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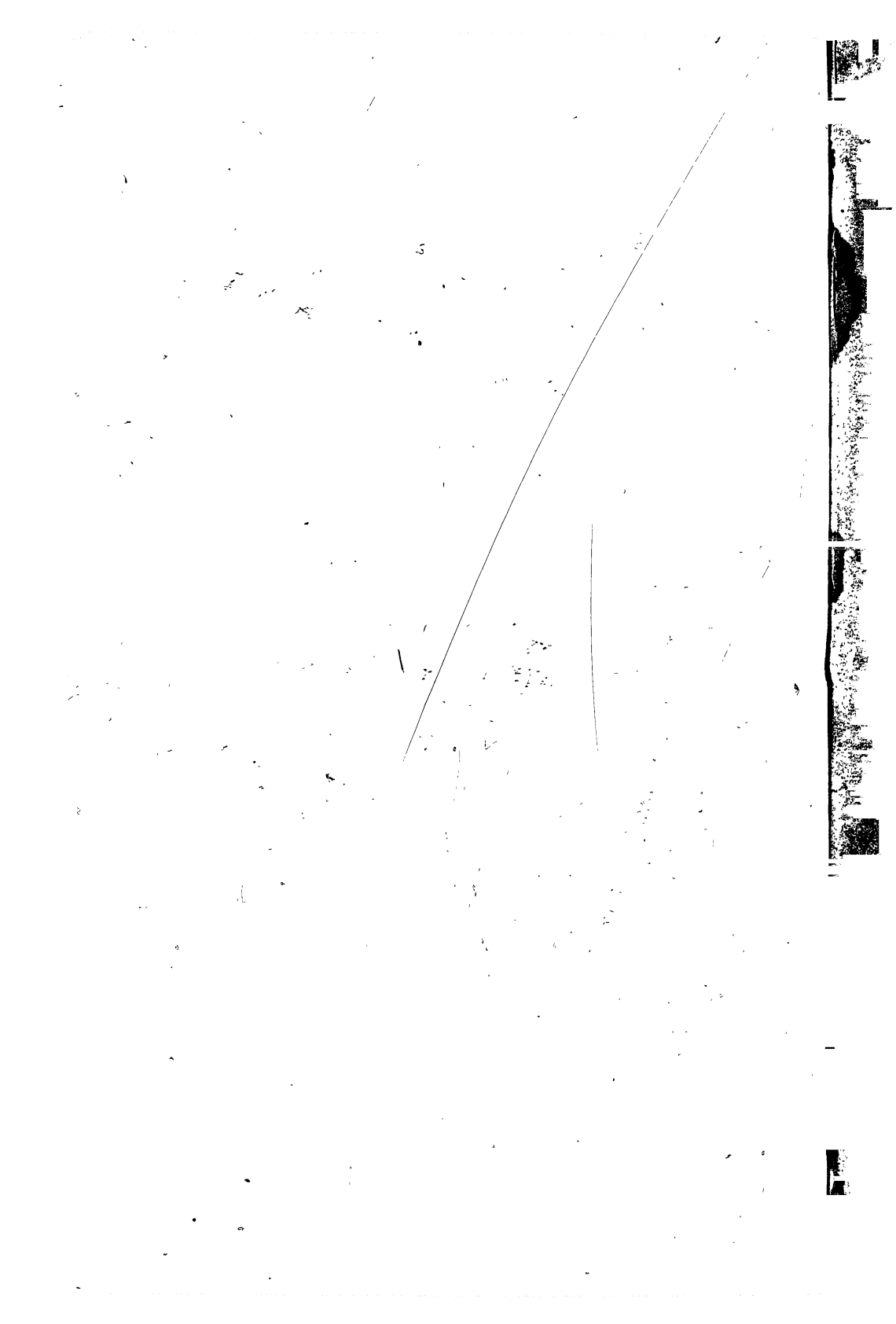
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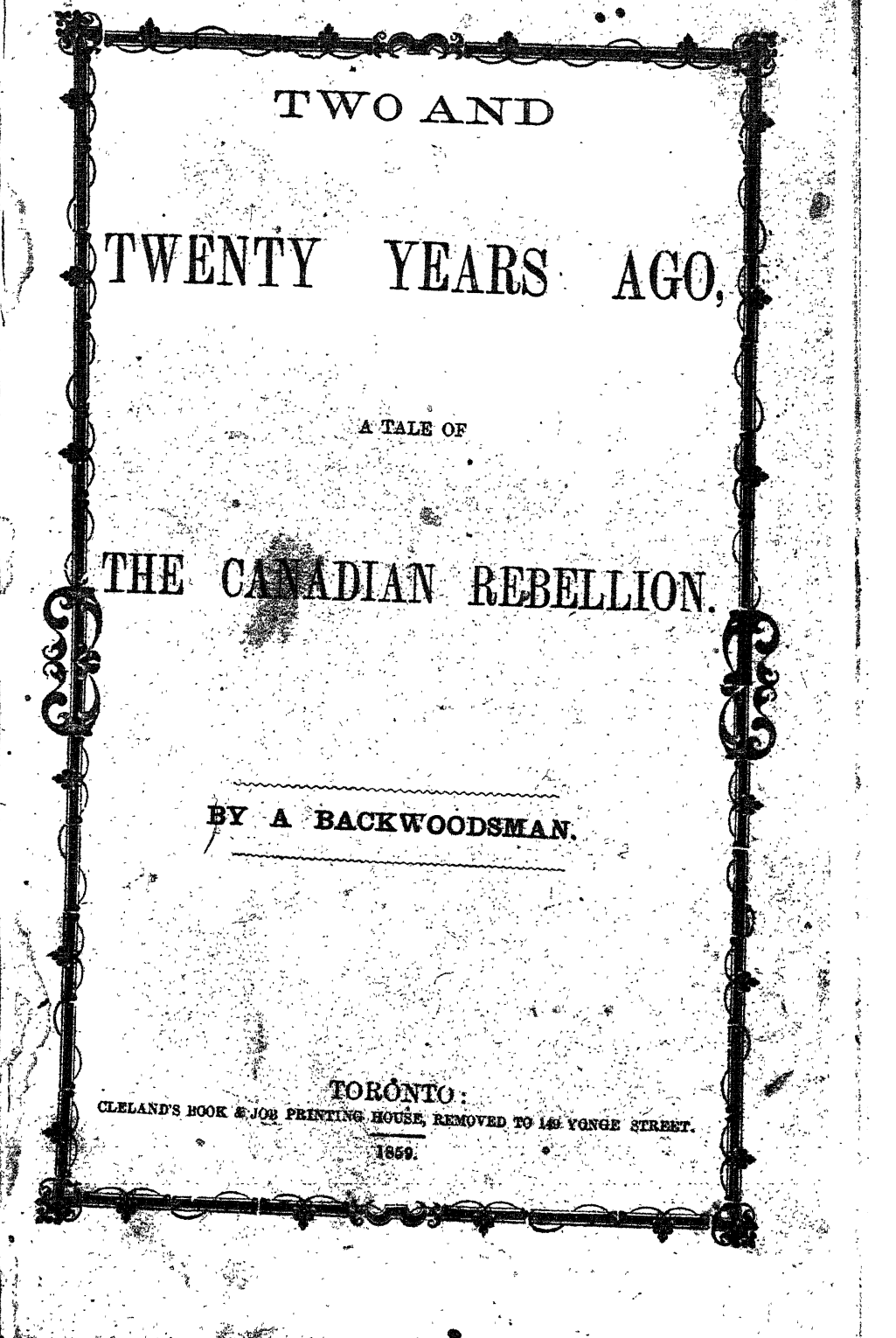
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TWO AND
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A TALE OF

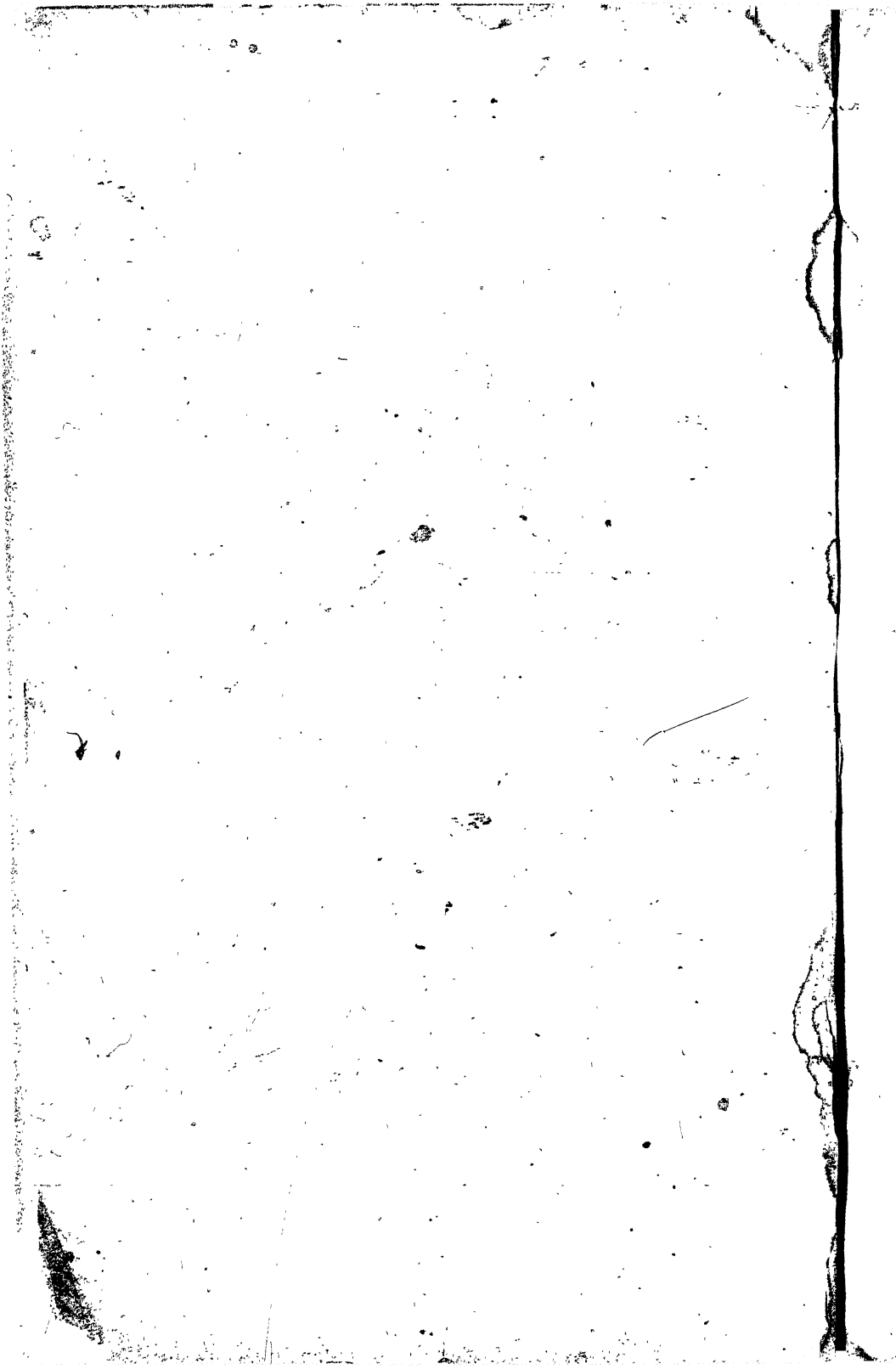
THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

TORONTO:

CLELAND'S BOOK & JOB PRINTING HOUSE, REMOVED TO 146 YONGE STREET.

1859.



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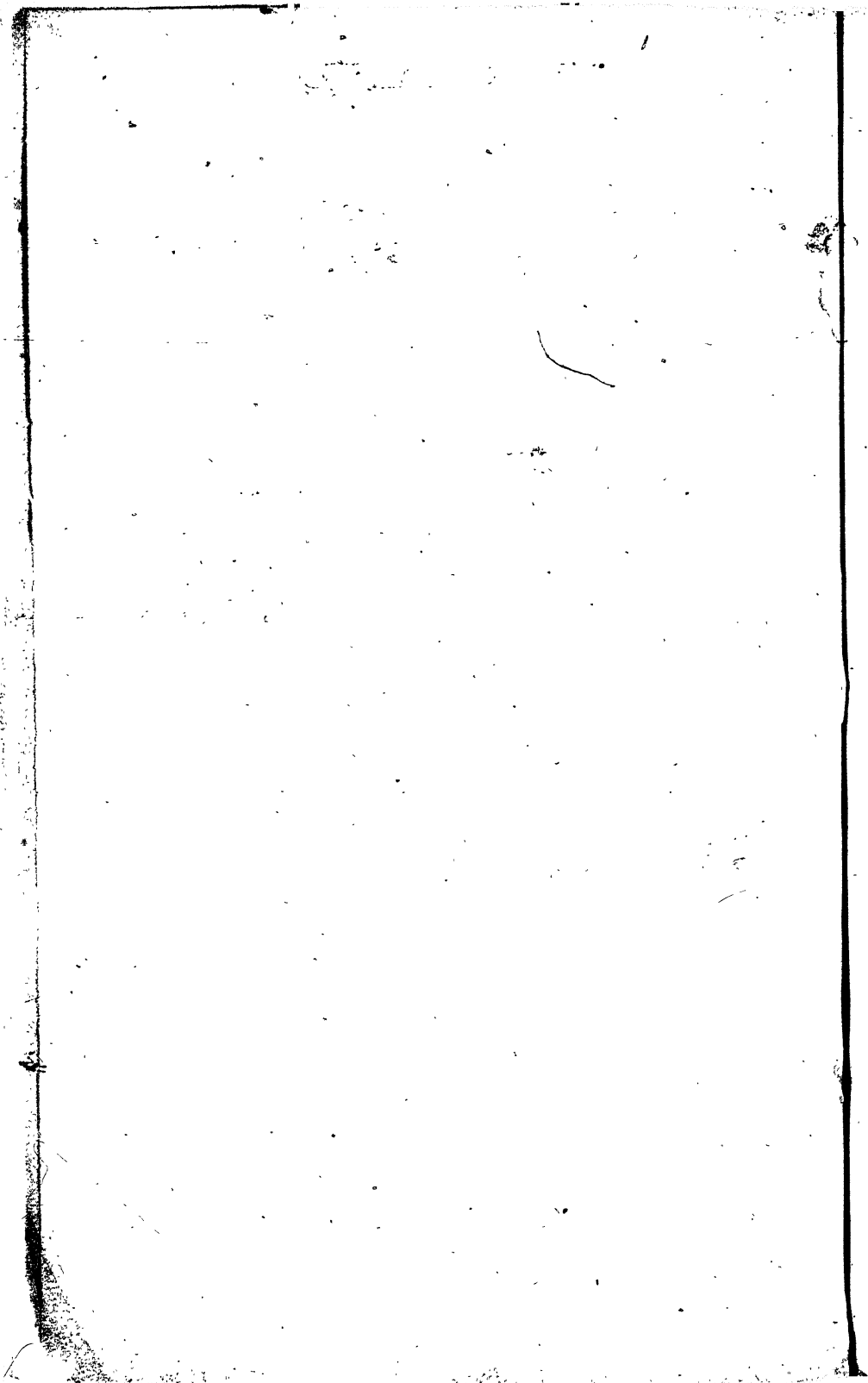
THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

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BY A BACKWOODSMAN.  
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TORONTO:

CLELAND'S BOOK AND JOB PRINTING HOUSE, 18, KING STREET EAST

1859.



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INTRODUCTION.

I have attempted in this volume to bring before the reader scenes and actions which transpired within the memory of most of you, and which from the scanty information contained in any work on the Province, are in danger of being lost to the rising and future generations. It is a subject which must be touched gently, not to wound the sensibilities of many who were actors therein, and some of whom from the generosity of our government are high lights among us. The following Story will be found to be as impartial as is consistent with the moral it inculcates, loyalty and filial piety, and we cheerfully invite examination or criticism to find an immoral sentence throughout its pages : Many actions took place during the Canadian Rebellion on which the public were never enlightened. Numerous are the stories which the author has listened to, which coming from those engaged forbid exaggeration, and from material such as this the present story was woven.

TWO AND TWENTY YEARS AGO

A TALE OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

CAPTER I.

THE EVENING WALK.

On a clear cold evening, in the month of November, in the year 1837,—that year so well known in Canada, and remarkable for disturbances in the province, two young men were walking across a field towards a thoroughfare, one of the principal in that part of the country. The night, as we before remarked, was cold but clear, and the young men kept up a sharp pace, and a desultory conversation,—now running, now laughing, anon whistling. Their firm, and assured steps, their mirth, and their appearance, at once told of youth and health. The taller of the two, might have been two and twenty, he was full six feet in height, and of beautiful proportions; his features were equally pleasing, his high and open forehead, his dark and arching brows, and the deep clear light of his dark blue eye, all spoke of intellect of energy, and of a firm and resolute will. His companion was not over nineteen years of age, and not so large as Henry Hewit, for such was the first called, but his firm and well knit frame, his symmetrical build, his erect and confident carriage, all spoke of the man, although his smooth face, and light hair, gave him a juvenile appearance, which was confirmed by the mischievous expression of his eye and yet withal Frank Arnly, was capable of acting the man's part, when circumstances or his own inclination led him to make the attempt.

But while we are describing, they are walking at a good round pace, over root and brush, brook and knoll. What a glorious thing is youth and health, and how keenly did Frank Arny enjoy both; after a six months confinement in a Toronto school, he was now enjoying his leave with a relish seldom excelled. I say, Harry, said Frank, breaking a silence of a few minutes, don't you pity those Southerners, how can they enjoy themselves, they should come up here, and take a four mile heat, on an evening like this, then they would know something of the pleasures of existence; yes let them feel this bracing breeze and the frost crackling under their feet, while their blood courses through the system as it does through mine now, and starts the perspiration from my body, and at the same time look at the stars shining down and twinkling so merrily, like as though they too appreciated the delight of a walk, or a merrimaking among themselves. This is what a good man could make a sermon of, but for me, it puts me in such a glorious mood I feel like fighting, just a little for love you know. Ah Frank my dear fellow you possess too good a heart for fighting, I believe if you knocked a person down, you would sit down beside him and beg him to forgive you, your generous mind could not witness pain, much less, be the cause of making it. Pshaw; Harry you judge others by yourself, said Frank, colouring at the compliment of his companion, but I am not so squeamish as you imagine I assure you, and as many of the college boys could bear me witness, to their cost. Oh that was in good nature as it were, where you only quarrelled to make up again. And where if you gave a poor fellow an untucky fall, you could nurse him, and pay the doctor for coming to see if there was any

damage done, or any bones broken, although he could walk around the room. You see Frank I hear from you some times, and of some things which you think of two small consequence to relate in you letters. And you heard of that foolish freak Harry, I did not know as any one but myself and Browly knew it, faith good reason we both had to remember it, but to speak candid Harry, I was ashamed of that transaction, the fact was, I felt so well that night I could not help doing something, the animal spirit was too great for my better sense, and I got into a precious row with as good a fellow as ever run. Be careful Frank, that the spirit you spoke of as being too strong for you on that occasion does not triumph again tonight; you are so impulsive and enthusiastic, it would be well for me to carry my rifle ready and be on the lookout for fear that in your good nature you should take a notion of making a target of one of my ears. So, here, walk in front master Frank, there now carry your piece steadier lad. But who comes here?

The two young men had emerged from the field on the road, and the last observation of Hewit, was caused by hearing the sound of a horse's feet approaching rapidly. Oh yonder it is, says Arnly, coming down that cross road don't you see now, just back of Burn's house, yes, I see, answered Hewit, and I wish I had never seen the same man. Who is it, asked Frank, in this light, clear as it is, I cannot make him out. It is Howis, I know his black horse, answered Hewit, one of the busiest of the agitators in these parts, and is now going to or from some of those private meetings, let us hurry up and see what he has to say. They arrived at the lane as Howis turned the same way. It is the very man Harry, that I had the words with this morning, whispered Frank to his companion,

Hewit nodded, but answered, say nothing, and see if he will mention it. The man mentioned as Howis was mounted on a horse of jet black, and the rider was a man of athletic build, tall and symetrical, be-tokening strength and activity.

