father, and of course I cannot refuse to adopt it."

"I would too, have you cautious in your choice of confidants," sur-rejoined Mr. Wilcox.

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Caroline looked archly at the young representative, and said:—

"I hope I am not already too deeply involved to profit by your advice."

Our hero appeared embarrassed, yet he laughed at the repartee, and Miss Carleton laughing in sympathy, took no notice of the more elderly couple, (who had also been deeply engaged in a private discourse,) was attracted.

A benevolent smile lit up the countenance of Mrs. Darwin, and Sir Anthony, with his characteristic bluntness, cried to the young lovers:—"Upon my word, I should like to know the cause of such merriment?"

Miss Carleton's vein not yet gratified, she replied: "Perhaps Sir Anthony, Mr. Wilcox would not like to have the cause exposed."

"I perceive," rejoined the Knight quizzically, "that your cheeks are of a deeper crimson than usual."

At any rate, Sir Anthony, Miss Carleton is at liberty to reveal the cause," interlarded our hero.

You can no longer hesitate Miss Carleton, to give Darwin and me an opportunity of joining in your sentiment, though Mr. Wilcox may be the sufferer," insisted the Knight.

I trust however, that Sir Anthony would not care to impose so unpleasant a task on me."

Miss Carleton should not be urged to criminate me," said our hero hastily in retaliation.

certainly not—but bless me Miss Carleton, I never thought you look so florid."

The cheeks of Caroline were in reality slightly crimsoned.

"I blush very easily for my friends;" said she.

"Ah!" ejaculated the Knight. Then Mr. Wilcox must be the cause of this modest glow.

"An attempt to shield myself from Sir Anthony's discrimination would be vain," retorted the young representative in an ironical tone.

"Upon my word Wilcox, you thrust hard, and I know not how to parry you."

"Miss Carleton will not, perhaps refuse to become your Champion."

"In choosing an officer to lead an attack, we ought to be sure that he is not in the interest of the enemy and I think the same prudence should be observed in selecting a Champion," said the Knight.

The conversation was interrupted by the voice of Sam Johnson, who was evidently contending with some one at the front door of the mansion. Mr. Darwin led Caroline to the secret closet, and the gentlemen proceeded to the hall. The voice of the servant again sounded loudly in the ears of the latter, and they hesitated on their steps within a pace of the outer door.

"It's my bisness to larn what you're doin here," vociferated Sam, and the next moment a low growling voice was heard.

"If you're gardin the house for Msss Darwin, w'at in nater is your face kivered for?—that's the story"

e in reality slight; The stranger spoke with threatening emphasis ;
 his words were inarticulate to those within.
 iends ;" said she. a'n't scart none, any how ; and if that's your idee,
 Then Mr. Wilcox asking I can sass some, too," retorted Sam John-
 glow. ; and after a momentary pause, he continued :—
 from Sir Anthony do you see *that*, through the eye-holes o' your
 retorted the young k ?—It's a *pistill*—loaded—cocked and primed,
 my finger on its tricker—right agin your head !
 ou thrust hard, and if you want your brains blowed out, I'm jest the
 to accommodate you ! My name's Sam Johnson.
 ps refuse to become ess you'd a leetle ruther not tell yourn ?"
 r. Wilcox opened the door, and the hall lights
 d an attack, we ought directly on the heads of the disputants. The
 erest of the enemy ant tipped his hat with his left hand to the gentle-
 ould be observed, while he held in his right, a pistol, the muzzle
 Knight. which was within some two or three inches of the
 ted by the voice of of a person whose face was screened by a hideous
 tly contending wit, and whose body was literally covered with rags.
 the mansion. Mr. Who have we here, Johnson ?" inquired Sir An-
 t closet, and the gay Aberthenot, in hurried words."
 The voice of the sea ha'nt axed 'im 'is name, *Kiernill* ; and I
 ears of the latter, and d'nt wonder if he'd a leetle ruther be excused
 in a pace of the o' tellin on't."
 Bring him in, and we will try to find him out,"
 t you're doin here the Knight, in an angry voice.
 moment a low a Dead or alive, *Kiernill* ?"
 et the rascal make his choice," replied Sir
 Mss Darwin, w'ny.
 —that's the story a'n't no ways putricular myself," rejoined the

young Yankee, while in the act of fidgeting his finger on the trigger of his pistol; and the stranger suddenly stepping into the hall, he was ordered to divest him of his mask.

"I'd a lectlo ruther be excused," said the servant. Howsomever, if the gentlemen's detarmined on't I s'pose I must do't"

"You know that I deal not in commands with you, Johnson," said Mr. Wilcox.

"No—no, but we must see the face of this incog. I will unmask the scoundrel myself," cried the Knight—then he extended his hand to execute the threat.

"Kiern... Kiernill!" ejaculated Sam Johnson.

"What the devil does this mean?" interrogated Sir Anthony, looking in surpriso at the servant, and letting his hand fall to his side. "Why would you not have the blacknard's mask torn from him?"

"It's my idee, under the sarcumstances, we'd best let 'im keep 'is face kivered, Kiernill."

"It is my idea, however, that his face ought to be uncovered," said the Knight, and he again extended his hand towards the mask.

"Kiernill! Kiernill!"

Sir Anthony interrogated our hero.

"What the devil does this mean, Wilcox?"

"I can only suspect the cause of Johnson's opposition," answered Mr. Wilcox.

"Your suspicion, then, if you please?"

"I may wrongly suspect, Sir Anthony."

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"For my part," said Colonel Aberthenot, "I have a strong curiosity to see the face of this fellow."— Then looking a moment, as if he would secure the approbation of our hero, he added:—"What say you, Wilcox?"

"I say, Sir Anthony, let Johnson decide for us."

"God bless me, though, this is strange enough!" muttered the old Knight. Then turning away from the prisoner, he paced down the hall and met Mrs. Darwin, returning from the secret closet.

"Madam," said he to the lady, "I have just been wishing your presence amongst us. I have a desire to see the face of this fellow, who has ventured to visit your house in so unseeably a garb; but for some reason, unaccountable to me, I have met with a strenuous opposition."

Mrs. Darwin approached and viewed the captive; and after exchanging looks with Mr. Wilcox and his servant, she said, with constrained calmness, to the Knight:—"Sir Anthony, I rejoice that you have been resisted."

Colonel Aberthenot bowed in submission to the lady, who, directing the prisoner to be led to a room, followed and turned the key on him. Then proceeding again to the secret closet, she accompanied her niece to the drawing room.

Caroline, who had evidently been in tears, was prepared for a return to the forest cottage, and immediately proposed to take her leave.

Sir Anthony Aberthenot was astonished at the movement; and Mrs. Darwin, perceiving his surprise, made him, also, a confident of the refuge.

The Knight, delighted with the lady's description of the romantic residence, expressed a desire to accompany the young lovers through the wild pathway of Darwin forest, and was, in turn, cordially invited by them to do so.

CHAPTER VII.

I know you well, sir, and you know me;
Your name, I think, is Adrian.—CORIOLANUS.

At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service.—THE TEMPEST.

After seeing his captive secured, Johnson retired to the kitchen; and the company had no sooner departed than he was summoned to the presence of the Honorable Mrs. Darwin, who, after struggling some moments with feelings of mortification, inquired of him if he knew the prisoner.

"I guess," replied the servant, briefly.

"Who is he, then?"

"Captain Carleton, I calculate."

"I believe as much," said Mrs. Darwin; and after hesitating a moment in thought, she added:—"But what accident led you here to-night, Johnson?"

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she added :—“ Ben
t, Johnson ?”

“No, Miss Darwin—I got an idee o' what was goin
on from a particular friend.”

“You wero informed, then, that the Secretary inten-
ded visiting my house to-night ?”

“That's the story, Miss Darwin ; and the Captin
wa'nt alone, nuther !”

The lady rose in alarm from her seat, and touching
the bell that communicated with the kitchen, she said,
in a hasty manner, to Johnson :—“The Secretary,
indeed, would never have undertaken such an enter-
prise alone. My friends may have fallen into the
hands of his hirelings !—We must follow them !—It
is strange that I did not once think of the danger that
might threaten without !”

“Don't be scarte, Miss Darwin. All's right out a
doors. I've gone to considerable pains to right biz-
ness there ; and I conclude you'll be satisfied on't too,
when you come to see what I've been doin.”

“The household of Mrs. Darwin gathered around
her. She ordered her hat ; and Johnson, without ex-
plaining further, proceeded to the outer door, and
opening it, the lady passed out, followed by her ser-
vants.

The Yankee directed her to a tree, to which there
was a human figure pinioned ; and she having arrived
at it, he said, with a ludicrous motion and aspect,
which the rising moon rendered discernible :—“This
Squire Bolinbrooke, Miss Darwin. You've hard
'im before, I conclude. He's a critter considerably

used by the big folks, when they've got dirty biznis on hand."

He directed her to another and another. Indeed, Meddleton and Whitten, who are already known to the reader, made up the trio; and the lady having viewed the last of these wretches, said:—"The hoped for victim of your prisoners, Johnson, is without their reach. Release them, and then let me see you."

Mrs. Darwin returned to her parlor. The servant liberated the hirelings, and then presenting himself before her, she desired an explanation of his feats of the night.

He commenced a relation:—"To begin at the beginnin, Miss Darwin, as I telled you before, I've got a particular friend. I had ort to consider 'er so no mistake; for she saved my life onct. The gall's particularly sarcumstanced, howsomever, and 'er name must be kept a leetle dark in the consarn, till she can git among honest folks."

"I promise that nothing, to betray your friend shall pass my lips. Further, if you think her condition would be improved in my house, you may offer her a place in it."

Sam's countenance lighted up at the offer of the lady, and he replied:—"Accordin to my idee, it's a considerable chance for the gall, and I recking she'll take advantage on't, too. Where they're eternally plannin out murder, a'nt the place for honest galls Miss Darwin." He added:—"Her name's Ariett

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Williams, and she lives now at Squire Bolinbrooke's."

"Tell Arietta that she will find a home under my roof, if she pleases to seek one there. And now, Johnson, proceed; for I am impatient to hear the particulars of this night's enterprise."

The servant bowed in gratitude for Arietta's good fortune, and continued:—"Well, Miss Darwin, the Captin bein desperately used up, about Squire Wilcox's election, detarmined to git satisfaction some how. So he went to Squire Bolinbrooke's, and telled 'im that the flaggs, and music, and yellin, that eended the consarn, was a floatin before 'is eyes, and a dingin in 'is ears; and that they would float and ding to etarnity, for all he knowed, if he didn't git revenge o' the Squire."

"Very like," interrupted the lady, with indignation.

Johnson proceeded:—"He telled Squire Bolinbrooke that he thinked, with a leetle help, he'd git bolt o' Miss Carry, and in that way, triumph considerably over Squire Wilcox. For if he made out to git the gall agin, he'd marry 'er to any body's folks that would take 'er under the sarcumstances; and that he'd hold 'er hand in the critter's 'imself, till the Dominie fixed up the job."

"Unnatural father!" exclaimed Mrs. Darwin.

"No mistake," ejaculated the servant; "and Squire Bolinbrooke, you know, considers it big bizniss to do the dirtiest work for the Captin; so he tell'd 'im he'd

jine 'im, and git some critters besides. The Captin said too many cooks might spile the broth, and thinked four besides Squire Bolinbrooke 'imself, would be enough, for you had only four men sarvants, and if you had company, it wouldn't be prudent to begin their bizness till they cleared out. Any how, they agreed to make a try to nab Miss Carry; and the Captin concluded to go hum, rig up, and be back to the Squire's office by the time t'other folks could be got there. The Squire's little gall, that they thinked knowed nothin, was playin round 'er pap, when they was talkin over the consarn; and considerin it big bizness, telled Arietta on't, while the Squire was out huntin up critters ——”

“This was providential, indeed!” interrupted the lady.

“I've hearn folks say, Miss Darwin, that the devil's good to 'is own,” digressed Sam Johnson. “Howsomever, I'd a leetle ruther, myself, git the right side o' Providence; for, accordin to my obsarvation, he ginerally gits the best on't in the eend.”

“You may be sure, Johnson, that God will bring all things about for the good of those who love him,” replied Mrs. Darwin. “But I am impatient to hear the end of your narration.”

Johnson resumed the story:—“Arietta concluded that it wouldn't be desperate mean, under the circumstances, to fix 'erself where she could larn the doin' when the folks got toger in the Squire's office.”

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He paused and looked at the lady, as if he would be assured of her approbation of Arietta's conduct, and she said:—"This course was justifiable, after the information given by the little girl."

"That's my idee, too. Whether or no, the gall hard the hull plan; and then pretendin to Miss Bolinbroke that she was goin to bed, (for it was considerable late,) she went to 'er room, and fastened 'er door, slipped out o' the winder, and made tracks to Squire Wilcox's, where she found your humble sarvant. Arietta an't slow, nuther, at larnin and tellin a story. She said the Captin was to be at the front door, to larn what was goin on, in that part—Squire Bolinbrooke, Meddleton and Whitten, was to fix themselves in front o' the house, at sartin distances apart, behind trees, and watch and listen for a sign from the Captin: and that Squire Mustiface and deputy Doty, was to be stationed in the kitchen yard, to keep a look-out on your sarvants."

"But Mustiface and Doty were not here?" interrupted Mrs. Darwin, inquiringly.

"Sartin—I found all accordin to the gall's story," replied the servant.

"What has become of them, then?" enquired the lady in hurried words.

"They're in the coach house," answered the young Yankee.

"In the coach house!" repeated the lady.

"A true bill, Miss Darwin. After I fixed them so they'd stay fixed, I put 'em in the coach house."

“And are not my servants aware of it?”

“Not as I know on. Squire Mustiface and deputy Doty was the fust o’ the gang I got holt on, and they couldn’t any on ’em a been here long ; for, after hearin Arietta’s story, I picked up some ropes and handkerchiefs, and I didn’t scratch gravel slow, I tell you. After enterin the gate, I cut into a path through the bushes, and got round to the back part o’ the house—for I concluded it would be prudent to begin where I had the best chance for help. I twigged deputy Doty and Squire Mustiface, standin side and side, peekin into one o’ the kitchen winders. I felt considerable humble—got down on to my hands and knees—crawled up behind ’em, and nabbin the deputy round the ancles, I twiched ’im to the ground. Then pintin my *pistill* at the Squire, he fell as dead as a door nail!”

“Indeed!” cried Mrs. Darwin in sudden alarm:—

“Indeed! Did you then kill Mustiface?”

“I didn’t hurt a hair on ’im. Howsomever, he considered ’imself shot, till I tied and gagged the deputy and him too ; and that was jest as well as though he had been.”

Johnson’s explanation was perfectly intelligible to the lady, and caused a transition of feeling. She indulged in momentary merriment, and then enquired:

“Did not Doty make any resistance?”

“He wa’n’t able to ; for the fall knocked the breath clean out on ’im, and it didn’t git back agin, till I’d fixed ’im up.”

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"And how did you manage the other hirelings?"

"I was jest as humble behind their backs as deputy Doty's; but when I got them fixed, I stepped up as crank as a peacock to the Captin, and there ends the story that you wa'nt acquainted with, Miss Darwin."

Johnson bowed to the lady as he concluded, and she rejoined;—"Yes, and I know of no one to whom Miss Carleton and her friends owe so much as to you. Thanks I will not attempt to express; for if you have not been a guardian angel to my niece, you certainly have been directed by one."

"I ha'nt done nothin as I know on, that every body's folks hadn't ort under sich sarcumstances."

"You are too bold to appreciate services so valuable to others."

"As to boldness, I ha'nt natterally no more on't than other folks. I've always reckinged that in a bad cause I'd be a desperate coward. Howsomever, when folks know they're doing the clean thing, they seem somehow to git above nater—that's a fact."

"An honorable and humane man will never embark in a bad cause, Johnson. Therefore, true courage only exists in the heart of such an one."

"I've hearn folks say they'd ruther fight than eat, Miss Darwin; but I'd a leetle ruther eat than fight myself."

"Yes, and so would those who boast to the contrary."

"That's my idee, too; for I've generally found,

that folks that crack themselves up for bricks, aint the best grit when they're put to't."

"Such persons are the least to be depended on, when true courage is in requisition. But day will soon dawn on us, Johnson, and I have already detained you too long. Yet I would like to see my house freed of our prisoner before you leave. Will you attend me to his room?" added the lady as the blood receded from her cheeks.

The servant bowed in acquiescence, and they immediately proceeded to the captive. He was seated, and apparently inattentive to the intrusion when they entered; and Mrs. Darwin (without dissembling her opinion of his identity with the Secretary) addressed him in a pointed, though agitated manner.

"Brother," said she, "you are now at liberty to return to your own house. Did I think it possible to mollify the obdurate heart that heats under your miserable disguise, I would detain you longer; but reason has no force on your mind, and pity has no power over your heart. Argument and supplication alike ineffectual against your wicked devices!—you are free."

The prisoner tore his mask from his face, and sprang in frantic passion to his feet.

"Where is my child?" cried the undisguised Carlton, as he looked in fury at the lady.

"Without your reach—thank God!"

The Secretary's teeth chattered, and he struggl

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for utterance; but at length with conflicting feelings
he said:—"Margaret, you have no right to deprive
me of a control over my own child; nor even to en-
courage her in disobedience to my commands. Yet,
you have not only done both, but you have alienated
her affections from her father; and because he is un-
willing to resign his parental authority, you accuse
him of obduracy."

"I admit," said Mrs. Darwin, "that you have the
most natural right to the superintendence of Caroline.
Yet, when I know that you have determined to exer-
cise it for selfish or vindictive ends, it becomes my
duty, as her next friend, to thwart your authority. I
have never encouraged your daughter in disobedience,
farther than was necessary to counteract intentions,
which (if they had been effected) would have proved
destructive to her happiness—and no father has a
right to extend his power so far. Neither have her
affections been alienated. The love she bears for her
father renders the trials he has alone caused, doubly
afflicting. She attributes all her sorrows to your mis-
guided feelings of interest for her welfare." The la-
dy added:—"Promise me that Caroline may be left
the choice of a husband, and I will not only be re-
sponsible for her taste and judgment, but will give
you an interview with her before another night closes
on us."

