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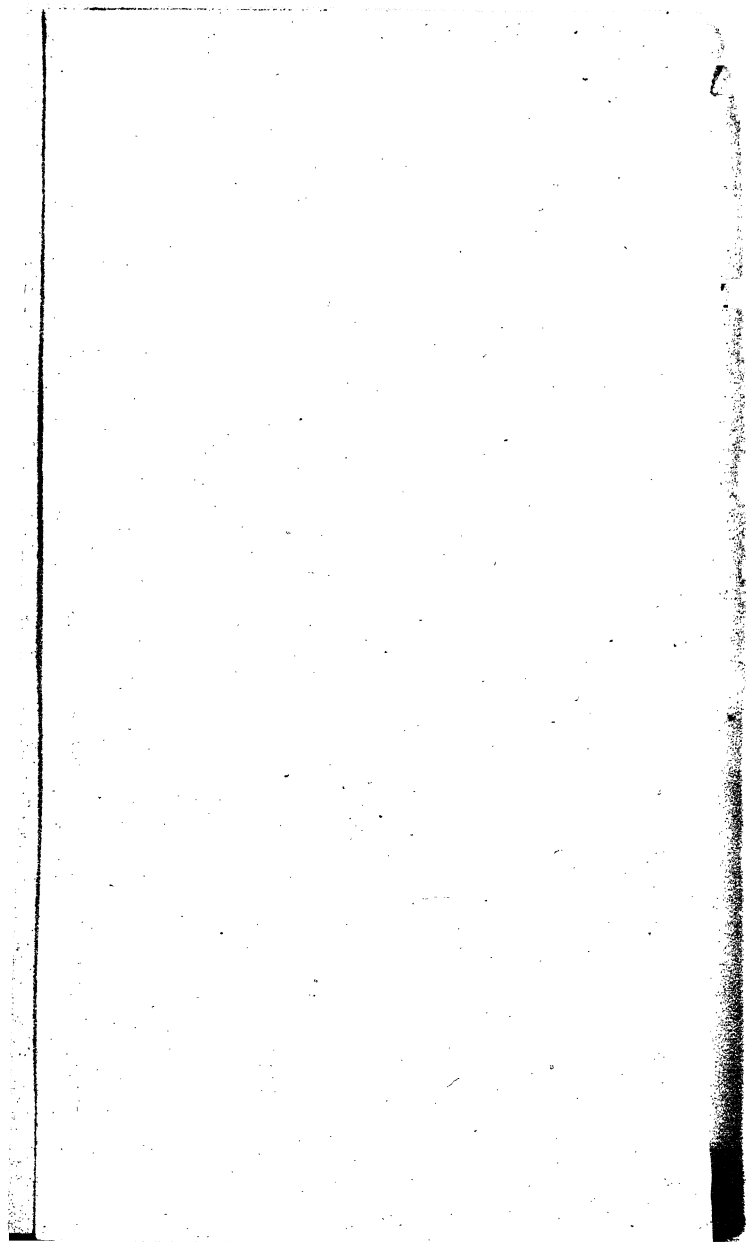
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ST. GEORGE:

OR,

THE CANADIAN LEAGUE.

By WILLIAM CHARLES McKINNON,

AUTHOR OF "ST. CASTINE," A LEGEND OF CAPE BRETON, &C.

"——— From my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;—
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise;
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white, aged heads o'er me, and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe."———

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

VOLUME II.

HALIFAX:
ELBRIDGE GERRY FULLER.
1852.

Mc KINNON, U.C.

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ST. GEORGE:

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CHAPTER I.

THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE.

RODOLPHE himself was now deadly pale, and slightly agitated. He drew forth from his pocket a sheet of paper, and placed it on the table beside the inkstand, as if for the purpose of taking notes. He then locked all the doors, and approached St. George. Placing his finger on the forehead of the latter, he said to him, "You are still deaf?"

The latter gazed at him vacantly, but made no reply.—Meanwhile Edmund Rodolphe stood in the middle of the apartment, as if spell bound, until the return of his enchantment. When the latter again approached him, he appeared all attentive, and stood as if waiting his commands.

"Now," said the Biologist, "I wish you to answer me truly, and speak low——"

"Who are you?"

"I am Edmund Rodolphe—but I am known by the name of Ferrars."

"And how long have you borne the latter name?"

"Since my return to this city."

"Then you have been in this city before?"

"I was born in it, and I left it when about sixteen years age."

"And what other name have you borne?"

Edmund shuddered, and replied not.

"Speak!" cried his Inquisitor, pointing his forefinger to his forehead, "speak! I will it!"

"I have borne the name of Julian Erleloff."

"And what recollections are coupled with that name?"

"I dare not breathe them aloud."

"Then whisper, what character you assumed when you assumed that name."

He bent down his head, and the other with pallid lips, as the sweat trickling from his brow, stooped forward, and whispered in his ear.

"Ah," said the Biologist, drawing his breath between his shut teeth, with a whistling sound, when his brother had concluded, "wait a moment"—he bent over the table, and traced a few lines on the paper before him. He again confronted his victim—

"And what other name have you ever been known by?" he resumed.

Edmund paused. "Henry Beauchamp," he said, "but have borne many names—but they are of little importance."

"And what did you represent when you bore this appellation?"

"A man of fortune, traveling for pleasure."

"Where was it?"

"In England."

"How did you acquire that fortune?"

"In the manner I have already described to you, and during the time I bore the cognomen of Erleloff."

"Ha, yes! well, what object had you in view, in returning to Canada?"

"Revenge and ambition."

"On whom did you wish to become revenged?"

"On all!"

"On all—but all had not rendered themselves subjects to your vengeance. Myself for instance?"

"You?—you had rendered yourself obnoxious by having thwarted me in my ambition."

"And why did the whole population come within the sweeping effects of your revenge?"

"Because they are all a set of reptiles—because they had trampled on me when I was already in the dust, and I returned armed with power, determined to crush them lower than they crushed me. I was going to make them the tools to work out my own ends—for by elevating me, I intended they should give me the power of depressing them."

"And you did not contemplate revenging yourself on all in the same manner?"

"Oh, no—some I intended to sacrifice at once by summary means—others I intended to make the tools of my ambition."

"What was the aim of that ambition?"

"I intended to raise myself to power—it mattered not by what means, or by what name I wielded that power—president—king—dictator—it availed not."

The sweat now rolled from the elder brother's face as well as from his victim's. "And who were these parties you intended sacrificing?" he asked.

"Fergusson and a few others."

"Then you have accomplished your object with regard to Fergusson, and intend deserting him?"

"I do. He shall hang."

"Very well. Now with regard to the circumstance of your marriage. What mystery is there connected with that?"

At this question the victim was again violently agitated. He looked like a person suffering the agonies of a horrible dream, and unable to wake.

"The mystery attached to my marriage," he repeated; "I cannot reveal it—it is of no consequence."

"Of vital consequence," said Rodolphe, the elder, passing his hand before his face. "Speak! I will it!"

"I will tell you," said Edmund, trembling all over. "While under the name of Erleloff, I once plundered a ship in which were a youth and his father, a gray-headed old man; both were murdered and thrown overboard. In my travels afterwards, I fell in love with a Miss Wentworth. I married her, and shortly after this event, she related to me her history, whence I found that this old man and his son were her father and brother. I don't know the reason, but I detest her ever since."

"Has she discovered this?"

"I fear so. She found a locket among some of my things, and heard me mutter in my sleep—and although she does not, I believe, imagine me the murderer, yet she thinks I was in some mysterious manner connected with it. I conclude this from the fact that young Wentworth penetrated the secret, and told me of it this morning."

"And you silenced him forever?" asked Rodolphe, shuddering, for he had not suspected Edmund of *this* murder.

The answer was given in a low whisper. "But the charge has been fastened on another, you say;—who is that other?"

"A young man named Gerard."

"Is he also an enemy of yours?"

"He is no friend. But he is a worthless creature, and neither his friendship or enmity are of any consequence."

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our "And with regard to Colonel Moodie, was he one of those
 ed. enemies you intended revenging yourself upon, when you re-
 ible turned to Canada."

"He was."

"And how did you execute your vengeance on him, so as
 "I to so cunningly throw the guilt upon Fergusson, and thereby
 ing kill two birds with one stone?"

"I betrayed the plot to him and offered to guide him to the
 tile Governor and give information. Meantime I ordered Fer-
 ich gusson, who was my junior in the Fraternity to waylay
 oth and prevent him from reaching his destination—or on pain of
 er- his neglecting, we should all be betrayed and executed."

"Ah," said Rodolphe, "that is all right. Now answer
 er, me, how did you ascertain the fact, that you and William Ro-
 ry, dolphe were brothers?"

"It was revealed to me by Fergusson."

"How came *he* to know it?"

"Rodolphe told him his whole history one night, while in
 his cups."

The Biologist started. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "then as
 des regards Fergusson let things take their course. And it was
 as from him also," continued Rodolphe, "that you discovered
 ide the plot which had been formed to sacrifice you?"

"It was!" answered Edmund.

"The traitor!" exclaimed the elder Rodolphe—"the
 id- double-dyed traitor!—but let him suffer the penalty of his
 ge treachery. But," he continued mentally, "what a miscreant
 -?" is this man! The blackest dyes of hell are spotless con-
 trasted with him!" Then aloud—"And who was the man
 that last night promised to betray you to William Rodolphe?"

"I, myself," answered Edmund.

"Yourself! Ha! then that accounts for the strangeness of
 nd that mysterious individual knowing all relating to my history.

Well, and what are your intentions toward this William Rodolphe now?"

"Now?—I have no particular intentions towards him, except to make him useful to me."

"Useful to you," repeated the interrogator, looking surprised; "then you do not entertain sanguinary intentions towards him?"

"Oh, no—he is my brother, and I rather like him than otherwise. I shall trust him with nothing relating to me, but merely cause him to aid me in my purposes; and if ever I obtain power and I find him true to me, and that his ambition does not interfere with mine, I will sustain him."

"Then he was not one marked out by you as a victim?"

"Oh, no—possibly he may have been, in the first instance, but when I found him to be my brother, and how readily he agreed to be friends with me, all thoughts of a deadly nature towards him immediately vanished. Besides, the same parties who despised and trampled upon me, did the same by him—we both, in infancy, drank of the same bitter cup of want and obloquy together, and I intend that we both in manhood shall drink the same cup of revenge together."

"Ah," exclaimed William Rodolphe, wiping his brow, "I did not expect to hear this from him—there may be hopes of him yet! And what are your plans with regard to the future?"

"As circumstances may direct. There is no man living with sufficient sagacity to determine a precise track and follow it out. As circumstances occur, so must I avail myself of them; as difficulties arise so must I remove them."

"And you would not scruple at taking life, if you considered such to be one of these obstacles?"

"Certainly not. I do not take life, mark you, for the pur-

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pose of glutting a blood-thirsty disposition, but merely, as you say, because it is an obstacle in my way."

There was now a pause. What a change the last half hour had wrought in the relative condition of the parties in that room. From being the "master-spirit of the storm," he had become a mere child. A few moments ago, and it was Edmund Rodolphe who spoke in the stern tone of command—it was at his frown that his antagonist trembled—it was by the strength of his superior genius that he ruled the spirits of all around him—but now it was at *William's*. Lo! the change wrought by a magic science! There stood the mighty avenger—the self-confiding and haughty ambidexter—the wily and matchless conspirator, spell-bound and powerless before the superior influence of the stern magician who stood confronting him exultingly.

The latter was about to interrogate him further, when a hurried step came to the door, and a voice demanded admittance

CHAPTER II.

FERGUSSON AND THE MAGICIAN.