He was a good looking man, as far as mere features went, possessing a pair of keen black eyes, hair and whiskers of the same raven hue ; The expression, however was not equally good, there was in his dark eye, a cold, hard and calculating expression, which seldom changed, his lips might smile but his eye changed not.

CHAPTER II.

AN ENCOUNTER.

Good evening gentlemen, good evening Mr. Hewit, said Howis, what luck in the sporting line, I see you have your guns along. Oh not much, answered Hewit, we shot one deer, and saw two we did not shoot. Not so bad either rejoined the other, I am thinking of taking a hunt one of these days and should like to make up a party to be gone several days ; perhaps you would join us Hewit. I was speaking to your brother, but he could not go, he said, but thought you would like the sport. I cannot tell, I will let you know before you will start. They had now reached the farm belonging to Henry Hewit, a farm in ap-parently a good state of cultivation, with fine build-ings, an old orchard, and other appendages that spoke of independence and comfort. A large white house, half hid among shrubs and bushes, whose neat and well kept appearance, spoke of care and cultiva-tion, come in Frank said Henry throwing open the

gate. No, thank you, Harry, my uncle will be expecting me home, but here is your rifle, I will leave it with you as I am tired of carrying it for one day. Hewit took the rifle and bidding Frank and Howis good night, was turning in when Howis, who had been adjusting his saddle, said halloo Hewit, if your brother is within tell him I want to speak to him, Harry he only said very well.

Howis waited several minutes and then with a bitter imprecation struck his spurs into the side of his horse muttering so you think me not worth answering. I swear if Bill is there you never told him. The horse set off at a sharp pace, but Howis checked him to a walk as he overtook Frank Arnly, and asked sharply, have you seen William Hewit to day?

Arnly, though generally civil, did not like the tone in which the question was asked, and he had had some words with Howis in the morning which still rankled in his mind.

He, therefore, assuming a tone and manner of careless indifference, as much as to say, I dont care whether I answer or not, said, Bill Hewit, the man that is labouring with the blacksmith? no I dont know as I ever saw him though I heard there was such a man. Howis muttering a curse between his teeth, said you know who I mean, Henry's brother, Oh said Frank in the same tone, had you said Mr. Hewit, I should have known who you meant and it would have shown some manners on your part. Howis who was in no good humour when the conversation began now sprung from his saddle, and with a fierce oath, cried, you attempt to teach me manners, you baby faced boy, I will now teach you how to raw hide one, saying which, he struck Frank a sharp blow with a riding whip which he held in his hand. Bravo, shouted Frank,

that's the style for me, you are giving me the chance I have been wishing for since morning ; as he spoke he returned Howis' blow in such style, that it made him reel backwards, and drop the reins of the bridle, and the horse frightened by the scuffle, started off, Howis turned as though to follow it, which Frank interpreting as a desire to back out, laughed derisively as he said, don't be in a hurry, my good man. I am not satisfied with the lesson you were to give me, it was scarcely worth your while to dismount for that. If Howis was enraged before he was beside himself now, to be struck and taunted by a mere boy as he considered Frank, was more than his fierce domineering spirit could brook, and before Frank had ceased speaking, he rushed on him aiming a heavy blow which would have laid Frank on a frosty bed, had he not avoided it. The fight was now in earnest, if Frank wished for a fight, he could not have been better satisfied for Howis' blows fell both fast and heavy, ah Frank it is well for you now, that you can box and fence for you need both. Several sharp blows were exchanged, when Howis finding that Frank was better at that game than he, resolved to bring his superior strength to bear, he therefore rushed in to clinch close, but in so doing he exposed himself and Frank sent him a stinger, which taking effect on his muzzle sent him to the ground with a tremendous fall, but if he fell quick, he was quicker up again, and in another attempt to clinch, he received another severe blow. He was now tired of a contest in which he had nothing to gain, and all to lose ; his passion was also cooling off rapidly ; what is the good of this, muttered he, as he again squarred himself (this time with great caution,) I can bring it to a close in a second, and as he made a pass which

fell far short of its mark, he drew a pistol from his pocket and springing forward, he caught Arnly's blow on his shoulder, and at the same time struck a tremendous one with his pistol, it struck Frank on the temple, and felled him senseless to the earth. There said Howis with a laugh, you have got what you wanted.

He stooped down and placed his hand on Frank's heart. O you'll live yet, my friend, said he with a sneer, but added he it is a pity, If I had a hundred such fellows as that, I could make a fortune in the times that are coming. Oh, but I am sorry, on second thought for this; what will that old man his uncle say, he will not let it pass, and he will make the country to hot for me, but no matter, I'll be off in the morning, and not return till I'm as big a man as any of them, how I will glory in making such fellows stand about. Thus soliloquising Howis made the best of his way home.

CHAPTER III.

HEWIT'S HOME.

When Henry Hewit left Frank Arnly, he went at once into the house. Depositing his guns in the hall, he entered the parlour and asked his mother if William was in the house. No indeed, answered his mother. I fear William is forgetting us, he seldom calls even, have you seen him to day? No, answered Henry, but Howis came up the road as I came in, and asked me to send him out if he was here, as he wanted to see him. Howis, is not that the man that lives beyond William's place? asked Mrs. Hewit, if so, I think the less William has to do with him the

better, he is not well spoken of by those who know him well, and times are troublesome, the political horizon looks dark and threatening, and there are fanatics among us who seem resolved to drive things to extremities. I only hope that if things come to the worst we shall all be found on the right side—the side on which our fathers fought, and bled,—for which they endured unheard of trials, hardships, poverty, exile, aye, death itself. Mrs. Hewit raised her eyes to her son as she ceased speaking. She had been a lovely woman, and still, though time or trouble had tinged her hair with grey, and perhaps dimmed the light of those lustrous brown eyes. She was a fine woman, that expression of the eye, and in fact of the whole countenance, spoke of a great a noble soul.

Her father had been an U. E. Loyalist, one of that persecuted and misrepresented band, who endure all that men could endure, only for the sake of adhering to their King, and the British Empire. Mrs. Hewit had heard from earliest infancy of the sufferings her parents had endured, how the family had been broken up, while her father with unshaken loyalty had remained firm to the King. His brother had joined the insurgents and although joined by the most brotherly affection they fought on different sides.

After the close of the revolution, her father with many more came to Canada, then an almost unbroken forest.

Her father's brother however, was a man of honour, and after the close of the war he sent his brother his rightful share of his father's property. This enabled him to live in comfort and ease, and to give his only child Alice, the benefit of a good education.

And when she was sought and won by Henry Hewit, a young man from north of the Tweed, who was at the time a Merchants' Clerk, who, though poor, was a man of education and ability. Her father did not object to her choice, for said he, if Hewit is poor there is enough here for us all, and he must not part my child from her old father. And so satisfactory did they live, that upon the death of the old man, he left his property in Hewit's care for his grand children, giving directions how he wanted it divided. Hewit did not live to see his boy come to manhood. His last words were that he left his children to the care of their mother, having every confidence in her judgement and care. In this he was not disappointed she had done her duty nobly, and justly did her children prize her, or one of them at least.

Henry and his mother were just retiring to their respective rooms for the night, when a loud knock at the kitchen door attracted their attention. Who can that be? asked Mrs. Hewit, surely not William, he would have found his way in without rapping. Henry went at once to the door, where he found Edwards, a man employed on the farm, and who lived further down the road. Why Edwards, what's wrong? As Henry spoke, a man advanced from the shade, who, though covered with dust, his clothes disarranged, and his face, such of it as could be seen for the blood, deadly pale, Henry at once recognized as Frank Arnly.

Oh! Henry, I am glad it is you, I was afraid of alarming your mother, and so asked Edwards here to give an explanation if she came to the door.

But what has happened, Frank? come in here, I'll have a fire in a minute. Henry lit a bright fire and

while he was doing so, Frank gave him a description of his fight with Howis.

And you don't know what it was he struck you with, asked Henry.

Not certainly, but I think, nay am sure, it was a heavy knife, shut, or a pistol, but I think the latter. Henry now examined the bruise, and while doing so heard his mother's step in the hall, sit with your back to the light Frank he said, that mother will not notice how pale you look, nor the blood, here let me wash it off. He was bathing his face, when Mrs. Hewit entered, you see mother, I have a patient, said he gaily, I may practice yet inspite of my dislike to the profession. Though he spoke gaily his mother was alarmed, and upon looking at the bruise declared that a physician must be called immediately saying that the blow being so severe would put him in danger of a brain fever which would be greatly aggravated by his laying so long on the ground so cold a night, adding with a shiver, that she wondered he had not frozen instead of coming too. Frank tried to laugh away the idea of danger and a docter, but it was an unsuccessful attempt, for in the midst of his rally his head dropped on the table, he had fainted. Henry and Edwards placed him in bed, when Henry departed for the nearest doctor.

Peason was an old friend of Henry's, and on his urgent appeal took horse and soon arrived at the house, where they found Frank recovered from the faint, but still unconscious. The doctor bled him freely and applying leeches to his bruise said that he would be all right in the morning or in a day at least. I came just in time to check the cold that was the most to fear. Henry would not hear of the doctor

leaving that night, and though Peason laughed at the idea of fear he consented to remain. The doctors prediction was fulfilled. When Frank awoke about the middle of the forenoon, although at first a little confused he declared himself none of the worse.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM HEWIT'S TEMPTATION.

On the night in which the incidents before recorded' occurred, others events necessary to record in this history were transpiring.

A mile or more beyond the residence of Henry and his mother, and a little from the main thoroughfare, stood a house the appearance of which betokened neglect or old age. The gate by which you enter the yard was down, evincing the most hospitable regard for the neighbours' cattle and pigs. But the said cattle and pigs, were very respectful in their approaches to the same yard, for if the gate was down on the ground, the watchful Sanco was down on them in quick time if they were presumptuous enough to enter. It is not the outside of the house, however alone, that we would call attention.

Inside it looks in much better keeping all is snug and in order, a bright fire glows on the parlor hearth, which diffuses light and heat throughout the small room. The table was drawn near the fire, and by its side were seated two persons, a male and female. The lady might have been two and twenty, she was of more than medium height, of light and graceful proportions, her eyes and hair were of raven darkness, her complexion singularly fair, and at a glance

you would call her handsome, and as far as outward features went so she was, but there was wanting the deep warm light of womans' eyes, her eyes were intensely dark and brilliant, but there was none of the gentle softness, which we look for in womans' eye.

The gentleman occupant of the room was sitting beside Miss Howis (for the lady was sister to the man with whom Frank Arny had the row,) his elbow resting on the table, and his head upon his hand, Has listening intently to Miss Howis, he was a man of medium height, athletic and muscular proportion, his features were regular and pleasing, though they lacked firmness. This was William Hewit the older brother of Harry, who had been left by his grandfathers and fathers Will with a fine farm, about two miles from the one occupied by Henry and his mother.

William was a fine man, young industrious, and regular, he had made a fine start in the world, and was doing well. It was his misfortune as the sequel will prove to become acquainted with Howis and his sister, on his first introduction to Emily Howis he felt a great interest in her, which depend, to a deep all absorbing passion. *He* knew that his mother would not like the connexion, for as much as he loved Emily *Howis*, he knew she was far from perfect, though gentle and tender to him, he could see daily evidence of her arbitrary disposition, very different from his mother, you see William said Miss *Howis*, continuing the conversation, that the present effort is not to do away with the British authority, not by any means, it is merely an effort on our part to overthrow a corrupt and unscrupulous ministry, this once done the leaders will petition the British Parliament

to audit the proceedings of the men now in power in this province, this once done when the British crown and parliament have their eyes once opened, things will at once be remitted, a different administration will be sent out, all our grievances will be redressed. This consumation is certainly worth an effort. It will not be rebellion, that accursed name will never be applied to the heroes who emancipates their country from the chains which bind it. You Mr. Hewit, will certainly join my brother and his friends in their efforts to redeem their country.

As these words were uttered, she bent forward, and placed her soft hand on his arm, her breath fanned his cheek. Beware! William Hewit, beware! for the temptation is a sore one. His breath came hard and fast, his face was partly turned from Miss Howis. She saw the mental conflict between principle and passion in that man's soul, and though full well she knew her power over him, yet she feared the result, placing her hand upon his shoulder, while she bent her head, until her raven locks mingled with his and her soft cheek, nearly touching his she said, dear William, surely I do not ask too much, can you not sacrifice something? What was the issue of the struggle in that man's breast, as it has been in nine cases out of ten, since Adam's fall, and as it will continue to be, in an equal number of cases, where man is tempted and woman the tempter.

Yes, William Hewit yielded against his own principles, against his own judgment; and turning his eyes to those of Emily Howis, he said—

Dearest, I am one of you, come what will! though my family have ever been noted for loyalty and attachment to the crown of Britain. Although

it will cast me out of my family, as a disgrace and cause the finger of scorn to be pointed at me by those who are my warmest friends, yea, though it ends in a rebel's cell, and a traitor's doom, I am one of you, for all this, and these could I suffer for your sake; and as he spoke he passed his arm around her waist, and imprinted on her cheek a burning kiss. And now, Emily, continued he, give me the roll. Emily took from the drawer a roll of papers, to which Hewit signed his name, after which, seating himself in a chair, he remained for some moments silent, and it took all Miss Howis' art to make him gay. He did not long remain, but, pleading fatigue, took a tender leave of Emily, and started home across the fields.

The beauty of the night was unnoticed by him. He regarded nothing. The sparkling frost beneath his feet, the cloudless sky and brilliant stars above were alike disregarded: he walked at a furious pace, springing over fences—crossing creeks—passing through groves, until he reached his own place, where, entering the kitchen, he found the man he had employed on the farm seated by a roaring fire, deep in the arms of Morpheus. Giving him a rough shake, Hewit roused him from sleep, saying, comè Jones, it is bed-time; why are you not turned in? These words were uttered in a gruff voice, such as Jones was not used to hear from Hewit, and he replied sharply—I'm at liberty, as another man, to go when I chose. O never mind my words, said William, I am sorry for keeping you up so long. Jones, somewhat mollified, retired to his bed. Hewit paced the room for some time with startling energy, at length, throwing himself into a chair, he remained for a moment in thought, then, starting suddenly, he brought his fist with fearful violence down on the table,—yes, said

he, I see it all—have seen it all from the first, and yet, fool that I was, had not strength of purpose to free myself; Emily is sincere, she thinks that this outbreak is not directed against the British authority, but I know better, and I am to raise my arm against that which my fathers would have shed their last drop of blood to maintain; and Henry, too, will he stand idly by when the time for action arrives? No! I know he will not; and mother—O my poor mother!—and the unhappy man's head sank on the table; he regarded not time, but when he arose it was with a sense of chilliness in his body: the fire had become extinct. Taking a few turns around the room, he sought his bed.

Scarce had William Hewit left Emily Howis, than she heard her brother's horse approaching, and soon after Howis entered the room. He had neglected to wash or arrange his dress since his encounter with young Arnly. Why, Robert, what is wrong to-night? you look as though you had been having a rough meeting; a pair of black eyes too! you seem resolved to keep your hand in practice.

Get some water and some supper, was the gruff response.

O, Bob, you need not be so cross because some one has vexed you; I have good news.

What is it? asked Howis carelessly.

A *new* brother, to be sure! was the answer.

Who? asked Howis this time with evident interest.

A *very* particular friend of mine, was the reply, and one you must give preferment to, when the *good*

time comes.

You are profuse in your words, can you not tell who without all that preamble.

William Hewit! to be sure.

Good! good, Emily! very good. You deserve to be made General of the Patriots! That certainly is a set-off against my rascally meeting with Arnly. Have you seen Bertram to-day?

He left just before Hewit came in. I did not try to gain him.

You need not, said her brother, he is an unprincipled man, and, though captain in the militia, will join us the moment we are in the ascendant, whereas, if anything should go wrong with our case we have him to assist us in making it good with Government; yes, the case is very different with him than with Hewit, for if he is not with us he will be against us. Do not give him time to repent; keep him from his mother. And now, Emily, I will seek my bed, I will have to be away for some time, for I got into a muss to-night that might give me trouble were I found here. You will find a note in my room for Hewit, for I must explain this unlucky adventure to him to prevent mischief in that quarter.

CHAPTER V.

THE ASSOCIATES.

Two days have passed since the events narrated in the foregoing pages, and we find an old acquaintance of ours, some thirty miles from the scene of his conflict with young Arnly, for it is Howis of whom

were speaking. The afternoon is dark and rainy, a regular autumn storm—when the winds moan through the trees, and drives the rain in the face and through the clothes of the luckless traveller; when one feels so comfortable seated snugly by the fire, with nothing to call him from his seat. Such appeared to be the position of Howis. With his feet against the jamb, and the back of his chair against the table, he seemed to enjoy his position quietly for some time looking over a newspaper, but that uneasy spirit of his, could not long enjoy quiet. And laying down the newspaper he arose, looked out of the window, but the prospect was evidently unsatisfactory. Muttering a malediction on the weather, he turned towards the bar-room, from which was issuing laughter and loud voices, common at such places on such a day. He, however, was arrested by the door from the hall being opened, and a man entered enveloped in a huge overcoat, from which the rain was dripping in torrents.

Heigho, Strat; said Howis, advancing towards the new comer and shaking him by the hand, happy to see you, old fellow; how does the rain effect your constitution? They say it is good for some kind of poultry.

Oh, those are ducks the proverb refers to, not goslings, like you and I. By-the-bye, Howis, you seem to enjoy a comfortable time here. How is it? I thought a man so interested in the cause as you, would have rode through wet and dry, and not have been housed up here, for two days, as I hear you have been. I fear you are getting lukewarm in the cause.

Oh, Captain, said Howis, never fear for me.

When the eagle ceases to look for its prey—when the tiger loses its taste for blood, then Senor Captain, it will be time to think of Robert Howis drawing back from what he wishes was already commenced. I do not see, Captain, the use of delay, there is many of us associated together ; we have to trust every one. How many of these may be spies and traitors, we know not.

How many spies we know not, certainly, but traitors every one, of that we are sure, Howis.

I mean among ourselves, answered Howis. I know what the world will call us full well, but he who deviates from this course for that or any other cause, is a double-dyed villian ; but enough of this, we know each other. How did you find the friends in the east ?

Friends, answered Strat, were few, there are many that will be our friends as soon as we have done the fighting, provided always, that we are successful, if defeated, the devil confound us, hanging will be too good for us.

Oh, answered Howis, that is the way of the world. But what of the priests, will they come out cleverly and take a hand in this business ?

Very far from it, returned Strat, they know a great deal better than to jeopardise the fat income that they receive from the British Government, by what they call a fanatical attempt against law and order. They know that if successful, we will be obliged to support them ; they have such influence over the people, that they are sure of lighting on their feet, though they should aim against us. In that they may be mistaken however. What of the *Habitants*.

They are sincere enough ; just the people to be made dupes of, unless their priests interfere. If the people up here would be as easily led, we would soon raise the music, and it will not be long at farthest. But I tell you what Howis, it will be a flash in the pan, make a noise and get a lot of us poor fools hung or transported.

A pretty way of getting men to join our cause, said Howis angrily, Strat if I did not know you well I should suspect you of cowardice or something worse.

If you should suspect me of being a fool, you would come much nearer the truth, said Strat coolly.

Howis gazed sternly at him, but meeting that cool defiant eye, he laughed and said, come, come, Captain, it wont do for us to quarrel, you have the blues this evening, and no wonder : you have not taken a drop since you came in ;—and, stepping into the kitchen, he soon re-entered well supplied with victuals and drink. Cheer up, Captain, cheer up, I hope when we go a campaigning, whatever betide us, we wont have to go hungry.

Small fear of that Howis, I can assure you ; the British and Canadians will give us plenty of ball and shot I have fought them before and know how it goes. There would be no better soldiers in the world than the Canadians, were they disciplined. I only wish that we had a few hundred in proper fighting trim.

We have a good number, Captain, tolerably well acquainted with fire arms.

Pooh, Howis, you know well what they are or the

majority—loose fish, old countrymen, who came out here expecting to become lords, and I know not what all, and finding themselves disappointed would do anything almost ; and our people from across the borders, who come primed with Democratic ideas. But where are the Canadians? they form the majority of the population. How do they compare in our party?—not one to five. Most of them wish to see the existing will done away with, but constitutionally, legislatively, they will not join with us, but they will go against us.