The Secretary laughed hysterically, and then, as
stamped violently on the floor, he exclaimed:—

"Woman!—do you think that I would cast my daughter into the arms of Wilcox?—never! never! Caroline must submit wholly, or not at all. Left to her own choice, indeed! What more does she want! Her victory would be complete. No!—no!"

The eyes of Carleton glared in frenzy at his sister, and his countenance was even hideous. The lady retired with a heart full of sorrow, and cheeks bathed with tears; and he, not long after, leaving her house, terminated another of his enterprises, having for its object, the misery of his only child: while, perhaps blinded by natural wilfulness, long nurtured by indulgence, (the concomitant of power,) he found full justification in his own mind.

The Secretary having departed, Johnson released Mustiface and Doty; and then proceeded home, rejoicing over the auspicious result of his own enterprise. Nor did he forget the offer of Mrs. Darwin in behalf of Arietta.

CHAPTER VIII.

Then in a word, it rests but on your word,
To punish and avenge—I will not say
My petty wrong, for what is a mere blow,
However vile, to such a thing as I am?—
But the base insult done your state and person.

MARINO FALIERO

A serpent round my heart was wreathed.—BYRON.

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous, guilty murder done!—SHAKESPEARE

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MARINO FALIERO
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 done!—SHAKESPEARE

Some five or six days after the election, Cranmore was surprised by a call from the Secretary.

This functionary, having, since the Barrister's marriage, treated him with marked contempt, he knew not, at first, how to account for the condescension.— He was not allowed to remain long in suspense, however. To that principle of malevolence, so carefully nursed in the heart of Carleton, Cranmore was indebted for this visit.

Mr. O'Cleary was as prominent an object of political vengeance, as our hero. Besides, being a personal friend of Mr. Wilcox, he had become scarce less an object of the Secretary's private malice. At any rate, Carleton had determined to effect, in some way, the destruction of both.

He spoke of the election to the Barrister, and after complimenting him, on the loyal zeal he had exhibited on the occasion, alluded to the unfortunate misapplication of his vote.

The Barrister made no reply; but his face clouded with malice, and Carleton thought this exhibition of feeling auspicious to his purpose.

“To whom do you attribute that intrigue?” enquired the Secretary, after a silence of several moments.

Cranmore answered with an accent that indicated deep revengeful feeling:—“To that Yankee villain, Sam Johnson, to be sure. He pronounced the name of Wilcox in my ear.”

“He may have been only an instrument, however,” rejoined Carleton.

“It was very much like Sam Johnson himself, at any rate.”

“Still he may have been only an instrument,” persisted the Secretary.

“I doubt not, however, that he was at the very bottom of the intrigue. No one else would have thought of leading me into such an error. It was just one of his Yankee tricks, Mr. Carleton.”

“The trick,” said the Secretary, “was certainly characteristic of Sam Johnson; and he was probably the constructor. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that he was only an instrument in the performance of it.”

“In whose hands, do you believe him to have been an instrument, then?” inquired Cranmore.

“O’Cleary’s.”

“Why do you believe so?”

“O’Cleary laughed, before you had fallen into the snare, as it were, and must, of course, have been aware of the intention of Johnson,” replied the Secretary.

“His laughing prematurely, is certainly a suspicious circumstance,” rejoined the Barrister.

“His laughing at the intrigue at all, was as gross an insult to you, as if he had actually been the performer of the trick. Besides, during the contest which ensued, respecting the registry of your vote, he made a remark which was both insulting to you, personally

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and to the Government, whose cause he knew you were supporting."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Cranmore, "I don't recollect hearing any insulting remark fall from the lips of O'Cleary, on that occasion."

"Did you not hear him say, that if you had unintentionally done an honest thing, in giving Wilcox your vote, it became him to exercise his duty, by making you adhere to your integrity?" questioned Carleton.

"I do recollect some such expression, to be sure; but, you know, he was poll inspector for Wilcox, and understood the remark merely as an ordinary election hit."

"You received it very differently, then, from the way in which your friends did. They considered it a gross insult, both to you, and the Government whose cause you were then supporting; and depend on it, if you feel inclined to let it pass unnoticed, your friends do not."

"I must say, Mr. Carleton, that I considered the remark neither an insult to the Government, nor to myself."

"How do you consider it now then?" enquired the secretary.

"I see evidently that his words will bear the construction you would give them; but I can not think that Mr. O'Cleary intended them in that light," answered the Barrister.

"I, however, don't doubt that he understood the construction of his sentence at the time he spoke, as I did—that is to say—that though your intention, and the cause you were supporting, were both dishonest, you had, through the intrigue of Johnson, been led to give an honest vote. Nothing else can be made out of the language; and as I before said, if you feel inclined to overlook the insult the government has friends at any rate, who will take notice of it."

"I will call on O'Cleary for an explanation," said the Barrister.

"Such condescension would betray a want of manliness. You must either send O'Cleary a peremptory challenge, or leave the settlement of the matter to others."

"It appears to me a matter too trifling to spill blood about, Mr. Carleton," said the Barrister in mingled dread and pride.

"It does not appear so to others," returned Carleton briefly.

"I can not understand, however, why there would be any more condescension, in giving O'Cleary an opportunity of apologising or explaining, than any other gentleman," rejoined Cranmore.

"He deserves it not," said the Secretary with malignant emphasis. "He has long enough been a scourge to good and loyal subjects, by the use of his sarcastic powers both in the legislature and at the bar. Myself have suffered personally—both by his insinuations and

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his sarcasm; and it has become particularly your duty
 to call him out. However, if you feel inclined to
 over-look him, you must submit to the degradation of
 letting another resent the insult for you."

Cranmore looked disconsolate, and Carleton con-
 tinued:—"your prospects of preferment depend on
 your decision in this matter. O'Cleary is odious to
 the institutions under which we live, and his death
 would be hailed with joy by every adherent of our
 government. You may either wear the laurels or re-
 gn them to another."

But, Mr. Carleton, the laurels, (if any,) would only
 check my grave," said the Barrister, in excitement.—
 I know O'Cleary to be a dead shot with the pistol;
 I have witnessed his precision of aim; and as the
 challenged, by the rules of dueling, has the choice of
 the weapons, it would be madness to challenge him."

"It is sometimes expedient to use extraordinary
 means, to bring about just ends, and it is not intended
 that your life shall be in the least jeopardized.

Cranmore looked vacantly at the Secretary for a
 moment and then said:—"I do not understand you,
 Carleton."

"I mean plainly, Cranmore, that your life shall be
 secure before the mouth of O'Cleary's pistol, as it is
 his moment, if you take immediate steps to call
 him out."

Life cannot be very well insured against his skill,
 Carleton!"

“His skill must be rendered ineffectual,” said the Secretary.

“How?” enquired Cranmore.

“By leaving the ball out of his pistol,” answered the Secretary, as the very demon gambled on his countenance.

“But O’Cleary will certainly take the ordinary precautions.”

“Very true. He will, of course, choose a friend—or a supposed friend—to whom will be entrusted the loading of his pistol. If his second, however, should happen to leave the bullet out, you could have no objection to apprehend.”

“Yet, Wilcox would be his friend for the occasion and would, undoubtedly, take good care to see his pistol properly loaded.”

“Had I not known Wilcox to be absent, I should not now be waiting on you. He left for Kingsport this morning, and intends not returning for a week. If, therefore, immediate steps are taken by you, Mr. Cray, whom O’Cleary considers his next best friend, will be called on by him.” The Secretary added:—“I have already had an interview with McCray, and know him to be a loyal subject.”

The countenance of the Barrister now exhibited a fluctuating mind. He rose and strode across his room—then returning to his seat, he enquired:—“Would you recommend to me as a friend, Mr. Cranmore?”

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"Bolingbrooke," replied the Secretary, as he strove
to resist a smile.

"You think that there is no time to be lost, and
that the challenge should be peremptory?"
"I do."

"I will this day, then, wait on Bolingbrooke."
"Wait on him this very hour, Cranmore. Pro-

crastination is the thief of time," said Carleton, and
when shaking the Barrister's hand warmly, he left him.

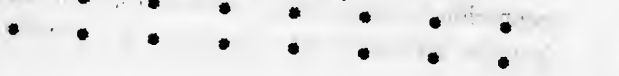
A challenge was sent and accepted. Carleton had,
too, predicted aright, with regard to Mr. O'Cleary's
choice of a second. In the course of two hours after

his interview with Cranmore, McCray and Boling-
brooke had settled the preliminaries of a duel, and the
intelligent parties were on the way to Niagara, oppo-
site which town, on the New York side of the river,
the meeting was to take place.

Having travelled all night, they arrived at Niagara
day-break, and immediately procuring boats, land-
ed on the opposite shore before the sun had risen.

The principals were stationed. McCray turned
his eyes in guilt from his confiding friend. Boling-
brooke gave the signal for firing, and O'Cleary fell.

Cranmore and his accomplices flew to their boats, and
were making their best speed towards the Canada
shore, when a person, attracted by the reports of the
 pistols, reached the dying O'Cleary.



Mr. Wilcox was both surprised and grieved, on his return to York. During his absence of a week, Cranmore had been elevated to the Legislative Council Chamber, and his friend O'Cleary, had been repositied in the grave. He knew not, however, the treachery of the second—this was, as yet, a secret in Upper Canada.

McCray was one of that stamp who have tact enough to acquire for themselves the appellation, "Good fellow," in society. In other words—he was one of those amiable assassins, who are not unfrequently considered necessary appendages to fashionable circles while they are undermining the reputations and lives of those from whom they receive the bread of kindness and hospitality.

Mr. Wilcox, on hearing of the death of his friend at once sought his second, as one whom he thought could unfeignedly sympathise with him in his sorrow. He was not, however, admitted to an interview; for the assassin, now in a state of frenzy—his medical attendants had prohibited visitors.

Our hero turned from the door of McCray in disappointment; but, having done so, he hurried home and retired to his library, hoping to find something there to relieve his mind of its weight of grief.

Having been about an hour turning over the leaves of books, which he had indiscriminately and almost unconsciously taken from their shelves, he noticed on his table, an American newspaper, the envelope

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which had not yet been broken; and picking it up,
 he began to examine its columns. An article, headed
 "a duel," at length attracted him. He read it, and the
 plan of assassination that had been so faithfully exe-
 cuted, was fully developed to his mind.

The stranger who had been called to the battle
 ground by the reports of the pistols, was the author of
 his communication. Mr. O'Cleary had only survi-
 ved the shot long enough to give his name, and aspi-
 rate the treachery of his second.

The stranger could not doubt his dying words; and
 after animadverting on the murderers, he concluded
 his article with the dying aspirations of the victim:—
 "I know, by the jarring of my pistol, there was no
 all in it. I have been betrayed—murdered!"

Thought after thought quickly rushed to the mind
 of Mr. Wilcox. He had not once before, suspected
 the treachery of McCray; but the article before him,
 and a volume to him. O'Cleary had fallen a victim
 to official vengeance, and McCray and Cranmore had
 been its instruments.

"Fiend!—damned, deceiving fiend!" exclaimed
 the hero, in mingled grief and passion. Then sum-
 moning his servant, he delivered the newspaper to
 him, and said:—"Johnson, take that to the printing
 office, and tell the foreman that I desire him to pub-
 lish an article, (he will find it)—headed a duel."

The servant loitered as if he would say something
 to his master, who, observing his manner, enquired,
 abruptly:—"What would you, Johnson?"

“Nothin, Squire—only I guess you han’t hearn the news?”

“The news;” repeated Mr. Wilcox.

“Yes, Squire—you han’t hearn, I recking, that Mr. McCray’s gone to Davy’s locker?”

“Dead?”

“Sartin; and I’ve a good mind to say, I’m glad on’t.”

“Why?”

“Because he helped to put an end to Squire O’Cleary.”

“How do you know this, Johnson?” inquired Mr. Wilcox, in surprise.

“A gall telled me on’t, down street.”

“A girl!” repeated our hero, his mind confused with conflicting thoughts.

“Sartin—murder will out, Squire Wilcox. Mr. McCray, in spite on ’is doctors—Captin Carleton—Squire Cranmore, and Squire Bolinbrooke, confessed the hull story, before sarvants and all: and his sarvant gall telled it to Arietta Williams, and I larnt it from her about twenty minutes ago.”

“What did McCray confess?” asked Mr. Wilcox and his servant, in reply, related the plot that had been formed and executed against Mr. O’Cleary.

After listening to the recital of Johnson, our hero remained silent for several moments. Then he spoke with an abstracted air:—“And McCray is dead—ha

“No mistake, Squire Wilcox; and I say agin feel as though I’d like to say, I’m glad on’t”

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"What caused his death?" inquired Mr. Wilcox, for he had not been informed of the nature of McCray's malady, when refused admittance to his room.

"He got a desperate wovnd in the duill," answered Johnson.

"He could not have received a wound. You have been hoaxed, Johnson," rejoined our hero.

"No hoaxin about it, Squire Wilcox. A wovnd in the duill, bringed 'im to 'is eend. It wan't a common wovnd, nuther—that's a fact!"

"Where did he receive the wound, then?"

"In his conscience," answered the servant.

"That may be, indeed!"

"That bringed 'im to his eend ; for it put 'im out on wits, and then he helped the wovnd along 'imself!"

"He committed suicide?" said Mr. Wilcox, in a hasty and inquiring manner.

"That's the story. He shaved a leetle too deep ; and I say agin, I feel jest as though I'd like to say, I'm glad on't," replied the servant ; and then bowing to his master, he retired.

CHAPTER IX.

Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
 All good subjects, young and old !
 I'm the Lord of the creation,
 I—a water wag-tail bold !
 All around and all you see,
 All the world was made for me.—MONTGOMERY.

It shall be so,
 It shall be so, let him away ; he's banish'd,
 And so it shall be.—CORIOLANUS.

It was now the last week in May, eighteen hundred and twelve, and Mr. Wilcox had, since his arraignment, enjoyed comparative freedom, from personal molestation. His enemies, however, like the lions crouched in ambush for the approach of his prey were only awaiting a favorable opportunity to gratify their malevolence.

A war between Great Britain and the United States had long been anticipated, and all things connected with the diplomatic negotiations between the Governments of these two countries, had now rendered the settlement of their differences hopeless, without the sacrifice of human blood. The Legislature of Upper Canada was, therefore, convened for the purpose of deliberating on measures for the defence of the country.

Mr. Wilcox took his seat in the Legislative hall and not forgetting his obligation to his constituents

IX.

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was soon looked upon as the leader of that party which was striving to support the constitutional balance so specious in theory. Both an eloquent speaker and cogent reasoner, he forced, as it were, conviction to the minds of his hearers, and the liberal party was daily strengthening under his influence.

The officials became alarmed at his growing power, and the Governor formally required the young representative to vacate his seat.

Mr. Wilcox, though determined to resist a requisition so unconstitutional, waited on His Excellency for an explanation of its cause.

Sir Francis plainly and abruptly told him that he was considered disaffected, and consequently unfit to hold a seat in a British Legislature.

Our hero replied:—"If the opinion that I am disaffected be correct, your Excellency has, nevertheless, done in Upper Canada what His Majesty would have dared to do in Great Britain."

"What have I done?" interrogated Sir Francis contemptuously.

"Your Excellency has undertaken to undermine a fundamental principle of the constitution."

"In what respect?"

"The seat of a representative of the people is threatened against Executive encroachment in every part of His Majesty's dominions," said Mr. Wilcox indignantly.

The constitution of Upper Canada does not in-

tend that rebels shall hold seats in Parliament," rejoined the Governor.

"Nor that the Chief Magistrates shall be independent of its requisitions," retorted our hero.

"In requiring you to vacate your seat in Parliament, I have acted according to the spirit of the constitution," said Sir Francis.

"Its letter and spirit differ very materially, then."

"I shall, at any rate, persist in my construction and expect you to obey my mandate!"

"Your Excellency will be disappointed in his expectation!"

"You have then determined to resist His Majesty's representative, and consequently His Majesty's authority?"

"No—I only resist the usurper, Sir Francis."

"Usurper?" repeated the Governor, in rage. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean to say, Sir Francis, that you are not the true representative of His Majesty."

"What am I, then?"

"A tool to a corrupt compact—to a set of men while they profess the most devoted loyalty, are the greatest enemies to England's sovereigns in Upper Canada."

"Your passions cause you to forget your duty as the Chief Magistrate of your country," said His Excellency in a deep voice, while he looked malignantly at the young representative.

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"I am performing the duty of a true British subject, Sir Francis. The audacious usurpations of those who conduct the Government of Upper Canada, should not be submitted to in silence."

"Wilcox," cried the Governor in a loud and passionate voice:—"Wilcox, your assertions are false!"

"Your Excellency knows that they are too true."

"They are false!" vociferated Sir Francis. "The Government of Upper Canada is conducted with propriety."

"Sir Francis—office in Upper Canada is a sinecure—not because there are not duties attached to it,

but because neither the interest of the sovereign, nor that of the people is felt at heart by the incumbent. Yet,

withstanding such notorious dereliction, the man who dares to animadvert on it, becomes at once an ob-

ject of oppression, and the verriest ruffians are retained even under the eye of the Chief Magistrate to carry

out official vengeance to his door." Our hero added:

"Your Excellency knows that I have said truth!"

"Your allegations are false!" exclaimed the Governor. "You are a rebel, and the Legislative hall

of Upper Canada shall be no longer cumbered with you."

"I shall, nevertheless, resume my seat there, Sir Francis," pronounced the young Representative.—

On bowing formally to the Governor, he retired from the Presence and proceeded directly to the Parliament-house.

Mr. Wilcox, indeed, fulfilled his promise to the Governor, and yet represented his constituents some four or five days. Nor did His Excellency seem inclined to enforce his mandate at present.

But, alas! our hero was doomed to mortification and afflictions. War was declared against Great Britain and her dependencies, by the United States Government. York was subjected to martial law, and Mr. Wilcox was not only proclaimed, in the columns of the Royal Gazette of Upper Canada, as disaffected towards the Government, but commanded through the same medium, to leave the Capitol in the course of twelve hours—death, as a traitor, being the only alternative of his disobedience.