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hands? No! this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
And make their green all red"—MACBETH.

WHEN Fergusson discharged his piece, it fell from his hands, and in the agony of his terror, he knew not what had been the result of his shot. He saw the flash, and heard the report, and instantly after a confused tumultuous sound, like many voices mingled together. When he ventured to open his eyes, he saw a black horse before him, plunging violently, and the body of a man prostrate on the ground. He looked round for his companion—he was gone. "Fool that I am!" he exclaimed, "why do I remain, and expose myself to detection," and saying which, he sprang into the surrounding brushwood, and rushed forward, without regard to whither he was going, as if the avenger of blood had been behind him. Through thickets, through swamps, over morasses, and barrens, on he went, in his headlong career—neither caring or knowing whither. But he flew on in vain; that which he thought to shun, still stuck to him with leech-like tenacity—it had fastened its fangs in his heart—it was the demon Thought.

At length he paused. Wearied, panting, and wet with perspiration, he stopped, and for the first time looked around him. He was in the middle of a wide barren; the horizon was skirted with low brushwood, and he was utterly unable to

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form a conjecture as to his whereabouts. He sat down on a rock beside him, and looked fearfully in all directions. Every breath of wind that swept by, he mistook for the voice of an officer—every bush around him, he imagined a pursuer—he was fairly frantic. In his particular instance, the truth of the Universalist doctrine, regarding every crime producing its own punishment, so far as reflection and remorse goes, was fully verified—and his agony was, for the time, almost that of the damned.

At length it occurred to his mind that it would not do for him to remain there. That, to become benighted in such a place, and be forced to go prowling about for shelter, would of itself be sufficient to excite suspicion, and that the best method of preventing such from falling on him, would be to return to his usual pursuits, and act as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. Then he thought of the impossibility of his being able to appear calm and unconcerned—and the bare idea of being forced to listen to, and join in conversation regarding the murder, frightened him beyond measure. Then he cursed the hour in which he engaged in it—immediately on doing so he reflected that it was the only resource left him, and that had he neglected, Moodie would have betrayed himself and colleagues. This led him to curse afresh Ferrars, the Fraternity, Republicanism, and all connected with his misfortune, and finally, his surcharged feelings found relief in a flood of tears. None but Atlas could have lifted the world. Any person possessing a less portion of physical strength than this celebrated character, who should have attempted a similar feat would have been crushed beneath its weight, and instead of eliciting sympathy, would have drawn forth but laughter for his attempt. Little men should confine themselves only to what they can compass, and never make an effort beyond their strength. This applies equally well with respect to men

of weak minds, as bodies—they should never commence an undertaking, for which, from the peculiar construction of their mind they are incapacitated.

After spending an hour or two in unavailing regrets, our fugitive arose, and began to think of the best method of regaining the road which he had left. This was now no easy matter, for in his headlong flight he had paid very little attention to the particular course which he was pursuing, and had now not the slightest idea with regard to the direction in which the town lay. However, as there was a necessity for his doing something, he began to retrace his steps, but not with the same rapidity as before.

He had not gone 100 yards, when he observed a man running after him. Predisposed as his mind was to imagine himself pursued, he immediately conceived the idea that the person behind was a law officer charged with his arrest, and under the influence of that idea, his hair was erect, and increasing his pace to a run, he began clearing the ground as rapidly as when he first set out in his flight. The man behind, who had also lost his way, and wished to obtain directions from Fergusson regarding it, now quickened his pace, and not content with that, halloed after our hero to stop. But instead of this having the desired effect, it only tended to increase the fugitive's speed, for it confirmed his first suspicions with regard to the character of his pursuer.

Panting, sweating, and staggering with exhaustion, he rushed on, till at length, gaining sight of the main road, and looking round, and finding his pursuer had disappeared, he once more breathed freely. But he was terribly spent. He had not proceeded along the road very far, when he saw a person standing before him, at the distance of five or six hundred yards, and some dark object extended at his feet. Instinctively he stopped. This inanimate object, appeared to be

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a human body. "Can it be Moodie?" he thought, while a convulsive shudder crept through his frame. But no, it could not very well be him, for this was not the spot where Moodie fell—it was nearer to the city. Presently, he observed the man before him stoop down, and take up the corpse, for such it was, and with much difficulty drag it to a cottage, which stood in a field at some distance from the road. Now was his chance to pass, and availing himself of it, he walked rapidly forward, until he arrived at the spot where the corpse had been lying. There was a pool of coagulated blood, and the marks of footsteps in the road, as if a great crowd had been recently on the spot. He turned sick at the sight; "this must be my victim," he thought—"the horse has carried him thus far towards the city before he fell; that must have been the way of it." Concluding from this that the road would soon be beset with parties in search of the assassins, he began to think that he had better discover some less frequented route to the city, and immediately after, hearing the sound of horses' feet behind him, it decided him, and he again took to the fields.

But the route was circuitous and difficult—and at length, the heat of the sun, his fears, and the fatigue he had undergone, all combined to overcome him, and after wandering about several hours, with his eyes bloodshot, his lips parched, and the foam standing in his mouth, he advanced to the door of a cottage for the purpose of demanding a drink of water, and a few moments' rest.

As he did so, he heard the sound of voices within. He paused, for the tones of one of the speakers was familiar to him. Stealthily creeping up to the window, he looked in. By this time, the voices had ceased, but the sight that met his view was so surpassing strange, that he stood spell-bound, and unable to move; and determined to gratify his curiosity, even

should he compromise his safety, he remained motionless at the window, scarcely daring to breathe.

He beheld within, a young woman, of great beauty, sitting rigid and still; her face pale, and every feature in that state of placid repose, which characterizes the cold unchanging beauty of the marble Venus. Her eyes were closed, and her lips slightly parted, disclosing her white and even teeth beneath their ruby barriers.

Beside her, his hands outstretched above her head, but not touching it, and his countenance exhibiting that peculiar expression, denoting the intense earnestness or abstraction of the mind, stood a young man, whose very being seemed wound up and absorbed in the unhallowed rite which he was performing. Intense silence reigned within; nothing could be heard but their deep drawn and heavy breathing, and the whole scene looked like the performance of some of those dark, forbidden rites, practiced by the Magicians and Necromancers of old.

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CHAPTER III.

THE BROTHERS RECONCILED.

"Is not my arm of all-sufficient length," &c.—KING RICHARD II.

To explain the mystery attached to this scene, we must return to the point at which we left our story at chapter I.

On hearing the step which came to the door, William Rodolphe suddenly paused in his operations, and rapidly passing his hand before St. George, as well as his brother, he said to the latter, "You have now forgotten every thing that has taken place in this room since I entered it. You may try to recollect, but you cannot recall a single circumstance. You feel a strong attachment towards me which nothing will overcome." Then passing his hands upwards, he pronounced the magic words, "all right!" and in a moment both St. George and the younger Rodolphe stood possessed of all their mental powers; a confused vague feeling hung over the mind of the latter, which he could not analyze—but this was all.

The elder Rodolphe then observed to his brother that there was some one at the door seeking admittance. The latter looked at him stupidly and vaguely in reply, till comprehending his meaning, he bid the person outside come in, the Biologist at the same moment, unturning the bolt.

A man dressed in the ordinary Canadian costume entered. He spoke not, but going up to Edmund Rodolphe, he made the signal of the League.

"Ah," said Edmund, responding by a similar sign, "you

are a member of the Fraternity. Well, what do you want? speak—these are all friends here.”

“I want assistance,” said the man, “to aid in the escape of one of the League, who has been arrested for having committed a meritorious act.”

“Ah; and why do you come to me?”

“Because Edmund Ferrars is all powerful, and if he cannot aid one, who can? Beside, I was ordered to come to you.”

“Yes—yes,” said Rodolphe, evidently gratified; “well, what offence has the party committed? Be quick—my time is precious.”

“He has slain a Government official.”

“Oh, is that all?” said Edmund, with a sneer—“nevertheless it was rash—it might lead to some premature step. Who is the party slain?”

“Colonel Moodie,” answered the man.

“Ah, indeed!” cried Rodolphe, starting; “and who the devil could have sent you to me?”

“A man named Simms. I was working in the jail-yard when he was brought in; he made me the sign in passing. I waited till I got an opportunity to find my way to his cell, and speak to him. He at once told me that he committed the crime, and asked me if I would aid him in his escape; I told him that it was not my duty. Very well, said he, there is only one person sufficiently powerful to aid me in this strait, that is Edmund Ferrars; but I am afraid to write to him for fear the letter might be lost; but go you to him and tell him of the circumstance, and my name, if he asks it, and let him advise me how I am to act. So having told you this, I have acquitted myself of the charge.”

“Very faithfully,” said Rodolphe, “and very judiciously on the part of Simms,” he muttered. “That will do,” he

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added, to the man; "I will effect his release—take no further trouble about the matter; you have done your share."

"But will you save him?"

"Have I not said it? What more do you want?"

The man bowed, and was about going out, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned and said, "Oh, there is another thing. A prisoner, who told me his name was Gerard, also charged with murder, overheard Simms mention your name, and understanding that I was coming to you, implored of me to request you to visit him in prison, as his safety in a great measure depended on it."

"Ah, Gerard, too—very well, that will do," said Rodolphe, waving his hand to the man, who again saluting those in the room, departed.

When he had gone, the latter walked once or twice across the room, as if trying to collect his thoughts. "I must go and see those parties," he said, "or some mischief may occur. Simms may blab, if he thinks he has been deserted.—By the bye, St. George, we shall not be able to put that plan of ours into execution immediately. Return in about two hour's time, and we will see then what is to be done." His eye then fell upon his brother; he looked at him with a puzzled expression; "By the bye, Rodolphe," he said, "I cannot for the soul of me remember what it was we were last talking about, when that fellow interrupted us. D——n it. My memory seems to play me false, some how, I don't know what our conversation was about. One thing I know, that we had become friends, and agreed from henceforth to be sworn brothers, but d——n me, if I remember any thing else."

"There is very little else to remember," said the elder Rodolphe, "I came with the intention of sending you on a mission to Washington—you declined going, from some suspicions which had arisen in your mind, then, on your in-

forming me of the fact of our relationship, we consented to become friends."

"Oh, true, true," said Edmund, whose thoughts were busy attempting to recall the events which had transpired, but the more he reflected, the more vague became his reflections—the more he gazed on the subject, the more it clouded his gaze.

"Well," said St. George, seizing his hat, "as for me, I suppose I shall not be wanted for the next two hours—till then, Messrs. Rodolphe, good morning;" so saying he went out.

"What is your opinion regarding that youth?" asked the elder Rodolphe, when he had gone out.

"That he possesses great energy, courage, and a certain eccentric genius which runs to waste because it has no aim."

"Watch him closely," said the elder, "for if you do not he will, one day, outstrip us all."

Edmund laughed. "I do not fear that," he said, "I have St. George pretty well under my thumb. But," he continued, "I must hasten to the jail—I must not lose sight of Ferguson, or in a moment of terror or pique, he might revenge himself by betraying us all."

"Then you do not intend to sacrifice him?"

"Intend to sacrifice him?—did we not agree to save him. He is not to be deserted."

"Oh, as you please about that," said the elder Rodolphe drily, "I know *I* shall not exert myself much to prevent his going to the gallows."

Edmund's eyes sparkled. "You do not mean to say," he cried, "that you are not interested in his fate?"

"His fate is a matter of the most perfect indifference," replied the elder.