Howis, during the latter part of this conversation, had been walking the floor impatiently now interrupted Strat with, come, Captain, this will never do, you must give up grumbling and act the man as we all know you can do if you like, you almost tempt me to think you think of leaving us.

No, Howis, you need not fear: I am in as deep as any of you; I have no oath to break, I never swore allegiance to his or her majesty, and, besides, quiet is distasteful to me, I must have tumult—the more the better. Danger and I have been old companions, and I love it. You have heard me tell some scenes I went through in the war of 1812, when our army invaded Canada. Had that war continued it would have made a man of me, but when peace was made, I, like too many more, took to the bottle and soon settled ourselves.

Some men now entered the room, and after a few words being exchanged between them and the two worthies whom they disturbed, they called for lights and adjourned to some more private room than the one they then occupied.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROTHERS.

We now return to Henry Hewit and his friend Frank Arnly. Arnly found himself very stiff and dull, the morning after his encounter with Howis, and although he was anxious to seek Howis, he found himself obliged to remain quiet. Henry Hewit, at his request walked over to inform his uncle, that he was indisposed, and would stop at Mrs. Hewit's that day.

But be sure, Harry, said Frank, not to inform him how I got used up, for the old gentlemen in his wrath will chase Howis from the country, and that is what I do not wish him to do yet awhile.

Harry, departed on his mission, and having to pass near the residence of Howis, he determined on calling, to see what excuse he would make. Miss Howis, saw him coming, and wondered at first what could bring him there, for she was but slightly acquainted with him, and she had heard her brother speak of him as a stiff, proud fellow, who made no associates.

Can it be, she said to herself, that he has heard of William joining us, and is he coming to give us a lecturing. But that can't be the object of his visit, for no one knows of it yet, but ourselves, and William certainly would not be weak enough to back out, so soon at least. No, no, it must be that Arnly affair that Robert was speaking of. Having come to this conclusion, she went to the door to receive Harry, who enquired if her brother was within.

No, he was not, and she could not inform him when he would return.

Not satisfied, Harry accepted her walk in, but was soon satisfied that Howis was not at home. After some trifling conversation he departed.

Ah, Willy, said he to himself, if that girl is allowed to obtain an influence over you, it will be hard to overcome it, she is as handsome and talented as she is cold hearted and calculating.

Harry completed his business with Frank's uncle, and succeeded in appeasing the old man, for he was displeased at his nephew's absence. Harry made the old man promise that he would ride over that afternoon and see them. His next call was at his brother's place, where although it was high noon, he found William still in bed. Harry hastened to his room, and as he entered William threw a note he was reading, into an open drawer, and springing out of bed, he bade Harry welcome, and as he proceeded to dress, he answered Harry's eager inquiry if he was unwell, or what was wrong?

No, not sick, but slightly indisposed, he had been up late the night before and felt very lazy.

And why do you come home so seldom now? asked Harry, mother is uneasy and insisted on my coming to see what was wrong.

Oh, as for that Harry, you know I have a place of my own, that requires my time, and besides when I come to see you so often, you do not stand on ceremony, you do not return them.

I find, I have not a mother here, who is anxious to see me, or the case would be different, answered Harry.

Oh, I know, but mother knows I'm all right, so

she need not be alarmed if I do not go home two or three times a week. And mother thinks I'm not old enough to take care of myself, she is always so catechetical, and lecturing.

Why William how you talk, one would think you had some cause of complaint, said Henry, but for my part I hope it will be long before I loose the advice of mother.

Oh, it's different with you, returned William, she has such confidence in you, do what you like she is sure you have done right.

You are in a strange humour to day William You are the first that I ever heard remark that my mother made any difference between us.

Well, now Harry run home and tell her what I have been saying, do.

No, said Harry smiling I think not, your hospitality would be called in question if you sent me away without my dinner.

Oh, I beg your pardon, Harry, I must be in a bad temper, too long a sleep does not agree with me. But I see Mrs. Prissel, has the dinner on the table so come on don't stand in ceremony with me, I will join you directly. Henry observed his brother closely during dinner, and despite Williams endeavours to appear gay and careless he was convinced he was ill at ease.

Have I told you, he asked after dinner what a misfortune Frank Arnly, has met with.

No, said William, but I heard.

How? asked Henry, quickly, I thought no one knew it but the Doctor.

William coloured and was confused, but catching at Henry's last words, he avoided an answer.

The Doctor you say, Hen. What had the doctor to do with it? surely it was not serious.

I hope it will not be. The Doctor came in time to prevent mischief, replied Henry. And I tried to find out the man who struck him, but he was not at home.

Was it not done in fair fighting? asked William.

Oh! if there be such a thing replied Henry laughing, but if done in fair fighting, not in a fair way. Howis struck him down with a pistol, when he found he could not conquer by fair fighting—as you call it.

Impossible, said William emphatically.

I have Frank's word and the Doctor's opinion, both evidence sufficient to convince me, returned Henry.

Still they may be mistaken, I know Howis well, and he is the last man that would take an advantage in that way, persisted William. However it is not worth our while to disagree about the matter, I am sorry Frank is hurt, but it was a piece of presumption for him to face a man like Howis.

Do you think so, asked Henry, significantly, he will face him again on the first opportunity, and the man will be apt to remember it for some time.

I advise Frank to let any such operation alone. Howis, I repeat, is not a man to be trifled with.

Further conversation followed, and after some time Henry departed. He was grieved at the evident change in William, and he was greatly in fear, lest

he had or would become allied to the agitators. If such a thing were to happen it would call the shade of our venerable grandsire from the grave, but I cannot think of it. William has more firmness, more respect for his own opinions; but there is this Miss Howis, there is where he is vulnerable, if he is within the sphere of her influence, what can she not effect? She is more dangerous than two like her brother. I will try and persuade William to come home this winter. And before spring, I hope this commotion will have expended itself. Thus soloquising, Henry continued his walk, but not towards home

CHAPTER VII.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

About two miles from Henry Hewit's place, and a full mile from the main thoroughfare on which his place laid, on the shore of a beautiful lake or pond of some two miles in circuit, stood a snug cottage, almost lost to the view as you approach from the winding lane which twice, striking the shore, ran in front of and at no great distance from the cottage. After leaving the lane, you passed up a gravelled walk through tall trees which had never felt the axe of civilization, but stood as they had stood for centuries, braving the winds of heaven and the frosts of the cold north. The cottage, and all about it, was a model of neatness and thrift. The honey-suckles and woodbines, though at this season wearing a rather dull aspect, were well trained and neatly arranged.

On the afternoon following the one on which our

story opens a young man might have been seen walking up the gravelled walk towards the cottage we have just been describing. That tall, erect form and lofty carriage is certainly an acquaintance; yes, as he turns his head we at once recognize Henry Hewit. We will anticipate his visit and give the reader a sketch of what was going on inside while Harry is approaching out.

In a neat and well furnished room, whose thickly carpeted floor would scarce give back an echo, seated on a sofa, carelessly turning over the leaves of a book, while her work lay neglected at her feet, was Alice Leslie, the best looking girl for miles round. She had not passed her seventeenth birth-day; was rather under than over the medium size. Her hair was dark brown, and so glossy that it often passed for black. Her eyes were blue—deep, clear and liquid. Standing before her and taking her attention from the book was a little boy of not past six years, whose dark, ruddy complexion, curling hair and joyous manner, would have made an older person than Alice laugh. We will take up the conversation where it was when we introduced the inmates of the room to your notice:

Now, Alley, how can you fancy that tall, grave man; he is not so nice as that young man that came with him the last time he was here?

Frank—O, I like him so much; he gave me sweetmeats, and then he played marbles so nicely.

There; there, Walter; cried the young lady gaily, you have exposed yourself, you mercenary little fellow you; I will not heed your opinion much after this, if it is always given to the one who gives you

the most dainties,—that is too much the way with some older people.

O, said the boy, it was not that, because Mr. Hewit gave me as many as I wanted, but he never finds time to play with me. And, Alley, I thought it was to keep me from disturbing you that caused Mr. Arnly to play so long with me, just as if I had not manners enough not to disturb people when they were talking, and the little fellow straightened himself up proudly.

Indeed, said Alice, smiling, and drawing him towards her, if Mr. Arnly supposed you ill bred he was greatly mistaken, as I can assure him. Their conversation was here interrupted by a rap at the door. Who can that be? asked Alice.

Ah! ah! Miss Alice, said the boy, do you think I don't know? I saw him as soon as you, as he came up the walk, but if I had not seen him I should have known by the way you blush, it makes you look so, Alley; I wish you would blush always; but here he comes, so I will make my bow and be off.

While Henry Hewit is making himself agreeable to the lady, we will more fully introduce her to our readers:

Dr. Leslie, her father, had come out from England when a young man, and settled in one of our country villages, where he soon acquired a large practice, a comfortable property and a young wife. About two years prior to the opening of our story he inherited a large property from a relation in the mother country, and went there to look after it. During his absence, his wife died. Alice, his only remaining child had accompanied him to England.

They hastened back on hearing of her mother's death, and her father never overcame the shock which this event gave him. He gave up business, and bought the place on which he at present resided, and mixed but very little in society. The little boy whom we introduced as the companion of Alice was a nephew of her (Alice's) mother, who had been given to the Doctor when a mere infant. Walter Somers, and a fine little fellow he was—great company for the Doctor, and the pet of the household.

Henry Hewit had reached a most interesting portion of conversation, as seated on the sofa besides Alice Leslie, with one of her hands in his, while his arm encircled her delicate waist, and her head reclined against his shoulder, and her eyes raised to his, he poured into her ear a tale of love long felt, and which was reciprocated on her part with equal warmth and truthfulness.

And, dear Alice, said Henry, can you not name a shorter time? a year is a long time, and if I wait that time before I ask your father, he may have another year still for us to wait.

Probable enough, returned Alice, looking grave; but you know papa is lonely, and often unhappy, though he seems gay; and I heard him say to a friend the other day, that I was far too young to marry yet, and hoped it would be many a day before he would be called to pass through that ordeal.

But you promise, Alice, to be mine some day? said Henry, bending low and looking into her eyes.

I do, Henry, faithfully promise to become your wife, when you shall have obtained my father's consent, but do not forget that you have promised not

to talk to him about it at least for one year.

I shall remember the conditions, replied Hewit, as brushing the ringlets from the fair brow of Alice, he imprinted a kiss thereon, saying, let this be the seal of our engagement, never to be broken, never to be departed from. And now, Alice, I will depart as the evening is coming on, and Henry left. I will not cause him to blush by telling how many kisses he stole from the blushing Alice, nor how long he stood, cap in hand, all the time going, but unable to make a start.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCOVERY—HENRY HEWIT AND FRANK ARNLY FIND A DEPOSIT OF ARMS.

A few days after the events related in our last chapter, Henry and Frank were again out on a hunt. Frank, who had wholly recovered from the effects of his fierce encounter with Howis, was in his usual happy mood. The forenoon had passed without finding any game, and the afternoon had nearly passed when, suddenly, up sprang a fine buck just before them. Frank, with his usual impetuosity, fired, but without sufficient care; away bounded the deer unharmed and swift as an arrow, but swifter than an arrow sped a ball from Harry's rifle.

You've hit him, Hal! shouted Frank; he staggers! bad luck to the brute, though, I say, why could he not have run straight and had the honor of falling by my ball? for I'll swear the ball went straight, therefore it is clearly the deer's fault,—just shows what bad taste some things have. Pshaw, I'm disgusted with the animal,—rather fall by your hand than mine?

but it is just so with these animals : they have a liking for you. Hal ; now I'll warrant if I should go to a certain *dear* near the little lake, and *propose*, the answer would be—she preferred Harry Hewit.

Come, come, Frank, honor bright ; if I have told you more than any one else, besides, it was on and for the express purpose of stopping your tongue, as the ministry sometimes bring over a troublesome member of the opposition, by some potent argument, mine being the promise of a piece of bride's-cake. But hark !.continued Harry, that's Beaver's yell, he has drove the deer to close quarters somewhere.

The two young men now hurried on over logs, brush and whatever interposed to stop their progress, at length Frank shouted—

I say, Hal, where are you going ? I hope the deer will stop somewhere this side of the little lake, or I will be left to dress him alone, while you'll be off in chase of another *dear*.

We're close on him now, answered Harry, not minding the joke of his companion, who was as arrant a tease as ever run ; he has taken into Davis' pond.

They soon reached the pond, and found Harry's words true ; the hound had not followed him into the water, but, running round the bank, headed the deer and prevented him from reaching the shore. The deer was evidently weak from loss of blood, and not able to run far. Henry sent Frank to the opposite side of the pond, with directions to fire on the deer as he drove him ashore ; this succeeded, Henry sent the dog into the pond, and the deer scrambled up the opposite side where Frank was

lying in wait for him, and killed him as he reached the land. A short time was sufficient to secure the deer in a safe place, it being too far to return that night for it. They now resolved to go to the saw-mill at the foot of the pond and rest themselves before proceeding further.

The mill was in a lonely, out-of-the-way place, being nearly at the back of the owner's farm, and nearly a mile from the road.

An odd place for a mill, suggested Frank; some say that it is the meeting-place for the agitators.

I have heard such a rumor, answered Henry; nor should I be surprised if it proved true.

They had now reached the mill, which was not in operation on this afternoon, and, at first, thought it deserted, but, after looking some time, they discovered a small sleeping-room, and here was a man who had been left in charge, but in such a state of intoxication that it was impossible to awaken him. A jug nearly empty sat by the side of his rude bed.

Well this is rather comfortable, said Frank, lifting the jug, suppose we try a "horn?"

No; answered Harry, I do not use it.

Well, then, I won't.

And Frank set down the jug, as he did so his toe caught in one of the loose boards of the floor and threw him forward on his knees.

One would suppose, said he, that I was drunk already. But "holy Ned!" exclaimed he, what have we here? Look, Harry, look, a whole storehouse of arms, muskets, rifles, shot-guns, and pikes. This looks like work.

Harry looked eagerly in, as directed, yes, there they were sure enough.

The next question, said Frank, is what's to be done with them.

Let us raise them from where they are, and drop them into the mill-pond, said Harry.

A good expedient certainly, but first let us see if we can raise them.

And Frank descended into the place, which seemed to have been made on purpose for secreting property. It was not more than four feet deep and twelve long, and the arms were placed in a rude chest formed of rough boards, without a cover.

"I think said Frank, that we can lift the whole affair.

Wait a moment, returned Harry, I think there's some one near; the dog acts like it.

Harry was not mistaken, Davis, the owner of the mill, was nearly upon them. To spring on the floor, and re-adjust the board, was but the work of a moment, and Frank joined Harry outside. Davis eyed them sharply as he came up, but Harry soon dispelled his suspicions by entering into an animated account of the chase they had just had after the deer.

Where is my man, I wonder? said Davis, I left one here, when I went to the house.

Had there been one here, he would have shown himself I should think, said Frank, however, we just came in, he may be about somewhere.

Davis looked sharply round, then entering the mill

proceeded to the room where the boys found the arms. This latched on the inside, and when Frank came out, he had pulled it to, the latch, had closed, and it could not be opened from the outside.

That fellow is drunk, I'll wager, said Davis, and I'll not be able to awake him.

I guess you wont, thought Frank.

Davis climbed up so as to look over the top, when he found his expectations realized. Hewit and Arnly now took their leave, determined to return again that night, and see what they could do for their country. They called at a small wayside inn, about two miles from the mill; and while Frank remained here, Hewit went to a friend's house at no great distance, and returned with quite an accession to their party, consisting of three brothers, George, John and James Samos, all men of great size and strength. and as Harry informed Frank, a host each in himself, in a fight.

CHAPTER IX.

A DARING AND SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURE.

The young men sat down to a supper, such as they had in the country twenty years ago: a smoking joint of beef, steaming potatoes, and buckwheat cakes. And seldom did an equal number do more ample justice to the daintiest fare. Night had thrown her sable mantle over the face of nature, before our party left their comfortable quarters, to face the north wind and the biting frost, for the night was intensely cold. As they proceeded, various

plans were proposed as to what should be done with the arms, but as they were not provided with a team, it was thought best to slide them, box and all, from the east side of the mill into a deep swamp hole that was there.

You see, said Harry, it will be late before we get through and return, do the best we can, and when we get the box out on the floor, we can place it on those rollers that they use for their lumber and roll it down those slabs, when it will sink out of sight by its own weight, and by daylight there will be a couple of inches of ice over it.

This was agreed upon as the best expedient under the circumstances. The moon had arisen before they got through the woods, and by the time they got within sight of the mill, it was light enough to see for some distance. It was agreed that they should separate and reconnoitre carefully as they advanced. There was a piece of ground of some extent around the mill, that had been cleared off, and the moon shining down into this would reveal objects much less than a man. Harry and Frank kept together, and their companions took different courses. It was agreed that if either of the party saw any one around the mill, they were to hoot in imitation of the owl.

Harry and Frank, had not proceeded far, when Frank grasped Harry's arm and whispered,—

Make an owl of yourself Harry, quick, look yonder, pointing in the direction of the mill.

I see, was the whispered reply.

And as he spoke the distant cry of the owl rang

out on the night air. Harry answered the signal, and telling Frank to remain where he was while he would draw nearer and observe more closely.

No, said Frank, not by a long chalk, don't you think there's as much of mother-Eve in my composition, as in you. I am quite curious, I assure you.

They crept now carefully forward, and soon clearly made out what it was that so much surprised them. A group of some fifteen or twenty men were congregated in the clear space in front of the mill, undergoing a sort of military drill. Harry drew near enough to observe closely the motions of the men, and could at once observe that though most of them were unused to even the elements of military duty, yet there were a few who appeared more at home in the ranks. Harry particularly observed one who appeared to be drill master, a short, round-built man, with quite a military bearing. This was a stranger to Harry, but the reader will recognize in him our old acquaintance Strat.

Harry and Frank had crept within a short distance of the party, and were concealed by a clump of bushes. They could see without being seen. They had not long remained in this situation, when they found they had neighbours inconveniently close. Two men came up and seated themselves on a log not ten feet from where the boys were concealed. These were at once recognised as Howis and Davis. Frank breathed hard as he found his old foe so near, but Harry grasped his arm with a vice-like grasp that warned him to be careful. The night was cold, and both Harry and Frank found their confined quarters very uncomfortable. Howis and Davis were too much engaged to observe very closely what was occurring near at hand.

What took you away so suddenly? asked Davis; you said nothing about it to me when I saw you the night before you left.

I did not know it myself then, said Howis, but I got into difficulty that night, and thought it better to be among the missing. I went out to Lounton neighbourhood, and had to lay still two days, through indisposition and the rain.

What was the difficulty you spoke of?

Oh, I overtook Harry Hewit, and that hair-brained nephew of Henderson's, as I went down from your place, after Hewit left us, this young Arnly and I had some words. I wasn't in a mood to take the boy's insolence, and a fight was the consequence.

You would soon overcome such a baby-faced fellow as that, said Davis.

I did of course, but he is a much better man, than he looks, and grit to the bone. I have not had a rougher trial of strength for some time.

I would not have thought it, said Davis, thoughtfully. Both those fellows, Hewit and Arnly, were in the mill this afternoon, when I came from the house.

Indeed! exclaimed Howis, that looks suspicious, very, they are the two last chaps to trust around, considering the way we are situated. There is not two sharper men of their age in the country. Do you think they suspect anything or what business did they make?

They had been hunting, and killed a deer near by, when they came in to rest themselves. I do not

think they gained much knowledge of our affairs, if such was their wish.

I wish, said Howis, that we could gain over a few such fellows as them. Our men are all good in their place, but these boys are of better standing. I told you I believe that William Hewit, has joined us.

Yes, said Davis, looking round—I thought I heard something move.

Harry had nearly betrayed his hiding-place, when he heard of brother's having joined with the party before him.

Nonsense, said Howis, your ears were never too sharp, I heard nothing, it was the frost probably.

How did you manage to get Hewit to join us.

My sister must have the credit of the whole, I have scarcely spoken to him on the subject, returned Howis.