The true friends of England's Sovereigns, never lived in peace, or even safety, in any part of British North America. But at a crisis like the present, when martial, had superseded municipal law; and death, too, was to be administered by Sir Francis, (the Governor of Carleton,)—it would have been madness for our hero to contend longer for his rights, as a British subject. Determining, therefore, to leave York immediately, he ordered Johnson to pack his trunks. Then, in writing to Mrs. Darwin and Miss Carleton, through the Post Office, he brushed the dust of the place which he had suffered so many wrongs, from his boots, and started with his faithful servant for Niagara.

CHAPTER X.

But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Tracked like wild beasts, like them they sought the wild
As to a mother's bosom flies the child.—BYRON.

Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here !—SHAKESPEARE.

Notwithstanding the wrongs Mr. Wilcox had suffered under the tyrannic arm of the Upper Canada government, his allegiance to his King had not been shaken.

Of noble blood, he could not indulge a thought against that power, under which his fathers had enjoyed high birthrights, and which he, from his infancy, had been taught to love and respect. Nor could he brook the idea of returning to his native land, as a banished out-cast from the country he had adopted.

He therefore determined to endure the mortifications under which his high-toned spirit was suffering, rather than abandon from his heart the true principles of loyalty, that had grown with his growth, or flee, as a criminal, to the protection of his friends.

He took up his abode in a secluded part of the town of Niagara. The powerful of the land, however, did not intend to forget him, when they drove him from home. Nor were their emissaries, (for such in-

fested every corner of the country,) unmindful of the man who had established himself in their vicinity.

He avoided all public places; but when chance brought him in contact with man, in his unfrequent paths, he was either shunned as a pestilence, or insulted as a traitor. Nor did he, during his residence here, meet in friendship, a fellow being—save his own faithful servant.

Extensive preparations for invasion, had been made both by Great Britain and the United States; and the war was now conducted with energy by both Governments.

General Hull had already planted the Republican standard in Canada; and through his cowardice and apostacy, Sir Isaac Brock had, in turn, fixed the British standard in Great Britain in Michigan.

It was the thirteenth of October; and intelligence was received at Niagara, that a division of the United States' army had attacked the post at Queenston. A hero, forgetting his wrongs, volunteered his services, and though the son of a nobleman, he shouldered the musket—marched to Queenston, and having shared the dangers of the battle with the common soldier, returned to his seclusion.

No enemy is so implacable, as he who has no cause for his animosity. An innate fear of just vengeance haunts such an one, and calls forth every effort of his ignoble mind, to render the object of his hatred powerless.

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Our hero's enemies, therefore, no sooner heard of his disinterested act of patriotism, than the Demons of their bosoms were awakened, as it were, from a slumber. Sir Francis wanted but an excuse to direct engines of destruction against him ; and the Secretary was not without resources that would furnish a plausible one, at a crisis like the present.

Hope—that eternal hope, that buoys the heart of man in his direst distress—had now almost deceived Mr. Wilcox into the consoling belief, that his secluded and unpretending life, had at least, secured him from the malicious pursuit of his enemies : and he had even begun again to indulge in dreams of future prosperity and happiness.

“ So thy fair hand, enamored fancy ! gleans
 The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes ;
 Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
 Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
 Where love and lore may claim alternate hours
 With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers.”

But, alas ! how delusive ! The blood-hounds of Government, were already on their scent : nor did ten days elapse, after the battle of Queenston, before he was assured of the vanity of his thoughts.

It was ten o'clock at night, and our hero was seated at a stand in his small parlor, penning a letter to the lovely daughter of Carleton, when his servant suddenly entered, and blew out his candle.

“ Excuse me, Squire Wilcox,” said Johnson, “ but Canada devils will be around in a leetle ; and as there

a'nt no shettlers to the winders, it's prudent to blow out the candle, I guess."

"For what purpose is my house to be beset to-night, Johnson?" asked Mr. Wilcox hastily.

"The Government folks ha'nt gin up the idee o' puttin an eend to Squire Wilcox yit."

"I cannot think it possible that my enemies are pursuing me after so long a cessation of their hostilities," said Mr. Wilcox.

"Whether you think so or no, Squire—it's a true bill!"

"May you not be deceived?"

"I recking not; for I've taken a leetle pains to larn the business, any how."

"What have you learned, then?"

"That you're sent for by the big folks at York."

"And how have you learned this?"

"I larnt it about ten minutes ago at the post-office whilst I was waitin for your letter from Miss Carry or ruther whilst I was waitin for't, and a leetle after I got it."

"You have a letter for me, then?"

"Sartin—but there aint no time to read it."

"Indeed!"

"No, Squire—the sooner you're makin tracks the better; accordin to my mind."

"But why such sudden haste with my enemies when they know that I have been waitin on their vengeance in this place four months?"

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"I'll tell ail I know on't, any how," replied the servant.

"Do?"

"Well, Squire, you know the roads is desperate muddy now; and the nights is considerable dark too; so I had to wait at the post-office till a leetle ago for the mail. Squire Blake was waitin too, and jest as soon as the mail was opened, the post master found a letter for 'im, and when he gin it to 'im, looked as though he knowed somethin that some folks didn't. I swigged the writin on the back on't, howsomever, and knowed it as well as I knowed my own. I knowed the nater o' the writer too, and a leetle suspicious that somethin might be brewin, concluded there wouldn't be no harm in tryin to find out what it was consarnin.

The Squire opened the letter, and after I got yourn, stepped off as though I was comin hum. I didn't, howsomever, pull the door clean to, and stopin agin it, wa'nt disappointed in my ideas."

"You learned the object of this letter?" said Mr. Wilcox, enquiringly.

"Sartin—I hard Squire Blake tell the post master; and the sum and substance on't was, that Squire Wilcox is to be nabbed as a rebel, and that there's evidence enough agin 'im to fix 'im out as sich."

"The Secretary was the writer of this letter, I presume?"

"No mistake. The Captin, howsomever, writ it for the Governor."

"It contained a command from Sir Francis to capture me?"

"That's the story, Squire Wilcox."

"I wonder, at any rate, that they have deferred their vengeance so long!" said our hero with indignant feeling.

"A reason for that was gin in the letter," said Johnson.

"Indeed!—what was it?"

"The Captin said that, as you was a Lord's son the Governor'd been a leetle cautious; but that you wouldn't be overlooked no longer; for the sarcumstances was now so strong agin you, that your friends in Ireland wouldn't have nothin to say agin 'im if he changed you."

"Base!—base villains!" exclaimed the persecutor Wilcox.

"No two idees about that," said Johnson. "Howsomever, I nor you can't make 'em no better, as I know on, and we'd best be makin tracks, I conclude for I hard Squire Blake say, after readin the letter he'd have you in ierns in no time; and I recking he'll be along in a leetle with his critters."

"I must meet my foes, Johnson. There is no place of refuge for me."

"One o' two things has got to be done pretty quick any how. We've got to get ready for fight or scratch gravel—that's a fact!"

"I will fight, then. These blood-hounds will ne-

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be satisfied till they see the last drop of my heart's blood. I will fight and die at once, rather than indure their farther indignities. Prepare my pistols !"

"I don't like the idee o' bein considered a back-out, Squire ; and if you say fight—I say fight too. Howsomever, accordin to my calculation, it's a leetle the best to make tracks. We can't fight the hull town—that's a fact ; and Government pups has growed so desperate toppin se the war, that every body's folks would have to turn c it for 'em, if they axed it."

"I know very well, Johnson, that it would be madness to resist ; but where will I find a refuge ?"

"Leave that part on't to me."

"I will leave all to you," said Mr. Wilcox, with feelings almost indifferant with regard to the result ; and Johnson thus authorized, picked up his master's trunk and threw it to his shoulder. But the enemy was already at the door and our hero flew to his pistols.

"Squire, jest foller me, and they'll find out they aint the cunninest critters in nater," said the servant in a low and wary voice, and then he started to the kitchen, followed by his master.

He reached a trap-door, and opening it, Mr. Wilcox descended a ladder. Then following, he closed the way after him, as the front and back doors of the house were burst open.

Now in the cellar, he took his master's hand, and led him through an outer door ; and before day dawned, his ingenuity had furnished a temporary screen

from the weather in a wood, five miles distant from Niagara.

The sun having risen, Johnson said:—"Now, Squire Wilcox, we've got a house to live in, but we ha'n't nothin' to live on; so I recking I'd best take a foragin' tramp?"

Our hero drew from his pocket a purse that contained his every farthing, and found in it scarcely enough to purchase the ingredients for one meal.—He offered its contents to his servant, with evident signs of mortification, and thought he could only apologise for what might appear penurious, by acknowledging his poverty.

Johnson refused the money, dropped his head in sorrow for his master's feelings, and after a momentary silence, said:—"Providence ha'n't left us without nothin'. I always considered it prudent to look out for a rainy day—so I saved the leetle Squire Carleton left me in his will, and I've got a hundred dollars at your sarvice, Squire."

He started suddenly on his errand, and the eyes of our hero filled with tears of gratitude, as they followed him.

He directed his steps towards the Niagara river; and on arriving at the cultivated part of the farm on which the fugitives had pitched their camp, he espied a man coming towards him.

As they approached each other, Johnson perceived that the stranger wore a military dress, and feared he

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might be commanding a party in search of his master. But he could not now avoid a meeting; and as the surest way of avoiding suspicion, he proceeded with hurried steps towards him.

On meeting the stranger, (who wore the insignia of a Lieutenant, and whose countenance bespoke an ingenuous heart,) the servant raised his hat respectfully from his head; and the young officer having returned his courtesy with affability, said:—"My friend, I observe a smoke rising from yonder wood—can you give me any information respecting it?"

Johnson turned his face towards the wood, and viewed the smoke that was now curling over the trees, from a fire he had made with his own hands, but hesitated to answer the officer, who continued:—"I have just received information of some desertions from Fort George; and this smoke may be issuing from an encampment of the deserters."

"Deserters would be likely to lean to tother side, I conclude," said the servant, with apprehension for his master's safety.

"But if they had not a ready opportunity to get across the river, they would naturally make the woods a temporary retreat."

Johnson remained silent, but scrutinized the face of the officer, who, turning on his heel, added:—"I will, at any rate, take a file of men, and satisfy myself."

The Lieutenant had nearly reached a battery on the bank of the Niagara river, when the young Yan-

kee, who had followed close on his steps, ejaculated :—
: ‘Lootenant, if you ha’nt no objections, I’d like to
have a leetle chat with you.’”

The officer stopped, and Johnson continued :—“I
look considerably at folks’ faces ; (for, accordin to my
idees, they generally carry their credentials there :)
and if my leetle acquaintance with human nater ha’nt
deceived me, I guess your honor a’nt to be sneezed
at !”

The officer’s suspicions were strengthened by John-
son’s remarks, and fixing his eyes on him, he said,
inquiringly :—“Deserters are really secreted in the
woods, then ?”

“The desarters you mean, Lootenant, a’nt.”

“There are deserters there, however ?”

“That depends on folksees idees. I and Squire
Wilcox has been considerably put to’t, and we had to
find a hidin place.”

“Wilcox !” repeated the officer in surprise. “Is
the place from whence the smoke issues, a refuge for
Mr. Wilcox ?”

His ready recognition of our hero’s name, alarmed
Johnson ; but he thought it too late to retract.

“It’s a fact, Lootenant,” said he in reply ; “and
you seem to be acquainted with the Squire, too ?”

“Slightly,” rejoined the officer, briefly.

“You’ve hearn considerable bad stories about ‘im.
I conclude ?”

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"I should'n't wonder if you believed some on 'em, too?" said the servant anxiously.

"No," said the officer decisively:—"No—I believe him to be a persecuted man."

The overjoyed Johnson lost his power of utterance for several moments; but as soon as he could speak, he exclaimed:—"That's the story, Lootenant!—you've got holt o' the right eend on't! May I inquire your name?"

"The young officer smiled, as he replied:—"My name is Aberthenot."

"I should'n't wonder if you're some relation to the *Kiernill*?"

"Colonel Aberthenot?—Sir Anthony?" inquired Mr. Aberthenot, in turn, willing to gratify the servant's curiosity.

"Sartin," cried Sam—the nicest old chap in nater—a rail gentleman—that's a fact Lootenant!"

The young officer could not help smiling again, at the peculiar panegyric on his uncle, while he said:—"I have the honor of being a nephew of your old friend."

"Sam Johnson's your humble sarvant, then," said the Yankee, as he bowed low to the officer.

"Thank you, Johnson."

"You got acquainted with Squire Wilcox at York, I conjecter?"

"I was introduced to him in that town by Sir Anthony."

“You wa'n't long in York, I conclude? for I never seed you before, as I know on.”

“I was only a visitor there.”

“The *Kiernill's* got a considerable idee o' Squire Wilcox?”

“A very good opinion of him. Quite his friend, Johnson. But what has driven your master to the woods?”

The servant readily related the persecutions which had forced Mr. Wilcox—step by step—to his wild retreat; and then he added:—“I'm now foragin for somethin to keep up 'is nater.”

Mr. Aberthenot's heart opened in sympathy, and he said:—“Johnson, your master's situation requires the utmost caution; and a British officer's friendship will uot, I think, be received amiss by him.”

The servant bowed in joy, and the officer continued:—“Your peculiar dialect might excite a suspicion that would lead to the discovery of Mr. Wilcox.—Therefore, apply not for food even, to any but me.”

Johnson wondered more and more at the good fortune of our hero, and after collecting himself, he replied, with a heart full of gratitude:—“I aint goin to thank you, Lootenant; for I ha'nt no words to do't it as I know on.”

Mr. Aberthenot proceeded with the servant to his quarters, where he loaded him with viands, and sending compliments to his master, promised to visit the refuge in the course of the morning. Nor was it long

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after our hero had breakfasted, when Johnson, with a smiling countenance, announced the young officer at the door of the sylvan retreat.

CHAPTER XI.

But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,
And still more vainly men escape from men.—BYRON.

* * * * * Give me thy hand.
CORIOLANUS.

What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me we leave to fate ;
We know by past experience taught
That innocence availeth nought ;
I feel and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself a host :
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me—I'm at rest ;
Ten thousand deaths in every nerve,
I'd rather suffer than deserve.—MONTGOMERY.

It was the last of May, eighteen hundred and thir-
teen, and Mr. Wilcox, under the auspices of young
Aberthenot, had enjoyed a safe and peaceful retreat,
for seven months, in the wilderness.

Now, however, a speedy invasion of Niagara was
threatened by the Americans, and our hero's friend
was suddenly ordered to that town. The officer, hav-
ing started his soldiers on their march under the direc-
tion of his orderly, mounted his horse and rode to the
refuge.

The object of this visit was not merely to take a leave of Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Aberthenot knew that there was no longer security for the fugitive in Upper Canada, and of this he determined to assure him.

Our hero met his friend at the cabin door as he rode up. The officer dismounted not, but delivering a number of the Royal Gazette into the fugitive's hand, told him he would find an article in it which would convince him at least of the necessity of the strictest caution.

"Indeed, my friend," added young Aberthenot, "you are no longer safe in Upper Canada."

"Mr. Wilcox spoke not in turn, but looked sorrowfully at his friend.

"Your enemies are implacable," said the officer at length. "You will find in the paper you now hold a price offered for your head. A price offered too, for the last seven months; but I did not think it necessary to disturb your mind with this information, as long as I could befriend your seclusion. Now, however, I am called away, and man is too sordid to trust.— You are no longer safe in Upper Canada!"

"You think I am not safe in this retreat?" said our hero, in an abstracted manner.

"I do. Gold is tempting; and there is no small price offered for your head."

"Where can I go?"

"Seek an asylum in the United States. This course is the only alternative of an ignominious death!"

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plied the young officer, and then giving his hand to
 our hero, he took an affectionate leave and galloped
 away.

Mr. Wilcox looked after his friend till his view was
 entirely intercepted by the forest trees. Then retiring
 to his cabin, he opened the Royal Gazette, and read
 the article to which Mr. Aberthenot had alluded.

A thousand pounds was the reward offered for his
 head. The cup of forbearance had overflowed, and
 calling Johnson from the kitchen apartment, (for the
 servant had not allowed himself to be long in the wil-
 derness without such an addition to his master's habita-
 tion,) told him that he had determined, not only to flee
 to the United States, but to join the republican stan-
 dard.

A gleam of joy issued from the eyes of the Yan-
 kee, on hearing his master's declaration, and he said
 in turn:—"Well, Squire Wilcox, accordin to my
 mind, no body's folks can't blame you. It's honest
 for folks to stick to their Government, as long as nater
 will let 'em—no mistake; and 'ta'nt my business to
 advise Squire Wilcox about sich things. Howsom-
 ever, it's my idee, that folks aint bound to run the
 gantlet to etarnity."

"It has been a struggle with me, my faithful John-
 son, to renounce my King and my country," rejoined
 our hero, with a trembling voice. "But the die is
 cast. I am denounced as a traitor. A traitor I will
 be!"

"They won't let you be nothin else—that's the story, Squire!"

The breast of Mr. Wilcox heaved in conflict.— Then he said, in a firm tone :—"Johnson, I suspect there is not now a soldier to guard the shore ; and if a plank sufficient to buoy me can be found, I will not remain longer in a land where I am continually hunted as a beast of the forest."

"I wouldn't be too fast nuther, Squire."

"Why delay a moment ? My mind is fixed!"

"It's jest as well to be a leetle prudent ; and I recking I'd best go out to the river and recurniter some fust. Then, agin, I ha'nt got your trunk fixed up yit."

"Just as you please, Johnson," said our hero, as he threw himself recklessly into his seat again, and the servant began to make the necessary preparations for a removal.

He had scarcely got engaged, however, when the commencement of a battle at Niagara was announced by the roar of cannon. Volley after volley followed in quick succession, and the master and servant forgot themselves, in listening to the "din of war."

All was again still, and Johnson said to his master : "There's an eend on't, any how, Squire Wilcox, and for all we know, Canada's a free country."

"I shall not be sorry to hear that she is, at any rate."

"It would save us the trouble o' swimin' to one, any how," rejoined the servant, as he smiled in an-

icipation, and then finishing the work he had begun, he set out for the river.

Having reached the shore without molestation or impediment, he selected materials from the wood and boards that had drifted on it, for a float of sufficient size for his purpose, and uniting them with withes, in the course of two hours returned to the retreat. He hoisted his master's trunk to his shoulder, and said:—"Now, Squire Wilcox, if you're ready, I be."