"Ah, then," said Edmund, with a significant look; "I

ated to think the coalition we have formed will be permanent, and
 e busy since I see you are determined to allow no officious interfer-
 out the ence to take place with regard to my little plans, rest assured,
 ions— shall show a similar deference for yours."

ed his "So be it," said the elder, "and now I must depart; Papi-
 ed his beau has requested me to assist him in a dangerous under-
 me, I taking; this is the hour I promised to meet him, and it will
 s—till not do to fail him at his need."

went "It is not to seize the Governor?" asked Edmund.

ed the "That is the very thing; we are about devising means
 certain whereby that may be accomplished."

aim." "Ha, I thought the Canadian had not the pluck himself,
 not, but would require the aid of an Anglo-Saxon. When does
 have the League meet?"

nued, "Tomorrow night. Will you be there?"

rgus- "Perhaps—but I have much to do, ere then."

enge "By Jupiter—so have I! Farewell."

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CHAPTER IV.

WENTWORTH'S LOVE.

"And oh, I find in thee wert given,
A blessing never meant for me—
Thou wert too like a dream of heaven,
For earthly love to merit thee."—BYRON.

"AND this is true then," thought St. George, as he pursued his way towards the suburbs, on leaving Rodolphe's house.—
"But how extraordinary! Yes! it is evident some can be brought under perfect influence, and some cannot be effected at all. Ha! Rodolphe, deep as you were, I have outwitted you! Heavens what power it has armed me with! Whether I can exercise the science or not, is immaterial—what power it has given me over the Rodôlphes. And yet I should inform Edmund of all—of the manner in which he has been sold; but let me see, what would be the result—Rodolphe's death. No, no, there have been murders enough lately, and my own death? yes, certainly. Fool! if such a man as Edmund Rodolphe knew that we possessed this knowledge would he allow us to breathe the air of Heaven four and twenty hours longer? No, no! Besides, let the elder Rodolphe work his destruction, if he pleases; is he not a demon in human shape—why should I stick by him? Has he not been the murderer of poor Wentworth?—Ha! had I forgotten that? No! let him be crushed under the weight of his own enormities! Hereafter I will attach myself to William, and this miscreant I will use as my tool until my end to-day—

be attained, and then spurn him from me. I shall require him in carrying out this undertaking which has been assigned to me, and until that is over, I shall keep a fair face towards him. Ah, thinking of Wentworth reminds me, that I must go and break the news to poor Anne Ashton. But this discovery—I cannot think of any thing else—I wonder if I can operate, I will try on the first person I meet. I think I have his secret—if not, I must obtain it from him, no matter what price. Oh! how I will make Mary Hereford hate me!"

As he thus pondered, and hastened on towards the cottage wherein resided the person he had named, we shall precede him, and take a view of the cottage in question, immediately previous to his arriving there.

Mary and her fair cousin, Anne Ashton, are seated side by side, with their arms around each other's necks, engaged in earnest conversation. Mary has a handkerchief bound round her head, and confining her raven tresses, as if she had just worn it there, and ran across the fields to pay her cousin a momentary visit. There is no one just now in but themselves, the other inmates of the house being engaged in some other occupation. Anne Ashton has no longer that vivacious expression which she wore when first introduced to the reader; her countenance had now a more sombre and melancholy aspect. Her companion has noticed this, and remarked—

"You have often blamed and laughed at me, Anne, for looking so wretched, but I wonder which of us it is that looks miserable to-day. Oh, this love, what a dreadful affair it is! Before you experienced the tender passion, and while you looked at its power, you done nothing but laugh and sing all the live long day—and now, instead of that, you do nothing but sigh, and write poetry. But I never saw you look so bad to-day—what can I do to cheer you up?"

"I don't know, Mary love, but the truth is I do feel a
pression of spirits which I never before experienced. I feel
a weight on my mind as if something dreadful was about
happen; I cannot describe the feeling—I dare say you have
yourself felt it at times. I know it is foolish, and I have tried
to shake it off, but I cannot."

"Ah, wait till you see him coming up the lane, then
said Mary laughing, "all these vapors will soon fly away
I know well what the feeling is, but it always vanishes
the approach of *himself*. And so you love this Ned West
worth, Anne?"

The fair girl bent her eyes to the ground, while a blush
suffused her face, "Do you love St. George, Mary?" she
said in return.

"Love St. George? Oh! Heavens!" cried Mary, turn-
ing her large dark eyes on her companion; "beyond every
thing in all this world. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because," replied Anne, "it is thus I love Edward West-
worth," and again she blushed at this candid declaration.

"But you have not known him but a very short time."

"That matters not," returned Anne, "I am a believer
in the doctrine of love at first sight; from the first time I saw
him—from that moment when our eyes first met, I loved him,
and I believe from that moment, my love was returned."

"I remember that glance, I shall never forget it—it was not
a moment, but I believe that in that moment our souls be-
came ed forth from our eyes, and coalesced into one essence. Be-
lieve never mind my affairs of this kind, tell me how you and St.
George get on. Have you seen him lately?"

It was now Mary's turn to blush. "Yes," she replied
hesitatingly, "I saw him this morning."

"And what did he say, that you color up in that manner?
was he pressing you to name the day?"

and Mary shook her head.

"I know it will vex you, Mary," continued Anne, "and always has had that effect whenever I said it—but I really do not half like this St. George. I admit that he is a fine handsome looking fellow—that as far as personal appearance goes, he is perfect, but at the same time, I am almost inclined to think he is heartless, and that his good looks form the best of his recommendation. But, no—no," she added hastily, observing that Mary had become deadly pale. "I am not in earnest, dear—I was only teasing you. The fact is, I am jealous of you, and therefore depreciate the thing I cannot get."

"The more that St. George is run down, and the more that Gerard is persecuted on his account, the more I love him," said Anne, who had, indeed, turned very pale, at her companion's words—"and so far from his being heartless, I believe from the bottom of my soul, that he would as willingly this moment lay down his life for mine, as that he would lay down in his bed to sleep. I have as firm a belief in his truth, and honor, as I have in my own."

"He ought, indeed, to love you, Mary dear, for you have endured much on his account. Does Gerard keep up his assertions yet?"

"No! I discovered Gerard in such a gross falsehood, that I believe he has become ashamed of himself, and has avoided me ever since. I had a good opinion of him before that—but that piece of business caused me so much pain, that I don't think I ever shall be able to forgive him."

"But are you sure he was in fault? Because I have always found Gerard strictly honorable."

"He confessed it, so there can be no question about the matter; and the worst of it was, that after confessing it, he told another falsehood, to clear himself of the blame."

"Strange," said Anne, "that Gerard should act so; it is

the first time I ever knew him do any thing that could call to blush to his cheek. Poor fellow! he must have been sadly in love to have gone so far. But, Mary, is not your father in trouble regarding some law matters?"

"Oh, that will be all right," exclaimed Mary joyfully, "the man that they have been abusing for every thing that is vile and infamous, has returned their calumnies by an act of kindness of which they are wholly undeserving—at least from him."

"Who, St. George?"

"Yes, he has promised me to discharge it!"

"St. George! you are dreaming, child! St. George himself is poor."

"That is what I said to him, Anne, but he laughed, and told me not to fear his not performing his promise on that account. But they will be soon returning home, and I should not like them to find me out. Good-bye, dear Anne," she said, kissing her affectionately, "keep up your spirits—do not get in the blues; all will yet go well."

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CHAPTER V.

ANNE ASHTON.

“But when you tell her he is dead,
 She faintly laughs, and shakes her head;
 And pointing to yon glowing star,
 Will tell you he has gone to find
 A home, a brighter home afar,
 For one he wept to leave behind.”—ANONYMOUS.

As Mary Hereford crossed the fields to return home, St. George approached the house from the road. He entered and found Anne alone. “Now,” thought the youthful metaphysician, “I shall have a glorious opportunity of testing this science. If, when I shall have revealed this overwhelming news, if after that, I am *still* able to control her mind, there must be something very mysterious in the power. But I doubt it; however I must not doubt—Rodolphe spake as if he believed—we will try.”

“Well, my beautiful commentator on Byron,” he saidocularly, on entering, you are all alone to-day, eh! Well I wish I had known that before, and I should have spent a very pleasant morning with you.”

“Oh, Mr. Cynic, is it you?” said Miss Ashton; well it is my unpleasant duty to inform you that you are about five minutes too late.”

“Too late for what?”

“To meet your lady-love; who left here only a few minutes. Is it not too bad? but you know what Shakspeare says about the course of true love never running smooth.”

"Oh," said St. George, "I saw her this morning."

"Aye, and you think once in the twenty-four hours quite often enough to see her, do you? But you don't seem to have the humor to retaliate to-day. What is the matter?"

At these words St. George shuddered, and became pale. He knew that she alluded to his habit of bantering her about Wentworth, and when he suddenly recollected the fate of the young man, he felt a cold chill strike to his heart. But then he thought to himself, I will communicate it to her in such a manner, as to render the shock as light as possible. Science is true, or it is not true; if this is true, she shall not feel the pain, that she otherwise would at such a horrible announcement.

"Well," continued Anne, "you are really the Knight of the rueful countenance, to-day! What in the world can be the matter?"

"I ought to ask you that question," said St. George, "for you look dreadful."

"Oh, I have a headache."

"I have a sovereign remedy for headache."

"And for low spirits?"

"Yes, a certain cure for low spirits also," he answered.

"Then I can say unto thee, in scriptural language, 'Physician, heal thyself!'"

"Oh, it is not applicable to myself; but I really have a remedy for headache, low spirits, etc., in others."

"But do you really mean to say you have, in earnest?"

"Most distinctly. Will you allow me to try it on you?"

"Well, yes—what must I do?"

"Nothing, only sit still, do not think, and close your eyes."

"Oh, you are going to black my face, you did that once before," she cried, laughing.

"Upon my honor, I am serious," said St. George, placing

is hand upon her head; "now close your eyes, and compose your thoughts. "There!" he exclaimed, your headache is gone!"

"So it is, I declare!" she cried in a tone of surprise;

Well, you are a wonderful doctor, and effect extraordinary expeditious cures!"

"Stop! stop! I must now restore your spirits; you will soon be as light-hearted, as a nightingale singing. He bent down, and mingled his breath with hers, keeping his hand on her head, until a certain amount of the nervous energy possessed by him pervaded her whole system—"There!" he continued, passing his hand before her face, you are now become as joyous as if there was not such a thing as care or trouble in all this world."

"It is true!" she cried, "I never felt such a buoyancy of spirits in my life," and she laughed immoderately.

"You feel so happy," said St. George, himself elated at the success of his experiment, "that nothing I could tell you, however gloomy, would depress your mind?"

"No, nothing," she answered.

"Not even the loss of your lover?"

"Psha!—there are plenty more lovers," she replied, laughing. "You would not mind it, were I to tell you, that you would never see him again?"

"Not at all," she answered—"Can I not get them by dozens?"

"Well, Anne," he said, keeping his hand tightly pressed on her forehead, "it is true—you will not see him again—but, you will feel no regret on that account—I will it."

"I know that—but what has happened him?"

"He is dead!"

And strange to say, she *did not* express any regret at this startling announcement. To those who do not understand

the nature of the extraordinary science of Biology, or P
 thetism, this will appear unnatural and absurd; to those wh
 do understand that science, it will appear rational as well
 credible.

"Wonderful science!" exclaimed St. George, mentally.
 "Well may I cry—'Eureka! I have found it!'" Then h
 continued aloud—"And now, Anne, what are you going
 do for a sweet heart?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"Do you not know," he continued, passing his hand befor
 her face, and mingling his breath with hers, "that you hav
 long loved me—and that I return your love ten-fold—the
 we have loved each other from childhood—answer—do yo
 not know this?"

She blushed, and hung down her head.

"Speak!" continued St. George; "I will it!"

"Yes, I love you—have always loved you," she faltered.