Your sister is engaged to him, is she not.

That is the plan she took, I believe, to get him to join us, but I have not much confidence in him, he is not ardent enough in the cause. But his acquisition is still of importance, as it will prevent his family from keeping the confidence of the other party, I want to get a lot of the young fellows off on a hunt about the time that we commence operations, if I can get Henry Hewit, young Arnly, and some half-dozen others out of the neighbourhood for a few days I should deem it a lucky hit, we could send some one of our people with them to keep them employed.

It would be a good plan certainly, said Davis, but look, drill is over, the men are going into the mill,

let us join them, it is confounded cold sitting here, and the two worthies walked away.

Henry waited until their footsteps died away in the distance, then rising and looking around, he shook Frank, who with his hands stuffed into his pockets, seemed to take things comfortable.

Come Frank, surely you'r not sleeping.

Freezing more like was the answer ; I think my nose has grown tight to this shrub, and were I to remain here till morning I should become vegetableized, or a permanent disciple of Jack Frost before half that time.

As Frank spoke, he raised himself to his feet, I am going to turn spy said Henry, and you had better take a walk in the woods to renew the circulation until I return.

No such thing, master Hal, I'm with you through thick and thin. Then be cautious and see if we cannot find out what is going in there, we may creep up on this side and perhaps get a view. Slowly and cautiously did they advance, until they reached the side of the saw mill, then they had to climb on the top of a heap of slabs, this done they had a fair view of all that was passing in the mill, and could partly see a group in the room where they discovered the arms, these now seemed to be undergoing inspection. The box was raised on the floor, and the arms were being returned into it.

The boys were looking eagerly in, when a noise on the other side of the building attracted their attention from their situation and attention, they caught the sound of approaching footsteps and voices, before those in the mill.

It is the Samos boys, whispered Frank.

Wait and we will see how these fellows behave themselves returned Henry.

A shot and the report of a gun now alarmed the conspirators, all were confused, Howis and Strat alone seemed collected—

Follow me, shouted the former.

Any man that lags behind dies by my hand, yelled Strat, flourishing a dagger.

Out rushed the party, shouting and making noise enough to frighten all the dogs of the neighbourhood.

Now, now, is our time said Harry, springing into the mill and seizing a roller, Frank did likewise, and raising the box on these they rolled it through the mill, shoved it through the opening beyond. It had about eight feet to fall and striking on the slight ice, it broke through and sank from sight. Harry did not wait to see whether it sank or swim. Seizing his rifle, he rushed to the door, accompanied by Frank

Their friends outside were getting more blows than blessings.

The Samos were partially screened by a pile of lumber, the shadow of which prevented their opponents from seeing the number they had to contend with. They had, however, come to blows as Harry and Frank made their appearance at the door of the mill, both of whom gave loud shouts and discharging their rifles at once drew the attention of Howis and his party, from the Samos boys, who comprehending the scheme made themselves scarce.

Strat also guessed the plan, and with a bitter imprecation shouted to Howis to return, back rushed the party to the mill.

Harry and Frank waited to see their friends away, then darting through the mill, they sprang out upon the slabs, and with a tremendous leap, succeeded in reaching the firm ground beyond. They did not pause-- a mutual glance to see if each had reached unhurt the firm ground, and they sped on until they reached the wood ; they turned to see if they were followed, but found they were not.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

Harry and Frank pursued their way homewards, giving the signal agreed on occasionally, this was at length answered, and they were soon joined by their companions. A lively and animated conversation followed as Frank depicted the rage and mortification of the conspirators, when they discovered the loss of their arms. O, exclaimed he at the close, it is worth going back for, let us just take a peep at Howis Davis, and that little fellow who seems to be fighting boys among them.

I beg your pardon, said George Samos, laughing : I much prefer hearing you picture it all out hear in imagination, than returning to meet the odds we before encountered.

I wonder you were not annihilated, said Harry, with all those fellows at you ; how did you manage to get clear of the man whom Frank calls the fighting boys--the one with the dagger.

I settled it with him, said William ; he came rushing on as though he would have annihilated us, and carried the pile of lumber by assault. I thought he might do some damage if suffered to come to close quarters, and gave him a poke with the butt of my rifle that sent him spinning backwards as fast as he came forwards. In fact we had no idea there was any one in the mill, from where we were we could not see where they all went to when they left the ground ; we thought they took down the road to Davis' house, we walked as bold as lions ; expecting to find you in quiet possession of the premises, and the first we knew to the contrary was the shout of the sentry, who I think, was dreaming to allow us to approach so close. We would have got finely fixed though, if you had not called off their attention.

Yes, said Frank, laughing ; they would not have thought Bill that you were soon to be married ; faith its no joke to get a pair of black eyes under those circumstances. Indeed, William, had you been so unfortunate as to have caught an unlucky blow I should have insisted on going over with you on Sunday to see her ; how she would have stared.

You would have been right welcome, madcap, returned young Samos gaily, and when you saw how she received me,—black eyes and all—it would put in a notion of doing likewise.

O don't make too sure, William ; you have not got her yet, said Frank, she may bolt ; such things often happen.

Not with a girl that would make a wife for me, said William, or if she did I should bless my stars for being so easy clear of one of the sort.

Hear, hear, shouted Frank, but here we are to your place, Samos. You must not mind what I say, William, one must do something this cold night, and when we can run no further, why we must needs talk.

Pooh, said William, I have known you too long to take offence at your jokes.

A hearty shaking of hands followed, and the party separated. The Samos boys to their home, and Harry and Frank, who had some distance to go, hastened their walk. Harry had much to occupy his mind,—he had heard what he before feared, that his brother was mixed up in what he considered a dishonourable, and what he was fully convinced was a dangerous affair, he knew full well it would be unsuccessful. But however it terminated it would whenever a rising should occur, place him and his brother in antagonism. And what will become of my mother, this was the thought that continually recurred to him. It will break her heart—it will kill her outright, said he aloud.

I hope you are not going to give her the jilt, said Frank, laughing, and I am sure nothing else would break her heart if it is so tender, she would have taken pity on me when she saw how much I took it to heart.

Pshaw! Frank, you refer everything to the girls, but it was of my mother I spoke.

I beg your pardon Harry, I was thoughtless, you were thinking of your brother. Do you think that Howis spoke the truth?

I fear he did, I have been afraid ever since I found

he was so attentive to Howis' sister, it is his blind love for that girl that will ruin him.

It is shameful for him, said Frank, to think of the like.

Further conversation followed until they reached Harry's place. He insisted on Frank stopping, as they were both greatly fatigued. Frank, however, persisted in going to his uncle, as the old gentleman disliked to breakfast alone, and I will be there in time to arrange my dress and take a nap perhaps.

Harry entered the house, fatigued in body and depressed in mind, it seemed as though some evil was impending. He did not wish to see his mother, and fearful of disturbing the household, he entered softly.

What was his surprise then on entering the sitting-room to find a good fire blazing on the hearth, and a light burning on the table, at which sat his mother reading.

Why mother! exclaimed he, what has detained you from your rest till this hour.

May I ask what has detained you from your home till this hour? you once deemed me worthy of your confidence, but of late you have grown reserved. I have too much confidence in you, to think of your taking to evil courses; but it looks suspicious, when one stops out so late. But, come my dear boy, you look unwell, I hope I have not been severe; are you ill?

It is nothing, I assure you, but fatigue. William I suppose, is not at home to night, he said, more to turn the conversation from himself, than because he

supposed it probable William had remembered them.

No, said his mother, a shade of sadness passing over her countenance, he is not, but he sent a note excusing himself, he has gone up country, on business, he says. Though what it can be, is more than I can imagine, and now Harry, continued she, turning towards him, I want you to answer me candidly,—has William, to your knowledge, attached himself to these fanatical agitators, who look to MacKenzie as their exponent?

Harry hesitated, he did not wish to inform on his brother, even to his mother.

Why do you not answer? you certainly can tell what you think about it.

I can, answered Harry, tell what I think, and what I fear I have too good reason for believing. I think he has suffered this Howis, or rather his sister to lead him against his own judgement and opinion.

It is then as I feared, said his mother, sadly, and this Miss Howis, is his companion on his visit.

Indeed! exclaimed Harry, can it be—not a wedding certainly, William would never be so wanting in what is due from a son to his parent, as to do such a thing, without first asking your approbation.

It must be on political business he has gone: Miss Howis is as much of a politician as her brother, indeed, if report be true, she is far more successful in acquiring converts. She has, doubtless, something of that kind on hand now, and if William does not see enough of her before he returns, he is much blinder than I ever took him to be.

If you think so, it may be better to let him go. Oh! if I only thought he would see the error of his ways before he is drawn too far, it would be a consolation. I was thinking since Edwards returned (for I sent him over when I received his note) that it would be well for you to start in the morning and have an eye after him, and if possible bring him back, for I have a presentiment of evil. I fear something may happen to him.

There is little fear of that, mother, but we will talk more of this in the morning.

Harry insisted on his mother retiring, and then sought his own couch, he needed no lullaby to sooth him to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ARREST.

Morning had passed into noon before Henry awoke, a glance at the window showed him the hour. Springing from the bed, he hurriedly dressed himself, and was descending to the dining-room when he heard footsteps and voices outside.

His mother, at that moment entered the hall, with a look of alarm. What can it mean, Harry? said she, there is a party of men coming to the house, two of whom I know are constables.

Before Harry could reply, the door was thrown open, and in crowded the men, evidently in a state of great excitement.

Good morning, gentlemen, said Harry, may I enquire your business; nothing official, Cline, I hope in your line?

Yes, but it is though, said the man, approaching Harry, and seizing him roughly by the arm; you are my prisoner in the Queen's name.

What do you mean, fellow, said Harry, sternly, shoving him back on his companions with such violence that he fell to the floor.

Cline, who was a powerful but vindictive and rough man, sprang to his feet shouting—

At him, my men; he resists a peace officer, at him; I will handcuff him for that.

The men thus addressed, approached Harry, who stepping back, placed his back to the wall and said:

Look here, my good fellows, you, most of you, know me, and know that what I say I'll perform; now have a care, if one of you attempt to lay a hand on me, I will hurt some of you. If you want to arrest me, show me your authority, and I'm ready to go with you quietly, but attempt to put no indignity upon me, or you will repent it. First, however, tell me of what am I accused.

Of the murder of Frank Arny, said one of the men.

Of what? cried Harry, starting forward, but his attention was called to his mother, who, with a piercing scream, fainted, and fell upon the floor. Harry lifted her carefully, and declining the assistance of one of the men, laid her upon the bed, where, assisted by the girl, an old and faithful attendant, she soon showed signs of recovery. Then beckoning Cline aside, he questioned him eagerly, was Frank killed.

Oh you put on a long face, said he, sullenly; it won't do you any good; you'll find soon enough, whether he's killed or not.

Cannot you answer a fair question, said Harry, sternly.

Oh, none of your tall airs here, my young spark, said Cline, you just come along with me quietly, or I'll put the darby's on you.

Show me your warrant, said Harry.

The man in his hurry and excitement had forgotten this part of his duty, now produced his paper.

Harry examined it, and finding a formal and correct document, requested the man to wait a moment longer, until he spoke to his mother, who had recovered herself, and who insisted on accompanying him. Harry would fain have persuaded her to remain, but finding this useless, he induced her to wait until Edwards could take her in the carriage.

He now signified his readiness to accompany Cline and his associates. Upon arriving at the village, where the Magistrates were assembled, Harry's suspicions, which had been already awakened, were strengthened. A large crowd were gathered, consisting mostly of Howis, Davis, Strat and their partizans. While of the three magistrates, two were notorious for their violence in favour of the McKenzie movement, and the third was a weak old man, who was as fit for fattening pigs and rearing calves, as for deciding a case like the present. After some conversation, Harry was asked if he was ready.

No, your honours, I am not, and must insist on detaining you until some people arrive for whom I have sent.

We cannot wait on you young man, said Plews, one of the magistrates, pompously, our duty is to proceed with this, I may say most unfortunate business.

But, I insist on your waiting, said Harry firmly, I have a letter to write, and I shall object to your proceeding to business until I receive an answer.

Your objection, young man, will pass for nothing, returned Plews, the court cannot defer proceedings on your account.

What do you mean Sir? said Harry, eyeing him sternly, am I not the party accused; was I not brought here for examination; and have I a single witness here? Why ask me if I was ready unless you could give me time to prepare?

You should have been prepared, said Plews in high dudgeon at being brow beat by one he had hoped to see cowed, broken down, terrified.

Sir, said Harry with a smile of scorn, is that your justice? I should have been prepared, I, who was but just arrested, on what evidence I know not. It shows at once you have condemned me unheard. It confirms what I already suspected, that it is but a trick of you, and such as you, for my detention or imprisonment. I object to your sitting on the case at all more or less.

Beware Sir, said Plews, in a voice choking with passion, such language to the court will not be tolerated, and if you don't find that the present charge gives you more than mere detention or imprisonment, you will be able to throw much more light on the subject than I fear you will be able to do.

Some conversation took place among the magistrates. When Plews turning to Harry, said,—

We will wait on you one hour longer, so use what despatch you like.

Aye, returned Harry, one or two if I wish it.

Plews, eyed him sharply, and exchanged significant glances with Howis. Harry observed it, but taking a seat at the table he wrote as follows:—

“To Dr. Leslie, Esq.,

Dear Sir,

You will be surprised to learn by this, if not before, that I am under arrest and awaiting examination for murder.—For the Murder of Frank Arnly. It is a plot of dark meaning, a scheme laid by these agitators to ruin me. Frank and I with three of the Samos boys, last night destroyed or made away with a pile of arms in the very teeth of a score or more of these agitators, Frank and I had been at the place in the afternoon and were most likely recognised.

On our return we parted from the Samos boys at their own place and continued our way until we parted at my place, some two hours before daylight this morning I know not what witnesses the prosecutors have, but it seems Frank cannot be found. It strikes me as certain that some of these parties out of revenge for the loss of their arms have instituted this proceedings. Whether Frank has been murdered or kidnapped is more than I know, but as you are a magistrate and a man of influence, I wish you would attend, as one or two of the magistrates present, I am convinced, are as deep in the plot as Howis or any of the others; you will please use despatch as these men here are going to have me condemned, and I don't know but executed, before I can summons friends or evidence.

Yours in haste,

HENRY HEWIT.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE EXAMINATION.

Dr. Leslie, on the afternoon in which the events narrated in the previous chapter occurred, was seated in his own sitting room, before a blazing fire amusing himself with his protege Walter, while Alice was busy with some sewing at the table. They looked a merry contented party in that snug room, while the weather without was cheerless. The Dr. was in more than usual spirits, and his fine face glowed with contentment and humour, as he he chatted with Walter or persuaded him to sing some childish ditty. While they were thus enjoying themselves, Alice continued bending over her work, her thoughts were as busy as her fingers. She was thinking of one who was dear—very dear to her, she had heard that he was in trouble on his brother's account, and this although she would not own it to herself, caused her to feel very much depressed.

Her father noticed that she did not enter with her usual sprightliness in the conversation. He, therefore, told Walter to bring Alley her accordeon that she might give them a tune. The little fellow ran hastily but in passing the window stopped, saying—

Look uncle, here comes Mr. Hewit very fast, his horse is ruuning away with him on his back.

The Dr. rose laughing at the child's excitement, and approached the window, but Alice was there before him. Dr. Leslie patted her cheek playfully, as he said never fear Alley, the horse will not hurt Harry.

It is not Harry, said Alice, but a stranger.

It is Mr. Hewit's horse, I am sure, said Walter.

By this time the man had reached the door, and springing from the horse, he entered the house without knocking, and entered the room—

Dr. Leslie I believe, he said addressing that individual.

I am sir, returned the Dr.

You will excuse my unceremonious entrance, when you read this said, the man presenting the Dr. a letter, and without waiting further, left the room, sprang on the horse, and dashed away.

What does it all mean? said the Dr. I think I have seen that young man before, it must be one of David Samos' boys, nothing wrong with the old man I hope.

Alley dear, bring me my glasses.

Alice obeyed in haste, she was very pale and trembling violently, as she handed her father the glasses; but he did not observe her agitation, or did not appear to, but breaking the seal quite leisurely he glanced over the contents. Dropping the letter on the table he ran to the door, and calling to his man to saddle the horse, while he hurried on his over-coat and boots. You may read the note Alley he said, only don't go into hysterics, or any thing of the kind, it is only a scheme of some rascals, and will end all right, never fear.

Alice did read the note, and although she grew more pale, it was the only evidence of feeling she expressed.

Dr. Leslie rode at a sharp pace, and arrived just

as the court had been opened, and the first witness was being examined. The Dr. walked up to Mrs. Hewit and shook her warmly by the hand, bidding her in a low tone to be of good cheer for all would be well, he then bowed to Harry, and advanced to the board of magistrates. He saw significant glances exchanged between Plews and one of his associates, and also between Plews and Howis.

Dr. Leslie, said Plews, will you take a seat with us, although not a magistrate, you are a man of experience and may be of service to us.

I beg your pardon Squire Plews, said the Dr. bowing, I have held a commission of the peace for some time, nearly ever since I left off practice, however I have not acted, and must decline doing so at the present.

The court, no ways displeased with this resolution proceeded to business,

The first witness called was Thomas Watt, a respectable farmer, living near the bridge, who affirmed that he was out very early that morning and in crossing the road at the mill dam bridge, he found a rifle lying on the ground, one that he at once knew, having seen it frequently in the possession of Harry Hewit, and lately in the hands of Frank Arnly. After picking up the rifle he looked around, and just on the mill dam he picked up a cap, which was identified at once by several as being the one worn by Frank the day before. And near the cap, he found a knife which was now produced and sworn to. The knife was covered with blood, but Harry knew it at once, a large clasp knife that he carried commonly while hunting. And he now recollected that Frank had

taken it the day before, after killing the deer, and had not returned it.

Some persons present swore that it belonged to Harry Hewit.

Two other witnesses were called, who swore to seeing Harry and Frank together at a late hour the night before.

Did you overhear any of their conversation; asked Plews.

They both affirmed positively that Harry was speaking loud, and using violent gesticulation, but the only words that they caught, were it will kill you, or I will kill you, or words to that effect.

Upon being closely questioned by Harry, they did not know but the words were "it will kill her" which the reader will remember, were the words used by Harry in referring to his mother.

Plews now called on Mrs. Hewit to state if she knew what time her son reached home the night before.

To this she was unable to state exactly, but it was late, indeed it was in the morning two hours perhaps before daylight.

Dr. Leslie now enquired what search had been made for the missing man.

Plews said that as he lived convenient, and was the first person Watt saw after finding the articles exhibited, and being a magistrate withal, he had taken the case in hand, and sent at once to Arny's uncle's place, but Frank had not been there since the morning previous, and his uncle had departed very sud-

denly the afternoon of the same day for the city of Toronto. In this case, he had consulted with his brother magistrate and they had issued a warrant for the arrest of young Hewit. And he thought the case sufficiently established to warrant commitment.

Yes, said Leslie, I suppose it is so; but I shall bail him, and thus save you the trouble of sending him to jail, there to await trial.

This was unexpected. Plews looked confused, and exchanged glances of significance with Howis, and the magistrate at his side. Why really he said, he should be happy if it could be done, but in a case of this importance he thought that even if lawful, which he doubted, it would not be proper, and besides it would require two bondsmen, and he doubted whether with the evidence before them, that there was another man in the county, would join him in his benevolent desire to set such a character loose on society; a sharp discussion followed, a great amount of words were spent, on both sides, but Leslie was not a man to yield, when once he took a question, and old Mr. Samos joined him, this put a stop to the question.

Plews had to submit, though that he done so with great reluctance was evident.

Howis and Strat left the court room, and mounting their horses rode away.

Dr. Leslie, Mrs. Hewit and Harry rode home. The Dr. kept up the conversation in a lively strain.

Mrs. Hewit was alarmed at the amount of evidence brought to bear directly on the case.

Harry was resolved to leave no effort untried to find Frank.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEARCH.

Time, which waits for no man, has glided on since the beginning of our story, until now the first of December is ushered in with frost and a slight fall of snow. The winds rushed through the trees in loud gusts, making the slight covering of snow fly and wreath as though it was contesting with the dry leaves which should ascend the highest.