Our hero placed his hat on his head, but his countenance betrayed a conflict that was again raging within his bosom.

"Yes—yes, Johnson—I am ready," he ejaculated at length, and then he proceeded with hurried steps, as if he doubted the strength of his own resolutions if he tarried longer.

The fugitives had not long issued from the wood when they discovered a body of horsemen riding with rapidity along the main road. They hesitated on their steps, and Johnson, after straining his eyes to their utmost, actually began to dance in frantic joy.

"True blues! True blues!—no mistake! Canada's free!" cried the Yankee.

Our hero's risible faculties, notwithstanding his present mood, were not proof against this ludicrous exhibition of his servant.

"You needn't skulk no longer from the Canada pups, Squire. True blues, by jolly!" continued Johnson to his laughing master.

“You think them a body of American cavalry—you?” enquired Mr. Wilcox at length.

“Sartin—and we’d best be joggin on, I guess,” said the servant in reply, and then he moved forward.

“Stop, Johnson! you may be mistaken,” said Mr. Wilcox. Johnson was at least half offended at this command, and after stopping short, he said, in a reproachful tone:—“I recking I know my country folks, Squire.”

“The British cavalry wear blue too, Johnson.”

“Ta’nt the true blue, howsomever; and another thing, Squire Wilcox, there’s a leetle difference in the fashin o’ their caps. It’s my idee we’d best be joggin!”

“Very well, Johnson. You have never yet failed me in my exigencies. We will proceed.”

The fugitives did not reach that point of the road to which they were directing their steps, before the horsemen passed. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilcox got a sufficiently close view of them to satisfy him that the servant had not been deceived.

“There, Squire Wilcox!” ejaculated Johnson, as the troop rode by:—“There—look for yourself.”

“I perceive that your opinion was correct,” returned Mr. Wilcox.

“I recking I know my country folks,” rejoined the young Yankee with proud emphasis.

Having arrived at the shore, Johnson removed the trunk from his shoulders to the float he had manufactured, and again addressed his master.

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"Squire," said he, "I made this consarn to carry
 us acrost the river; but it's my idee, now, we'd best
 go to Niagara on it."

Our hero remained silent in thought, and the ser-
 vant continued:—"Nigara's in honest hands now,
 and if you're a goin to jine my country folks, you'll
 have a chance to do't there, I calculate."

The aspect of Mr. Wilcox indicated strong emo-
 tion; but in sudden resolution he stepped on to the
 float, and seating himself on his trunk, signified a de-
 termination of proceeding to Niagara.

The servant indulged vivid anticipations for his
 master under the auspices of the United States Gov-
 ernment, and pushing his vessel from the shore in si-
 lent exultation at our hero's decision, the force of the
 current wafted the fugitives in less than an hour to
 Niagara.

Mr. Wilcox soon effected an interview with the
 commander of the American forces, and was promised
 a Coloneley, on the condition that he would raise a
 regiment of Canadians.

Though he had been outlawed by the tyrannic ope-
 ration of the Canadian Government, he was remem-
 bered with esteem by the Canadian people. There-
 fore, (having caused hand-bills, solciting recruits, to
 be circulated,) it was not long before the requisition
 of the general was fully complied with; and taking
 the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, he received a
 sword from the hand of a foreigner, to wield against
 the land of his birth.

CHAPTER XII.

We neared the wild wood ———.

A slender girl, long-haired and tall,
Sat watching by the cottage wall.—MAZEPPA.

I have pledged my faith ;
I love him—I will die with him : I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.

BYRON.

Colonel Wilcox had kept up a correspondence with Miss Carleton, during his abode in the wilderness, through the kindness of Mr. Aberthenot, to whose address she had directed.

Caroline had read too, in the Royal Gazette, the accusations and denunciations against our hero. Neither ignorant, therefore, of the extent of his persecutions, nor of their groundless cause, she was but little surprised, on receiving one of his hand-bills, (soliciting recruits for the United States' service) from the hand of Mrs. Darwin. With this step, however, there was associated, in the mind of Caroline, a chain of events; and rising from her seat, she paced her cottage parlour some minutes in agitation. Then stopping suddenly before her aunt, she said, with a spirited emphasis:—"Joseph Wilcox has done right! Driven, by the tyranny of the Government, to the very dens of wild beasts, for shelter; had he longer thought, even

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of a reconciliation, he would have proved himself a crouching sycophant ! He has done right !”

“His provocations for taking arms against his country, have been as great as they well could be ; and I believe he has, at any rate, become an unwilling traitor to his King,” returned the Honorable Mrs. Darwin.

“Traitor !” exclaimed Miss. Carleton. “Aunt, he is no traitor ! He who does not betray a trust, cannot be one. Mr. Wilcox was denounced as a traitor, and an extravagant price was offered for his head, as such, by his government, while voluntarily defending his country. He has not yet been trusted—how then could he betray ?”

“Caroline,” said Mrs. Darwin, “I considered it my duty to inform you of the step Mr. Wilcox had at length taken, though not intending to interfere with your affections. My conscience, however, constrains me to say :—I regret that, instead of taking arms against his country, he did not retire as a private citizen to the United States.”

“Such a course would have been selfish,” replied Caroline. “He has been forced to adopt a foreign country, and he is in honor bound to share in the danger of guarding her rights. Aunt, he has done all right !”

A gentle rap at the outer door, of the cottage, interrupted the conversation, and the next instant, Caroline was enfolded in the arms of Colonel Wilcox.

“But they were young: oh! what without our youth
 Would love be? What would youth be without love?
 Youth lends it joy and sweetness, vigor, truth,
 Heart soul and all that seems as from above.”

The transport of this sudden meeting having partially subsided, our hero bethought him of his duty to the Honorable Mrs. Darwin. The lady received him cordially, though she could not, in her heart, fully excuse him. He thought there was some reserve, in her manner. The gratitude he owed her, at once rose in judgment against him, and his countenance drooped in mortification.

At length he said :—“Mrs. Darwin, I have visited the Ferest-cottage this night, with the hope of prevailing on Miss Carleton to take a step which would irrietricvably blend her destiny with mine. Yet I intend not to appear in a character that is not real. Know, Madam, that I have abjured my birthrights, as a British subject—that I have sworn allegiance to the United States’ Government—that I am now a Colonel in the United States’ army, and that the sword which hangs at my side, is only to be unsheathed, to maintain the star-spangled banner.” He added :—“My ambition would not have drawn me, but my wrongs have driven me from my country. You, Madam, have some knowledge of the persecutions I have suffered !”

Mrs. Darwin replied :—“My young friend, I indeed know something of the wrongs you have suffered in Upper Canada, and believe that your provocations for taking arms against your King, left you almost

without an alternative. Nevertheless, I confess that I was much shocked, when I this day, (through one of your own hand-bills,) received information of your intention." The lady continued, with a full heart:—"I knew that your step was irretrievable, and considered it my duty to inform my niece of it, without delay, that she might know at once, how to determine for herself. I have not advised; and to assure you that I have no disposition to influence the affections of Caroline, I promise to promote, rather than impede her flight with you to Niagara."

Colonel Wilcox rejoined:—"Your charity and good offices are unailing, Mrs. Darwin. But Miss Carleton has not yet consented to leave her home and friends for me". He directed his eyes inquisitively towards Caroline; but her cheeks were bathed with tears, and Mrs. Darwin sur-rejoined:—"I doubt not, however, that her consent will be readily granted. I am sure there is no happiness for Caroline, save that which is associated with your destiny. I should, therefore, not hope to better her condition, by resisting a consummation of the engagement between you."

The pride of Colonel Wilcox was injured by the concluding remark of the lady, and his face crimsoned with mingled mortification and resentment.

"I think I understand you, madam," said he in a tone of voice indicative of his feelings, yet respectful: "Of two evils that await Miss Carleton, you would choose for her the least?"

“Plainly, Colonel Wilcox—were you still a fugitive in the wilderness, I would rejoice to see my neice’s hand joined with yours in wedlock. Now, however, I can only say—I will not resist her inclination.”

Our hero again turned his eyes on Miss Carleton with anxious inquisitiveness. She had not indulged a hesitating thought. “I will go,” said she decisively, and then ringing the bell that communicated with the kitchen, Arietta Williams appeared, and retired with her to her dressing room.

Sam Johnson, who had accompanied his master, was also partially actuated to the enterprise by Cupid. Indeed a solemn engagement of matrimony had been entered into between him and Arietta, and he intended taking her back with him. She was a member of Darwin-house when he departed from York with his master, and there he expected to find her. Mrs. Darwin, however, finding her, on trial, sufficiently trusty to initiate into the secret residence of the forest, and the female servant of the cottage being too old to perform fully the household duties, the lady transferred the maid to her neice. Sam was, therefore, agreeably surprised by a meeting with his Arietta; and having communicated to her the object of this visit, she obeyed the summons of her mistress, not only with her usual alacrity, but with a heart palpitating in anticipation.

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her maid returned to the parlor in their riding hats and habits, while Arietta held under each arm a small valice.

Old Trusket and his wife were summoned to take their adieu of their young mistress.

These aged servants had known the stricken Caroline from her infancy, and had for the last four years watched over her at the forest-cottage with parental solicitude. They were borne down with grief, at the sudden prospect of parting with her. They wept—all wept; for Colonel Wilcox himself could not suppress his tears on an occasion so affecting.

The scene was changed. The doors of the cottage were burst open, and the Secretary entered at the head of a dozen armed soldiers. He pointed in the direction of Colonel Wilcox, and commanded the men to seize him. Our hero, however, drawing a pistol from the side pocket of his riding jacket, they hesitated, while he said to Carleton:—"Proud man! do you hope to force me alive before a mock tribunal of Upper Canada? My body may be dragged there—but not until the soul that animates it will have been judged by the Omnipotent court of heaven!"

The Secretary indeed hoped to see the extreme penalty of the law executed on our hero. His iron heart was even feasted with the idea that he would behold the man whom he detested for his virtues, not only suspended from a gallows, but quartered. This penalty would have been the consequence of a judicial

conviction of Colonel Wilcox, and Carleton, therefore, before entering the cottage, strictly enjoined the soldiers to take him alive.

“Seize the traitor!” cried Carleton again; but the determined look of our hero still daunted the soldiery. Each man hesitated to become the first to close on him, and the Secretary becoming at length furious, ordered them to run him through. The soldiers simultaneously leveled their bayonets at his breast, and Caroline threw herself before him.

“The bayonet that reaches the heart of Colonel Wilcox, shall first pass through mine!”

“Rash girl! desist, and leave the traitor to his fate!” cried the Secretary.

“I shield a heart as truly loyal as my father’s,” retorted Caroline.

At this juncture Sam Johnson entered.

“By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,

And though his name than Ajax or Achilles

Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun, soon

We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his
Man quite as gently as blows the monsoon.

Her steady breath, (which some months the some still is)
Seldom he varied feature, hue or muscle,

And could be very busy without bustle.”

Holding his riding cap in his left hand and a pistol in his right, he bowed low to his old master, who could not help grinding his teeth in passion at him. Nevertheless, the servant was a secondary object of the Secretary’s vindictive spirit, and he again thundered a command against our hero.

"Men, tear that girl away, and make sure of the traitor, dead or alive!"

"Cruel father!" exclaimed Caroline in anguish.—
 "How can you thus persist in the destruction of one with whom your daughter's happiness is identified?—
 But be assured, sir—whatever your determination—I stand here to defend Colonel Wilcox—even at the sacrifice of my own life!"

"Soldiers," cried Carleton frantically, "seize that undutiful girl, and massacre her idol before her eyes!"

"I swear by heaven! that my pistol shall sound the death-knell of the first man who attempts to lay hands on her," said Colonel Wilcox.

The Secretary looked in disdainful rage at our hero for a moment, and then he interrogated, in a deep voice:—"Boasting traitor! do you think that your arms can now rescue you from the vengeance that your crimes demand?"

"I disdain, at any rate, to sue to my persecutors for mercy," replied Colonel Wilcox. Then pressing the hand of Caroline, he, in defiance, walked out of the cottage, and Sam Johnson again bowing low to the Secretary, followed him.

Carleton stood silent and motionless in confusion of mind, at the unexpected departure, for a minute.—
 Then suddenly collecting himself, he ordered the soldiers to pursue the fugitives. They attempted to obey, but Caroline flew to the door and disputed their passage.

“Traitor!” vociferated the Secretary, and he stamped frantically as he spoke—“Traitor, let the men pass!”

“After Colonel Wilcox shall have secured his retreat,” returned Miss Carleton, in a decisive tone of voice; and her father, forcing her from her post, renewed his order.

Though the soldiers had cheerfully followed the Secretary to the forest cottage, they were now unwilling to take a step towards the capture of our hero.—Their sympathies were awakened in favor of Miss Carleton: nor did they feel less disgust at the inhuman conduct of the father, than admiration for the devotion of the daughter. They hesitated to obey, and the Secretary relaxing his grasp of Caroline, she again planted herself at the door.

Previous to proceeding to the cottage, this native tyrant had taken the precaution to plant a guard at the entrance of the forest path; and he thought the escape of Colonel Wilcox, at any rate, morally impossible. Therefore, (though his vindictive spirit could only have been fully gratified, by his becoming the proud captor,) perceiving the indisposition of the soldiers to obey his order, he made a virtue of necessity; and signifying his intention of abandoning the pursuit of the fugitives, ordered his daughter to prepare herself to accompany him to his home.

The escape of Joseph Wilcox secured—Caroline thought she could indure, at the hands of her father

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any individual affliction. A smile of joy lit up the face of the devoted girl, and expressing a compliance with the command, she begged permission to retire a few minutes to her dressing-room.

The Secretary looked for an instant in surprise at his daughter. Then he doubted the sincerity of her words, and believed that she wished to withdraw for the purpose of attempting an escape. Nevertheless, he granted her request, after taking the precaution to station a soldier at each window and outer door of the cottage.

In her dressing-room—Caroline devoted some fifteen or twenty minutes in ardent supplication, to Him through whose power the weak become strong, for the preservation of Colonel Wilcox from the destroying hands of his persecutors. Then she changed her dress, and in the course of twenty minutes more, returned to the parlor in readiness to accompany her father;—and old Trusket and his wife were soon left sole occupants of the Forest-Cottage.

CHAPTER XIII.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood
 A human figure broke the solitude.—THE ISLAND.

But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
 Knew when and how to cut and come again,
 And never ran away, except when running
 Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

It would have been preposterous for Colonel Wilcox or his servant to indulge a hope, on leaving the forest-cottage, that the Secretary depended entirely on the force he had led into its parlor.

At any rate, they were not allowed to surmise long in this respect. As they approached the wood from the cottage, Johnson thought he saw a human figure glide into the forest defile; and uncerimoniously taking precedence of his master, entered with hasty steps, and lay his ear close to the path. Then rising as our hero overtook him, he said, in a wary voice: "Kiernill, there's a critter a leetle ahead on us, and I recking he's a scout from tother eend."

The mind of Colonel Wilcox was so much absorbed in the scene which had passed, that he had not even noticed the act of the servant, and now paid little attention to what was spoken. He made no remark in return, and Johnson, after proceeding a short distance in impatient silence, again addressed him.

"Kiernill—I recking you would'nt like the idee o' goin barefoot a leetle?"

"Not very well, I confess, Johnson," answered our hero, after several moments, in a tone that betrayed absence of mind still.

"'Ta'nt likely, howsomever, under the sarcumstances, you'll object, Kiernill," rejoined the servant.

"If circumstances should render it necessary, I certainly would not object."

"Accordin to my calculations, our sarcumstances is ruther particular, any how."

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"They are unquestionably perilous, Johnson.
"No two ways about that—and it's prudent to keep
a leetle dark."

"We cannot be too cautious," said Colonel Wilcox,
briefly.

"That's a fact Kiernill—and boots is desperate tell-
tales!"

The thoughts of our hero were again engaged with
the cottage scene. He replied not, and the servant,
after a short pause, made another effort to attract his
attention.

"Kiernill," said he, you'd best put your ear agin
the ground, and larn the noisy nater on a boot, by the
critter that's ahead on us."

"Is there one in our path?" inquired Colonel Wil-
cox, in a careless voice.

Johnson almost forgot his duty, in anger at the reck-
lessness of his master.

"Sartin—" ejaculated he in reply. "Jest put your
ear agin the ground, Kiernill, and then you'll larn for
yourself."

"Your word is sufficient, Johnson," returned our
hero, with a monotonous indifference in his voice, that
caused much vexation to the servant.

"That a'nt the pinte, Kiernill," said the Yankee,
and he dwelt more than was usual with him, on his
words. "Folks that make war their trade, had ort to
know a leetle about their bizness, any how; and the
nater on a boot a'nt to be larnt no more than nothin

else, by hearin' folks tell o'nt. Put your ear agin the ground, and larn by experience!"

"It is an old saying, that experience is the best master," replied Colonel Wilcox, and then he gratified his servant, by applying his ear to the ground.

"No mistake—and you'll find the sayin', this time, pretty pinte, I conjecter," rejoined Johnson, as he also prostrated himself, to listen to the footsteps ahead.

They rose from the path, and as they proceeded on their way, the young Yankee inquired, in a triumphant tone:—"What's your idee now, Kiernill?"

"There is evidently some one in the path before us," answered our hero.

"That pinte a'nt to be disputed; and I recking we'll have a leetle to do at tother eend."

"Yes—we may depend on encounterin' a force at the highway."

"That's as sartin as we're livin'; and we do'nt ort to let our boots tell tales on us."

"The person ahead will already have told of us.—The noise of our boots, therefore, can be of but little consequence."

"In sich consarns, Kiernill, folks has, any how in the eend, to depend on their eyes and ears; and it's my idee, (if you'll foller my advice,) that I'll git among the critters, (for it's desperate dark,) and put them in sich a fuss, that they'll be put to't to find out which eend they're standin' on."

Johnson paused for a reply, but receiving none, he

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continued, with a strong emphasis:—"There a'nt no use in arguin the pinte, as I know on. Howsomever, if we've got to meet the critters on their own farms, I'd be desperate glad to take a black eye, and cry quits with 'em. Two folks can't fight a nation, Kiernill!"