"And that we are betrothed," he added, "and that yo
 prize me above every thing else on earth."

"Oh, you know I do," she exclaimed passionately, clasp
 ing his hand; "my whole soul yearns towards you! I ar
 yours now and forever," and she pulled him towards her
 the hand. He sat down beside her, and clasped her in h
 arms. He became excited; how could he avoid becomin
 so—a woman in the deep bloom of female loveliness, wa
 caressing him—he felt her warm against his side—her hear
 throbbing against his—her arms encircling him round, an
 her eyes beaming fondly and passionately on his—it was
 vain for him to resist. Unhallowed fires were kindled
 his soul—his blood rushed madly through his veins—h
 pulses throbbed tumultuously, and his heart beat fast unde
 the influence of the wild excitement that pervaded his whole
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"And you love me, Anne, with your whole soul," he said, "sweet one, you will love me more and more."

"Oh! is not this happiness!" she cried, clasping him still more tightly. "Oh, to remain forever thus! Oh! St. George, say—you will never—never leave me—you will never desert me for another!"

"Never—never!" he whispered, pressing his lips to hers; passionately she returned the caress.

Unwinding her arms from his neck, he disengaged himself from her embrace, and standing before her, with his hand extended towards her, he said,

"Anne, I am going to make you sleep. You will sit down on the sofa; now you feel an inclination to sleep you cannot shake off." As he said this, her head fell heavily to one side, and she closed her eyes. "Now sleep!" he cried, extending his finger—"I will it!"

In the next moment the defenceless and innocent girl, lay extended on the sofa, wrapped in profound slumber, and at the mercy of a heartless and unprincipled villain. Yet by what strange means and unworthy agents does an Almighty Providence sometimes work his ends!

Just as his last command had been obeyed, and Anne Ashton had sank placidly to slumber, St. George imagined that he heard a slight noise outside. He started, and turning round suddenly beheld a face at the window, and a pair of eyes gazing through, and intently observing the whole transaction.

The face was that of Fergusson.

"Thank Heaven," muttered St. George, "I have been spared this piece of villainy! But yet it is annoying that that fellow should have discovered this! All right!" he continued, addressing Anne, who started from her slumber, and gazed round confusedly. "I have cured your headache—I

have brought back your spirits—I have given you an antidote against sorrow—and now, Anne, good-bye—I must go !”

“ Oh,” cried Anne, “ where have I been, or what have I been doing. Oh ! such a strange dream as I have had !—but St. George, why do you go ?”

“ Retain those feelings !” cried the young man, passing his hand before her ; “ retain those feelings which you just now possessed, until I return again. Adieu !” and he rushed from the cottage leaving the young girl’s mind a chaos of confusion, doubt, and mystery.

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CHAPTER VI.

FERGUSSON ARRESTED.

"Murder will out."—HAMLET.

WHEN St. George gained the outside of the house, he beheld the wretched Fergusson still standing in the same position—his knees smiting against each other, and his whole appearance denoting extreme weakness, terror and irresolution. St. George gazed at him a moment, and then with a look of affected surprise exclaimed—

"Can this be Mr. Fergusson! What in the name of every thing mysterious is the matter?"

"You are one of the chiefs of the Fraternity," muttered the latter, his teeth chattering with apprehension, "and are bound to assist me. I am pursued—I am in a great strait—my life is in danger—I want your aid."

"Oh," cried St. George, sneeringly, for he remembered Fergusson's arrogant conduct on the first night he had seen him, and was determined to play off a little revenge. "Surely the all-powerful Mr. Fergusson cannot have mixed himself up in any scrape from which his genius and ability is unable to extricate him. He is the most influential chief of the League."

"D—n the league!" muttered Fergusson, "I tell you my life is in danger—will you assist me or will you not. Take care! or I will blow you all up, although I stand on the mine myself which I am about to spring!"

"Assist you," repeated St. George; "certainly, to the

utmost of my power—it is my duty to do so; only announce your wishes and I will execute them. But there is one question I wish to ask—Did you incur the danger of which you are apprehensive on account of the League?”

“Yes, assuredly; had I not incurred this danger, your necks would have stood in a rather unpleasant position.”

“Then what is it you fear,” exclaimed St. George, smiling, “do you think the League not sufficiently powerful to protect you? Do you think they would suffer you to be punished even supposing you were captured—even supposing you were in prison—aye, supposing you to be on the scaffold. Even *there* I tell you, they would effect your escape! Do you doubt their power?”

“Not at all. I know they have the power if they choose to exert it—but the question is, *will they* make an effort to save me?”

“Will they do so?—what madness!” said St. George; “do not their own safety—the safety—nay, the existence of each individual member of it depend on their good faith towards you? Is that not sufficient guaranty—what more can you desire! Fear nothing—you will be saved, even if you are taken.”

“And what do you ground your belief on?” asked Ferragussion, eagerly.

“On random expressions made use of by some of the senior chiefs of the League, as well as by our oath which enjoins us to be true to each other in cases of the kind.”

“And you heard——”

“Both Rodolphe and Ferrars express themselves thus.”

“But,” said Ferragussion alarmed, “you don’t mean to say you heard those two you have named conversing together?”

“Oh, no,” said St. George, smiling, “they are enemies.

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"True. Well, what do you propose that I should do now?"

St. George thought for a moment, ere he replied.

"There is but one course—that is a very obvious one—return to your home, and act as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Why you would be mad to act in any other manner, because that is the only course that would prevent suspicion. Let us look at the facts. Colonel Moodie is found murdered; it was done through malice or for gain. Who would dream at the instigation of a political conspiracy.

Well, suspicion rests on no one,—as for Mr. Fergusson, the merchant of Montreal, it would never enter into the heart of man to imagine that *he* was one of the parties engaged in the transaction—how could suspicion fall upon him? But let him fly as a fugitive—let him be once missed—that will first fasten suspicion on him, and afterwards it will be easy to trace out the chain, link by link. Don't you see the propriety of Shakspeare saying, 'our fears are traitors?' Stay—meet the emergency—but, if you would risk discovery and ruin, not only to yourself, but the whole plot, you will fly. Don't you know 'To fly the boar before the boar pursues,' you know the rest. Come, let us return to the city."

"Well, I dare say, after all," said Fergusson, in a half-doubtful tone, "but your advice is the best."

"The best? there can be no question of it! This is—let me see—yes—on the 5th of November, the general rising from Malden, U. C., to Halifax, N. S., will take place—in one day Canada will become independent—only hold out till then, and victory is ours! On that day, General Scott will enter Lower Canada, and General Wool, Upper, at the head of twenty thousand volunteers; you will be Attorney General. Tush! man—fear not now—now, that we hold our fate in our hands! It would be horrible to become the Tresham of

such a plot as this! Your name would be damned to a posterity!"

These arguments had the desired effect—especially the one regarding the Attorney Generalship—and Fergusson became gradually reassured. After a few moments' pause, he suggested:

"But, suppose I *should* be arrested——"

"Well, suppose you are—you will be released," insisted St. George, who was anxious that Fergusson's knowledge regarding his infamous conduct relative to Miss Ashley should not be brought to light. "I tell you, we will liberate you, if you were beneath the foot of the scaffold, the League will set you free. They will—I pledge you my soul. Do you believe me?"

"I do," said Fergusson, all his fears quieted, as he grasped his companion's hand; "I do, for I think I can trust you."

"You can," said St. George, "and now let us change the subject, or possibly we may be overheard."

"By the bye," said Fergusson, "in the name of every thing mysterious, what sort of jugglery was that you were engaged in when I looked through the window of the cottage yonder?"

St. George bit his lip—but ere he could frame a reply, they were confronted by an officer on horseback, who riding up beside Fergusson, placed his hand on his shoulder, and exclaimed:

"You are my prisoner; in the name of Her Majesty, the Queen, I arrest you on the charge of murder!"

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CHAPTER VII.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"Remember that the cry is still 'St. Mark!'
The Genoese are come—ho! to the rescue!
St. Mark and liberty!"—DOGE OF VENICE.

WHEN Rodolphe left his brother's mansion, he pursued his way through a well-known street, for some minutes, until he arrived in front of a building, celebrated afterwards in the State Trials as Campbell's Hotel. He ascended the steps, and being recognized by the landlord who opened the door, as an "*Eagle*," he was ushered into a room in which were assembled three or four men.

One, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, he immediately recognized as the chief, Louis Joseph Papineau. He appears agitated, and is walking the floor and speaking energetically and without intermission. Sitting beside the window, with his back towards the door, and his face directed towards the streets below, sat another person, whose features could not be distinguished, but who appears to pay much attention to the observations of his colleagues. This was Dr. Nelson. A third party leaned against the mantel-piece. He was a young man of about thirty, of slight proportions, but rather handsome features. His countenance was of a foreign aspect, and his complexion dark. He wore a blue pea jacket, a blue sash, a small straight sword, and green spectacles.* This was the

* *Vide* the evidence given by Lieut. Hyde Parker before the courts-martial sitting on the Rebels in 1839. De Lorimer underwent the extreme sentence of the law with the utmost heroism. See "State Trials," published by Armour & Ramsey, Montreal. Vol. 1, p. 296.

chevalier De Lorimer, one of the most active as well as the most chivalrous of the leaders engaged in the outbreak. Louis Bourdon, a tall man, with high cheek bones, and other characteristics indicative of his French descent, also stood by, and appeared to be dissatisfied at the remarks dropping from Papineau. This man's countenance had a very savage, sanguinary cast, and it was evident he would not scruple to adopt any course, however blood-thirsty, whereby he might attain his purpose. He, too, was executed afterwards. The fifth, and last, was a slight young man, even more effeminate than the chevalier De Lorimer. His name was Eustace Beauharnois, (pronounced Burnwah.) Lavator would have at once traced, on a view of his countenance, the agitator—the restless conspirator—stamped thereon. He had that ardent, sanguine look which at once reveals the fiery nature of the soul within. The description given by Galor, in Byron's "*Werner*" of his first interview with count Arnold, conveys the full meaning I would impress in saying that this man's spirit spoke out through his eyes. He wore a sort of blue uniform, and an undress military cap with a gold band, such as are worn by British officers, when off duty. From a black belt round his waist descended a small hanger, while high boots, with spurs, completed his costume. On the whole he was one, with whose appearance parties would feel prepossessed.

When Rodolphe entered, there was a slight bustle, and Papineau immediately ceased speaking. The whole party with the exception of the last named and Nelson, saluted Rodolphe in the same manner as soldiers do a military chief. The two latter merely nodded, and Papineau immediately addressed him :

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"He will not go," returned Rodolphe, with a sort of smile, which seemed to add, "nor are we able to make him go."

"He will not go," cried Papineau, "but, *pardieu*, he must go! Are we a set of children that each one can do as he pleases; like when they are at play, and one becomes discontented, and cries out, 'I will play no longer.' No, it must be done! William Rodolphe, look to it; it must be done!"

"Hear the dictator!" cried Rodolphe laughing. "Why you overrun your ambition, and fancy yourself the little *Emperor* already. *Napoleon* was the only man, I believe, that could say there is no such word in my vocabulary as *impossible*. We cannot triumph over circumstances in the same imperial manner as he did."

"But I tell you," said Papineau, passionately, "we must send a delegate on to our partizans in the States. We must not render this affair abortive, as we did on the occasion of the former attempt to overthrow the British power; we must have every thing fall out exactly as planned. We must send a delegate on to General Martin, to meet me in the county of L'Acadie, on the 2d November to attack Saint Johns——"

"Then," interrupted Rodolphe, "all our plans have been altered since the chiefs of the League met last?"