It was a bleak winter's morn, when an hour or more before daylight Henry Hewit stood on the steps of his own door, rifle in hand, attended by his faithful hound, prepared to search for his missing friend. He was to meet William and George Samos at the bridge, where Frank's rifle was found.

His mother, who had grown very nervous of late, in vain urged him to awaken Edwards and have him accompany him until he met his companions. Harry laughed at the idea of fear, and biddidg his mother keep up her spirits, he hurried on in the darkness and the storm. Mrs. Hewit returned to the now lonely room, where a few moments before she had prepared Harry's breakfast, and seen him partake of it with all the fond solicitude of a mother. A few days had wrought a great change in her, her face now wore a troubled and anxious look, painful to behold. Anxiety and care were rapidly doing their work on her. She remained standing for a moment after returning to the room. Then dropping on her knees, she poured fourth her whole soul in a long and earnest appeal to Heaven for strength and guidance for herself and those who where dear to her. William was the chief object of her solici-

tude, for Harry she felt sure he would come out unscathed from the meshes his enemies had laid for him, she had every confidence in his integrity. She also implored the divine blessing and care for Frank, who was almost as dear to her as her own boys. She rose much comforted and proceeded to write to William. She told the circumstances in which they were placed, of the peril of Harry, and the loss of Frank, she used all a mother's tenderness, all a mother's power to induce him to fly at once and rest not until he reached home.

When the letter was finished she called Edwards and directed him to procure a trusty messenger, that she could despatch on horseback, to deliver the letter to William's own hand, as she would not trust to the mail, or any conveyance where there was a possibility of delay or miscarriage. The only messenger Edwards thought of or that he could find was his own boy, who, although young, was well used to riding, and knew the road well. He was accordingly sent, being strictly enjoined to use the utmost despatch until he had seen the letter safe in William's hand. The boy, proud of being trusted, promised strict compliance, and so well did he perform his part, that he placed the letter in William's hand that very evening as he sat at tea with Miss Howis and a gay circle of her friends. William turned pale as he looked at the well known writing, and begging to be excused, he retired for a few moments, then entering the room in haste, said he must leave at once for home.

A fine story truly, said Miss Howis gaily, do you think I can ride all the way home to night, the weather is very fair and the moon very bright, but I am

scarcely romantic enough to try a ride of fifty miles for all that.

But, said William, can you not stop with your good friends here, and return on the stage to-morrow it is an affair of life and death almost that takes me home.

Miss Howis cast a cold, and somewhat scornful glance at William, and answered very coldly and slowly.

Certainly, Mr. Hewit, I can remain to night and return when it suits my pleasure. Pray Sir don't let me detain you, when you have business of such importance.

Then turning to a fine looking man sitting near the other end of the table, she said,

You will take me home to-morrow, Mathews?

With pleasure Miss, said the individual addressed, gravely, but I would advise our friend here to remain with us to night, to-morrow will be time enough I think for any business your friends may require.

It's a family affair, said William, and may not be so bad as represented.

Permit me to judge, said Miss Howis.

William placed the letter in her hands.

Read it and see if you don't think my presence is needed at home.

Emily read the letter, written in the most touching manner, as she would have read an extract from a newspaper. Then turning to William with a smile, she said placing a letter in his hand.

Here is one I recived from Robert this afternoon, it throws light enough on the subject, there is no need of haste, to-morrow will do as well as to-day

William read the letter that Emily gave him; it was from her brother, and seemed to satisfy him, for after reading it he went out after the boy, and calling to him, said, tell Mrs. Hewit, if you get home before I do, that I will be down immediately.

The next day William's horse, was sick, so bad that he could not be got from the stable until near night, so that it was not until the third day after Harry's arrest that he started for home, a home he was destined never to reach until changes such as he little thought of, occurred.

During these three days, Harry was out night and day, attended by a large party, nearly the whole neighbourhood in search of his missing friend, although there were some who freed him from all blame he knew he was looked on with suspicion by many who had been his friends.

He tried his dog to see if he could get scent,—he placed a pair of gloves before him belonging to Frank, and tried to have him find the scent on the spot where his cap was found, but in vain, the frost had been too strong for canine instinct. By the time it was fairly light a large party had assembled, when finding they could not track him with the dog, they separated and searched the country in evey direction.

For three days they kept up the search. Then all agreed that it was useless to continue the search longer. Harry had received two letters from Frank's Uncle, old Mr. Henderson, The old man said that he was detained in the city on important

business, but exonerating Harry of all blame in the matter, and urging him to continue the search until some clue was found of the boy. Harry also received a note from Alice Leslie, that gave joy to his soul, it urged him to keep a good heart, that she did not believe him anything but what he was as good though he had never seen Frank.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANK ARNLY.

We now return to our gay and spirited favourite Frank Arnly. After parting from Harry, he continued his way homewards, whistling and singing alternately for Frank's spirits were seldom low, he was no crying philosopher, but valued a merry heart, and a hearty laugh, more than a lesson from Horace, or a problem from Euclid. He had passed about a half mile from where he left Harry, when in passing a clump of bushes, a group of men, some half dozen or more leaped out and surrounded him. The ready rifle was raised instantly, but he was seized and overpowered before he could offer resistance, a handkerchief was bound over his mouth, his arms were pinioned behind him, and he was dragged along he knew not whither. It would be impossible to describe Frank's feelings as gagged blindfolded and pinioned pinioned, he was hurried away; rage at being knabbed without being able to strike a blow in his own defence predominant, if he had, had a chance of knocking three or four of his assailants down, he would have felt much more contented. He knew not how far he had been dragged, when suddenly he felt the band around his wrists give way. He at once thought of Harry's knife, which was at his belt, he drew it

fourth, at the same time casting the man who held his right arm from him, he struck a terrible blow to the left, it reached to far to do much damage, more than inflict a wound in the fleshy part of the man's left arm. A fierce scuffle now ensued, blindfolded as he was, Frank was no mean antagonist. The knife was struck from his hand, when closing with his antagonist they both fell to the ground. Two or three of the party now threw themselves upon the prostrate men. This was what Frank wanted, he rolled over and finding himself free, for the others in their haste had hold of each other, he tore the handkerchief from his eyes, and though still unable to make a noise, he sprang to his feet, but he had counted without one of the party, evidently the leader who stood quietly looking on, but the instant Frank was on his feet, this man had hold of him. A brief scuffle ensued. The man was not a match for Frank, who seizing him by the neck-cloth, twisted him to the ground with a grasp of iron, but brief as the struggle was, it sufficed. The rest of the party were on their feet, and Frank was dragged from his prostrate foe, and again hurried on, this time minus cap and knife. Strat, who was leader of the party, rose to his feet and shaking himself, said with a laugh that's more than we bargained for. Egan, I would not like such an embrace twice a day, my bones I find are getting to old for that. Frank now walked with less resistance than before. They could not say more than he had been taken without trying to help himself. He was hurried along a great distance until he was aware of being on the shore of the little lake. Here some of his captors tied a shawl over his head to prevent the frost from affecting his ears, he was then assisted into a boat, and his captors separated, two only getting

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into the boat, Strat and Egan. The morning was rough and the boat small, Strat though a man of great courage generally, was timid on the water, he kept urging Egan to make greater speed, which was no easy matter.

Egan at length lost his patience, and with an oath told Strat to row if he could not wait on him. This Strat said he would gladly do if he knew how, as it would keep him from freezing.

Let the boy there loose, and let him take an oar, he can row well I suppose.

A few words were exchanged in whispers between the two, when Strat said to Arnly :

Young man, you must be suffering with cold, confined as you are, if I loosen your hands now will you assist in rowing, as that is the only means we have of getting to a fire.

Frank, whose teeth had been playing a tune in double quick time, gladly consented. Here goes then, said Strat, cutting the binding to his wrists, though the handkerchief was not removed from his eyes. Grasping the oar he laid to with a will, the little boat bounded over the waves in a manner that made Strat change color more than once. They had rowed a couple of miles when Strat cried out,

We are here at length thank goodness.

The boat at the same time struck the shore, and the party disembarked. No sooner had Frank disembarked, than he attempted to unloose his blindfold, but the strong arm of Egan was upon him ere he could succeed.

Come, come, said he with a fierce imprecation, don't you think, young cove that you've made muss enough already. I've not forgot the cut you gave me yet, which captain Strat did not seem to mind when he kept shouting at me to hurry.

If you were not fit for rowing why did you undertake it? returned Strat sharply.

Because, said Egan insolently I knew that among

such a pack of cowards there was not another that would face the storm and the prisoner together.

You had better be cautious who you apply such an epithet to.

Epithet or no epithet, returned Egan it's the truth contradict it who dare.

Howis now joined the group, and several others. Strat gave Howis an angry account of what had passed between him and Egan. Howis tried to soothe him, at the same time reprimanding Egan for impudence to a man of captain Strat's standing.

Standing indeed, muttered Egan, who had grown very humble since Howis made his appearance, Standing indeed the old blackguard, if I had him by himself a minute, he would stand considerable less.

The party now entered a dwelling of some sort, and Frank was released from his blindfolds, so that he could look around and see for his own satisfaction. A look around him and a glance through the single pane of glass which constituted the window was sufficient to tell him where he was; about four miles from where he was captured, on the opposite side of the lake in a place the least frequented of any for miles round. A road ran along the shore of the lake, but it was seldom used and when any one travelled it they seldom called at the shanty of little Todd, and as Frank gazed at the little man though by no means nervous, he felt an uneasy feeling thrill through his frame. And he was one of the strangest and most wizard looking beings one could imagine; his height might have been four feet, but a stoop in his shoulders, made him look shorter, and his face was the most peculiar part of the little man, a face disproportionably small, and a nose too small for even the little face itself. His hair, what little was left, was white, his features even when not distorted with anger wore a constant grin, a sort of defiant or impudent look most disagreeable to witness. Howis noticed the look of surprise with which Arnly viewed the object before him, who stood quite still and returned Frank's gaze with interest.

I beg pardon Arnly said Howis, let me introduce you to our friend in whom you seem so much interested. This is Harry Todd, the owner and sole occupant of this dwelling and an acre of ground; it is our intention to leave you a few days to enjoy his company. I hope the time will be passed much to your improvement and edification. I hope you'll not give the old gentleman unnecessary trouble, for he's somewhat touchy and not over particular what he does in such cases.

I had rather fight you and a whole regiment of your backers, than stop one night with the old sheep-thief, villain is stamped as indelibly in his face, as though it was branded in his forehead.

What do you mean, squealed Todd at the word sheep-thief; sheep-thief, that was a lie for old Leslie, and he will wish he'd never asaid so afore long, and you young man, I tell you once for all, I'll not be insulted in my own house.

Time presses, said Howis, Harry set some of your cheese before us.

Todd, still muttering, proceeded to do as he was desired. And I, continued Howis, turning to Frank, have some further information for you sir, for the trouble you and your friend Hewit gave us last night. We have you comfortably housed here, and before night we'll have your friend arrested for your murder. We have evidence, circumstantial of course, that will lead to his conviction and imprisonment; and before a week has gone round there will be work, the news of which will surprise you. You, perhaps will be safer under old Harry than you would be outside.

Todd now announced the breakfast as being ready and Frank was asked to partake. He cast a rueful look around at the company, and would gladly have declined, but a fierce appetite admonished him that it would not do to stand on trifles. He had heard Harry's mutton praised before, he joined the party at the rude table, consisting of Strat, Howis, Egan, and two more who appeared to be partisans of How-

is. Frank, who was never at a loss for a joke, turned to Strat, whom he liked the best of the party, and said—how is it that your friend Harry finds pasture for his flocks? Old Harry's eyes darted a look of anger at Frank, but he heeded it not. Oh, said Strat, Harry is knowing, he lets sheep to his neighbours to double, and he never can get the complement made up again. There's so many rogues it makes it bad for poor Harry. Eh, Harry, Fisher's flock has not increased much since he had you up for giving his a boat ride,

I guess not, remarked Howis. A curse from Harry was the answer, adding, there's something the old cove thinks a precious sight more on than his sheep, I'll take a boat ride one of these days. What's that? asked Frank, quietly. Egan cast a wrathful glance at Harry, and said, Harry means he'll take his cows some moonlight night.

The party soon separated, but not before they fastened Frank's hands securely, and gave Harry instructions not to let him loose.

CHAPTER XV.

EGAN'S PLANS.

It was with uneasiness that Frank saw that Egan was left with old Todd, he doubted not as a guard upon himself. For some time he sat thinking of some plan of escape. That Howis had spoken truly when he told him of the intended arrest of Harry Hewit, he doubted not; that Harry would suffer nothing more than a short imprisonment he was equally certain, unless old Harry or some of his associates would knock him on the head. This thought he discarded as unmanly, still the amount of anxiety and trouble his absence, however short, would occasion, made him anxious to free himself; besides the hint of Howis which he interpreted rightly to mean a

rising, redoubled his anxiety to clear himself of his present confinement. This, to a young man of Frank's character, bold, active and unhesitating, might, he thought, have been accomplished, if he had none but Todd to deal with, but the case was different, when a man like Egan had to be dealt with: a coarse, rough, but powerful and bold man. While all these thoughts were busy in his mind, fatigue and sleep overcame him. He was not long suffered to remain in the arms of Morpheus, for Egan with a rough shake awoke him, and pointing to an opening behind the rude chimney, bade him enter. This he did, the opening was not more than four feet high, closed by a single log, and admitting to a room about four feet wide and extending the full length of the shanty. This was separated from the rest of the inner part of the shanty by a partition of logs, and apparently made on purpose for concealment. It was without light, except where a hole in the chimney admitted a few rays of daylight. A comfortable bed of sheepskins had been prepared for him, and he was soon in slumber bound. Late in the afternoon he awoke, and after realizing where he was, he looked out thro' an opening upon the day beyond; he was in full view of the lake so often mentioned, and across which, though not in a direct line, he saw Dr. Leslie's house.

Oh! how ardently he longed to be there that he might assure the fair Alice that Harry Hewitt was innocent. Could he have seen the grief of Miss Leslie at that moment it would have redoubled his anxiety. Tired at length of following a prospect which awoke bitter thoughts, he returned to his bed and remained undisturbed till nearly dark, when old Harry brought him his dinner, consisting of some of that same excellent mutton, boiled cabbage and potatoes, together with some fine buns. Heigho, exclaimed Frank, I think you must have a professed cook about, by the looks of this. I done it myself, returned the old man, I thought if I done it nice, the young gentleman would give me something for my trouble.

Loose my hands. said Frank, a thought of escape

striking him, so that I can get my purse, and I will give you something.

Will you? will you? said the old man, quickly, then checking himself, if it is in your power I can get it, without making the cord longer. Sure you can eat well enough as it is.

The old fellow is too sly, he won't bite, thought Frank.

I would advise you, he said to Todd, not to attempt to lay a finger on me unless it is to do what I direct you; for, bound as I am, I could soon send you where you'd be much longer in returning from. Set me free, however, and I'll give you a generous reward, and say nothing of the past.

I can't do it, and the old man went out muttering maledictions on the head of his prisoner, and mankind in general.

Late that night Frank heard Egan return, he had been drinking, and talked in a loud and boisterous manner. He was heaping deep curses on Dr. Leslie and Harry Hewitt, and Frank heard with joy of the termination of the examination.

From conversation between Egan and Todd, Frank heard with what feelings may be imagined, of a plot to abduct Alice Leslie.

Egan had been in the employ of Dr. Leslie, where he had frequent opportunities of seeing the fair Alice, and he became as deeply enamoured of her as one of his rough nature could with any object. One evening he attempted some advances to her, but was received with such surprise and anger, that impudent as he was, he cowered beneath her glance of withering scorn, and slunk away mortified and angry. The next day he was called in by the Dr. and discharged. He then entered into a kind of partnership with Todd, since which, the farmers had lost more of their sheep than formerly.

Here he could brood over his wrongs, as he pleased to call them, and meditate a deep, a startling revenge. Yes, said he, I'll have her in spite of her dainty airs,

in spite of her proud father, aye, and in spite of this precious Hewitt.

Here followed a series of curses on Dr. Leslie, for enabling Harry to retain his freedom. You must mind my part of the business, squeaked Todd, you take the girl, but I rob the house, and no division afterwards.

Yes, and do you keep your bargain, and not let the Dr. interfere with me.

I'll see to that I'll warrant you, returned Todd. I don't owe the old man much good will, and if he attempts to cross our path his days are numbered. You'll not attempt it till the rising takes place, and then if the old fellow is popped over, no one will have time to look after it; and you and the girl can take possession of the place, and live like Kings; no matter to you then which way this McKenzie movement turns. I do not care any way, said Egan, with an oath, provided I make this business work, it's all I care for.

Frank listened with eagerness to the ruffianly plot, and it was sickening to think of his own helplessness. He learned from the conversation of his keepers that the insurrectionary attempt was to be made in a few days, within a week at most. A few days dragged wearily away, to Frank they seemed weeks. He heard Howis on one or two occasions speaking in the outside room, and knew that the intended movement was nigh at hand. On the third day of his imprisonment he heard some man come in and tell Egan to join Howis and his band that night as they wished to be in Toronto the next evening. Egan promised, and after his visitor had left him, Frank heard him and Todd arrange their plan of operation; Egan to join Howis and accompany him to the rendezvous, then leave them, and hasten back to complete his nefarious scheme against Dr. Leslie and his beautiful daughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INSURRECTION

Fatigue of body and mind caused Harry Hewitt to sleep deep and long, after his three day's search for Frank Arnly, and though his sleep was disturbed by dreams, he woke not. He thought he was on his trial for Frank's murder, that he was condemned, had taken leave of all his friends; even Alice Leslie had visited him, and pointed him to those happy regions above where she would shortly join him, and now they were all gone: and Harry heard footsteps advancing, it must be the executioner; heavy knocks at the door followed, the unhappy man felt powerless, he tried to rise and open the door but could not move, he tried and tried again, until with one powerful leap he sprang upon the floor, his eyes were open now, and how different the scene from the one his imagination had pictured. Instead of a dark, cold prison cell, it was his own comfortable room, and the only thing to remind him of his dream was a rap at his door, and his mother's voice calling him to come down quickly. Directly, mother, said he, and as his mother's retreating footsteps died away in the distance, he soliloquised with himself: what new trouble now, something is wrong I know, my mother is in grief; I am afraid that unless Frank is soon found, she will not survive, and the best of women, and the tenderest of mothers, will fall a sacrifice to a plot. Oh, if Frank is living, and something assures me he that he is, how will we revenge this wrong? It were better that the contrivers and executors of this scheme had never seen Canada. Harry joined his mother in the dining-room, and was struck by her haggard appearance. During the trial, and during the three days of the search, she appeared calm, and almost cheerful; now, the deepest misery was written in unmistakable letters on her noble countenance. Oh, Harry, she exclaimed, as he entered the room, it is as I feared it would be, a rising has taken place among those fanatical agitators of the McKenzie

faction, and William is among them. Yes, he has gone to perpetrate now in this country, what my father fought and bled to prevent in "76" in the States. I thought I could stand anything, his desertion of us, his associating with those who were infinitely beneath him, your arrest and danger, but this is too much, had his grand father been alive it would kill him ; unless he is reclaimed it will kill me. The attempt is madness, is fanaticism, and will end in the destruction of the insurgents, and my boy will be swung from the gallows, among those who have been his ruin, and die a traitor's death to please a calculating, cold hearted girl.

The unhappy woman covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud. Harry did not attempt to check this burst of grief ; it will relieve her, let the pent up grief expend itself, and she will be calmer. Mrs. Hewitt soon recovered herself, and urged Harry to go in pursuit of his brother ; you are well known, said she, and your being seen among them will not criminate you, any one can exonerate you from having any connection with these misguided men. Go, my son, and may God bless you, on your errand of love.

Harry saw no other way of reclaiming his brother, and though he much doubted the efficacy of this he was resolved to leave no effort untried for saving his brother from what he knew was a dangerous and criminal undertaking. Taking an affectionate leave of his mother, and leaving directions with Edwards how to conduct affairs, he turned his horse in the direction of the City.