"You shall have your own way, at any rate, Johnson," said Colonel Wilcox, and then he stopped to take off his boots.

The servant assisted him; and then drawing off his own, he fastened both pair to his waist, and again dictated to his master."

"Ta'nt my bizness to advise," said he; but it's my idee we'd best not be too high sperited Kiernill"

Spirit should always be tempered with prudence, Johnson."

"Sartin—and I say agin—two folks ca'nt fight a nation; and accordin to my calculation, if we've a mind to be eat up at tother eend, there'll be enough to do't."

Colonel Wilcox remained silent, and Johnson at length added:—"Now, Kiernill, I'd like to make a bargain with you."

"Propose."

"Prudence is prudence, Kiernill, and it won't do to say boo after we start agin; so I want you to agree to stop jest whenever you feel my hand agin you, and not to move a hair, nor say nothin, till you feel me agin, or till you're pretty sartin my worldly nater's eended."

“What do you intend doing?” inquired our hero.

“I calculate to go right in among ’em.”

Colonel Wilcox had nothing to expect, as the alternative of an escape, but death, either under the hand of the executioner, or the weapons of his enemies.

He thought he could, at any rate, choose the latter; and the inauspicious termination of his enterprize, had made him almost reckless of his own life; but he would fain have seen his faithful servant secure, rather than for his sake, more deeply involved in danger. Looking at the proposition of Johnson, therefore, as a voluntary offer to sacrifice himself, for his master, he rejected it.

“I cannot conscientiously consent to your proposal, Johnson. The advantage would be all on my own side.”

“The way I look at things, howsoever, Kiernell, it’s the best bargain that can be made for both on us.”

“I cannot consent to remain in security, while you are risking your life for my benefit,” said Colonel Wilcox decisively to his servant.

“There an’t no security one way nor tother as I know on,” replied Johnson. “Any how it’s my idee, the best way ’o gittin out on our scrape is to rig ourselves out on’t, and riggin seems to be a ’eetle more nateral to me than to Kiernell, Wilcox.” “Howsoever, somethin’s got to be done in short order, for the Captin an’t fur behind I conclude, and we’ll soon be

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between two fires." "He added :—Fact is Kiernell, our chance is slim the best way we can fix things, and if you're willin to make yourn worse, you dont ort to mine."

Momentary reflection assured our hero, that Johnson's proposition was founded on a correct view of their situation. Hemmed in by an impervious forest and an implacable enemy, there was indeed no prospect for either, save through stratagem. He acceded to Johnson's plan, and having proceeded a short distance further, he felt the pressure of a hand against his breast.

He stopped, and in a minute after, heard the voice of the young Yankee again :—"Hurrae ! hurrae ! The critters han't got you this time, Kiernill Wilcox.—Hurrae !—Cut stick Kiernill ! They cant come it : Lean like all nater ! Hurrae ! hurrae !"

A confused sound of voices, pistols, carbines and muskets followed, and our hero was yet bewildered with the noise without the forest, when his hand was seized by his faithful servant.

The reader is already aware that Mrs. Darwin, had for the convenience of Miss Carleton, caused a defile to be cut through a thicket of the pleasure grounds, leading from one of her gardens to the main road, at a point directly opposite the entrance of the forest path.

The gate which opened from this secret passage to the high-way, was so constructed as to exhibit no marks distinct from the fence, and our hero had during his elysian days, carried a key suited to its lock.

Johnson after the departure from York, thinking that this key might again some day be wanted, took a careful charge of it; nor did he forget to put it in his pocket before commencing the present journey.— Leading his master therefore out of the forest and across the high-way, he admitted him into the defile. He then stepped in himself and locking the gate divested himself of his riding jacket and putting on another garment instead, abruptly addressed our hero.

“Kiernill,” said he, I should’nt wonder if you’d be a leetle jealous o’ me when we git a light on the subject.”

“I could not indulge so ungenerous a passion as jealousy, towards one to whom I owe so much gratitude,” replied Colonel Wilcox.

“Whether or no, if it wa’nt dark, you’d see an aplet on my shoulder, and I ruther think you’d see a red coat on my back,” re-joined the servant.

“Was one killed then?” interrogated Colonel Wilcox hastily.

“A dozen on ’em might a been in the fire up an down street, for any thing I know on, but the critter I took the coat off on wa’nt.”

“Wounded then?”

“No Kiernill—he’s as sound as a roach I guess.”

“How then did you succeed in getting his coat in so short a time?”

“He fall in a fright fit just at my feet when I first hollered, and I talp you it git me a leetle start too,

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 idee I was so nigh any on 'em."

"Depend on it Johnson—he was shot in the confu-
 sion."

"He could'nt a been Kiernill. The firin was all
 up and down street, (for in the fuss, nabbin or killin
 Kiernill Wilcox was the only idees,) and another
 thing; if he's the critter I take 'im to be, fallin under
 sich sarcumstances a'nt new business to 'im."

"Who do you believe him to be?"

"Squire Mustiface," answered Johnson.

Colonel Wilcox was seized with sudden merriment,
 and after indulging his risible faculties a short time, he
 rejoined:—"This must be a surmise resulting from
 association in your mind Johnson. You could not
 have recognized him so dark a night."

There's somethin' besides the eyes to know folks by
 I guess. I felt all over 'im, and if there's another hu-
 man critter in york shaped like a bull frog, I'll gin
 up that the coat and aplet a'nt Squire Mustiface's.—

"Whether or no," continued the servant, "a red
 coat with an aplet o'nt, a'nt accordin to my idee to be
 sneezed at : for it wont be nothin agin us in our pres-
 ent pinch to be taken for Kings folks."

The fugitives, having proceeded as they conversed,
 now entered the garden with which the defile commu-
 nicated, and although it was so dark that the features
 of its scenery were indistinct to the eye : yet they
 were so associated in the mind of our hero, with friend-

ship and love, that he became overwhelmed in thought and hesitated on his steps, till his servant, concerned at the delay, roused him to a recollection of his danger.

"Kiernill," said Johnson, "this a'nt no place to stop now, any how."

"Our hero relieved his breast by a heavy sigh and replied :—"No Johnson—no, the well known friendship of Mrs. Darwin would render her house now a precarious shelter from my enemies."

"No two ways about that ; and I shouldn't wonder if Darwin-house was the fust place searched by the critters, after gittin a leetle over their bewilderment. I shouldn't be amazed nuther, to find the place we gittin in at guarded, and I recking we'd best make tracks with our hosses on the lake shore. Any how, it would be prudent to go through town agin under the circumstances."

Colonel Wilcox signified a compliance with his servant's opinion, and they soon reached a thicket where they had left four horses, without meeting an impediment. Freeing two of the animals, they continued their perilous journey on the others, and in the course of two hours more, lighted at the small Inn, (situated at the junction of the river Credit with Lake Ontario, and sixteen miles distant from the capital,) for refreshment.

On coming to a light, the captured coat proved of a scarlet color, and the landlord's loyalty was much

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ook for a British officer.

Believing Colonel Wilcox to be a sort of travelling
alet to the red-coated Yankee, and consequently near-
a level with himself, the publican, (who, by the by,
as a renegade from the United States,) addressed
m alone; nor did he in his loquacity, forget our
ero.

"I would become hangman myself, rather than let
e traitor go unhanged," said the renegade. "In-
ed, I have been blaming myself this half hour for not
taining a person who professed to be on his way to
ot the piquets on the look-out for Wilcox. He was
ompletely disguised, and had no sooner left my house,
an I questioned whether he was not himself the
itor; for, I cannot imagine why a man on the
ing's business should disguise himself."

Colonel Wilcox replied:—"It is quite probable, at
y rate, that a villain was screened by the disguise."

"I believe so," rejoined the Publican; "and it is a
y that I did not secure him. He would have been
rich prize."

"The man who could deliver Wilcox—either dead
alive—into the hands of the authorities, wo . be
erally rewarded," said our hero, and then paying
bill for refreshments and provinder, ordered the
ses to the door.

The landlord readily obeyed, and instead of hold-
the stirrup for the master, waited on the servant,

who suspecting his own dialect, spoke not, but bow in the light of the lantern, thanks to the renegade. And the fugitives leaving their host, stopped not again till they found a shelter for the ensuing day in a wilderness forty miles distant from York.

CHAPTER XIV.

They bore me to the nearest hut—

They brought me into life again.—BYRON.

After night-fall, Colonel Wilcox and his servants issued from their hiding place, and resumed their journey.

They had travelled some five miles further along the shore of Lake Ontario, and were turning into a road intersecting the principal highway from York to Niagara, at Stoney Creek, when two sentinels suddenly presented their bayonets and demanded their countersign.

“Wilcox, is my countersign,” answered our hero promptly.

“The traitor has not passed this road,” rejoined one of the sentinels, suspecting now that the fugitives were in pursuit.

“He was seen not an hour ago issuing from the wood back, and is now by stratagem endeavoring to reach Niagara. Delay me not soldiers!”

“God speed you!—success to you!” exclaimed the sentinels simultaneously, as they stepped back and opened a way for the fugitives.

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They found no difficulty in avoiding a piquette at
junction of the roads; nor did they again meet
impediment to their progress, till they approached
rivulet within eighteen miles of Fort-George.

This stream, where the public road crosses it, winds
ough a broad valley that, at the period of which
narrative speaks, was thickly covered with forest

As the fugitives were proceeding down the eastern
nk of this valley, their sympathies were suddenly
sed by female shrieks. They increased their
d. Scream after scream met their ears; and at
th, regardless of their own safety, they left the
en track, and guided in the direction of the voice.
they plunged from steeper to steeper, and descending
e rivulet, their horses swam to the opposite shore.
hero threw himself from his saddle—a faint and
thered cry for mercy directed his steps—his pistol
cocked—but his approach was discovered, and a
ster who had been thus far successfully resisted,
ped present vengeance by flight.

he female had no sooner been rescued from her
nded despoil; than, her delicate frame relaxing,
became almost lifeless; and Colonel Wilcox again
de his saddle, received her from the arms of his
ant, and proceeded in search of the road and a
e; while Johnson followed, leading a horse, (hav
a side-saddle on him,) which he had discovered in
wood.

Having at length found the road, and climbed the opposite ascent of the valley, they soon got to a farm-house, where, (having aroused its inhabitants from sleep,) they were hospitably received: and the reviving cordials of its Samaritan mistress, readily restored the female to strength and reflection.

Apprehensions crowded to her mind, but Colonel Wilcox, by a timely explanation, allayed them, and in turn, received the most eloquent expressions of gratitude.

The lady was evidently in her teens, and might be denominated a brunett, though her complexion was clear and well attempered with color.

“For through her tropic cheek

The blush would make its way and all but speak:

The sun-born blood diffused her neck and threw

O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,

Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave

Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.”

Her features were not entirely regular, but they were strikingly expressive, while her hair, raven black and hung in profuse and glossy clusters over her temples. Her frame was delicate and perfectly symmetrical, and her manner, dignified and unassuming.

* * * * *

Half an hour had passed away, since entering the farm-house, and the excitement of the incident having partially subsided, our hero bethought him of his duty to himself. Informing the lady, therefore, that it was necessary for him to be at Fort George early in the

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morning, and recommending her to the tender care
 of the hostess, he proposed to take his leave.

The beautiful girl extended her hand to her preser-
 ver, and said, in hurried words :—" My father is sta-
 tioned at Fort George."

"Your father! perhaps I know him?"

"General Clarington," pronounced the lady.

"I know him well."

"The peril from which you rescued me, is alone
 attributable to my haste to meet my father."

"You are too much indisposed to proceed to-night,
 Miss Clarington?" said Colonel Wilcox, inquiringly.

"By no means. I have quite revived," replied the
 lady; and our hero at once proposing to become her
 conductor, she thankfully accepted his offer. Then
 making a liberal compensation to her hostess, she sig-
 nified her readiness to proceed, and the journey was
 resumed.

"General Clarington was an only son, and at the
 age of twenty, by the death of his father, became the
 sole proprietor of extensive domains, in South Caroli-
 na. On completing his twenty first year, he married
 Wilka Lovett, the heiress of a princely estate, and a
 few months younger than himself.

The plantations of their fathers being contiguous,
 their acquaintance commenced in infancy; and while
 they were yet children, a spark of affection had kin-
 ded, which, as their minds grew more susceptible of
 intellectual enjoyment, expanded into a flame. And

the hopes of each were crowned with bliss, as their mutual vows of love and fidelity were repeated at the altar.

But, alas! their happiness was too unalloyed for duration. Mrs. Clarington died the twelfth month after her marriage, having given birth to a daughter—the lady just introduced to the reader.

The travellers well on their way, Miss Clarington proposed to relate the circumstances which had caused her journey. She thought that Colonel Wilcox could not but believe, as yet, that there must be mystery connected with their sudden acquaintance, and that she owed, both to him and herself, a development of its cause.

On the other hand, he supposing that the lady desired to make an explanation for his sake alone, assured her that he required it not. Nevertheless, Miss Clarington persisted, pleading duty to herself, and he listened to the following narration.

“It is now more than a year since I parted with my father,” commenced Ezilka; “but until after the battle of Ogdensburgh, in February last, we had regularly corresponded, and I was comparatively content with his absence. At this battle, however, I was wounded—taken prisoner, and conveyed to Prescott; and on being apprised of his misfortune, by a letter which he had dictated, I should have visited him had he not strictly enjoined the contrary. In obedience to his command, I remained at home, and ende

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vored to satisfy myself for the present, by expressing
my sympathy and sorrow in a letter. I received no
answer, and wrote again. I was still left in suspense,
and addressed letters to different officers of the army,
inquiring after my father. But disappointed in every
effort to hear of him, I at length determined to search
for him in person, and made a direct journey to Og-
densburgh. Here I could only get the information
that I had already heard—that he had been wounded
—captured, and conveyed to Prescott. I crossed the
St. Lawrence, and entered the latter place under a flag
of truce, and wrote a note to the officer commanding
the garrison there—begging such information as he
could give.

"The officer waited on me,—said he was well
acquainted with my father—that he had fully recover-
ed of his wounds, and had been allowed to return to
the United States the first of May—that he had seen
in the report of the battle of Niagara his name, and
that he doubted not I would find him at Fort George.
"I signified my intention of re-crossing the river
and making the journey to Niagara through the State
of New York. The officer, however, (assuring me
that he could procure me safe conduct to Burlington,
as a young officer who had just arrived with an ex-
press from that place, intended returning with the
post the next morning; and expressing a belief that I
would readily find an opportunity to finish my jour-
ney,) advised me to proceed through the Province.—

I consented, and left Prescott the next morning, under the protection of Mr. Aberthenot."

"Aberthenot!" repeated Colonel Wilcox.

"Lieutenant Aberthenot," said Miss Clarington.

"I know him well," ejaculated our hero in emotion, and the lady continued her narrative.

"We arrived at Burlington about mid-day, and anxious to meet my father as soon as practicable, I expressed a desire to proceed without any more delay than was necessary to procure a conveyance for my maid and self.

"Mr. Aberthenot did not hesitate to do all in his power to promote my wish, and at length ascertaining that there was a person in Burlington who intended leaving in the course of the afternoon for St. Catharines, waited at his Inn. The stranger who had been travelling through the night in search of a traitor, was taking repose, and could not then be seen. The officer, therefore, informing the landlord of his object in waiting on the stranger, proceeded in search of a conveyance.

"After diligent inquiry, however, no vehicle, and only one horse out of Government service could be found, and I was compelled either to abandon my intention of continuing my journey immediately, or to leave my maid. I decided on the former course.—Nevertheless, late in the afternoon, the door of the parlor in which Mr. Aberthenot and I were seated was opened by a waiter of the Inn and a stranger ad-

the next morning, un-
 noted."

Colonel Wilcox.

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mitted. He proved to be the traveller, and said that, having been told by his landlord of Mr. Aberthenot's call, and of my desire to proceed on my journey under a protector, he had waited on me to tender his services.

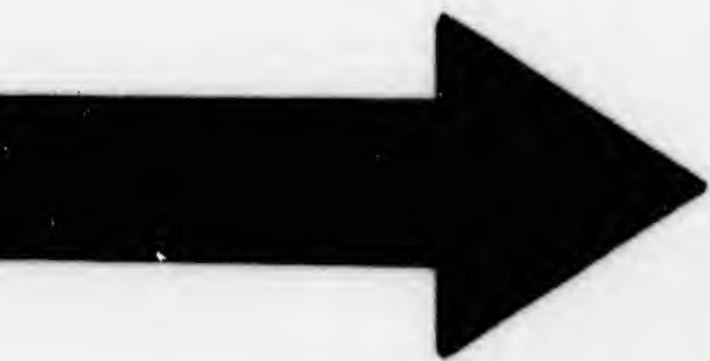
"His complexion was dark, and his face was surrounded by huge black whiskers. His hair also black, extended over his forehead to a pair of heavy eyebrows, and his upper lip was covered with a mustache. In short, his appearance was hideous to me, and I congratulated myself, that my disappointment served as an excuse for not proceeding with such an escort.

"The stranger's voice, however, was placid, his language was good, and his manners were gentlemanly; and as he conversed, my mind became much allured from its first impression. Yet, I had not thought of proceeding without my maid, and gave the necessity of leaving her behind, as the only reason for not accepting of his offer.

"He met me at once with arguments. He said I might be detained long in Burlington, without finding another opportunity of travelling with a protector—that in the chances of war Niagara might be evacuated soon by the American army—and then adding a few more specious reasons, said he would again see me before he left, and withdrew.

"I found that Mr. Aberthenot, like myself, had received unfavorable impressions of the stranger on his entrance, and had also, like me, had those impressions dissipated.





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“It is the opinion of many, that taste is acquired; and I am daily more and more convinced of the correctness of such a belief,” said the officer.

“War elicits every evil principle that exists in the human heart, because, in order to carry it on successfully, it demands what would be criminal in its absence,” he continued. “The savage and blood-thirsty man is, therefore, at such a time in his element. His propensities are, too, necessarily encouraged, and thus becoming an object of admiration, rather than disgust, his very blemishes are imitated by those whose natural hearts would revolt at the idea of cruelty. The stripling whom nature has not, as yet, furnished with a beard, incommodes himself with false whiskers and mustaches—contracts his brow and gives his eyes a studied protrusion, in order to imitate the veteran, whose visage betrays a heart formed for deeds of blood.”