"No, but some of them have. You recollect that there were two or three of us who had no particular duties assigned, well, since then, I have appointed them to different departments of the work, which arrangements can be ratified at the meeting of the League, tomorrow night."

"And you wished Ferrars to go on to the States, and it was no *ruse* after all?" asked Rodolphe.

"Ah," said Papineau, "he might have been disposed of on the way; but I intended to send a trusty agent with him, so that whatever fate should befall Ferrars, *my* agent would have

gone safe with his message to General Martin. And do you say Ferrars will not go?"

"He says he has engaged in business relating to the League, which he cannot now relinquish."

"Oh, I anticipated that answer; but why did you not tell him," said Papineau, "that that business, of whatever nature it was, would have been entrusted to another party?"

"I did so," answered Rodolphe, "but he gave me such reasons for pursuing it himself, and hinted so pointedly at our intentions, that had you yourself been there, you would have come to the conclusion that for the present it would be best to leave such a dangerous character alone."

"Ha, very well," replied Papineau, "I only entered into this conspiracy against Ferrars, to please you; if you are satisfied, I am. But one thing must be done; a messenger must be despatched instantly to our friends across the lines; there is not a moment to be lost."

"And why not send this man who was to have accompanied Ferrars?"

"I will send him too; but for fear that he should miscarry I want to send another with a duplicate despatch. Martin must meet me at L'Acadie on the 2d."

"And why Martin? Have not Wool and Scott, both possessing more influence, and both abler men, and more distinguished soldiers, volunteered their services?"

"They have, and offered at the same time to lead twenty-five thousand men into Canada; but McKenzie did not meet their advances as he should have done, and they have both since been appointed to other duty in connection with their own government. At the time they made this offer they were unemployed."

"Why not send Beauharnois—he would like nothing better than to return at the head of Martin's army?"

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do you "Not I," said Beauharnois; "I would not take a thousand pounds, and be absent when the Declaration of Independence to the is read."

not tel- "But you will return ere that," said Rodolphe, "it is not yet drawn out."

nature "You are mistaken," said Nelson, turning from the window, and facing the speakers. "I have drawn a rude draft of it out, which shall be laid before the chiefs of the League Thursday night—I have it in my pocket."

would "Ah, that is coming to the point," said Beauharnois, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm; "the sooner that document is in circulation the better."

d into "What a sudden blow it will be," said DeLorimer, rubbing his hands in glee; "they imagine they have quelled the Insurrection—that Canada is quiet from one end to the other. This will burst upon them like a thunder-storm!"

panied "Read the Declaration," said Rodolphe, "as neither myself or Papineau will likely be at the meeting of the League; that is if you have it about you."

carry "Here it is," said Nelson, drawing a document from his pocket—"listen." And he read the following Declaration:—

both "Whereas the solemn covenant made with the people of Lower Canada, and recorded in the Statute Book of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as the thirty-first chapter of the Act passed in the thirty-first year of the Reign of King George III. hath been continually violated by the British Government, and our rights usurped. And, whereas our humble petitions, addresses, protests and remonstrances against this injurious and unconstitutional interference have been made in vain. That the British Government hath disposed of our revenue without the constitutional consent of the local Legislature—pillaged our treasury—arrested great

numbers of our citizens, and committed them to prison—distributed through the country a mercenary army, whose presence is accompanied by consternation and alarm—whose track is red with the blood of our people—who have laid our villages in ashes—profaned our temples—and spread terror and waste through the land. And, whereas we can no longer suffer the repeated violations of our dearest rights, and patiently support the multiplied outrages and cruelties of the Government of Lower Canada, we, in the name of the people of Lower Canada, acknowledging the decrees of a Divine Providence, which permits us to put down a Government which hath abused the object and intention for which it was created, and to make choice of that form of Government which shall re-establish the empire of Justice—assure domestic tranquillity—provide for common defence—promote general good, and secure to us and our posterity the advantages of civil and religious liberty,

SOLEMNLY DECLARE:—

1. That from this day forward, the PEOPLE OF LOWER CANADA are absolved from all allegiance to Great Britain, and that the political connection between that Power and Lower Canada, is now dissolved.
2. That a REPUBLICAN form of Government is best suited to Lower Canada, which is this day declared to be a REPUBLIC.
3. That under the Free Government of Lower Canada, all persons shall enjoy the same rights; the Indians shall no longer be under any civil disqualifications, but shall enjoy the same rights as all other citizens in Lower Canada.
4. That all union between Church and State is hereby declared to be DISSOLVED, and every person shall be at liberty

—dis freely to exercise such religion or belief as shall be dictated
pres. to him by his conscience.

whos. 5. That the Feudal or Seignorial Tenure of land is here-
id our by abolished, as completely as if such Tenure had never
terror existed in Canada.

onger. 6. That each and every person who shall bear arms, or
d pa otherwise furnish assistance to the people of Canada, in this
of the contest for emancipation, shall be, and is discharged from all
people dues or obligations, real or supposed, for arrearages in virtue
ivine of Seignorial rights, heretofore existing.

ment. 7. That the *douaire coutumier* is for the future abolished
was and prohibited.

which 8. That imprisonment for debt shall no longer exist, ex-
estic cept in such cases of fraud as shall be specified in an Act to be
neral passed hereafter by the Legislature of Lower Canada for this
es of purpose.

9. That sentence of death shall no longer be passed nor
executed, except in cases of murder.

WEA 10. That all mortgages on landed estates shall be special,
and to be valid, shall be enregistered in offices to be erected
ower for this purpose, by an Act of the Legislature of Lower
Canada.

ited 11. That the liberty and freedom of the press shall exist
RE. in all public matters and affairs.

ada, 12. That TRIAL BY JURY is guaranteed to the people of
hall Lower Canada in its most extended and liberal sense, in all
joy criminal suits, and in civil suits, above a sum to be fixed by
the Legislature of the State of Lower Canada.

by 13. That as general and public education is necessary and
erty due by the Government of the people, an Act to provide for
the same shall be passed as soon as the circumstances of the
country will permit.

14. That to secure the elective franchise, all elections shall be had by BALLOT.

15. That with the least possible delay, the people shall choose delegates, according to the present division of the country into counties, towns, and boroughs, who shall constitute a Convention or Legislative body, to establish a constitution, according to the wants of the country, and in conformity with the disposition of this declaration, subject to be modified according to the will of the people.

16. That every male person, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, shall have the right of voting, as herein provided, and for the election of the aforesaid delegates.

17. That all Crown Lands, also, such as are called Clergy Reserves, and such as are nominally in possession of a certain company of landholders, in England, called the "British North American Land Company," are of right the property of the State of Lower Canada, except such portions of the aforesaid lands as may be in the possession of persons who hold the same in good faith, and to whom titles shall be secured and granted, by virtue of a law which shall be enacted to legalize the possession of, and afford a title for such untitled lots of land in the Townships as are under cultivation or improvement.

18. That the French and English languages shall be used in public affairs; and for the fulfillment of this declaration, and for the support of the patriotic cause in which we are now engaged, with a firm reliance on the protection of the Almighty, and justice of our conduct. WE by these presents, solemnly pledge to each other our lives and fortunes, and our most sacred honor."

By order of the Provisional Government,

ROBERT NELSON, *President.*

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CHAPTER VIII.

PATRIOTISM.

“ They never fail who die

In a great cause. The block may soak their gore—
 Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment and swell the sweeping thoughts
 Which overpower all others, and conduct
 The world at last to freedom.”—BYRON'S “ DOGE OF VENICE.”

ON concluding, the whole party clapped their hands, as if in
 applause, and DeLorimer repeated—

“ Ha ! it will fall like a crash of thunder upon them !—they
 do not dream of any thing of the sort brewing ! Oh what a
 storm it will be ! I saw the glorious Revolution of '30, and
 had the honor of taking an active part in it ; but it was noth-
 ing to what this will be !”

“ Oh, the dogs ! how we shall lap their blood !” cried the
 fierce Bourdon ; “ we will repay their tyranny with double
 interest. Oh ! *sacre dieu !* if the day were only come !”

“ Yes, but this does not settle the question of where am I
 to procure a messenger to General Martin,” said Papineau.
 “ By the bye, where is Fergusson ?”

“ Fergusson will in the course of a short time I fear, if not
 already, be arrested for the murder of that Moodie who was
 shot this morning. He will not serve your purpose. Where
 is McKenzie ?”

“ McKenzie is arousing the Anglo-Saxon population to

revolt; we cannot dispense with him. But what about the murder—what did that fool Fergusson get into such a scrape for at this critical moment? What had this Colonel Moodie done?"

"He had discovered our whole secret!" said Rodolphe. With one simultaneous expression of wrath and terror, the whole party sprang to their feet and stood gazing upon Rodolphe, in silent expectation of what he should next say.

"He had discovered every thing," said Rodolphe, "and was on his way to communicate the same to Sir John Colbourne, when he was waylaid and slain."

"Bravo!" shouted the whole party, as if relieved of a dreadful anxiety; "and who discovered this, and caused him to be silenced?" asked Beauharnois.

"Edmund Ferrars," replied Rodolphe.

"Ferrars?—he is a deep devil, that Ferrars," said Nelson, "and here were we in complete fancied security, while that rascally Colonel was about applying the match that would have blown us all to perdition! By Jove! Ferrars deserves credit! But the most puzzling part is how did he induce that cowardly shuffler, Fergusson, to execute his orders?"

"Oh," replied Rodolphe, "he would, indeed, be a stubborn sort of animal that our friend Edmund could not manage. Fergusson had to obey his orders, or I suppose he would have soon fallen upon a way to make him."

"But there was another murder to-day, not far from the same place," said Bourdon, "what was that for?"

"Oh, that was a non-political affair," observed Rodolphe, with heartless jocularly; "we are not in the least interested in *that*—but I tell you, my friends, had it not been for the precautions of Mr. Ferrars, in perpetrating the other murder, we should not have been here just now discussing the affair so calmly."

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out the "No, I fancy not," said Papineau; "but to the point—if
scrap Fergusson goes to prison, he will betray us! I know how
Moodie unanimous the fellow is—he will make no bones of selling
us all."

dolphe "Wherefore our worthy commander-in-chief, must go to
or, the him." said Rodolphe, turning to Nelson, "and assure him of
n Ro the protection of the League, and that in the event of his
r. proving true, and divulging nothing, we will effect his escape,
"and even if he stand upon the scaffold."

Col. "I will do so," answered Nelson, "for I see there is a ne-
cessity for such being done. But to leave these matters aside
of a for a moment, is not the aspect of our affairs very bright.
d him Our organization has extended over all Canada, Upper and
Lower, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia—many of the States of
the American Union, even to France and Russia."*

lson. "To Russia?" exclaimed Beauharnois.

that "Yes," repeated Nelson. "Angry at the Circassians
ould being supplied with British arms and money, and unable to
rves retaliate in any other manner, the Russian Government have
that determined to support us to the utmost of their power, but in
the same underhand manner as Britain encourages the Cir-
cassians——"

ge. "I don't know," interrupted the chivalrous Beauharnois,
ave "that we should accept any aid from a monarchical power,
such as Russia; it appears inconsistent."

he "Pshaw!" exclaimed Rodolphe, "quiet your conscience,
young man, until you have seen as much of the villainy and
double-dealing of this world as I have, when you will under-
stand how it is that men may make tools of the vilest agents,
and yet have no scrupulous qualms on the subject."

* See confession No. 13 of the State Prisoners, charged with participating in the Rebellion of 1838. Vide State Trials—App. p. 548, Vol. II.

"Certainly," said Nelson; "but I wish you would let me go on. The organization is now complete throughout all the colonies, and what is better, throughout all the Northern States—so that on the very day we rise in Montreal, the population will rise in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Maine and Vermont."