A presentiment of evil hung over him, he could not shake it off. He took the most unfrequented roads, and by using all speed he hoped to reach the City before bed-time that night, where, if he could not find his brother, he meant to intercede with the Governor for a pardon for him.

The day was dark and cold, and as he urged his horse forward, he thought of his own and his brother's situation ; himself a suspected murderer, his brother

an open traitor. No wonder, thought he, that mother looks pale, and then, no wonder she appears agitated and nervous. She has had enough for her sensitive mind to bear without, my adding to to it, accursed plot! Oh! that Frank yet lives, to testify to my innocence and to the guilty party. Harry closed his lips firmly, and his eye shot forth a look of proud defiance; and Alice, thought he, I have not seen her since, I will not see her till all is cleared up. She thinks me innocent; she shall have proof of it or I see her no more.

It was high noon when Harry emerged upon the main thoroughfare, he was now obliged to stop and refresh his horse. He drew rein at a wayside Inn, and entering the bar-room he summoned some one to attend his horse. The hostess informed him that he would have to do that duty for himself, for the men folks were away on business. Harry found the fodder, and after caring for his horse, he re-entered the house, and called for dinner, while this was preparing he inquired of the landlady if a company of men had passed that way during the morning; she looked inquiringly at him, and then said she did not know, she believed there had several. While she was speaking a group of some fifteen or twenty men entered. Harry, instinctively felt his belt, where, concealed by his coat, he had placed a brace of pistols. The new-comers eyed him sharply, evidently not well pleased with his company; they called for drinks, and ordered dinner, when one, who appeared to be leader among them, a large, coarse-looking man, drew a chair to the fire, facing Harry, and by way of introducing conversation, said, a fine day, young man.

Beg pardon, returned Harry, I thought it rough enough,

It may be, said the man, with a sneer, to a lady or dandy clerk, but to a man what's worth calling a man, it's fine weather.

I have no pretensions to dandy clerk or lady, retorted Harry, displeased with the man's manners,

and forgetting that he was surrounded by a strong party of friends, and hope I am a man that can prove myself capable of minding my own business.

Don't get in a froth now, or you might be sorry for it, I can tell you, I don't generally let boys talk to me in that way, but as I like yer looks, I look over it this time; for I might make some of the girls cry if I hurt that purty face of yours,

What do you mean, Sir? asked Harry, in a voice not to be mistaken. The man eyed him for a moment, then bursting into a loud laugh:—

Tut, nothing man, jest a joke, come and take something to drink, you travel south I guess, and we do the same, so wee'l keep company fur mertal defence. Come, not in a huff I hope, said he, slapping Harry on the back.

Excuse me, I do not drink strong liquor, said Harry.

What! a Teetotler, bawled the man, raising his hands in an attitude of wonder, at which his companions burst into a shout of laughter. Why of all things, continued the leader, I should have thought a smart young spark like you, would have known more. Pooh, the idea of a man making a priest of himself, it's too bad; but here's dinner. Harry would gladly have left the party, but his appetite was keen after his long ride, and he thought he could get clear of them after dinner, as the whole party were becoming every moment more intoxicated and noisy. During dinner he had a fair opportunity of judging of the character of his unwelcome companions, who made him the butt of their coarse jokes.

I say, friend, is your horse a good un, asked the leader, cause if it is mayhap it'll carry double, so as I'm older than you I'll ride too, or if he wont carry two, he'll carry one, and I think I'll ride as my business is more pressing than yours. I have to go to the City, to see Mc. Mc. what do you call him? the only honest man in this yer country.

You except yourself, I suppose, said Harry, coldly.

No, I don't cept myself nuther, cause though I'm in the consern present, I don't belong to it. I came

from the Nited States, whare men grow that arn't afeard of a cold day.

Harry now asked the hostess if there was a blacksmith in the neighborhood, as he must get a shoe set before he could proceed.

Now, yer look here, shouted the leader, who fancied he had smelled a rat, I'm a blacksmith, and if yer horse wants a shoe set. I'm the fellow what ken do it in right good style, aye, and ride him after too, so bring the horse around, or I'll go to the stable and look, for mayhap I'll not start jest when you do, you ken go on with my men and I'll take the horse and overtake you somewhere on the road.

Very neighborly, certainly, thought Harry to himself, as they walked to the stable; the other men did not accompany them not having finished their dinner. Harry kept his companion in talk till they reached the stable, where, after inspecting the horse's shoes, the man declared with an oath that ne'er a shoe was loose. While he was examining the shoes, Harry had fastened the girths, and adjusted the bridle, ready for a start. When the man declared there was nothing amiss with the shoes, Harry sprang quietly into the saddle, saying, I'll make him take a turn in the yard, and see if you can tell what is wrong with him.

No, you wont, shouted the man, I see through it all, you think to trick me, but du it if ye ken. As he spoke he seized Harry by the arm, and tried to drag him from the saddle, quick as thought, Harry dropped the bridle and bringing his assailant a blow he sent him rolling stunned and motionless upon the ground. Wheeling his horse he dashed away down the Street, and just in time to escape from the party, who issued from the house, shouting and yelling, and as Harry rushed past two of them fired at him, one ball cutting his hair, and slightly touching his temple. Striking the spurs into his horse, he sped along, leaving his late companions to find their leader, and moralize on the uncertainty of all sublimary

things. Once clear of his disagreeable companions, who were not an honor to any party they might join, Harry checked his horse to a pace more consistent with the distance he had to travel. He avoided the villages on the way as much as possible; and kept steadily on his way. Late in the afternoon, as he was passing through a piece of wood, he was accosted from the side of the road by a voice, which he at once recognized, and which was confirmed when turning in the direction, he saw crazy Mary, as she was known throughout the country. The unfortunate maniac had been in high standing in life, but change of fortune and family trouble had done its work.

The Lord bless your bonny face, Harry Hewitt, said Mary, it does me good to see you, but why did you leave your mother these troublesome times, she would grieve to let you out. But, said she in a low tone, you will not let them put me in Jail, Harry. The poor creature drew close to the horse, and looked around with a frightened air. No, said Harry, I'll see that you are not annoyed.

They told me, Harry said she, that I was a Yankee, and a rebel, and that the Queen would put me in Jail. I hate the Jail, I will not go there; for if I am from the States I'm no rebel, nor no ill-wisher to the young girl we call Queen. I only hope she may be happy, and know no trouble as poor Mary has.

Never, fear, said Harry, soothingly, the Queen is far too good a lady to disturb you; go on your way, and when you come to our neighborhood stop with my mother all day.

Bless you my good boy. Indeed, said she, with a laugh, but I can mind when you were a boy, and a good one too; but Harry, don't go that way, pointing down the street, for all this day I have met men going that way; that's the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Come back to your mother.

Harry saw that she was getting in one of her dark

moods again, and starting his horse, he left her screaming after him to return.

It was long after dark when Harry neared the spot, since noted as Gallows Hill. He had met several men, and one or two horsemen were close behind him, when his bridle was seized, and half a dozen men leaped up as though they had sprung from the ground, so sudden was their advent.

You are our prisoner, said one, resistance is useless.

In whose name do you stop me? asked Harry, while he hastily ran over in his mind whether it would not be best to go quietly with the men, if he would not thus run a good chance of seeing his brother. All doubts were set aside by the approach of two horsemen, one of whom held up to inquire what the patrol were doing, the other rode on.

What have you here, asked the horseman in a gruff voice, which Harry instantly recognised as Howis.

Indeed! Mr. Hewitt, continued he, I did not expect your company so soon, I thought you were one of those prudent ones who would wait till we were conquerers before you joined us.

You are mistaken if you suppose I intend joining you. I am down on business of importance, and if you can direct me to my brother, I shall be greatly obliged to you.

You must accompany the patrol to quarters, and I'll send your brother to you, said Howis. Take him along, said he to the guard, and look well to him, adding in an under tone, a prisoner of importance. And now, said Howis, with a chuckle, I have him, he can join us or not, I can spoil his reputation with the other party.

Harry was hurried along till he reached Montgomery's place, where Howis' instructions were carried out. He was conducted to a room over the kitchen, and as the guard turned, he heard the key turned in

the door; he was indeed a prisoner. Seating himself on a chair, he thought how was he to get an interview with William; he seemed further from it now than if he had remained at home; a letter might have reached him, thought Harry, but there is little prospect of my speaking to him. Howis will be the last man to inform him of my presence.

By the noise and bustle about the house he had no doubt but he was in the rendezvous of the rebels. He went to the window and found it opened upon a shed adjoining. The window rose easily. Good, thought Harry, if I am left here till it gets quiet about the house, I will try and give my gentlemen the slip.

He was still examining the window, when the key was turned in the lock and a gruff voice said— You are wanted below, follow me. Harry did as he was directed, wondering what would be the next scene.

Passing through a hall, crowded with men hurrying to and fro, his guide opened a door into a room where some twenty or thirty men were talking, drinking and smoking; without regarding these, Harry's guide passed on, and opening another door ushered Harry into the presence of the Chiefs of the insurrection, McKenzie, Lount and others; twenty or thirty who were sitting around a table eagerly discussing some of their intended movements.

All eyes were turned towards the door as Harry entered, he advanced to the end of the table around which the others were seated, and looked boldly around upon the group before him, without speaking.

Young man, said McKenzie, we sent to know your object in visiting our head quarters.

My motives, replied Harry, were private business with one who, I am sorry to understand was weak enough to allow himself to be duped into joining you in this unholy undertaking, and I demand by what authority you stop a peaceful sub-

ject of the realm on Her Majesty's highway.

Peaceful, indeed, said Howis, who had entered while Harry was speaking; your reputation is well known here, and the story of the missing Army all have heard.

And heard without doubt, said Harry, turning a stern and penetrating glance upon the speaker, from one who could inform them all about the missing Army. Then turning to McKenzie he continued, if you sent for me to insult me, I shall consider it on a par with the rest of your conduct.

McKenzie cast a reproachful glance at Howis, and said, you mistake young man, if you think we wish you insulted; but we wish you to do as your brother has done, join us in our enterprize against the tyrant proud head and an imbecile cabal that rule the country by the most unjust means, and assist us in forming a Republic of as good a material as ever formed a nationality. A young man of your ability can not only wipe out whatever unfortunate blemishes fortune may have scored against you, but you can rise to eminence, to the head of the State.

You mistake your man Sir, and waste your oratory if you expect to make a convert of me, said Harry, smiling; with all the blemishes you attribute to me I still think too much of my reputation and of my principles to join a party to upset what my forefathers shed their blood to uphold. I would sooner swing from the top of the highest pine on the premises than desert the good old cause; and for you I pity as well as condemn, you are rushing on certain destruction, you are twisting halters to hang yourselves, you are preparing misery and disgrace for your families, you are bringing discredit on the Province from which it will not recover for years; and even if you succeed, where will we Canadians be bettered? You are premature, you want the child to walk before it can creep. When we do become a nation, as we will in some future day, it will be by the mother coun-

try taking us by the hand, and giving us a start in the right direction.

We cannot sit here to listen to you all night, said one of the leaders; you would make a good stump lecturer. Bond Head had better engage you to advocate his cause more publicly; he could pay you in Crown Land deeds, without a fee. The conspirators raised a laugh at this sally, while McKenzie motioned the man who had conducted Harry to the room to take him away. Good night, gentleman, said Harry as he was retiring, I prefer a Crown deed to a hempen neck tie.

For a moment after the door closed on Harry, silence reigned in the council of the conspirators. A bold chick that for one that's scarcely fledged, remarked one of Chieves; I wonder how much Sir Francis gives him for talking. He need not give him anything, answered Lount, he'll do all he can gratis and from principle. I knew his father and grandfather, an old U. E.; all that I wonder at is that our friend Howis here succeeded in making or bringing over one of them, and I give him credit for quite an achievement, and had he succeeded in keeping this young fellow quiet a few days, I should say he earned his commission. A long and unsatisfactory argument ensued among the insurgent leaders. McKenzie was for an immediate advance upon the city, before news of the rising reached the governor. In this he was opposed by Lount, and other of the leading men of the faction, who contended that it was folly to advance with the small number of followers that had yet joined them, and insisted on waiting another day, as their adherents were continually coming in. The discussion was carried on till late into the night, when McKenzie yielded to the wish of his associates, and thus was prevented from doing much mischief, for had they at that time advanced upon the city, they might have done much towards upsetting the colonial government for the time. But their wisdom was turned

to foolishness, and the country saved from scenes of confusion and bloodshed, or if not saved entirely from those scenes, which cause the heart to sicken, yet witnessed only on a small scale and a few instances.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARRY'S ESCAPE FROM THE INSURGENTS.

For a long time after he was reconducted to his room, Harry listened anxiously, eager to find when all should be quiet about the place. It was two o'clock in the morning before he ventured forth. Then raising the window cautiously he climbed out at once on the top of the outbuilding, the next movement was to reach the ground. He was creeping carefully along, when a misstep sent him rolling towards the eaves with noise enough to awaken the seven sleepers. In an instant he struck, but fortunately upon a small quantity of fodder placed upon a sleigh for the benefit of three or four cows who, driven from their more legitimate yard by the horses of the insurgents, were quietly ruminating on their change of quarters, or something equally as grave, when Harry's unceremonious descent among them drove away all ideas but one, that of instant retreat. Springing to his feet he heard a shout from the loft above, and a door open from the front of the house. Away dashed Harry, making for the cover of the woods, and increasing his speed as he heard the sound of pursuers. Let me get forty rods of a start, thought Harry, and in this light they'll not be able to see me.

He heard the shouting and hallooing of men about the house and yard, and the clattering of horses' feet upon the road, a few minutes brought him to cover, here he slacked his pace; what was he now to do? Go at once to the city was the ready reply; there is no use my trying to see William,

I will go and offer my services to the Governor, and if possible earn my brother his pardon.

But to reach the city was not the easiest affair at that time of night, knowing as he did, that the road was guarded by the Insurgents. He had not long to decide, for approaching voices warned him to change his quarters.

I wish I had my deer hound along, it would soon ferret out any loyalist said a voice, which Harry at once recognized as that of Howis'. Harry plunged into the wood where the darkness shielded him from observation although the look-out party passed within a few feet of him; and when they went a few yards further, on a halt was called, and the men told off, each to his station, Harry saw that the object was to establish a line of sentries to prevent any one going to or from Montgomery's without being discovered. Congratulating himself on having made his escape in the right time, Harry made off, and for fully two hours contrived to find employment in getting clear of the wood, in which time he came several times to his starting point, and only his great caution prevented him being discovered by the sentries.

When daylight showed him where he was, he found himself about two miles from Montgomery's, but in a direction different from the one he wished to pursue. He now turned his steps citywards, so avoiding the road, and keeping to the fields. It was late in the forenoon before he entered Toronto. Anxious as he was to give the alarm to the Government, he was obliged first to procure his breakfast, as he had tasted nothing since noon the day before. Entering a public house, he called for breakfast immediately, and in the meantime he retired to arrange his dress. As he passed the window of the dining room, he saw Strat pass up the street. At first he sprang towards the door, resolved to denounce him and have him arrested at once, but on second thought he paused—he might make his escape, and thus hurry the ap-

proach of McKenzie and his party. Hastily swallowing his breakfast, he sought Frank Arnly's uncle. He found the old man just ready to start for home. He had just buried his sister, and was returning in haste to search for his nephew.

Mr. Henderson overwhelmed Harry with questions as he shook him warmly by the hand. Harry, drawing him aside, briefly as possible related his business. The old man was at first incredulous. It must be a mere pretence to frighten the Government, said he. However he agreed with Harry that the sooner His Excellency was informed of the actual state of affairs the better.

They soon arrived at the residence of the Governor, and Henderson merely telling the valet to inform His Excellency that a courier from the country awaited an audience on important and private business. In a moment the man returned, and ushered Harry and his companion into the presence of Sir Francis Bond Head. His Excellency received them graciously, and upon inquiring their business Harry related his adventures at Montgomery's tavern, and as near as he could judge of the number of the insurgents.

The Governor heard him with attention, and as Harry concluded said, Then they have driven things to extremities. Is it possible men can be so infatuated; and those ringleaders, what a responsibility rests upon them. The bloodshed that ensues must rest upon them. But, continued he, they must not find us unprepared: I am not too old to use a musket yet. And you, my young friend, said he to Harry, we owe you a great debt; you must not let us forget it.

Please your Excellency, said Harry, I have only performed my duty, and seek no other reward than that of serving my country, but if your Excellency will use your clemency in regard to my brother, who has been duped into joining the insurgents, you will confer a benefit on me which I can never repay.

The Governor's brow darkened and his look grew

stern. I will speak of it another time, said he; in the meantime, if you have any opportunity of getting word to him, advise him to fly to the States until such time as things get settled. Accompany me to the Town Hall.

The party, greatly increased by aid-de-camps and others, hastened to the Town Hall, where the Governor, who, whatever his faults might be, a want of courage was far from being among the number, at once proceeded to issue arms, and prepare for defence or offence as the case might require.

The events of the few succeeding days are things of history. The murder of the lamented Moodie; the escape of the gallant Powel; the arrival of Col. McNab, and the general rising of the militia in support of the Government, are all noted down in the history of those times. It is only necessary for us to add that Harry Hewit accompanied the Governor and the militia to Montgomery's tavern, or Gallows Hill, and was present at the dislodgement and route of those unfortunate fanatics. He saw his brother among the last to leave the premises, and take a road leading towards the north. Hastening to the Governor he requested permission to follow his brother, and persuade him to leave the country. Sir Francis, thanking him for his services, was pleased to grant his request, only limiting the time of his absence, as he wished to see him in the city again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CONFESSION.

Harry had secured a horse before he left the city, and striking off into a side road he was in hopes that he could make a detour and get before the fugitives, for such McKenzie's army had become. For two miles he urged his horse to the best of his power, when, on turning the road, he saw a man lying directly across the way. Although in great

haste humanity dictated that he should not pass him by without at least inquiring into his case, and, if possible, lend assistance. Dismounting, he turned the prostrate form so as to see his face, and recognized Strat; he was deadly pale, and had fainted from the loss of blood, caused by a wound in his side, made by a rifle ball. Harry brought water from the wayside and dashed it into his face; this revived him, he drew a long sigh, and opening his eyes, looked about him with a vacant stare, but as recollection returned, animation lit up his features; though very weak, he was again the rough but honorable soldier. Looking earnestly at Harry, he said—Young man, what brought you here, or why do you interest yourself about me? If I mistake not you are Harry Hewit, and if so about the last man that should assist me, for I was one of a party that done you great harm, a part of them would have hanged you, if they could, but I was resolved it should not go that far, if I was to let your friend out to save you; it was all Howis' tricks, from beginning to end.

Is it Frank Arnly of whom you speak? asked Harry, scarcely able to speak. Do you know ought of him? If so, speak, and the blessing of my heart-broken mother will rest upon you.

To be sure said Strat, we all know about him, it was a party of us that dogged your steps from the mill the night that you and that dare devil Arnly threw our Arms into the swamp hole; Howis gave directions how it all should be conducted, he is a clever fellow, but the fiend incarnate; look well to him when you get home, he hates you with all the intensity of his passionate soul, and the first thing you do when you get home, go to old Harry's shanty and release your friend, spare no time, for if Howis gets up in time he will shoot Arnly and leave you in for his murder; and there's another thing, Hewit, that should cause you to haste, which, if not already consummated, you may prevent, as great a piece of rascality as ever was p'otted. You are acquainted with Dr. Leslie, the gentleman who stood your friend when we hauled you up, he has a daughter. What

of her? cried Harry, springing to his feet, while big drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead.

You are excited, young man, said Strat, in a more gentle voice than he had hitherto used, you are pale, my own strength fails fast, bring me some water.

Yes, yes, cried Harry, anything, only tell me if danger threatens Alice Leslie.

Harry rushed to the creek, and lifting what water he could in his hands, he bathed Strat's face and temples; it was some time before he could speak, and then in a husky whisper, he told of Egan's plans. Yes, said Strat, he'll kidnap the girl, and shoot the father, and hopes that in the troublesome times that are coming; he may escape detection. But he'll be mistaken, the times will soon be settled enough for him and the whole of us; I told them how it would be, curses on the blockheads.

Why then did you join them? asked Harry.