Mr. Aberthenot added :—“The manners and conversation of the stranger prove that he has been used to good society, and illy comport with what I believe to be his false physiognomy.”

“The officers opinion thus favorably expressed,” continued Miss Clarington, “I again felt that the want of a conveyance for my maid was the only impediment with which I had to contend, and Mr. Aberthenot aware of my impatience to proceed, (while he promised that no opportunity to enable her to follow, should be overlooked,) advised me to continue my journey with the stranger.”

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"I no longer hesitated, and purchasing the only horse
 in Burlington at the desposal of his owner, was ready
 to start when the stranger rode up to my Inn."

"I proceeded with him, without a remaining apprehension and found him communicative and gentlemanly till night had fully set in. Then his manners became more indifferent—and I thought at length that they grew disrespectful. Nevertheless, I was unwilling to evince suspicions, which might not only prove unjust, but to the detriment of my own comfort, and continued to converse as if I had noticed no change in his conduct. But his language, as we proceeded, grew alarmingly familiar, and seeing a light at a farmhouse some distance from the road, I proposed to tarry in at the gate. He objected in a voice so bland and language so courteous, (while he assured me that we would soon arrive at a public house where he intended stopping for refreshment,) that my apprehensions were again allayed.

"We arrived at the valley where your timely approach, rescued me from destruction, 'we will turn in here,' said my conductor, 'and refresh ourselves.' I hesitated not, but looked with anxiety for a glimmer from some friendly window. There was no house at hand. The stranger dismounted and dragged me from my saddle."

The travellers now, within a mile of St. Catharines, in order to avoid the British post planted there, struck into the fields, and in the course of half an hour with-

out encountering an impediment, reached an advance guard of the United States Army.

CHAPTER XV.

Be patient but till midnight, get your musters,
 And bid your friends prepare their companies,
 Set all in readiness to strike the blow,
 Perhaps in a few hours;—BYRON.

An attack on Burlington being intended by the Americans, a body of troops, was formed in line at Niagara, for the purpose of making a movement towards that point, when the travellers arrived.

The conduct of the enterprize had been assigned to General Clarrington and Ezilka at once determined to retrace her journey with the army. Nor could argument prevail on her to submit to so sudden a separation from her father. Being therefore provided with a suitable vehicle, she followed the troops.

The small British post at St. Catharines, retreated without offering opposition, and the second evening after their departure, the United States troops encamped at Stoney Creek, expecting to attack the position at Burlington the next morning. They were however disappointed by the vigilance and dexterity of the British.

About two o'clock in the morning the American guards were surprised and taken. The whole camp was then roused from sleep by the war-whoop of the savage and the point of the bayonet.

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Resistance was attempted ; but the consternation and confusion of the soldiery at the unexpected attack, rendered the exertions of the General ineffectual : and he was not only compelled to submit to a total defeat, but to surrender himself a prisoner of war.

Miss Clarington had been provided with lodgings near the American encampment, and her father, (who immediately on being taken had been sent to Burlington,) having secured apartments for her, sent for her about eight o'clock in the morning. She was not, however, to be found. Anxious for her father's safety, the noise of the conflict had no sooner ceased than she hastened to the battle ground, and she had not since been seen or heard of by her hostess.

General Clarington was almost frantic with alarm at this information, when Mr. Aberthenot, (taking advantage of his first leisure after the engagement to pay his respects,) was announced.

The young officer suspecting that Ezilka had fallen into the hands of the savages, who had waited on the field to scalp and rob the dead, was scarce less agitated than the General ; and assuring him that every exertion should be made to discover his daughter, hastily retired.

It was the dawn of day, and Mr. Aberthenot at the head of a file of soldiers, (having spent the preceding night in a fruitless search amongst Indian wigwams,) was, with a heavy heart, retracing his steps to the garrison, when the guttural voice of the red man met his ear.

Ordering his men to follow, he struck into a wood, and having proceeded a few rods, the Indian war-song became distinct, while he discovered, through a vista, a person in the costume of a Mohawk Chief, with his eyes cast towards the ground. The officer drew near, and discovered the object of the Chief's gaze, while he and his men were screened from the view of the savages by a thicket.

Miss Clarington was on her knees before the Mohawk, and her eyes were directed Heavenward, while her countenance bespoke resignation to the fate that she now thought awaited her.

"It was the custom of the Saicks, (a nation of Indians employed in the British service,) to offer a human sacrifice to the Sun after a victory; and so rigidly did they adhere to it, that if the event did not furnish them with a prisoner, a victim was taken from the tribe, by lot. Ezilka, therefore, being captured by some of them, on the battle ground, was to be made an offering to their God.

The sun rose fully above the horizon. The wild song and dance of the savage suddenly ceased, and the simultaneous whoop of a hundred warriors reminded the executioner of his duty to the risen Deity.

The savage flew to the innocent girl and leveled a tomahawk at her head; but his arm was stayed by the Mohawk, who, in a harangue that would have done honor to the heart of a christian, pleaded for the life of the beautiful Ezilka. But a frown from each sa-

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vage brow was the only answer returned to the Chief, and the executioner again raised his hatchet. Young Aberthenot however, suddenly springing from his covert to the side of Miss Clarrington, cut the bark that bound her, with his sword, and the savages moved off to vent the passions they dared not to exhibit in the presence of a British officer.

Having raised Miss Clarrington from the ground, Mr. Aberthenot turned to the Chief and could not but view him in admiration.

The forest Prince was tall, and his frame exhibited all the athletic beauty of the red man, while his face, youthful, portrayed a heart both gentle and brave.

His vestments were rich, and perfectly characteristic of the Indian. His coat, of superfine green cloth, was embroidered with variously colored porcupine quills, tastefully interwoven. A broad silver collar, ornamented with a ruffle of the finest cambric, was clasped round his neck. A variegated silk sash compassed his waist, and secured war and hunting utensils. His leggins, of scarlet cloth, were decorated with various devices wrought with beads, and extending to the instep, met a pair of moccasins as richly and fancifully ornamented. And a single cluster of white and crimson feathers, fastened to a tuft of hair at the crown of his head, drooped gracefully over his left temple, while a band of highly wrought silver encircled his brow.

He waited not for the officer to speak ; but address-

ing him in the English language, explained the object of the Saick, and added :—"I spoke for the handsome pale face. The Saicks have little minds. I am not their Chief. They would not hear me."

Mr. Aberthenot replied :—"The Mohawks have lived long amidst a christian people, and have learned to worship the true God."

Proud dignity was suddenly exhibited on the countenance of the Forest Prince.

"My fathers worshiped the Great Spirit before they saw the pale face," rejoined Kioskoah. "They never extended the pipe of peace first. No innocent blood is on their hands."

The officer, in some confusion at the Chief's ready exhibition of sensitiveness, said :—"I know the Mohawk nation is alike renowned for courage and humanity."

The features of the Indian relaxed, and a momentary smile played on his face, but he remained silent.—And Miss Clarington who had not attempted to express her gratitude either to Mr. Aberthenot or Kioskoah, (for words were not adequate to her feelings), taking a diamond ring from her finger, presented it to the Chief. He accepted the offertory with a dignity and grace that could not have been surpassed by the most polished gentleman. Then gazing for a moment in the fullness of his soul, at the beautiful donor, he suddenly disappeared in the forest, and Ezilka putting her arm within that of the young officer, was soon received by her over-joyed father, at his comfortable quarters.

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The Americans, at this period, had not any prison-
 ers of rank, and General Clarington had no reason,
 when taken, to expect a speedy return to his troops.

Sir Anthony Aberthenot was now, however, the
 commanding officer at Burlington, and wishing to "do
 unto others as he would have others do unto him," had
 offered to release the prisoner on his personal promise
 that the first British officer of equal rank, who might
 fall into his hands, should, with as little delay, be al-
 lowed to return to his own camp, under safe conduct.

General Clarington readily acceded to so easy a
 condition, and his daughter being restored to him, he
 was soon with his household, (Ezilka's maid being in-
 cluded,) on the road to Niagara, under the protection
 of a guard commanded by Mr. Aberthenot.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nay, look you sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is.

TAMING THE SHREW.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed :

'Tis Hymen people's every town ;

High wedlock then be honored.

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town !—SHAKESPEARE.

A week after his return from York, Colonel Wilcox
 was surprised by a call from Blake.

This person, who was a Justice of the Peace, and

who has as yet been only once noticed in this narrative, after the capture of Niagara, retreated with the British army, to Burlington, leaving his family still in possession of his cottage.

Having returned, however, he took an early opportunity of waiting on our hero, with the professed intention of soliciting, through him, a commission in the United States' army.

He had not once suspected that the gentleman whom he was petitioning, was aware of his having been employed to deliver him into the power of the Canadian dynasty; but Colonel Wilcox now plainly accused him, while he discountenanced his desire to join the Americans.

The Justice was at first a good deal disconcerted at the assurance, that his attempt against our hero had been discovered; but collecting himself, he confessed, with apparent frankness, that he had been commissioned for the purpose of seizing him, while he solemnly declared that the procedure was entirely contrary to his own inclination—that he had undertaken to act because he dared not to refuse, and that he rejoiced when he found that the intended victim had made his escape.

This explanation, when the arbitrary disposition of the Government, and the official situation of Blake were taken into consideration, did not appear improbable to Colonel Wilcox. He therefore, (though not entirely satisfied,) thought that he would lean to the

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side of mercy, and accepted it as an apology. And Blake having thus far succeeded, renewed his sollicitation; but our hero, though apparently a traitor himself, and though conscientious in his own course, was not disposed to encourage others to a step that their provocations would not warrant.

"Experience," said he, "tells me, that the greatest provocation is necessary to lull the conscience of the man who wields a sword against the country of his birth; nor should I have undertaken such a task, had I not known that my persecutors had left me without an alternative."

"Blake could not appreciate the principle avowed by our hero, but suspected that his real object was to evade the particular application.

"Do you believe then, that all who have joined the United States' standard, on the solicitation of Colonel Wilcox, are suffering under the vengeance of conscience?" inquired the Justice, in a reproachful manner.

"No," answered Colonel Wilcox. "The greater part of my officers and soldiers, were originally American citizens, who had been allured by a proclamation of Governor Simcoe, into Upper Canada; and who, without having offered offence to the Government, (as soon as war was declared,) were insulted, hunted and persecuted as rebels. Nor would I receive one individual who could not show a satisfactory provocation for desiring to take up arms against his

country. In the course of a fortnight, I had more than three thousand applications," added he ; "and you are aware that my regiment consists only of a thousand—officers—rank and file."

The entrance of Sam Johnson with a letter for his master, interrupted the discourse ; and indeed Blake, believing from the answer he had received that he was without a resource for his design in the mind of Colonel Wilcox, was gratified with an opportunity to retire. He departed, and our hero breaking the seal of his letter, eagerly perused it. Then summoning his servant again, he said :—"Johnson, are you aware that the letter you delivered to me was written by Miss Carleton ?"

"Sartin—for Arietta bringed it. The galls both went hum with the Captin after we gin 'im the slip ; but the Captin considerin Arietta a leetle too honest to sarve Miss Carry under the sarcumstances, gin 'er a walkin paper the next day. Howsomever, I conclude you've got an idee o' the consarns from Miss Carry?"

"Miss Carleton has informed me of her departure from the forest-cottage, and her captivity. But does Arietta know any thing of her mistress after leaving her service ?"

"Nothin, Kiernill. She begined paddin it for Niagara jest as soon as the Captin turned 'er out a doorn—that's to say—the next mornin. Howsomever, the galls knowed the Captin's nater, and was lookin out for't : so Miss Carry writ the letter to meet the sarcumstances."

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"And did Arietta dare to undertake the journey
alone and a foot, in such perilous times?" enquired
Colonel Wilcox in surprise.

"No mistake, Kiernill," replied the servant, and
he winked and smiled at his master as he spoke.—
"Arietta's a brick—that's a fact; she padded it the
hull way to St. Cathrins alun. There, howsomever,
General Clarinton's carriage picked 'er up."

"And has General Clarington returned?"

"Sartin—and Miss Clarinton: and Lootenant Aber-
thenot's along with 'ein."

"Mr. Aberthenot?"

"The Lootenant's along with 'em, Kiernill; and
Arietta says Miss Clarinton's desperately put to't in
'er mind about 'im, too: for he got sick ruther sud-
den, before they got into Niagara, and the Doctor's
takin care on 'im now."

"I must visit my friend at once," said Colonel Wil-
cox, in the act of rising from his chair.

"You'd ort; for he's a chap that don't ort to be for-
got—that's a fact. Howsomever, before you go, I'd
like to ax a leetle favor o' you, Kiernill."

"Very well."

"Arietta's ruther awkerdly sited under the sar-
cumstances; for she ha'nt no hum but our quarters,
and you know, Kiernill, folks might gab about 'er.—
So, if you ha'nt no objections, I've detarmined, with-
out no more ado about it, to take the gall to myself."

"I shall rejoice, Johnson, to see you joined in wed-

lock, with a girl so virtuous, innocent, and constant, and will, therefore, drop a line to the Chaplain, requesting his attendance at eight o'clock this evening, at which time I will be enabled to witness your marriage," said Colonel Wilcox; and Johnson having placed pen, ink and paper before him, he wrote a hasty note to the Parson, and proceeded to his friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

I am betrayed by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.

SHAKESPEARE.

Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd !
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar.

CAMPBELL.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee !

KING HENRY VI.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—SHAKESPEARE.

It was eight in the evening. A week had elapsed since Blake solicited for a commission in the United States army, and Colonel Wildox now, in compliance with a pressing invitation from him, entered Ontario Cottage.

This residence was situated on the bank of Lake Ontario, directly in a range with, and nearly equidistant from Forts George and Messauga. Formerly the habitation of an Indian Chief, whose tribe inhabi

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SHAKESPEARE.

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CAMPBELL.

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KING HENRY VI.

—SHAKESPEARE.

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ted the adjacent country—the scenery of the ground around it retained its natural wildness, while it was itself embellished by art. A square central building, three sides of which were concealed by tasteful additions, formed its constituent part, while a laticed piazza, entwined by the wild grape, extending along the fourth, perfected its symmetry, and served as an entrance to its principal parlor. The ground attached, with the exception of a garden contiguous to the cottage, was thickly covered with dwarf oak and other forest trees of moderate growth; and the dwelling could only be approached by a winding pass through this miniature wood.

General Clarrington, his daughter and Mr. Aberthnot, (for this officer, though now convalescent, had been detained by sickness thus long at Fort George,) were already there; and these, besides our hero, were the only guests, while Mr. Mrs. and Miss Blake, made up the circle assembled in the Cottage parlour.

The evening was now well advanced, and social amusements had as yet apparently engrossed the minds of all. The Moon shone brilliantly; and Blake alluding to her appearance, led the conversation in such a way, as at length gave him an opportunity of proposing to his company a promenade. The guests with pleasure assented, and the parlor circle was soon strolling towards Fort Messasaga.

A cloud intercepted the disc of the moon as they approached the fortification, and her faint rays falling

on, and glancing from the tin roof of a tower in the centre of the pile, and spreading through the gloom beneath, gave the whole a pyramidal form.

The appearance at once attracted the attention of the party, and all, save Blake, on whose arm Miss Clarrington was leaning, hesitated on their steps in admiration ; but he, hastening onward, actually drew the lady after him.

The cloud sailed away, and with it the airy pyramid. The object of admiration was only changed however. The lake which lay in broad expanse before them, now exhibited the appearance of a vast sheet of silver, and allured them along its bank, in the tracks of Blake, till they had extended their walk half a mile beyond the fort, and approached a pond thickly bordered by dwarf oak. Here they turned to retrace their path ; but the astounding whoop of the red man, rung suddenly in their ears, and the next moment they were surrounded by savages.

The officers drew their swords, and Blake hurrying Miss Clarrington from the spot ; she was immediately seized and conveyed away by a person in the Indian costume.

The tomahawks of the savages were particularly leveled at our hero ; but the swords of General Clarrington and Mr. Aberthenot were ready in his defence : while the arms of the three gentlemen invigorated by the shrieks of Ezilka, struck death with every blow.

The conflict was short and severe. Two savages

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only survived to flee; and the battle over, Colonel Wilcox and Mr. Aberthenot ran in the direction of the shrieks of the captive lady; but General Clarington sank to the ground.

The voice of Miss Clarington was no longer heard, but it was succeeded by the clash of steel. The officers approached the combatants. Miss Clarington was free, and Kioskoah was dealing blows of death to her captor. The wretch fell under the hatchet of the Forest Prince, and as he writhed with his wounds, uttered better imprecations against his own soul.

It was not uncommon during the war, for the Indian to lie in ambush for the purpose of insidious slaughter; and this attack had only been thought of as yet, by those who were the objects of it, as one of those ordinary occurrences. It was now, however, evident that it was the result of a concerted plot.

The dying man wore the garb of an Indian, but his voice was bolingbrooke's; and at length raising himself on his elbow and fixing his eyes on our hero, he exclaimed:—"Rejoice Wilcox! for you are fully avenged. The retributive hand of God is upon me—rejoice! You behold your enemy—an enemy to the human race! Nay, to every thing that shews the handy-work of Diety, about to appear before the judgment seat of God, with no hope of a blessed immortality! Yet, even now, I die free of many crimes, because self interest would have sustained injury by their commission. One demon of the heart has, as it were, at times, enchained another.

“Rejoice! for you owe to me the discovery of your last visit to York, to my stealthy steps that of your entrance to the forest—your meeting with Carleton at the Forest Cottage, and in short your present separation from the lovely daughter of the Secretary.

“I have indured fatigue—foregone sleep and suffered hunger, in anticipation of your destruction—not because you were a traitor or because I felt the interest of my King at heart. No, I have no loyalty now to boast of—but for the purpose of gratifying native cruelty and avarice!

“Rejoice, too, Miss Clarington,” continued the wretch, as he directed his eyes towards Ezilka:—
“Rejoice, too—for I am that demon, who, under the guise of a protector, allured you from your tract, and who was only prevented from destroying so fair a flower, by the providential arrival of Colonel Wilcox.—Moreover, had I succeeded this night, my hellish passions would have been gratified not only at the expense of your virtue, but your life! I had bartered your blood to the savages! I have failed. I have lost my life in the enterprise. I die without a hope beyond the grave. I die eternally!”