"I did not think the League extended to Nova Scotia," observed de Lorimer.

"It does," pursued Nelson, "and I wish we had their leader with us, for unquestionably he is a great man."

"What is his name," asked Rodolphe.

"***** ***,*" replied Papineau.

"Oh, I have heard of him, but thought him a loyalist—although a patriot—well, go on."

"When the signal is given, the Declaration of Independence will be read in Montreal; that city will be placed in the hands of the Republicans—each Lodge of the League will rise in their different districts. General Martin at the head of 20,000 Americans will march into Canada—McKenzie with his 3,000 Anglo-Saxons, fully armed, will throw themselves into Montreal, to make good the city against any attack—the lukewarm portion of the population, seeing our success, will become partizans, and we shall have none to contend with but the red-coated British hirelings and a few officials, who will tremble for their salaries. On the same day the Provisional Government will organize itself, and exercise its functions in the Parliament House of Montreal; so that you see every thing is arranged to a nicety."

"And whose admirable arrangement is this?" asked Rodolphe.

"Whose?" repeated Nelson.

"Yes, because I see the handiwork of a certain friend of mine, in all this, and cannot be deceived. That of extending

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the siege into France and Russia I cannot mistake. There is no use in attempting to deny it. This is the work of *Edmund Ferrars*."

"I must confess it is partly his," said Nelson, somewhat crest-fallen, at losing so much credit at one blow, "but I aided him materially."

"No doubt," said Rodolphe, with a sneer: "but you aided him in the manner that the hand aids the head, he planned and you executed his plans. Oh, I understand that distinctly."

"Oh, have it your own way," said Nelson, with a forced laugh; "but what is your opinion regarding it?"

"Nothing can be wrong that Ferrars plans, I suppose," answered Rodolphe, "for my part, I am quite indifferent. I know it will be all or nothing—a Republic or the scaffold; I am prepared for either, and shall meet either emergency in the manner that becomes a man!"

"Not I, by H——n!" cried young Beauharnois, "I will not meet death on the scaffold, I will die in the field—I will die with my sword at the tyrant's throat; I will die the death of a warrior—it may be of a defeated one, but never of a felon and conspirator!"

"And I do not intend to die any way," said Nelson, laughing, "if all fails, I should like to see the man that will follow in my track—I will defy a blood-hound to trace me."

"That would be very prudent conduct," said De Lorimer, "but I cannot say much for its valor."

"Oh, you know," remarked Rodolphe, with a sneer, "that 'discretion is the best part of valor,' and 'he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day!' It is an ugly thing to see the Judge put on the black cap, and pronounce the awful words, 'the sentence of this court is, that you William Nelson, be taken from hence to the place from whence you

came, from thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged till you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul!"

"So let it be!" said De Lorimer, as if a presentiment of his own fate had just then crossed his mind; "I shall not flinch."

"Let them work their villainy," exclaimed Bourdon, "some day will come, when the very earth shall rock beneath them, and they will cry in vain for shelter. Our heads may be grinning on the gates of Quebec, or blackening in the sun on the walls of Montreal, but our spirits will animate the avengers who yet may be unborn! How much tyranny—how many executions or legal murders darkened the history of France through ages of blood and despotism, and bigotry—how often was the light of freedom quenched in human gore, but the hour of reckoning *did* come—the volcano burst beneath the tyrant's feet, and sent their blasted fragments flying towards the heaven which existed not but in their dreams!"

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CHAPTER IX.

THE CANADIAN RIO SANTA.

"That moment would have changed the face of ages—
This gives us to eternity—we'll meet it,
 As men whose triumph is not in success,
 But who can make their own minds all in all,
 Equal to every fortune."—DOGE OF VENICE.

"THE same old Republican of the Robespierre school, still," said Rodolphe, "you, Côte, Malhiot, Potier, and O'Callaghan, are all of the same kidney. I do not go so far as the view you take of it. I would redress, not revenge."

"Bah!" cried Bourdon, "who would take the trouble of redressing, if it were not for the gratification of avenging long years of servile degradation on our part, and arrogant, overbearing tyranny on theirs! To the devil with such moderation!"

"And you would deluge the land with blood, instead of righting the oppressed? You would pull down existing institutions without caring what edifice was rebuilt on the ruins. You would exterminate utterly—sword, fire and faggot would be your war cry?"

"Ah!" cried Bourdon, his eye flashing wildly, "do you think, if we pursued any half-way measures, that they would not temporize for the time, but sacrifice us the moment they possessed the power! Ha! I know them too well. The over-paid, over-weening hirelings and robbers—fattening on the prey and plunder they have wrung from the sweat and blood of the down-trodden and groaning masses—on those

very masses they look down upon and despise; oh, let them once come beneath my heel, I will crush them," and he ground his heel into the carpeted floor of the room; "I will crush them like I would the reptiles to which they are inferior. I wish them to show me no mercy, I want none at their hands—for, by the powers of Heaven! I will show no mercy to them!"

"What a storm this brother of mine has evoked," thought William Rodolphe, as he gazed upon the infuriated speaker, before him, "this is *his* doings—he is the master spirit that has set all this machinery in motion, and now let it work!"

"Did this Moodie take an active part in the late outbreak against the patriots," asked Nelson, as if wishing to change the conversation.

"Yes," said Papineau, "he was everywhere. The poor patriots were harrassed to death by him. He was the soul of the loyalists."

"Wier was the chief scoundrel," cried Bourdon; "oh, if that fellow would fall into my hands. It was he who suffered the Indians to massacre the defenceless patriots who had not the means of resistance."

"Lieutenant Wier*—yes, I believe he did," said Papineau, "however, each lodge has now its marked men,† and when the outbreak takes place, we have a list of those who must suffer first. Each Lodge has a list of those within its own particular district who have rendered themselves peculiarly obnoxious. They must fall first."

* Our readers must recollect this is a novel and not regular history.—Neither Wier or Moodie met their death as described in the text—that is with regard to time and place; and although they fell by the hands of the rebels, yet the statements regarding these events, are not to be relied on as authentic in *every* point of view.

† Fact. See the confession of Louis Mahen—State Trials, appendix, vol. 11, p. 553.

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"I see," said Rodolphe, "that you have deviated a great deal from the arrangements entered into on the last meeting of the League. What are your plans now?"

"Is that door locked, Lorimer? just see, and look into the ante-room, if any one is there—for although Campbell takes good care that there shall be no eaves-droppers, it is just as well to make sure."

"Listen then," said Nelson, when De Lorimer had returned from his scrutiny. In conjunction with General Martin, I am to enter L'Acadie with 20,000 men, and capture St. Johns. Papineau will effect the capture of Colburne; Malhiot will assume the command of the people of St. Charles, St. Dennis, St. Ours, Sorel, to siege the fort at the latter place, with the large supply of arms and ammunition which it contains. The two armies will then form a junction, and attack Lord Wellesley at Chambley, he has only the 15th regiment with him, and our numbers sufficient to ensure our success. Leprarie, Montreal, Quebec—all will be captured by the Republicans on the same day. But why go into a minute detail of the arrangements—all will be laid before the chiefs of the League tomorrow night, when you will have a chance of judging of the admirable manner in which every precaution has been taken. Suffice it to say, that every thing human foresight could do, has been done, and if we fail, it will be owing to some unforeseen event, now totally out of sight."

"And to such generally do all conspiracies of a similar nature owe their failure," said Rodolphe, "had they been foreseen, they would have been guarded against. However, all this seems extremely plausible, and I have not much doubt but that we shall succeed—yet I am prepared for any emergency, and should the worst come, I am prepared to meet it."

"And so am I," said De Lorimer, gloomily.

"And I, also," said Beauharnois, "yet let us hope for the best."

"Meantime," observed Papineau, "it is time for us to attend to our business. Rodolphe, you know what we have in hand—Bourdon, will you accompany us, I was speaking to you before, you know. Will you come?—it is a desperate adventure."

"Lead on!" cried Bourdon, taking up his cap, "I have promised, and I will go."

"But you are not going about that affair to-night?" asked Nelson, rather nervously.

"Perhaps not," said Rodolphe, "but it is necessary to take preparatory steps."

"Oh, that—indeed. Well, I wish you success—farewell," and so saying, Rodolphe, Papineau, and Bourdon, descended into the street.

For some time they walked on in silence, each seemed engaged in his own reflections. Bourdon loitered behind the other two, as if he did not wish to join in their remarks.—Rodolphe and his companion walked side by side, and soon renewed the conversation.

"There is great pleasure in duping the world," suddenly observed Papineau, "and it requires much less talent to do so than is commonly supposed."

"You are right" answered Rodolphe—"men are the greatest dupes imaginable—and very often, such is the egotism of men, it so happens that the very person who fancies he is duping the world, may himself be the dupe of some one else."

"That is true, too," said Papineau—"the fact is you can do any thing with men, and one superior plotter can move an empire. There is inconceivable sport in making fools of them! You make them execute your purposes, as if they

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were engines ; with one you use flattery—with another you appeal to his patriotism—a third to his pocket—to a fourth you promise titles and honors—to a fifth you appeal to his religious prejudices—in a sixth, you arouse his jealousy—in a seventh, you excite his enthusiasm, until you set all at work. There is no man living but you can influence by some means or other, if you only have the tact to do it—every man has his vulnerable point—if you have only the knowledge of human nature to find it out."

"And without intending to compliment you, Papineau," said Rodolphe, "I think that you possess this tact—this persuasive power to a wonderful extent."

"Well, I have often flattered myself that such was the case," said Papineau, evidently gratified—"for I have seldom failed in reading human character."

"Exactly," thought Rodolphe—"I see you are as great a dupe as any one! Why don't you read my character—why does not your tact enable you to see that I am laughing at you? No! there is only one man I know who can read human character—and who has the art to perfection—that man is Edmund Rodolphe—and over him, thank Heaven! I exert a power now, which places him completely at my mercy."

"What are you pondering about?" asked Papineau, surprised at his long silence.

"Hush!" exclaimed Rodolphe—"what is this!"

They had taken the road to Lachine, and had suddenly come upon three or four men engaged in a deadly struggle. Their caps were off, their clothes torn, blood and foam standing on their lips, their faces purple with exertion, and each panting, and covered with sweat.

"This is a strange piece of work," cried Rodolphe—"what the devil is it all about. It cannot be the commencement of the Revolution—and yet I see two chiefs of the league en-

gaged in it furiously. Is not that St. George, and the other Fergusson?"

"Yes!" roared Bourdon, with flashing eyes, and uttering a yell like the cry of a panther when springing on its prey. "And that man who has just leaped off his horse is the infamous Lieutenant Wier!"

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CHAPTER X.

THE STOLEN MEMORY.

Siegendorf—My God you look——

Ulric——How?

Sieg——As on that dread night
When we met in the garden!—BYRON'S WERNER.

LIKE old Ariosto, or like modern Scott, we must again return to the back parts of our narrative, until at length we weave all together, and bring our story to a comprehensive conclusion. But there all features of resemblance cease—would that we could trace our analogy to either of these characters farther.

When his brother had departed, and Edmund Rodolphe was left alone, he paced the floor for some time, slowly and thoughtfully. His brow was clouded—his mind was not as clear as it was wont to be. He felt a strange—an unusual sensation pervade his whole system—he felt there was something wrong—but he could not tell what.

“He has outwitted me!” he exclaimed aloud, as if in answer to his thoughts—“he has outwitted me! but how? Aye—there is the question—let me see—what took place? D—n it! how stupid and confused I am—my brain seems clouded—can it be possible, my mind is failing me! High Heaven! forbid!” he exclaimed energetically, as this horrible idea flashed through his mind. “Yet, it must be so!—I have not been drinking—I am perfectly sober—I have not been asleep—and yet I feel as if I had lost a portion of my

intellect—as if it had been stolen from me. Oh! this is dreadful!” he cried—“what can it portend!”