You may well ask, but I'll tell you, and profit by my examples.—When a young man I was looked up to, admired and petted by relations and friends; my father was an old Revolutionary officer, and instilled in me an intense hatred of every thing British. When the last war broke out I entered the army and assisted at the invasion of Canada. Before I left New York, I had become engaged to a young lady, I will not attempt to describe her, when I say she was the best, the most beautiful, the purest of her kind, I but slightly portray the virtues of Miss Chambers.

She had numerous admirers, but I was the one of her choice, we were to be married as soon as the campaign was over. But while I was absent in Canada, an officer in New York, as great a rascal as ever ran, filled the ears of her friends with false reports of my courses and dissipations, and forged a letter to the lady herself in my name, full of reproach, and ending by renouncing her for ever. Filled with grief, broken hearted, she became a passive instrument in the hands of her people; she married my greatest foe. I hastened to the city as soon as I could get leave, and arrived two days after the wed-

ding. I learned all the particulars from a friend ; the party had gone South, I followed them, I met her husband in a crowded saloon. I abused and insulted him, and at length struck him with the flat of my sword. This he had to resent, and though as great a paltroon as ever wore a sword, he challenged me, we fought, I killed him, and cursed him as I saw him die. I strove hard to see Miss Chambers, for I never could call her by his name, and at length succeeded, I told her all, I wished her to fly with me, but she had given up earth and died of a broken heart. I returned to the army, for my affair with her husband was hushed up, and during the remainder of the war I behaved with such timidity that I was called the Madman ; I was offered promotion but I refused it. I sought death but found it not. After the close of the war I came to Canada, I avoided my relations and friends, and turned Hunter, by which means I contrived to pick up a precarious living, cursing society and avoided by honest men. I covered the bitterness of my heart under a course and profane exterior suiting the company I kept ; and no sooner did I hear that there were rumours of rebellion than my soul rejoiced ; it was music to my heart ; and though despising the men who were leading us on I thought it would give me an opportunity of drowning thought, of showing my old grudge against the British ; and I was in hopes to see these Provinces annexed to the States, for whatever our wise Statesmen may think, this same Canada will be our rival on the American Continent. Strat paused, he was deadly pale, he tried to speak, but failing, he seized Harry's hand, shook it convulsively, and rolling over, he muttered, I am done for at last, may my curse rest on him who ruined me.

Harry waited for a moment, then finding that the wounded man did not speak he placed his hand on Strat's heart, life had fled from its troubled tenement. Harry was still bending over the prostrate form, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a gruff voice with a strong Dutch accent, said—Vat you do here young man? ish dat man dead?

You see what I do here, said Harry, comforting the dying, and turning in the direction, he saw a strong heavy looking man, accompanied by one whom Harry took to be his son. You see, said Harry pointing to the lifeless form, he was killed in the battle this morning; you see him properly buried and I'll pay you for it.

Let me see the silver, said the farmer. Harry drew forth his purse, and handing the man what he thought a liberal allowance, exacted a promise that he would see Strat decently buried.

And now, said Harry to his horse, it is you and I for it, you must do a good day's work now, if you never do another. Frank must be relieved in the first instance, and woe to old Harry if he attempts to stop me; then we'll take the old fellow's boat and cross to Dr. Leslie, O! God defend her, said Harry, as he buried the rowels deep in the flanks of his reeking steed, if ought should happen to her, I will rest not till she be avenged.

It was late that night when Harry turned his jaded steed down the wild road that led to Todd's shanty. As he issued forth on the banks of the little lake a piercing scream burst upon his ear, followed by another and a third in quick succession.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH OF MRS. HEWIT.

We now return to the neighbourhood of the Hewits' to narrate a few incidents that occurred during Harry's absence. It was the third day of his absence, and all around his home looked gloomy and sad. In an upper room, which was so darkened as scarce to allow light sufficient for us to recognize our old friends, Dr. Leslie and the fair and gentle Alice, together with Dr. Pearson and several of the friends and neighbours of her who was the object of the care

and at tention of all these, Mrs. Hewit the centre of all eyes stretched on a bed of sickness.

The day of Harry's departnre, though suffering severely, she had kept up. She had written a note to Emily Howis, entreating her to return. Though this note was written in the most delicate and gentle strain possible, it was not honored with an answer.

Dr. Leslie and his daughter rode over in the afternoon, and finding Mrs. Hewit in trouble, remained with her. That evening, herself and the Dr had a long conversation. The most of her so'icitude seemed for William, and she urged the Dr. to use his influence with the Government, to obtain his pardon. For Harry she expressed the warmest love, the most unbounded confidence, convinced that his upright and generous mind would always bring him scathless through trials and difficulties. She was in hope that Frank Arnly would yet be found, and was sure that whether found or not, her boy would be freed from disgrace and suspicion. The conference lasted until late at night, so late, that Alice, who was in the next room, had she not heard their voices, would have thought they had both fallen asleep in their chairs, when at length they rejoined her. Mrs.

Hewit appeared in a much more composed frame of mind, and the conversation became almost gay, when suddenly the distant tramping of hoofs struck upon their ears. I hope it may be the boys said Mrs. Hewit, going to the door. The Dr. joined them, and all three were speculating upon whom the rider might be, when he came in view, riding at tremendous pace. He paused not, but as he passed the house, shouted in a stentorian voice, "Toronto is taken, the Governor defeated. Short as was the sentence, it fell like an ice bolt on the heart of Mrs. Hewit. She staggered, and would have fallen, had not the Dr. supported her. Water was procured, and after a time she recovered from the fainting fit; but weak and unwell, she was carried to her room where she grew so much worse, that Leslie dispatched a messenger for Pearson.

Toward morning she fell into a quiet slumber till near noon, and appeared quite refreshed. The Drs. agreed that quiet was absolutely necessary. That the care and anxiety of the last few days had injured her nerves to such an extent, that the slightest shock might prove fatal.

During the afternoon Mrs. Hewit insisted on rising and joining the party in the parlour. Taking a seat near the window, while the large wood fire cracked and flashed, diffusing that genial warmth and comfort impossible to be derived from a stove. She joined slightly in the conversation, while the gentle Alice flitted around her, striving to interest her and keep her mind from dwelling on disagreeable subjects. The invalid watched Alice with a warm smile, and thanked her in a silent eloquent way.

The party were suddenly started by an exclamation from Mrs. Hewit. She had started to her feet and was intently regarding some object in the road with dilating eye and parted lips.

It is! it is! cried the unhappy mother. They have killed my boy. Yonder comes his horse alone. Alice, pale as marble, and trembling in every limb, sprang to the window, as the horse dashed through the gate, and with a loud whinney, ran up the walk to the steps of the verandah. He was covered with foam, and gave evidence of having met with severe usage. They have killed him! O my unhappy boys! Ah Harry, you may thank your mother for bringing you to this. But God forgive me. I thought no one would harm him. How could they, he so good so gentle? Yet he knew the danger he was running. He went with his eyes open, to satisfy me and save his brother.

In vain Dr. Leslie endeavoured to quiet her, by telling her that without doubt the horse had broken away, and that Harry was likely near at hand. She refused comfort, or was unable to derive any from what was advanced; and feeling faint, was obliged to be assisted to her room, where she continued to

grow worse in spite of all the opiates or medicines her kind attendants could supply. And now the vital spark is quivering, and all is silent in the room, save the deep drawn breath of the sufferer which is momentarily growing less and less regular, until with a slight sigh, the spirit left its earthly tenement to join the Angel Choir above.

For a moment all was silent in the room of death. And now from the yard comes the noise of horse's feet in mad career. It must be Harry, said Leslie. Pearson meet him and break the news. Before this could be done, the door was thrown open, and all started in surprise to see William Hewit, a spectre of his former self,—what a change a few days had made,—pale, his eyes blood-shot, and his dress disordered, while from a slight wound on his temple, the blood had been flowing and matting his hair until it fell in gorged masses upon his shoulders. I am too late cried the unhappy man staggering forward, and falling on his knees at the side of the bed,—she is dead—I have killed her. O mother forgive me! Forgive your erring son!

Again silence reigned, save the deep sobs of the penitent son. For awhile he was allowed to indulge in his heart-rending grief. Then the Drs. whispered together, and Pearson laying his hand gently on Hewit's shoulder, aroused him and motioned him from the room. Edward's met them on the stairs. You are in danger Mr. Hewit, said he, Bertram and some other men just went pass, swearing they would have you before you reached home. I told them you had not arrived. You must not lose a moment my friend said Pearson,—they will hear of your return in the village, and be back at once. But first, Hewit tell me the true state of affairs. Has there been a battle, and how has it terminated.

There was a battle or route, for it scarcely deserved the name of the former. This morning the Government was victorious. And have you rode from the city since asked the kind-hearted Dr., forgetting his anger in a moment. I rode till I killed my horse about a mile down the road, and ran the rest of the

way. Were you pursued? No, not that I am aware of; but crazy Mary met me about half a mile from Montgomery's, and told me that my mother was dying,—that I had or would be the cause of her death. This was the cause of my haste. It was the cause my return, otherwise I should have sought the frontier, and tried to effect my escape to the States. I advise to you to do so now without the loss of a moment. Your stay here for an hour may prevent your effecting your object. And must I leave now, asked William ddspondingly. You must, and that too without the loss of a moment. Take my advice said Pearson firmly, seeing Hewit hesitate. I will! would to heaven I had always taken my friends advice. Without another word the unhappy man left the home of his childhood, a fugative from his fellow men. Would that I had fallen this morning. O that, that friendly ball, laying his finger on his temple; had but that passed but one inch lower, I should have been spared all this; and he gazed at the window of the room that contained the remains of his mother.

At that moment a man passed on horseback, but in the gathering darkness William did not recognize him. His path lay by the residence of Howis. I will see Emily once more, if only to upbraid her with my ruin,—with the death of my mother. He would not acknowledge even to him himself, that he wished to obtain a promise from her to follow him in his exile, as she had promised times without number.

Weak man! his trials were not yet over. He had to learn that he had been made the dupe of a caculating cold-hearted girl, a tool to be used as long; as useful, then to be cast aside with scorn. He entered the house without rapping, and turning into the parlor, became witness to a scene that sent the blood from his heart in cold chills, then to rush back like burning lead in its maddening course. There seated by the same table, on which, not a month before, he had signed the fatal roll, was Emily Howis and Bertram Hewit's old and inveterate foe.

And you promise me dear Emily said Bertram, that you will be my wife as soon as you are sure all our hopes of success are over from this insurrectionary move. You know my heart was in the cause as fast as the busiest of them; and if they had been successful in this effort, I would have thrown off the disguise and joined them. But as it is, you see I had better not. They are defeated, and fleeing through the country.

Bertram paused. You promise continued he,— I do said Emily, looking up without a smile, and for the first time noticed Hewit. False girl, cried he, hoarse with fury, is this the requittal for all I have suffered. For an instance, Emily flushed scarlet, but instantly regaining her wonted composure, answered scornfully. So Mr. Hewit, you are back again,—a good soldier,—truly you fled at the first sight of danger, and have no better manners than to turn listener. There is the door sir, and the sooner you depart, the better. I cannot tolerate the presence of a coward. Before Hewit could answer, Bertram had recovered his self-possession. he was a powerful coarse vulgar man, the possessor of considerable property; and by some unaccountable means, had been appointed captain of militia, to the disgust of all who were numbered in his company.

Hie ho! my good fellow, shouted he, Hewit, as I live. You are my prisoner, and shall hang, traitor that you are. Traitor indeed, returned Hewit bitterly, but an honest man than you are; all I done, I went openly about, while you meanly sneaked in a corner to wait till the danger was past, I just heard your declaration to that effect.

Come! come! said Bertram, ruffling up, none of your high airs here my good fellow, surrender quietly or I'll wing you; as he spoke, he drew a pistol from his belt, and presented it at Hewit. William had anticipated the act, and his pistol was already in his hand, as, springing to one side, he avoided the charge of his opponent, which was well aimed.

And now its my turn, Mr. Bertram, said William,

walking close up to him. Miss Howis, on the first appearance of danger, ran screaming from the room, shouting in vain for help, and Bertram was deadly pale, and his hands were raised as though in supplication, but meeting the stern, unrelenting gaze of Hewit, he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. I cannot do it, said Hewit, his features relaxing; I spare you now, we meet again some day, and as he spoke he discharged his piece at the ceiling.

Ha! ha! shouted Bertram, as he found himself out of danger, now take a Bertram's gratitude, and as he spoke he struck a heavy blow at Hewit. It was partly parried and partly received, and though it staggered William backwards, it was not sufficient to bring him to the ground, and springing forwards he seized Bertram by the throat. A fierce struggle ensued, both were powerful men, but William was desperate, and as thoughts of how he had been injured and duped ran through his mind, it gave him a giant's strength, and his hold of his adversary's throat was compressed to such a degree, that though he tried to cry for mercy he was unable to articulate and sank senseless upon the floor.

For an instant Hewit regarded him with dismay. Have I killed him outright? had I not enough to account for without this? The noise of advancing steps warned him to be gone. Darting through the door, he paused not until he fell exhausted at his own place. Hastily recovering himself, he ordered his man to have a horse in readiness in half an hour. He then proceeded to arrange for a precipitate flight. He left a letter for his brother, in which he implored his forgiveness for all the misfortunes he had brought upon the family. He did not attempt to excuse himself, and requested Harry to take his affairs in hand, and if his property was not confiscated, to settle and keep it in his possession. Before he was prepared for departure, his man brought his horse to the door, and shouted for him to come quickly as there was a group of men coming rapidly up the road. Giving

the man the letter for Harry, he mounted his horse and rode hastily down the road. He had not been gone many minutes when a party of militia arrived in pursuit of him.

CHAPTER XX,

THE ABDUCTION.

Dr. Leslie and his daughter after seeing all done that was necessary, or at which they could be of use, departed for home. The ride home was a silent one, both were too serious for words, Alice wept for the loss of a valued and much esteemed friend, and for the grief she knew it would cause one dear, very dear her. Where was Harry, was an anxious question with her, and gladly would she have inquired of his brother, had not maidenly reserve detained her. If William had returned what detained Harry? She ventured such a question to her father. Poor fellow, said the Dr., he is most likely searching for his unfortunate brother, His mother's loss will be a severe blow to him, we must try to console him. Come, Alice, said he, placing his arm tenderly around her waist, make a confident of your father, surely I should know is there an engagement between you and Henry Hewit.

Yes, dear father, there was a conditional promise, if he obtained your consent, but since the disappearance of Arny he has sent me a note releasing me from anything of the kind.

He is an honorable fellow, said the Dr., and worthy any woman's love, and if he succeeds in clearing up this affair concerning young Arny, I doubt not my consent could be obtained; but here we are at home.

As they entered the house, the house-keeper met them, after expressing her joy at their return called the Dr. aside, and told him that Egan and Todd had been twice at the house that evening inquiring for

him, adding, that Egan had been drinking, and had frightened her by his rude and unbecoming conduct. The doctor's countenance grew troubled.

The country is in a troubled state, said he, as though speaking to himself. Both these men are my enemies; their lurking around my place bodes no good. I only wonder at their coming in such an open way. At this moment he was alarmed by a piercing scream from the hall. As Alice entered the house she had shaken hands with the house-keeper, and hastened on to her room to see little Walter, while her father and Mrs. Tist, the house-keeper, entered the parlour. Finding Walter in a sound sleep, and stopping for a moment to gaze on his infant beauty, as composed in quiet slumber, she stooped and imprinted a kiss upon his rosy lips; then taking a light she descended to the hall, and as she was crossing this, she was suddenly seized in a pair of powerful arms, and was carried screaming into the open air.

Hush, darling, said the gruff voice of Egan, you are safe with me. At this instant Dr. Leslie came running out of the house, as Egan saw him, he threw a shawl over Miss Leslie's head and ran with her towards the lake shore. The Dr. pursued, seizing a stick as unfortunately he was unarmed, he gained rapidly upon the ruffian, who began to curse and shout for his worthy associate. Old Todd suddenly came upon the scene, and with a shout of "now old fellow we settle our accounts,"—he raised a pistol and fired deliberately and calmly as though he was firing at a pigeon. The Dr. groaned heavily, and staggering a few feet, fell to the ground groaning, "O my God have mercy on my poor child." Old Todd leaned over him, taking his watch and purse. The only male domestic about the place was little more than a boy, who was in the stable with the horses, and hearing the noise ran into the house for safety. Mrs. Tist was the only other domestic about the house, an old and nervous woman, who, though greatly attached to the family, no sooner saw the Dr. fall, than she ran screaming into the house.

Egan paused not until he reached the shore, where placing the now unconscious form of Alice in the rude boat, which we once before noticed as being the one that conveyed Frank Arnly on the night of his capture,—he withdrew the shawl from her face, and gazed with gloating looks on those fair features. The sight awoke the worst passions of his nature. He stooped to contaminate those fair lips with his, but was interrupted before he could complete this act of sacrilege, by old Harry Todd, who rushed down to the shore, his hands still reeking with the blood of his victim. With a coarse imprecation, he told Egan to push off the boat, saying as he ensconced his own dwarfish figure in the stern of the boat, I heard horsemen coming down towards the house. Whether he did or not, it is not for us to say; but it had the effect intended on Egan, as thoughts of Harry Hewit crossed his mind, he pushed the rude vessel from the shore; and as he leaped aboard, he drew a brace of pistols from his belt, saying with an oath,—let them come, whoever they are, if it be twice that d—d Hewit, I'll settle him.

What are ye maken a fool of yerself far, ye knows well enough that they Hewits is off to the wars, and it i'll be good sarvice to us if theys cut each others throats afore theys come back. I's hates such pink of fellows as theys, they sets themselves so much above us foks,—carrys such high heads and trys to make foks think theys better nor us. One of their heads will be high enough and no mistake, said Egan, if this rebellion blows up as some thinks it will, for Bill Hewit is as deep in as any of us. Good, I hope theys all will be hung, was the philanthropic exclamation of old Harry. Alice now began to show signs of returning animation, and Egan directed Todd to take his place at the oars, adding, she'll be fool enough to jump over when she finds who's along. Show her wit if she would. I wonder if she knows that I settled her old dad,—he'll not have me fined for sheep lifting agin, ha, ha. Todd showing no inclination to take the oars, Egan sprang up with a curse, saying if he did not do as he directed him at once, he would

throw him overboard, and thus save the hangman's fee. Look ye here, said Todd, suddenly drawing a pistol, I settled a man to night worth two of ye, so just hold a civil tongue or I'll blow ye big as ye are. Egan knew the folly of quarrelling with him, as his stubbornness equalled his ferocity. He therefore sat down, and lifting the light form of Alice in his arms he said, we may all go to your namesake's together, for I'll not lose her now through your foolery. Old Todd, apparently satisfied with bullying his associate, took the oars; and though the weather had grown rough, and he scarcely kept the boat moving at times, yet the old wretch continued singing snatches of low songs, and talking to his companion in language too debased for these pages.

Alice, who feigned unconsciousness, but who was fully alive to the situation she was in, would gladly have exchanged her place for one at the bottom of the lake, but this was denied her; the powerful arms of the ruffian again encircled her. Her misery was too deep to be affected by the coarse conversation of her captors. The report of firearms she had distinctly heard, though she knew not at the time whether it was her father that was firing, or being fired at; but the word of Todd had confirmed her worst fears,—I settled a man to night worth two of ye, was still ringing in her ears. She lay perfectly still, in vain trying to fix on some expedient to effect her escape from the ruffian who detained her. She felt not the cold, though the water that flew over the boat was soon congealed. At length she was more fully aroused by hearing Egan with a fearful oath tell Todd to mind what he was about, or he would send them all to the bottom. Opening her eyes for the first time since leaving the opposite shore, she saw they were just at a landing place on a low shore, with a road leading along at the water's edge; and a common extending some twenty rods on one side of them, while on the other, the tall old trees extended their branches almost over their heads. The lake was extremely rough, and in approaching the shore, Todd had let the boat around

broadside to the swell, which came near capsizing them; another moment, and the bow of the boat struck the shore, and the stern sinking downwards was instantly filled. With a tremendous oath, Egan sprang to his feet and from the boat, dragging Alice after him, but not in time to prevent both being deluged with water.