“God is merciful,” said Colonel Wilcox, in sorrow for the wretch.

“Yes, yes,” ejaculated Mr. Aberthenot; and Bolingbrooke replied:—“A professed infidel—I have too long set at defiance the dictates of religion, to ask in faith for its saving influence. No, I have no hope but the

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deepest abyss of hell ! There must be my soul's abiding place—everlasting abiding place!—and it is just !”

His arm sank under him. He smiled in horror, and died.

Miss Clarington could not but weep for the wretched Bolingbrooke, and tears stole down the cheeks of the officers, even ; but the young Forest Prince, with folded arms, and unmoved countenance, viewed the corpse a moment. Then covering it with leaves and brush, he said to Colonel Wilcox :—“Blake likes silver. He has a bloody mind. He is a snake.”

The chief suddenly disappeared ; and Miss Clarington and the officers returning to the place of assault, found Blake supporting his fainting daughter, and Mrs. Blake binding up a flesh wound in the left arm of the General, who was just reviving from a swoon, caused by loss of blood.

Blake appeared much agitated at sight of Miss Clarington ; nor did the manners of Colonel Wilcox and Mr. Aberthenot tend to soothe him.

The party at length proceeded homeward, and having reached the gate of Ontario Cottage, our hero placed his hand on the shoulder of Blake, and required him to proceed with him, as his prisoner, to Fort George.

“Why would you make me your prisoner ?” inquired Blake, in agitation.

“Because I have discovered your true character,” answered Colonel Wilcox.

"My true character!"

"Yes, I have discovered you to be a pimp and a spy—a betrayer of innocence—an assassin!"

Blake remained silent, and shook with terror.

"You have been an accomplice of the savage, and a worse than the savage—Bolingbrooke."

"What proof of these accusations?" asked Blake, with a tremulous accent.

"The evidences of them are perfectly satisfactory to my mind," replied our hero.

Mrs. and Miss Blake, in alarm, simultaneously protested the innocence of the husband and father.

"Ladies," said Colonel Wilcox, "I am satisfied that you are ignorant of the design with which Miss Clarington and myself were invited to your house.—However, our visit—the proposed promenade—the assault—the capture of Miss Clarington, were all the result of a concerted plot, to which the proprietor of Ontario Cottage was a party. I would fain, for your sakes, believe to the contrary; but the evidences are too clear to admit of doubt, even."

"Evidence! What evidence?" questioned Mrs. Blake, in hurried words.

"Oh! Colonel Wilcox!" exclaimed Miss Blake, in grief, "my father is innocent—he cannot but be innocent."

"Ladies, all the proceedings of this night, conspire to assure me of his guilt. In anticipation of a share of the reward offered for my head by the Canadian

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Government, he not only sought my destruction, but, forgetful of his own situation, as a father, (to gratify this sordid desire,) he leagued with Bolingbrooke and the savage, to betray Miss Clarington into their hands. She was to be deflowered by the one, and her blood was to be shed by the other, on the altar of a heathen god!"

General Clarington thought not of treachery, till Blake was openly accused. Then, however, circumstances recurred, which, when associated with the accusations, assured him of the guilt of his host, and he was wrought to a high pitch of feeling.

"Thus, then," cried he, suddenly, "has Providence unveiled a miscreant, who invited me to dip in the same dish with him, in order to decoy and blast the tender flower that I have carefully nursed seventeen years."

He paused in weakness. Then turning his eyes on Miss Clarington, he continued:—"Yes, my daughter, as Judas betrayed his Saviour, so has this enemy of innocence—this paragon of vice, while sitting at the same board with you under the guise of hospitality, been concerting your destruction. Could he not have found a less loved daughter to despoil? Sweet remnant of thy mother's love! only solace of thy father's widowed heart! thy path has been haunted by the very demons of hell! Blake," exclaimed he, frantically, "could not thy hell-born passions be gratified, without blighting so fair a flower? Damned—disna-

tured reprobate! The blood of the more human red man, that still adheres to my sword, shall be mingled with thine!"

While General Clarington yet spoke, he sprang towards Blake; but his strength was inadequate to his determination. He fell into the arms of Colonel Wilcox, and the object of his vengeance took this opportunity to flee.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To the rude shock of war both armies came,
Their leaders equal and their strength the same.

DRYDEN.

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter.

THE TEMPEST.

As a history of the war between Great Britain and the United States is not an object of this narrative, we pass over a period of more than a year, during which time many battles had been fought between the belligerent nations. Niagara had been evacuated by the American army some months, and it was now July, eighteen hundred and fourteen.

A body of United States troops had again crossed the Niagara—taken Fort Erie—fought the sanguinary battle of Chippewa, and taken up a position in front of Fort George.

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General Clarington and Colonel Wilcox were with
the invading army, and the latter again hoped that a
way might be opened to him, for effecting the object
still nearest his heart—the possession of the lovely
daughter of Carleton. He was, however, disappoint-
ed. The American General finding Niagara sustain-
ed by a force far superior to his own, and hearing of
detachments being placed at such convenient distances
in the surrounding country as to be readily brought
to bear upon him, ordered a returning march—intend-
ing to retreat to Fort Erie.

But the American troops were no sooner in motion,
than preparations for intercepting their retreat were
made by the British, and on reaching Lundy's-Lane,
the American General found himself under the neces-
sity of forming his troops for battle.

The armies were soon engaged—nor was ever a
lim contended for with more equal skill and courage.
The sound of the battle ceased, but a victory had not
been gained.

Volley again succeeded volley, and charge succeed-
ed charge; but again hostilities were suspended.
A third time the work of carnage was commenced,
and the battle roared again with fury.

“ Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
They long suspend the fortune of the field,
Both armies thus perform what courage can;
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.”
But at length the contending armies, exhausted by

their labors, simultaneously withdrew from the field and still a victory had not been gained.

General Clarrington and Colonel Wilcox had been foremost in the battle, encouraging their soldiers by exposing themselves; and the former not being found within the American camp, the latter (taking his servant with him) returned to the field. Here the General was discovered, alive, but disabled by a severe wound in one of his legs.

It was past midnight. The moon did not shed light, but there was not a cloud to be seen, and the heavens were brilliant with stars. The ferocious man was already prowling through the field to seek scalps; and our hero and his servant having raised the General from the ground, observed a group of savages directing stealthy steps towards them. They laid down their burden and drew their swords for defence. They were beset; but the Indians, not anticipating contact with any but the dead and the dying, had left their camp without any weapons but the scalping knife, and were readily discomfited.

The Colonel and his servant again raised General Clarrington, but they were again disappointed in the attempt to convey him from the field, by the approach of a file of British soldiers.

"Kiernill," ejaculated Johnson, "I'll stick by General—but you've got to make tracks."

Our hero hesitated to abandon his burden, and the young Yankee becoming both alarmed and impatient

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at his delay, cried in a hasty manner:—"What in nature be you thinkin on, Kiernill? I'm a free-born citizen, and if they nab me, they can't hang me accordin to *law*, any how—but they'd be doin tip-top business to git Kiernill Wilcox, I calculate." He added in an angry emphasis:—"Howsomever, if you're willin, 'ta'nt none o' my business as I know on."

A moment's reflection, indeed, assured Colonel Wilcox of the impracticability of escaping with the General, and he now retreated alone from the field: and his master out of danger, Johnson surrendered himself a prisoner with alacrity, as the group of Indians again approached.

The employment of the mercenary and merciless savage in this war will ever remain a stain on the flag of Britain, while a single advantage cannot be referred to as a palliative.

No patriotic feeling moved the Indian; but, influenced entirely by bounty and native cruelty, he embarked in the cause of blood. The aged, the female, and the infant, were alike objects of his insatiable desire to destroy human life.

He was insidious, cruel and revengeful, but not brave. He was the last to approach a conflict—the first to flee; but a battle won and the danger past, he could scalp and mutilate the dead, in order to exhibit disgusting trophies of a victory gained, while he had been skulking in the wood, free of danger.

The Savages claimed the prisoners, and were refused by the Sergeant of the British party.

Frantic, however, with former defeat, and hoping, nevertheless, to meet little or no resistance from any but Johnson, they made another attempt at massacre.

The young republican placed himself astride his General's body, and one soon fell under his sword; but being completely beset, he must have been overpowered, had it not been for a timely and vigorous intervention of the British bayonet.

The Savages at length defeated, the survivors moved off; and General Clarrington being placed on a litter, was conveyed to the tent of Sir Gordon Drummond, who, on finding his prisoner an officer of high rank, rose from his pallet, and accompanied the men to secure a comfortable lodging for him. A house at hand being obtained, a surgeon was readily called in, and the General's leg being fully dressed, Johnson, (who had till now been busily engaged at his side,) was required, by the Sergeant, to proceed to other quarters.

"It was my idee to stop with the General, Sergeant," said the Yankee, abruptly, in reply.

The Sergeant took offence at Johnson's independent manner of meeting his requisition, and rejoined, briefly:—"You will stop where I please to let you."

"There's no two ways about that. Howsomever, if I would'nt be no put out, I'd like to stop with the Ginerel."

"You are a private soldier, and must put up with other quarters!" said the Sergeant, peremptorily.

"You're a leetle out, about my bein a private soldier, any how."

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"You wear the dress of one, at any rate."

"Every private sodger do'nt dangle a sword by his
side, I recking?"

"You are an artilleryman, I suppose?"

"You ha'nt got the right idee yit."

"Whether or not, I expect you to proceed with me,
without more words," said the Sergeant, in an angry
manner.

"Do'nt git riled, Surgint."

"You are insolent!"

"If I be, I do'nt ort, for I owe considerable to you
and the sodger folks with you: and I'd be ruther
small petaters, if I'd sass, under the sarcumstances."

The Sergeant's-anger was a good deal appeased by
Johnson's apologetic expressions.

"I have no discretion to exercise," said he, after a
brief hesitation; and directing a look at his General
as he spoke, Sir Gordon inquired:—"Prisoner, what
is your military rank?"

"Nothin, as I know on, General."

"But you wear regimentals."

"Sartin, I like always to be in the *fashin*."

"It is not the fashion for any but military men to
wear military clothes, however."

"That's a fact, and I call myself a military man,
General."

"But I understood from you this moment, that you
were not a military man."

"You did'nt git holt o' the right eend o' the story,

General. I said I had'nt no military rank, as I knowed on."

"But if you are a military man, you must rank as an officer of some kind, or a private."

"I and you do'nt agree upon that pinte, General; for I fight when I please, and do'nt fight when I do'nt please. That's to say—I'm a military man, or United States' citizen—jest as the notion takes."

You mean to say then, in substance, that you are a volunteer?" said Sir Gordon Drummond, enquiringly.

"That's the story, General; I'm actin on the idee that every body's folks had ort to support an honest flag," replied the Yankee.

"Sir Gordon smiled, and rejoined:—"You stand then, undoubtedly, on the United States' army list, as a private soldier."

"I'm a leetle doubtful about my name bein there atal, General. Any how, I ha'nt axed for accommodations for myself. I think'd the General mout want my services."

"If your object is to administer to the comfort of General Clarington, I cannot object to your remaining," said Sir Gordon.

"I a'nt arguin the pinte for nothin else, as I know on, General. I'm to hum myself, any where, General," returned the servant; and Sir Gordon Drummond ascertaining that his attendance would be agreeable to General Clarington, dismissed the soldiers without their prisoner.

Miss Clarington had awaited the issue of the battle about a mile from the ground on which it was fought; and she was no sooner assured of its having subsided, than she proceeded in her carriage to the American camp. Colonel Wilcox met her before she had discovered the absence of her father, and related the fact of his being a prisoner, in so unconcerned a manner, that no alarm was excited in her mind. Then Ezilka, avowing a determination to proceed immediately to the British camp, he ordered a guard to attend her with a flag of truce. But before parting with her, he desired to prepare her for a meeting with her father, and related the extent of the General's misfortune with such judgment, that while her fears were but slightly excited, her mind was prepared for all that she could witness.

Johnson met her at the door of her father's quarters, and showing her into a parlor, said:—"Jest be a leetle patient, Miss Clarinton, for the General's doin tip-top, and he'll be ready to see you after his room's fixed up."

Then flying to the officer's apartment, he told him of his daughter's arrival, and proposed that he should be bolstered to a sitting posture on his bed. The General readily consented for Ezilka's sake, and the servant returning to the lady, offered to show her to her father's room, while, in order to prepare her for the worst she would see there, he said:—"The General's got a leetle scratch on his leg, and fact is, he can't

stand on't. Howsomever, you'll find all his other circumstances considerable easy.

"I shall be much rejoiced to find my father as well even, as you represent him to be, Johnson," replied the lady, as she proceeded with a timorous step towards the apartment of the General.

"You'll, any how, see 'im settin up as crank as a game cock, Miss Clarinton," rejoined the servant, as he opened the door for the lady's admission.

The wounded officer received his daughter with a cheerful smile that dissipated the apprehensions, that in spite of the efforts of Colonel Wilcox and Johnson, she could not help indulging. Nevertheless, the patient was suffering a good deal of pain, while he was much debilitated by loss of blood; and the exertion he was now making was evidently injurious. Therefore, Miss Clarington having spent about twenty minutes at his bed-side, the surgeon thought it his duty to suggest the propriety of his being left to repose.

"General Clarington," said he, "is by no means dangerous, Miss Clarington; yet, his exertions during the battle, and his loss of blood at the close of it, render rest necessary."

"Yes, Ezilka," followed the General, feeling no longer able to support himself in his sitting posture—
"Yes, I now require the refreshment of sleep, and am sure that the anxiety and wakefulness which you have undergone, render repose almost as necessary to you."

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The surgeon then assuring Miss Clarrington that ev-
ery attention should be paid to the General, while he
expressed the strongest anticipations of his speedy re-
storation to health and strength, she took an affection-
ate leave of her father and withdrew.

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About three o'clock in the afternoon, Sam Johnson
waited at the door and admitted Sir Anthony and Mr.
Aberthenot. The old Knight, on seeing the good na-
tured face of the Yankee, evinced the utmost astonish-
ment in his countenance. Then offering his hand in
affability, he exclaimed:—"God bless me, Johnson!
when and how did you come here?"

And Mr. Aberthenot having also shaken with famil-
iarity and friendship the hand of the servant, he made
his best bows, (not forgetting to scrape vigorously with
his feet at the same time, by way of showing the ex-
treme respect he had for the gentlemen,) and then re-
plied to Sir Anthony.

Having shown the gentlemen into a parlor, he pro-
ceeded with their cards to the General and Miss Clar-
rington: and the lady who was again at the bed-side
of her father, withdrew to meet the young officer.

Mr. Aberthenot did not make this call with only the
ordinary desire to pay respects. The image of Miss
Clarrington had found an abiding place in his heart,
and she had indeed promised her hand to him in mar-

riage. Nevertheless, fears had entered his mind and hampered his hopes.

To be sure—he had thought of all the tender attentions which she had shown him during his short illness at Niagara, and of the many other indescribable evidences of requited affection. But he in turn thought that gratitude may have caused them, and that his vanity too, may have misinterpreted her manners. He, therefore, now waited at the quarters of General Clarington, with such feelings as one would approach a trial, the issue of which could only be life or death—yet resolved to know the result.

Ezilka's heart was no less susceptible of misgivings than the young officer's; nor had doubts and fears been less active in raising bug-bears against her hopes. A mutual glance, however, assured them both that they had been harboring phantoms; and more undisguised happiness was never experienced than at this meeting.

Sam Johnson returned, and invited the gentlemen to the room of the wounded officer. Sir Anthony and Mr. Aberthenot both rose from their seats, but the Knight placing his hand on the shoulder of the young officer said:—"Nephew, not yet. I must have a private interview with General Clarington and in the mean time I expect you to remain here with Miss Clarington."

The young lovers inclined their heads in obedience, and Sir Anthony proceeded alone to the General's apartment.

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We will not dissemble. The young gentleman and lady were well pleased with the Knight's arrangement, and Mr. Aberthenot desirous of avoiding for the future the suspense he had suffered during the last year, proposed an immediate consummation of their engagement.

Ezilka, without hesitation, acceded to the proposition, and Sir Anthony having finished his visit, Mr. Aberthenot waited on her father, and soon disclosing the matrimonial intention, General Clarrington said:—"The only objection I could raise, would be selfish. I shall be sorry to part with my dutiful and affectionate daughter; but I am sure that I cannot entrust her to better hands. You have my consent, and let the marriage ceremony be performed this night, in my room if you think proper."

"At seven o'clock this evening then, General Clarrington?" said the delighted Lieutenant.

"Very well; and may God's blessings rest upon your union with my child," articulated the General with emotion; and Mr. Aberthenot, having again waited on Ezilka to inform her of the arrangement, retired to prepare for the wedding.

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At the time appointed, Mr. Aberthenot, with Sir Anthony, a Chaplain, and some two or three of his brother officers, again entered the quarters of General Clarrington. His affianced bride was in readiness, and the company proceeding to the apartment of her fa-

ther, she and the young officer were in a few minutes unostentatiously pronounced man and wife.

The ceremony being over, and the usual gratulations offered, the Knight unfolded a letter and having read its contents aloud, addressed the father of the bride.—“You perceive, General Clarington,” said he, “that your son-in-law, whom you have as yet only known as Mr. Aberthenot, was eight months ago, (owing to the death of his brother who had lately inherited his father’s estate and title,) the Marquis of Rosemont.

“I have been under an injunction of secrecy, the object of which I have not been able to surmise until to-day. Within the last hour, however, the cause was revealed to me. My nephew had determined that no lady should be allured, by fortune or title, to become the wife of his bosom.

“Miss Clarington was the only object of his love, and I beg that the Lady will forgive her Lord for suspecting that she might be actuated to grant her hand without her heart,” added Sir Anthony, facetiously, and then he bowed to General Clarington, Lord and Lady Rosemont.

CHAPTER XIX.

Quid obseratis, auribus fundis preces?
 Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
 Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.—HORACE.

Come on then ; down and swear.—SHAKESPEARE.

In silence bowed the virgin's head,
 And if her eyes were filled with tears
 That stifled feeling dare not shed :—BYRON.