Suddenly his eye fell on a bit of paper with writing on it, in pencil, which lay on the table. He took it up carelessly, his thoughts still wandering—and as he did so, his wife entered the apartment.

“Edmund—dear Edmund,” she cried, in tones of endearment, and approaching him timidly—“will you forgive me—it was not my fault—I will tell you how that man intruded himself upon me——”

“Go away, woman,” cried Rodolphe, waving his hand as if in aversion, his thoughts still intent upon solving the problem as to what ailed him—but she was not so to be repulsed.

“Edmund,” she exclaimed, coming up to him—“something preys upon your mind—I do not wish to intrude myself upon you, nor to pry into your secret sorrows—but, dear Edmund, I have a right to share them with you. Confide in me—and if I cannot aid you, I will at least sympathize with you.”

“Woman, I tell you, begone!” he exclaimed in still fiercer tones—“I am not in a mood to be trifled with—nor am I in the habit of sharing my thoughts with others—my shoulders are wide enough to bear my own sorrows, as you call them.”

As he spoke, he glanced mechanically at the paper which he held in his hand. Instantaneously, his face became blanched as the paper—his lips became purple, and the cold beaded sweat burst forth upon his clammy brow, and rolled down his face.

“Oh, merciful heaven! what is this!” cried his wife, wringing her hands——

“Woman!” exclaimed Edmund, lifting his eyes a moment from the paper, and regarding her with a look of mingled despair and desperation—while his voice was so deep and hollow,

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his is as to appear a knell from his inmost soul. "Woman, I tell you begone. Go weep for your brother's death—he was this morning murdered."

For one moment she regarded him with a vacant, horrified look, while the paleness of her face rivaled his own, when uttering a deep, sharp sigh, as if her whole spirit passed out with it, she sank lifeless on the carpet.

"Sleep, there—till the day of Judgment," he cried, again fixing his eye on this appalling paper—"now I shall have peace—I could quiet her in no other way."

She lay there inanimate and powerless—her eyelids open, and dilated to their utmost tension, and with a wild, staring expression, which was really frightful from its fixed intensity. Her features assumed the rigidity of death, and she lay like a beautiful alabaster image, or some glorious creation of the sculptor's chisel, hewn in polished marble.

Edmund Rodolphe gazed at her a moment abstractedly, and then bent his eyes to the paper, with an expression of countenance like that of Lucifer when foiled and baffled in his object. His face, indeed, wore a terrific aspect, and his very soul seemed to flash through his straining eyes; as they were riveted with maddening intensity on that damning paper.

At length he uttered a howl, like that of a lion caught in the toils—it was a cry of mingled despair, ferocity, and rage. He ground his teeth, till the foam stood upon his lips, and stamped upon the floor with the impetuosity of a madman:—

"Idiot—half-witted maniac!" he cried; "I see it all—Yes! I have been betrayed! I have been bought, and sold! I—I, who have prided myself on my matchless prudence and penetration! I, who have deceived the world, and never met that being whom I could not convince of my sincerity—I, like a senseless, brainless fool, have revealed the inmost secrets of my soul—secrets that will damn my prospects for

ever! Farewell now to honor, power, wealth, vengeance—adieu to all. I have sold myself, and sold myself for nothing!” And again he cursed his fate with bitter vehemence. “But stop,” he cried, as a ray of hope flashed to his mind—“why should I despair, till I know the worst—let me see—possibly I wrote this myself”—he again glanced at the fatal document—his last hope was swept away, and he felt his heart crushed within him. Tearing the paper into shreds, he trampled them beneath his feet, and began pacing the room, with savage energy.

“Coward!” he at length exclaimed, “why should I blanch and give up the game because I have made one false move? Have I not been in as bad plights heretofore—was I not discovered in the very room, wherein our coining operations are carried on—have I not been surrounded by infuriated foes, calling down vengeance on the solitary Pirate chieftain—have I not floated on the wild, wide sea, alone, and far distant from land—had not Fergusson and Wentworth made discoveries regarding me—have I not met and triumphed over a thousand dangers more appalling than this? Why should I falter now? But no!” he cried, grinding his heel into the marble hearth, and striking his forehead with his open hand; “never has Edmund Rodolphe been called upon to meet so frightful an emergency as this! Oh, oh! to be thus foiled with my own weapons—to imagine that while I was undermining this man, he was undermining me—that is the galling thought. But, mysterious powers! by what miraculous agency did he learn this? How did he obtain the power over me, and cause me to reveal such frightful facts? That infernal science, then, he spoke of, must be true! he must have overpowered my senses—and St. George—does he know of it too? No! it appears to me that St. George was also placed under the same mysterious influence. Stop! perhaps, Catherine may

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have overheard—she may be able to throw some light upon it." Acting upon the thought, he walked rapidly across the room, and, unlocking a closet, took from a shelf a small phial, containing a dark red liquid. He untied the piece of leather that covered the cork, and then letting one drop fall upon his fore-finger, he rubbed it to Catherine's nostrils. The effect was almost instantaneous. Drawing a long sigh, she with difficulty opened her eyes, and gazed wildly around her. Growing impatient, he stooped, and placed the mouth of the phial to her nostrils. The effects appeared to be galvanic—every nerve, every muscle, seemed to have been electrified, and she sprang to her feet, in the full possession of all her muscular strength, and intellect. Ere she had time to remember aught regarding his late communication concerning her brother—he questioned her :

"Catherine," he said, with much difficulty, attempting to subdue the excitement which overpowered him ; " I have been harsh to you, forgive me, but my mind is agitated."

"Oh, dear Edmund," she exclaimed, passionately, as she attempted to embrace him, " I see that ; I know something is wrong, by the terrible manner you work your brows ; your eyes are blodshot, and your face is ghastly pale ! I never saw you look so but once !"

"And when was that ?" he asked, repulsing her caresses.

"On that dreadful night when I told you my history ; and how my father and brother——" Suddenly, at the word brother, some horrible recollection, but half revealed, burst upon her mind, and uttering a shriek, she exclaimed : "Oh, is it some fearful dream, or have I really lost my only brother left me ? Did you not tell me Edward was murdered !"

"Tush !" cried Edmund, wiping the perspiration from his brow, " I only jested ; I will tell you by and by. Quiet your mind, and call to your memory some things I wish to ask

you. Do you know who those two men were, who were with me, a while ago?"

"Those two men," she repeated, trying to recollect, for her thoughts were fearfully disturbed, "one of them, the one on whose account I incurred your displeasure, and who resembled you, I do not know; I never saw him before. The other one, you call him St. George, I think, I have often seen with you; that is, I have frequently seen him here, but never elsewhere; and further than that I do not know him."

"Ah, well; and did you observe any thing that took place while they were here?"

"You will be angry with me, if I tell you?"

"No, Catherine, I will not; I will be pleased, and highly thankful. Tell me what took place."

"Well," she continued, "I will tell you all I know, although it does not amount to much; but still since you would like to hear it, you shall know."

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CHAPTER XI.

RODOLPHE'S DILEMMA.

Siegendorf.—*Ida*, beware: there's blood upon that hand!

Ida.—I'd kiss it off though it were mine—

Sieg.—'Tis thine!

Ulric.—At least, it is your father's!

Ida.—Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!—WERNER.

"ON your directing me to leave the room I obeyed, but prompted by an overpowering desire to ascertain who or what this mysterious person could be, who had used such language to me—"

"Why, what language did he use?" interrupted Rodolphe.

"Before you came in—why, he suddenly entered the room, and requested me to tell him the cause of my griefs, and that he would redress them. I declined having aught to say to him, but he persisted, and I think was about to pursue the same process as he did with you, when your entering prevented him."

"Then he did go through some process with me?"

"Yes, are you not aware of it?"

"Well, go on."

"I was about to tell you, Longing to find out what he could be, I lingered at the door, for some time, but unable to hear any thing save a confused hum, I at length stooped down, and applied my ear to the key-hole. Until St. George entered, nothing of a mysterious nature took place—further than I perceived you had obtained, by some means, a com-

plete mastery over him. I saw the expression of his face gradually change from a self-confident, over-weening tone, and undergo all the grades of apprehension, fear, submission, and so forth, until at length you made some communication which seemed to overpower him with astonishment. It was then St. George entered. Shortly after this, I observed you to sit down, opposite to this man, you allowed your head to fall back and your eyes to close, as if in a dream, while this man stood over you, his hands upon your head——”

“And St. George,” interrupted Edmund, whose agitation was excessive, “was he in the same state?”

“He was,” answered Catherine, “but as you were sitting between him and the door, I could not see him so clearly.”

“Yes, proceed.”

“After a short time you both appeared to be subdued—I cannot say asleep, for you spoke, although your eyes were closed; you seemed to be subdued, for he spoke in a tone of command, while you replied in one of submission.

“And did all this apply to St. George?”

“Yes, only that he did not speak—he seemed to have put him to sleep in real earnest, for all this man’s attention was engrossed by you, and he appeared, not to regard St. George.”

“Exactly. Well, proceed.”

“At length, having obtained, as it were, a complete ascendancy over you both, he went cautiously and locked the doors of the room; he then paused, listened, and seemed to be in that state of fear and anxiety, which a person experiences when about to commit some great crime, and are afraid of being detected. He was ghastly pale—as pale as you are now, and the slightest sound seemed to disturb him. Finally, he drew a pencil from his pocket, and then taking a sheet of paper from your desk there, he laid it beside the pencil on the

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table, at the same time commencing a series of questions, which, although I could not catch their import, I knew to be such from the tone of interrogatory which he used in addressing you. You appeared to have no hesitation in answering, but replied without the least reluctance, and without evincing either anger or surprise."

"Could you overhear any of the conversation?"

"Only a detached word, now and then, but I could not make out the meaning."

"Just so. How did he appear to receive the communications I was making?"

"His countenance underwent a variety of expressions.—At times, he would appear astonished, then horrified, then you would tell him something, and he would seem gratified—but he did not express any one particular motion. Sometimes he would start back, as if you had announced his own death sentence to him—and during the whole time he appeared very uneasy."

"And what caused him to desist at last?"

"There was a knock at the outside door; he stopped like a man engaged in some forbidden rite—he wiped his forehead, and then passing his right hand before your face and his left before St. George, he uttered some cabalistic word, and the charm seemed broken—for you both immediately afterwards appeared completely yourselves. But is it possible," she asked in amazement, "that you remember nothing of all this—you seemed to be in the perfect enjoyment of your faculties?"

"Accursed science!" exclaimed Rödolphe, compressing a vase of flowers that stood before him, between his hands and crushing it to atoms; "duped fool that I am! Oh! blind, infatuated idiot!—dolt, madman! Poor, vain, conceited fool,

to be thus bought and sold by one who, in my egotism, I had despised as my inferior!"

"Edmund—Edmund!" exclaimed the terrified woman, appalled at an excess of passion, which she had never before seen him indulge in. "What will be the consequence of that scene I have described?"

"Heed not you," he cried passionately, "tell me one thing—did he take that paper, which you say you saw him writing on with him?"

"I cannot say, but my impression is he did not. At all events, I did not see him take it."

"That will do—now Catherine, leave me—I wish to commune alone; I have secret business to transact."

"Oh, this eternal secret business," she cried; "and are you not going to permit me to share your troubles?—why then did you ask me to share your fate?"

"Tempt me not now!" he exclaimed, darting a look at her, which made her shudder; "leave me, I say!"