CHAPTER XXI,

THE RESCUE.

As Egan reached the shore, he caught Alice more firmly in his arms, saying now you are mine, in spite of all your pretended modesty, and though it has cost you something of a wetting, I doubt not you will forgive me all when I tell you how I love you, and the ruffian attempted to kiss his struggling and screaming prisoner. He was suddenly checked by Todd, who with a face pallid with fear, caught his arm; "stop, yer fool, making her make sich a nise, and get under cover, I hear a horse coming," and as he spoke he dodged forward in the direction of the advancing noise, hoping to get into the woods before he was discovered. Egan attempted to follow, but Alice caught a shrub that grew at hand, and held so firm, that for a moment she detained the ruffian, but only for a moment, for catching her wrist in his powerful grasp, he tore her hand from its hold making a fearful wound on that soft palm. Then turning to follow his associate, he found that both were too late to escape observation from the horseman, who, attracted by the screams of Alice, was coming down upon them at a tremendous pace, so as to intercept any one from reaching the cover they sought. Alice raised her eyes in the direction of the advancing horseman, and with a cry of delight beheld Harry Hewit, who at a glance comprehended the scene, and knew that he would have to act in a bold unflinching manner to effect his object. He had, therefore, his pistols ready for instant use, as Egan, discovering

who it was, shouted to Todd to shoot him down, as there was but the one. Todd thus encouraged, faced his pursuer, pistol in hand, shouting take this my good friend Hewit, it is what I should like to give to all such as you. Hewit was ready, and leaning forward in his saddle he felt Todd's ball graze his shoulder. And now its my turn, shouted he, as he fired. Todd sprang into the air, with an unearthly yell, and fell forward upon the ground, rolling, groaning, and swearing in the most dreadful manner.—Egan had loosed his hold on Alice, who fell fainting to the ground, and drawing his pistol when he saw how near Hewit was to his party. The ruffian took deliberate aim and snapped his piece, but found to his horror that both had become wet and worthless. The fellow's heart failed him, he turned and fled, uttering fearful maledictions on the head of Hewitt, and mankind in general. But he had delayed his flight too long for his own good, Hewit's unerring aim had covered him, and as he fired, Egan's right arm fell helpless by his side. Harry thought not of pursuit. Springing from his foaming steed, he clasped Alice to his heart, murmuring, Alice, dear Alice, am I in time to save you. Thank God you are, was all the trembling girl could articulate, sobs choked her utterance, she could only cling to her gallant preserver, and weep convulsively. The reaction from despair to the joy of preservation, and preservation by one whom her heart adored, was more than her delicate nerves could stand. Harry carried her to the shanty, which he found securely fastened, that it resisted his efforts to enter. Placing the still weeping girl gently on the ground, he seized a piece of timber, and broke the lock with a blow, as the door flew open he heard the well known voice of Arny, shouting from the inner room. In a moment the door was burst open, and the cords which bound Frank cut asunder, and the two friends were locked in each other's arms; no time was spent in answering or asking questions until Alice was brought in, and a flaming fire lit in the rude chimney. Then explanations were given. Frank knew much, and Har-

ry having been informed by Strat of most that was interesting, they soon were in possession of each other's adventures. And now said Harry, addressing Alice, Miss Lesslie will you tell us what has happened at home since we left. In broken accents, Alice related the events of the evening as far as concerned herself or her father, carefully abstaining from mentioning Mrs. Hewit. Harry and Frank endeavoured to comfort her, saying, it was scarcely probable that her father had fallen. The ruffians, they affirmed would scarcely go so far as the Dr. was unarmed and could offer no material opposition. The firing had most probably been to frighten the domestics.— Gladly would Alice have listened to those words of comfort, but the words of Todd still rang in her ears: Harry seeing her absorbed in grief, whispered to Frank to go and question old Todd, and if he was still living obtain the facts. The night was very cold but clear, and as Frank issued forth into the keen air and felt the bracing breeze, he shrugged his shoulders, muttering, I believe its Frank Aruly yet how this wind freshens me up. He found Todd where he had fallen, and as he beheld him lying, groaning and shivering, he forgave him all. Frank though as brave as a lion, and careless of giving blows, possessed a heart as warm and tender as a woman. The sight of misery always affected him or to use his expressive term, “stuck in his throat, much more than some very good people. As he leaned over Todd and asked kindly after his wound the old man made a movement to rise, but failing he asked to be carried into the house. Answer me truly one question first, said Frank. Have you shot Dr. Leslie, or is he killed? Todd hesitated. Answer continued Frank. or I leave you. And if I say I did, will you help me to the shanty. Yes. Then he is shot, though it's for you to prove who did the deed; come, do as yer sed ye would; ye'll not back out now. Frank took the pistols from him, greatly to his annoyance, and asked was he to be robbed. Frank's eye at that moment caught sight of a gold chain hanging from his pocket, and one that he at once re-

cognised as belonging to Dr. Leslie. Yes, said Frank, you are to be robbed, if taking from you what you have no right to, is robbing. It will not do for you to talk of robbing, you, who have robbed and murdered one of the finest men in the country. I did not say I killed him returned Todd; but if ye be going to take me to the shanty, be about it, and not stand here. If I take you, you must not mention anything about Dr. Leslie. Be sure I won't. Frank took him by the arm to lead him in, but Todd, could not stand nor help himself. I fear you are done for, said Frank, lifting him on his shoulders and carrying him towards the shanty. No, screamed the old man, ye want to frighten me, I do not bleed any much.— All the worse for that, thought Frank, you bleed inwardly. When they entered the shanty, Alice screamed with terror, and urged her companions to depart. Soon, dearest, said Harry, placing her a seat so that her back would be towards the object of her terror; then approaching Todd he examined the wound. What do you think of it, whispered Frank, who placed great reliance on Harry's surgical skill, Harry shook his head, and answered in the same voice, he cannot survive many hours. Frank told Harry that their worst fears were confirmed, that the Dr. had been ruthlessly murdered. Harry started and a wild gleam shot from his eye, which melted to pity as it lit upon the form of Todd. He has met with his reward, said Harry, let us try and cross the lake. Miss Leslie is anxious to return, and we can send some one over to look after Todd, if any one will engage in the undertaking. The party soon stood on the shore of the lake, in the dim light of a winter's morn. The lake was in great commotion, and for a small sheet of water was rough in the extreme. As Harry looked at the water and then at the miserable boat, he wished to wait an hour longer, to see if the water would not quiet down; but Alice opposed this, and wished to cross at once, saying that she would rather run all risk upon the water than return again to the sight of the miserable Todd, who, she trembled to think, was the murderer of her

father; besides that father might now be dying, might now be calling upon her to minister to his wants. The young men who appreciated the filial piety that set the gentle girl above all fear, offered no further opposition. The boat was once again set in motion. Frank took the oars, and having the wind in their favour, the boat sped upon its way like a thing of life, now trembling on the crest of a wave, then sinking so as to be hid from view of those on shore. They had run some forty rods from shore when they heard shouting behind, and Frank directed Harry to look and see his old friend Howis.

Harry looked in the direction indicated, and there sure enough was Howis and one or two of his companions. Thank God, he arrived too late to execute his hellish purpose, said Harry, thinking of the words of Strat. Don't talk too soon, said Frank, who was facing the party on shore, they are preparing to fire. Alice turned a wild gaze toward the shore they were leaving, and as she saw Howis taking deliberate aim at Hewit, whose seat in the stern of the boat covered the rest of the party. She uttered a slight scream, and threw her arms around Hewit, as though to shield him from harm. Be not alarmed, dearest, whispered Harry, Howis is a poor shot at best, and it is ten chances to one if he comes within ten yards of us. His words were verified by the event. Whether Howis intended to injure the party, or only fired to alarm them, is best known to himself, certain it is, he failed in the first, and, with the exception of Alice, in the last. As the boat neared the shore, the storm gradually subsided, and the sun rose upon a bleak winter scene. The party were tired in body and mind, numbed with the cold, and their clothes stiff with ice. When the boat was drawn on shore, the three looked at each other; each was anxious to know the worst, each dreaded to be the first to inquire. Frank directing the others to follow slowly ran on saying he would meet them and let them know the worst.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARRY HEWIT IN TROUBLE.

As Harry and Alice approached the house, she leaned heavily upon his arm; her breath came short and quick—the cold was forgotten in the all absorbing anxiety to learn whether her father was still living. Gladly would she have flown to the house, but fear restrained her, and she had a presentment of evil. Harry gently bore her along—he tried to prepare her for the worst. Life, he urged, was full of changes—there was a continual change—and whispered he, if your father has met with foul play, I am still left to you alone, except, added he, my mother, she will be a mother to you, and try all she can to supply the loss you have sustained.

Alas! exclaimed Alice, you know not all yet. Your mother will never need your care or comfort; she has gone to One who is a comforter. What mean you? cried Harry, turning pale; you do not, you cannot mean what you say; tell me, has anything happened at home in my absence? Mother looked ill and anxious; has she been unwell? She suffered but little apparently, answered Alice; and much more in mind than body,—she died last night, my father and I were with her to the last. Bless you for that, dear Alice; but here we are at the house, I wonder that Frank does not meet us. The door was at that moment thrown open, and Frank, with an eager face, stood before them. Come Miss Lesslie, quick he cried, he lives and asks to see you. With a bound she reached the door of his room and stood by his bedside; he was very weak, but the sight of his daughter revived him; he opened his arms and clasped her to his heart, faintly exclaiming,—thank God for this, I see you once more before I go. Speak not of it said Alice, between her sobs you live, and while there is life there is hope. Has a doctor been sent for? yes said Mrs. Tist, as soon as we got him in I sent the boy for Dr. Pearson. Harry and Frank now entered the room. The Dr

extended his hand to each, and though too weak to talk much, he asked Harry to give an account of the rescue of his daughter. This he did very briefly while he examined the doctor's wounds: The ball had entered beneath the armpit and passed out near the back bone. Harry was surgeon enough to know that it was fatal, though the patient might survive several days. At the close of the narration, the Dr. took Harry's hand and enquired whether he had heard of his own loss,—Harry bowed in the affirmative,—the Dr. continued,—I know that I have but a few hours to live, and my only wish for life was to see my child settled. She acknowledged to me last night that there was a conditional promise existing between you and her. Is it still your wish to continue that engagement? Most assuredly dear sir, I would sooner lose my life than be debarred from your daughter, said Harry, earnestly. Come here Alice dear, said the Dr., and you Mr. Arnly,—both advanced to the bedside. The Dr. took Alice's hand, and placing it within that of Hewit's, he said, you both promise to me, a dying man in the sight of God, and in the presence of Mr. Arnly, that as soon as maybe after my death, you will unite in the holy bands of matrimony, and until that time you will live as dear brother and sister.

Alice could not answer, for her grief and sobs choked her utterance, but she fell on her knees at the bedside. I promise that it shall be as you wish said Harry, gravely; and Frank here shall call me to account if I fail in the least. Yes, cried the ardent Arnly, I swear in the sight of Heaven if he fails through any fault of his I will follow him round the globe but I will have ample satisfaction. May God bless you, my children, said the Dr. faintly, I now can die happy. After a little recovering himself he tried to persuade Alice to retire and take rest after the many fatigues of the past night, but she entreated so earnestly to be allowed to remain, that he yielded to her wishes, and she remained kneeling at the bedside, her hands clasped and her lips moved in earnest prayer. Dr. Pearson arrived before noon,

and after hearing his opinion, which was that Dr. Leslie could not survive but a few days at farthest, Harry Hewit with a heavy heart took his way homewards. How could he cross that threshold which never before since he could remember, after an absence like the present, his mother had not stood to welcome him. Now, she who had nourished him in infancy, directed him aright in boyhood, and had been a self-denying affectionate mother all his life, had fled from earth and its cares, and he was alone. He who should have stood by his side in this his dire affliction, that their tears might flow together over the hallowed remains of this sainted mother, was flying from the laws of his country, a victim of designing men, and his own blind love for an unworthy woman. All these thoughts crowded through his mind, as he approached the house, and seemed to render him at times almost incapable of sorrow in the bitterness of his resentment against those who were the authors of his misery. He shook hands with the neighbours who were assembled at the house, but his heart was too full for speaking. Some would fain have offered such comfort as was in their power, but he could not listen to them, but going to the room which contained the remains of his mother, he fell upon his knees at the bedside. How long he indulged in this silent grief he knew not, but, was roused by the trampling of horses feet in the yard, and rough voices in the hall below. Starting to his feet, he exclaimed to himself some one surely forgets the reverence due the departed. I will show them, at least, that I'll not suffer it. He descended to the hall and there found Bertram and a group of armed militia. Bertram was arguing in a rough, loud voice with some of the neighbours who were trying to dissuade him from his object. He has come to arrest William thought Harry, who advancing said in a cold formal way, Mr. Bertram, to what am I indebted for this visit, you seem to forget the respect due the departed or the afflicted. If you will, therefore, state your errand, I shall be happy to be alone.

Bertram eyed Harry with a broad grin, and mak-

ing a mock bow as he ceased speaking, said, bravo, Hewit, you've not forgot to carry a high head yet, but it will be high enough when you swing from the limb of some tall pine; but to make my errand known, that I may take myself and you off, I have orders from the magistrates to arrest all traitors, and I arrest you in the Queen's name; and it will go hard, or rather luckily, with you if you don't swing, so come along, my highflyer, or I'll show you I have the power to bring you, glancing at some half dozen followers who had evidently been well treated, and were half seas over. They were, moreover, men of the lowest order, and little known to Hewit. Bertram well knew the errand on which he came, and knew that if he had brought respectable men they would not have seen Hewit abused. Harry spoke a moment with some of those who had been trying to prevent his arrest. They advised him to go, and likely the court would liberate him when they heard his circumstances. Bertram would fain have bound him, but the sight of a brace of pistols in Harry's pockets deterred him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXAMINATION, REVELATION, AND JUSTIFICATION.

As Harry walked along, for he refused to ride, his reflections were not of a kind to elevate mankind generally, in his estimation. He, whose conduct had always been unimpeachable, who might well have been held up as an example to all who knew him, was first arrested on a charge of the most heinous nature, and though now he had the means of clearing himself of that charge he was arrested for treason; he who had run risks, and performed services of no mean order, in defence of his country, and principles, while others; who now arrested, and were to try him had remained snugly at home, until they saw which was the strongest party. Was there such a thing as justice in the world? If so, why was he thus used? Rousing himself at length from those misanthropic reflections, he saw a brighter future in the distance.

When they reached the village, where the magistrates

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

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

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

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

slapped his hands to his head, saying if he had ten tongues equal to McKenzie's he could not answer all.

Before the Court was brought to order, Frank's uncle arrived, having ridden nearly all night in his anxiety to reach home. He shouted for joy as saw his nephew alive, and apparently none the worse for his absence, and insisted on having his adventure related at once. This Frank proceeded to narrate, and when the crowd heard how much Hewit had been wronged, they could scarce restrain in their impatience, but when they heard of the abduction of Alice Leslie, and the critical state of her father, a cry of rage passed through the crowd, which gave place to one of exaltation when they heard that retributive justice had reached old Todd.

When his narration was concluded, Harry informed Mr. Langley, Frank's uncle, of his arrest and present circumstances.

Langley, who was a just but honourable man, came down on the Magistrates, and all who had had a hand in the affair, in severe terms, and ended by informing them of Harry's services, of his capture, his escape, his bringing the first news of the outbreak to the Government, and of his presence with the loyal forces at Montgomery's.

This revelation completely turned the tables. Bertram looked extremely small for a large man, particularly when both Harry and Frank related; Harry what Strat had told him, and Frank what he had overheard in his confinement concerning Bertram's fidelity as a loyalist.

Some of the Magistrates who were suspected of being about as true as Bertram, took his part, and told of his zeal and activity in searching for fugitives, and succeeded in having him and a party dispatched around the lake to old Todd's shanty, to arrest Howis if he was there, or whoever they could find about the premises. In this he was joined by many who went more from curiosity than any stronger motive.

We may as well add here that, upon the party arriving at the place where the shanty stood, they found nothing but a mass of charred and fallen logs, the place had been destroyed by fire; and the only living creature they found was Harry's horse, which a neighbour returned to him.—Whatever became of Todd, or his remains, was not discovered for many a day.

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Dr. Leslie survived until the following day, long enough to make such arrangements as were necessary in regard to his property and other affairs. One funeral sufficed for the remains of the Dr. and Mrs Hewit: Harry and Alice were chief mourners. According to the Dr.'s wishes

Alice and little Walter departed the next day for the city, to remain until such time as the country should become more tranquil. Harry accompanied her to the city, when both he and Frank entered the Militia for active service in preserving law and order.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

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More than a year has passed since the opening of our story, and we again bring some of our old acquaintances before the public. It is evening, and winter again encircles the earth in its cold embrace; snow lies upon the ground in quantities sufficient for excellent travelling, while anon from the heavens huge flakes of snow descended lazily, as though loth to leave the thin transparent clouds above, through which the stars shone dimly. Near the scenes described in our last chapter, a light sleigh drawn by two powerful chestnut horses, on the evening in question was gliding along over the smooth roads, the merry tinkling of the bells was the only sound to disturb the conversation of the occupants of the sleigh; these were two, and as the conveyance ascends a slight eminence, the gentleman raised his hand, and pointing to a light in the distance, which glimmered merrily from a window, uttered the single word, "home;" and as he turned his face towards the lady by his side, we recognize the pale whiskered man, pale from recent illness, Henry Hewit.

Yes, dear Harry, returned the lady, home, our home, how long it seems since I left the neighborhood, and yet, it is but little more than a year.

It seems a long time to me, dear Alice, for in that time I have seen but little of you, but now, it will be different, before my leave expires, if we are not disbanded, I will give up my commission, for what could tempt me to stay from my Alice? I have surmounted all difficulties, I have proved my loyalty and redeemed my name from the disgrace my unfortunate brother involved me, and now there is no further need of continuing in active service. But here, Alice, we are at home, and there is Arnly, to welcome us.

Hurrah! shouted Arnly, much joy! much joy! and joy not to end, how do you do? and you, Mistress Alice, allow me the privilege of a brother, and he touched his lips gently to those of Alice, saying gaily, you know Harry and I are sworn brothers, and besides I am, or was, your guardian, self dubbed to be sure, but none the less effective for that,

but come in, and let me have the pleasure of introducing you to our friends, I have some half dozen gathered, and one too, that's soon to change her name from Samos to Arnly, or I am no Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Forces.

The happy party soon entered, and were welcomed by the Samoses and other neighbours in a manner that showed that though absent, they were not forgotten.

Many questions had to be asked and answered on both sides during the evening, and we learn from them that soon after Harry and Frank left the neighborhood Bertram and Miss Howis were married, but soon disagreed and lived very unhappily. Bertram's property was greatly involved before the wedding, and had not improved since, he had now sold out, and was thought to be going to the States.

Harry, also, informed these present what had become of old Todd and Egan.

When Howis and some others of the most desperate of his party found themselves defeated at Gallows Hill, judging that it was Harry who had carried the most reliable news to the Government, and thus induced the rapid movements against them which led to their overthrow, he swore revenge, and on leaving the ground he hastened as soon as he could free himself from those whom he knew would not tolerate such an act as he contemplated, to the hut of old Todd, resolved to shoot Frank, and thus, to use his emphatic expression, coil a rope round Harry's neck. When he arrived and found the bird flown, he was in a towering rage, and for want of a better object vented it on old Todd, who answered his abuse with curses, till Howis struck him over the head with the butt of a heavy horseman's pistol, causing instant death. They buried his remains in the cellar, and firing the shanty, made off. Howis was afterwards killed at Navy Island, and Egan, from whom Harry and Frank learned these particulars, was shot by a portion of Hewit's Company, who were in pursuit of him and a gang of ruffians who were going about the country firing houses and running off with horses, he lived long enough to tell them the above and other news concerning the company he had been in, most of whom were captured or fled the country.

William Hewit settled in one of the Western States, and when time had healed the wound which grief had made, he married a wife, who could console him for the loss of Emily Howis. Harry still lives happy and contented in the midst of domestic joys. And Frank Arnly was as good as his word in persuading Miss Samos to change her name for that of Arnly—a change which neither ever regretted.



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