Miss Carleton had now been a full year, a captive in her father's house. During this time, too, she had not only been strictly watched by retainers, but subject to the visits of gentleman of the Secretary's choice.

She submitted to this tyranny without a murmur, so long as it did not interfere with her plighted affections. The image of Colonel Wilcox was indelibly engraven on her heart ; and although all communication between the original and herself was now barred, she still fondly cherished a hope that the day was not far distant when an opportunity of evading her keepers would offer.

Among the gentlemen whom Carleton had admitted to the presence of his daughter, and from whom he determined she should chose her partner for life, was one by the name of McLellan. This individual, too, was the choice of the Secretary, and having observed a gradual decline in the health of his daughter, and at length finding that she would not evince a predilection, he determined to enforce her marriage. Before ma-

uring his plans, however, the hand of God fell heavily on him.

He was naturally of a plethoric habit; and this diathesis was promoted by a luxurious diet, while his passions violent and designs ambitions, his mind was seldom if ever placid, and he had frequently found it necessary to submit to the lancet, in order to allay the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy.

A fortnight had now been spent in preliminary arrangements for the wedding of Caroline, and the Secretary had indulged in a table more than ordinarily luxuriant. A reproaching conscience was appeased by extra draughts; and while the stomach and brain were thus satiated and stimulated, he proceeded to the prison room of his daughter to prepare her for submission to his tyrannic will.

"Caroline," said he, "every thing is now in readiness for your marriage—even the wedding garments, and I expect you to become the wife of a gentleman of my choice, with, at least, a semblance of pleasure. He may not perhaps, possess qualifications which your childish fancy has given to that arch traitor Wilcox; yet the alliance will be more honorable, and it is your duty to submit."

The long silence of the Secretary, on the subject of matrimony, as well as his marked encouragement, of the visits of the favored few had led Caroline to console herself with the belief that, though determined to prevent her marriage with Colonel Wilcox, he had

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abandoned the intention of enforcing her union with any. This new exhibition of his tyrannic disposition therefore struck her with horror; but aware that positive resistance would be her only effectual argument, she attempted not to reply.

Carleton however had no sooner ceased speaking than he became alarmed at his own feelings. His temples throbbed and his head grew dizzy. Then a ringing in the ears and obscurity of vision followed. He talked incoherently to Caroline about her marriage. He raved; and at length falling to the floor, he appeared to be in a deep sleep. His breathing became stertorous, and he was evidently in a severe fit of apoplexy.

A physician was called in, but under the most rigid medical treatment, there was scarcely a hope of his recovery for twenty hours. At the end of this period however, there were evidences of returning sensation, and in the course of ten hours more he was pronounced a convalescent.

The subject which had engrossed his mind returned with sense and health; and Caroline who had been a constant attendant at his pillow till he was pronounced out of danger, had not yet been fully refreshed with sleep, when she was summoned to his bed-side.

She readily obeyed the mandate; nor did she suspect the real object of her father, while she hoped that his late affliction would tend to mollify his stern heart and insure her, at any rate, the privilege of remaining unmarried.

But alas! the dread of death could not suppress the obdurate design of his mind. He had summoned his daughter to fix in her heart a wound incurable, and Miss Carleton being seated by his bed-side he raised himself from his pillow and abruptly said:—"Caroline I have promised your hand to James McLellan, and the nuptial ceremony must be performed this night."

He paused for Caroline to reply, but her eyes were directed to the carpet and she remained silent.

"I have passed my word, and expect obedience!" added the Secretary peremptorily.

"Obedience in this instance Sir, would make me the most miserable of women," replied Miss Carleton at length. "Any other command that a father could dictate to a daughter, I would cheerfully obey, but I cannot consent to marry a stranger."

As she concluded the blood rushed to her cheeks, and she met the eye of her father with a firm yet calm expression.

"A stranger!" repeated Carleton, "have you not known McLellan from his infancy?"

"I have indeed known him as the son of my father's friend; but he is a stranger to my heart."

"You shall be his wife this night, at any rate!" said the Secretary with passionate emphasis, and Caroline rising from her chair in excitement, retorted in a firm voice:—"No earthly power shall make me the wife of James McLellan: and know Sir, that if my father would sacrifice his daughter's happiness to his

prejudices, she has the independence to resist him."

Carleton's eyes glared in rage at Caroline, and a terrible emotion shaking his whole frame, he fell back to his pillow.

"Vile girl! your obstinacy has killed your father," cried he, and then struggling for breath, Caroline imagined that she saw death depicted on his countenance. She feared too that he had indeed become a victim to passions of which she had been the exciting cause, and stung with momentary remorse, she dropped on her knees—asked forgiveness and promised obedience,

"Swear!" articulated the incorrigible father, in a faint voice, "Swear that you will become, this night, the wife of James McLellan."

"I swear before heaven, that I will this night, become the wife of James McLellan," cried the affrighted girl, and her head bowed in sorrow on the bed.

"But her father revived, and after a brief space, in a tone that indicated gratification, he said:—"Caroline, you must hurry your toilet; for invitations for this evening were sent out three days ago."

"Oh! wretch, without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—

The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;

Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain."

Miss Carleton rose from her knees, and proceeded to her apartment, in order to prepare for the fulfilment of the oath she had taken.

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The company had assembled, and Carleton was bolstered on a sofa in the drawing-room, exhilarated into life, as it were, by the victory he had gained.— Caroline entered, leaning on the arm of McLellan, in resignation, yet with a trembling step. Parson Whiffler approached the bridal pair, and the marriage ceremony ended, a tear forced its way through the long lashes that concealed the downcast eyes of Caroline.

“The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven ;
 But changes night and day too, like the sky ;
 Now o’er it clouds and thunder must be driven ;
 And darkness and destruction as on high ;
 But when it hath been scorch’d and pierced and riven,
 Its storms expire in water-drops ; the eye
 Pours forth at last the heart’s blood turned to tears.”

A smile lit up the face of the Secretary, as the last words of the Divine assured him that his daughter had at length become a victim of his tyranny. The excitement over, however, he relapsed into debility, and directing his servant to assist him to his bed-chamber, he took his leave of the last assemblage that God was pleased to let him meet in this world. About midnight, this native tyrant was seized with another fit of apoplexy ; and before day dawned, his spirit was summoned to the judgment seat of the Omnipotent.

“Who shall destroy when He would save ? or stand
 When He destroys, the stroke of His right hand ?
 With none His name and power will He divide,
 For He is God, and there is none beside.”

CHAPTER XX.

Just at this crisis, up came Johnson, too.—BYRON.

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly.—SHAKESPEARE.

The opposing armies at the battle of Lundy's Lane, had encamped three days, within musket shot of each other, without evincing a disposition to meet again in conflict; and now the American troops were moving off, in the direction of Chippewa.

Sam Johnson, amidst a concourse of spectators at the British camp, was viewing, with home-sick feelings, the departure of his countrymen, when two familiar voices struck on his ear; and looking in the direction of the sounds, he recognized the faces of Bluster and Mustiface.

They wore military garbs, and the gravity of the Yankee was well-nigh overcome. The Doctor wore a red coat, the skirts of which scarcely reached the seat of trowsers that just covered the tops of a pair of cow-leather boots, while a cap exhibiting more the marks of age than service, surmounted the very crown of his head.

The official Champion wore a regimental suit, that did more honor to his tailor, but his figure and physiognomy, caused a striking and ludicrous incongruity.

"Oh! that they had stopped, till this had once more drunk of their blood," cried Bluster at length, in a

stentorian voice ; and he flourished his sword in the direction of the American troops, as he spoke.

“My sword thirsts too,” squeaked Mustiface, and then he drew the weapon from its scabbard, and viewed it.

“I should’nt wonder if a leetle blood would be a considerable treat to both on ’em,” said Johnson; while he smiled and winked successively at the Doctor and official Champion.

They in turn looked in astonishment at the Yankee ; and Bluster, at length, in a threatening manner and voice, inquired :—“Do you mean to intimate, fellow, that my sword has done no service ?”

“I ha’nt had an idee on intimatin sich a thing ; for it looks to me as though it’s done jest about as much service as it had ort.”

“Service,” rejoined our Esculapius ; and he looked down on the Yankee contemptuously, as he spoke :—

“Service—had every sword in the British army drunk as much blood as this, there would not now be a Yankee in Christendom !”

“It’s considerably used up—no mistake, Dock ; but it looks as though it’s had a considerable restin spell, sence it was used up.”

The regimentals of the prisoner had as yet disguised him ; but the familiar manner of address excited Bluster’s reminiscences, and he scrutinized the physiognomy of the Young Yankee.

“Aha !” exclaimed he at length, “Aha ! an old acquaintance, I think ?”

"Sartin—I'd concluded you felt a leettle too big, under the sarcumstances, to speak to common folks : and Squire Mustiface too," added Johnson, "seems desperate proud with his Insines coat and nplet on."

"I dont feel too big to use my sword over your Yankee skull," boasted Bluster as he placed his right foot forward and flourished his rusty weapon in the air.

"Nor I too proud to dye mine in your Yankee blood," squeaked Mustifice, who had, by this time, also recognized the servant.

"It would'nt be man fashin, for two o' you to buckle sich a leettle chap, accordin to my idees. Howsoever, nater's nater !"

Our Esculapius looked significantly at the Official Champion and said :—"This is intended as an accusation of cowardice, and it is too much for officers in His Majesty's Militia to bear.

"Too much ! too much !" echoed Mustiface.

"Shall I strike ?" interrogated Bluster of Mustiface, while in the act of raising on his toes.

"Strike—yes, damn him ! Burry your sword in his heart or I will," answered the Champion, as he also prepared for action.

"Folks !" cried Johnson in feigned terror, and he receded as he spoke :—"Folks, 'taint fair, I snum !—For besides bein a leettle chap, I a'nt desperate with the sword."

"You deserve death, and I even thirst for your

hearts blood," squalled Mustiface, as he made a thrust at the receding Yankee.

Johnson parried his sword from his hand, and then giving point, the official champion fell.

Bluster, who had elevated his weapon to participate in the honor of the intended murder, let his arm drop gradually, as he looked in wonder at the prisoner.— Then wheeling suddenly on his heels, (losing his military cap in the motion,) he strode bare-headed from the field. Peals of laughter followed his retreat, and Mustiface was roused from his swoon.

CHAPTER XXI.

Hark ! through the silence of the cold dull night

The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !

Lo ! dusky masses, steal in dubious sight

Along the leaguer'd wall.—BYRON.

And say when summoned from the world and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow tree,

Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,

And sooth my parted spirit lingering near ?

Oh ! wilt thou come at evening hour to shed

The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;

With aching temples on thy hand reclined,

Muse on the last farewell I leave behind ;

Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low

And think on all my love and all my woe ?—CAMPBELL.

Ten days after the battle of Lundy's Lane, a British force took up a position in front of Fort Erie, now strongly garrisoned by United States troops.

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Batteries being immediately made, a cannonading was commenced and kept up for some two or three days ; but this course proving ineffectual, the British troops were formed into three divisions, and moving from their batteries under the cover of night, made a simultaneous attack on some American out-works and the fortress.

The out-posts were driven before the British bayonet—the walls of the Fort scaled—the ramparts cleared ; and at length a battle raged furiously within.

Victory for Britain seemed inevitable, and indeed the Americans made a momentary cessation of hostilities ; but again roused by the voice of command, they made a convulsive effort—overpowered their assailants—regained the ramparts, and drove the British troops behind their batteries.

After this, a period of four or five weeks being spent in almost daily cannonading and skirmishes, the American Commander determined to make an effort to get rid of his annoying enemy. Accordingly the United States troops sallied from the Fort and attacked the British batteries. The regiment of Colonel Wilcox was foremost, and he became particularly conspicuous, by his energetic encouragement of his soldiers.

The British were soon discomfited but our hero fell. Johnson, (for this faithful servant had not been long detained as a prisoner) was at his side, sharing the perils of the engagement, and readily effected his con

veyance into the fort, where surgical aid was at hand; but his body was without the reach of human skill.

As if death had mistrusted his weapons, wound after wound was discovered; and the Surgeon at length shaking his head in hopelessness at the servant, who was anxiously gazing for an encouraging look, walked off, without making a professional effort.

None now near him but his servant, Colonel Wilcox said:—"My faithful Johnson, I cannot long survive my wounds, and I would at once confide to you a message for Miss Carleton. Having been continually with me since I left the town of her residence, and knowing what has been my course of life, you are the most proper person for its bearer. Besides, I can die in the assurance that any promise you make will be fulfilled."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the servant. He kissed the brow of his dying master, and promised obedience.

"Tell Miss Carleton," continued our hero, "that though branded as a traitor, conscious that God rewards and punishes according to the intentions of his creatures, I die in faith of a blessed immortality.—Tell her that the hope of possessing her, has alone rendered indurable the latter part of this life, and that my last prayer is, that though torn asunder here, we may live together hereafter in a mansion of the house of God, and enjoy that peace which passeth understanding."

He died, and the faithful Johnson again applying his lips to the cold brow of his master, no longer suppressed his grief.

CHAPTER XXII.

Ah ! cut my face asunder—
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was about the middle of May, eighteen hundred and fifteen. Great Britain and the United States were again at peace ; and Sam Johnson was admitted to an interview at Darwin-house.

A change had taken place at this abode. The Honorable Mrs. Darwin had abandoned her name and title for that of Lady Aberthenot, and the Yankee was received more like a child than a servant, by Sir Anthony and his lady, while they made the kindest enquiries after Colonel Wilcox. Nor was Arietta forgotten by the latter.

The death of our hero was as yet news to them.—Lady Aberthenot did not refuse to shed a tear to his memory, and Sir Anthony ejaculated in mingled sorrow and surprise :—"Dead ! Killed ! well, he was a noble fellow. Yet," continued the Knight in excitement—"this man was driven by the pigmy policy of Upper Canada to lend his prowess to a foreign power."

"Yes," followed Lady Aberthenot ; "and Colonel

Wilcox and Miss Carleton have both been made the victims of tyranny. The death of the one and the unhallowed marriage of the other, must be traced to the same source.

Johnson colored with indignation as the lady concluded, and he said in a spirited tone :—" Miss Carry's married then, I conjecter ?"

Lady Aberthenot appreciated the servant's feelings, and at once related the particulars of Caroline's marriage.

"The Kiernill aint here to find fault, any how, Miss Aberthenot," said Johnson with a full heart; and then telling the lady his object in visiting York, begged to be directed to the residence of Mrs. McLellan.

The request being granted, Sir Anthony and his lady individually offered a home both to his wife and himself; but he respectfully declined, and gave his reason.

"I must be lookin a leetle ahead for my young folks," said he, "and I've an idee o' goin to the west. Then agin," continued the servant, "there wouldn't be no peace to my mind in this consarned town.—'Ta'nt the thing that's right—and that aint all—it never can be, accordin to my mind."

The intimation of Johnson excited the curiosity of Lady Aberthenot, and she said enquiringly :—"I infer that you have some one besides Arietta to provide for ?"

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"A pair, Miss Aberthenot," replied the young
Yankee.

"A pair!" repeated the lady, with some exhibition
of surprise.

"No mistake," said Johnson, and he winked sig-
nificantly as he spoke. "All right, too, Miss Aber-
thenot. I don't know which on 'em's the oldest."

"Twins?" enquired Lady Aberthenot, and then
she laughed good naturedly.

"Sartin—and considerable chaps too—that's a fact."
"Boys?"

"That's the story, Miss Aberthenot," answered the
servant, and he winked again.

"How old?"

"Ten months, I guess."

"You have named them before this, then?"

"Sartin—Joseph Wilcox and John Darwin was the
best names I could think on."

Sir Anthony was for some moments almost convuls-
ed with laughter; but as soon as he could partially
recover himself, he exclaimed :—"God bless me!—
God bless me!" and Johnson bowing low to the Knight
in turn said :—"The next I calculate to call Anthony
Aberthenot, if it's no offence."

"Offence," repeated the Knight, "offence, my good
fellow—I shall deem it an honor to have my name
live in such honest blood."

Johnson departed with the blessing of Sir Anthony
and Lady Aberthenot; and his heart palpitated as he

approached the house of McLellan. He however hastened his steps with that feeling which inclines one to hurry through an unpleasant duty, and was soon admitted to the presence of Mrs. McLellan, who received him with a kind, though reserved manner.

“But behold!

Upon her face, there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.”

“Johnson,” said she, as if she would prevent the communication of any thing to which it would now be improper for her to listen:—“Johnson, you are aware that I am no longer Miss Carleton?”

“I learnt so from Miss Aberthenot,” answered Johnson. “Howsomever it would’nt a made no difference about my comin if I’d learnt it before, for my promise could’nt a been got by.”

“You have come to fulfil a promise then?”

“Sartin, Miss McLellan and a considerable solemn one too.”

“At whose instance?”

“Kiernill Wilcox.”

“I can receive no communication from Colonel Wilcox,” said Mrs. McLellan. “Tell him that I am a wife.”

“The Kiernill a’nt no more, Miss McLellan, and I’ve come to bring you ’is dyin words.”

“He is dead?” said Mrs. McLellan enquiringly.

and with a trembling voice, while her cheeks assumed the hue of marble.

"No mistake—I closed his eyes myself."

"He had not heard of my infidelity?"

"That's sartin or I should'nt a been here."

"Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. McLellan. "I can listen to you Johnson," added she at length, and the servant faithfully related the dying message of his master.

The lady covered her face with her hands and sobbed in agony.

"The tree will wither long before it fall,
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn,
The roof tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when it's wind worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captives they enthrall,
The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun
And thus the heart will break, though brokenly live on."

Johnson unceremoniously withdrew from the house of McLellan: nor could he help rejoicing in his heart, when he saw the town associated with so many unpleasant reflections, fast fading from his sight in the distance, as the packet which contained him, was wafted by a brisk wind in the direction of Niagara.

ERRATA.

The following are the principal errors which have escaped correction in the revision of proof, and which have not been noted at the end of the first volume of this work:—

Page 2nd, of both the first and second volume—being the back of each title page of this work—for “*Western District of New York,*” should be read, “*Northern District of New York.*”

Page 36 of this volume—18th line, for “*mockery,*” should be read “*buoyancy.*”

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