"Satisfy me on one point, then Edmund, and I will——"

"I will satisfy your curiosity on no point—if you do not leave the room, I will."

"Tell me, I implore you," she cried, not heeding his interruption; "has any thing happened my brother Edward?"

"I have told you, and I now tell you again," said the fiend-like villain, "that this morning, he was murdered."

Pale, speechless, and stupefied, the wretched woman uttered an inarticulate groan, and with desperate effort, and staggering with weakness, she slowly dragged herself from the monster's presence—agonny, horror—nay, madness itself, depicted on her countenance.

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CHAPTER XII.

ALL OR NOTHING.

"Let us have done with that which cankers life—
Familiar feuds, and vain recollections
Of things which cannot be undone."—WERNER.

"Oh, doubly-infatuated dolt," groaned Edmund, when she had left the room; "vain-glorious boaster—thus to be defeated by one, I could have crushed at the outset, and with my own weapons, too! Oh! 'tis a paralyzing blow! Yet," he added, as if nerving himself against despair, "why should I give way to unavailing regrets—the evil is past and done—it cannot be prevented now, but let me see if it can be remedied now. I have met danger and difficulty in times gone by; I have triumphed over both—why should I give way now? My good devil has not yet deserted me—have I not discovered that I am betrayed—and is not *that* something?—Aye, thank my natal star, *that* is a great deal; he that is forewarned is forearmed—and I now have discovered enough to enable me to take steps to meet the danger! Had I not found his treachery out—*then*, indeed, it would have been dreadful—he would have destroyed me at any moment, and while I fancied myself in the utmost security, but I have the whip hand of him yet! I am more vexed at myself, for having allowed my passion to so master my cooler judgment, as to drive me into despair. After all, what is it—we played a desperate game, and he played me false; I have made a wrong move, and see my error, and that is all. I cannot re-

call that move—it is too late for that, but I can play hereafter having the full knowledge of that mistake before me—which I could not have done, had it not been but for picking up that bit of paper. Ah, no, my good devil has not yet forsaken me! But William Rodolphe, you played me false!—I trusted solely to my genius, to my coolness, my judgment, my knowledge of human character, supposing you to be playing with the same things—not that you would bring occult arts, infernal legerdemain, and magical practices, into the field against me, and for the moment you have checkmated me—but the game is not up. Oh, no, no, William Rodolphe, we will play that game out yet! Trust in your damnable arts—trust in your mysterious powers—my trust is *here*, and in nothing else,” and he placed his hand against his throbbing brow. “Once it has failed me, and once only—and the devil himself would have been beaten under the same circumstances! Who could have imagined he was to have assailed me with such weapons! After all, it is a stunning blow, and I did not think that man existed who could thus have prostrated so effectually the powers of Edmund Rodolphe. Never mind, the ablest and most skilled veterans, are sometimes defeated; I have never been baffled before, and now I feel it, coming as it does, for the first time, with ten-fold violence! Well, I will bend beneath the blast, but I will not break! Let me review the position of things calmly—every thing from the first; let me see if I can think as calmly and with as much judgment, as I was wont to do; if the fellow has deprived me of the power of doing *that*, he has indeed struck a cruel blow! On the 5th of November, Canada will be Republican; on that day the ‘meteor flag of England,’ will be furlled in the Western hemisphere forevermore. On that day, Edmund Rodolphe must take his stand as a leader amongst men, or must sink to rise no more. That is all very

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well, now for the means. I have set the machinery at work ; I have convulsed one-third of the world—I have thrown the apple of discord among the masses, and in their struggle they will effect my purposes, and I shall be elevated to power upon their shoulders. I began the work, in a small room, I commenced with one man—now my arm reaches across the Atlantic, and my workmen form a nation. I have assimilated the elements—the thunder storm must follow ! I have my agents everywhere—in the U. States, in England, in Canada, in France, in Russia, in Mexico ; I have set mankind at work to execute my designs. Yet is there one solitary individual of the thousands I am using as my tools, who believes that I am to be the recipient of benefit, or that I am the concealed power that first set him to work ? No !—not one ? Oh ! may the curse of hell light on the double-dealing villain's head, who has fathomed those secret thoughts, and learned my inmost purposes ! He may betray these to his colleagues—I must lose no time in preventing him !

“ Well, so much for the Revolution—that must take place ; now, for myself. I must place them on a volcano—yes, I must surround those would-be renovators of a state with dangers, which I shall myself create, and which I can myself remove. In one moment shall those terrors flash upon their startled eyes. I will render myself indispensable—I will place them on a volcano—and they will call on me to save them. Then Edmund Rodolphe ! you can dictate your own terms ! On the morning of the 5th November, they will declare the Independence of Canada—that independence I will render abortive unless my claims are established. Well, so far, good ; those are the main points ; and Rodolphe has not robbed me of my clearness of vision on such things yet. But the means—let me see. I must have Sir John Colburne in my own keeping—that is one step. I must accompany St.

George and capture the Governor myself. With him in my hands, I can dictate my own terms to the witless democrats who compose the chiefs of the League, so that is settled. Now with regard to those acquainted with my intentions:—Wentworth, Fergusson, St. George, Gerard, Catherine, that fiend Rodolphe, and Simms. Well, let me review them: Wentworth sleeps in a bloody grave—his machinations will not harm me now; Fergusson is in a fair way to follow suit; if Simms has managed rightly, he is by this time in prison, and if I manage rightly he will go to the scaffold without divulging any thing. St. George knows but very little—so little, that at present he is not worth minding—besides, he is a useful tool, and will assist me in capturing the Governor. Gerard, must hang—for two reasons he *must* go to the gallows; in the first place I think he overheard too much—and in the second, his death will relieve me of the suspicion of Wentworth's murder. But Rodolphe knows this," he thought, suddenly, and again the sweat burst out on his forehead, "and he may procure Gerard's release, and my arrest before I have time to take any step! I must lose not a moment, and before visiting Fergusson, or thinking of the expedition against the Governor, I must take instant measures to counteract the effects of Rodolphe's knowledge."

He sat down on the chair, and for a few moments remained perfectly motionless. Then rising, he went to the closet, and taking out a decanter of brandy, half filled a tumbler, and drank it off; after which he proceeded to dress himself in the uniform of a private British soldier, which he took from a trunk in one corner of the room, and then left the house.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEATH OF LIEUT. WIER.

He had not proceeded far, when he observed three persons descending the steps in front of Campbell's hotel. They were Papineau, Rodolphe, the elder, and Bourdon. Edmund Rodolphe's eye gleamed like fire, as he recognized his brother, and the thought flashed instantaneously through his mind;—"there is something brewing—some plot against me is in contemplation, but before taking the step which I intended, I will follow them, and know the worst. If this were the 16th century instead of the 19th, I would bring M. Rodolphe up to the stake for witchcraft; but that age is gone by. To denounce him to the Loyalists would be absurd—did he not say he would blow us all up if I should pursue such a course as that—and I have no doubt but he was in earnest. To put him out of the way privately, I cannot—I might escape the civil law, but I never could escape the League, who would soon miss one of his abilities, and trace the affair to the end. Besides, he is a dangerous enemy to deal with, and in an encounter with him, one would be as likely to come off second best as otherwise. No—there is only one course for me, and that requires cunning, coolness and courage. Yet even this method depends on his giving me time; he may now be about denouncing me for the murder of Wentworth; if so, I am lost! But, no, he would not do that, for the very reason I would not charge *him* with the murder; for fear that through revenge, I should expose the whole conspiracy.

Well, let the worst come, I shall meet it; and if I cannot parry the blow, I shall have this source of consolation in my hour of defeat—that it could not be parried by mortal man.”

So reflecting, he walked on, following the trio first named, although at a considerable distance. At length they took the Lachine road—he still pursued.

Suddenly he perceived a commotion amongst them. Bourdon who had been in the rear, now sprang to the front, while the whole three quickened their pace, as if something still further on had attracted their attention.

In a few minutes he also came in sight of the cause of this bustle. Several men were engaged in a deadly struggle, and so fairly were they balanced, that it appeared both sides were completely exhausted; and it was evident that victory would incline to that side, which ever it was, which should receive the coöperation of Bourdon and his associates.

This was not long left doubtful. Uttering a yell like the cry of a savage beast, Bourdon rushed forward, and seized one of the combatants by the throat, while the comrades of the man thus seized, becoming intimidated, at the numbers now opposed to them, with one accord took to their heels, and with the little breath they had left, made the best of their way from the field of their unsuccessful combat. Two men stood victors; and both appeared utterly exhausted in the struggle. No sooner had Edmund Rodolphe fixed his eye upon them, than he exclaimed, “Why, how the devil is this! Is not that Fergusson and the other St. George? I thought that fellow had been safe and sound in prison long since.”

He now had a fair opportunity of observing the unfortunate victim they had succeeded in capturing. He was a young man, wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant in the British service, and was making desperate resistance. But it was in vain; ere Papineau or Rodolphe, who were both hastening to

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the spot, and crying to Bourdon to spare him, could make any exertion in his behalf, the latter had driven his knife into the wretched young man's abdomen. Dropping his sword, the Lieutenant grasped the knife in his left hand by the blade, but with savage ferocity Bourdon wrenched it from his hand, cutting the fingers to the bone, and again struck it into his breast up to the hilt. The officer fell to his knees, but did not relinquish the idea of resisting to the last.

"Oh, for the love of heaven, do not butcher him that way," exclaimed St. George, rushing forward to interpose between the murderer and his victim.

"The dog would have butchered me, had he gained the upper hand," cried Fergusson, tripping St. George, as he sprang forward, who fell on the road, "nor shall he receive any mercy at our hands!"

When St. George again recovered his feet, his interference came too late.

"Confess your toryism, and your tyranny towards the patriots," cried Bourdon, flashing his knife hot and smoking with blood before the officer's eyes—"confess and die!"

"Strike, ruffian!" said Wier, faintly, making a last effort to free himself from the assassin's grasp; "strike! murder me, if you will—but this blood will not sink into the dust in vain! Dunghill churl! it will cry in judgment against you yet!"

"Let it cry on—the dust will keep it down," yelled Bourdon, plunging his knife for the third time in the young officer's bosom—"I fear not the threats of the dead, but of the living;" and as he said this, Lieutenant Wier sank to the earth a lifeless corpse.

"Bourdon! Bourdon! this is a ruthless act!" cried Papi-neau in horror, as he came up to the spot and bent down over

the body of the murdered man, whose lustreless eyes were staring on with that frigid intensity peculiar to death.

"So perish all such hireling sunders, who are paid to subvert our liberties," exclaimed the Frenchman, again gashing the lifeless body, with his knife. "Thus let them die—I would glory in the work of exterminating them all," and with each word he added a new wound to the inanimate mass of clay, that now neither felt the pain of his blows or the taunt of his words.

"Hell-hound! desist," cried St. George, seizing Bourdon by the shoulder, and throwing him to some distance. "Could I have interfered before, this murderous atrocity had not been permitted."

"Fool!" muttered Fergusson, "would he not have had you brought to the scaffold for resisting him in his attempts to take me? Had he lived, you must have died."

"We might have detained him prisoner," said Rodolphe; "he had no secret of ours in his possession, and his death was a wanton act of barbarity which nothing can justify—and now the question arises, how are we to avoid being punished for it."

"We shall all be accused of it, without question," cried Papineau, uneasily; "and it may lead to a discovery of our whole conspiracy. We might have retained this man as a prisoner—as a hostage—until it suited our purposes to produce him—but now——"

"But now there is only one way," said Edmund Rodolphe, in his deep voice, coming suddenly forward. Anxious to join the group, and understand why Fergusson had not been arrested, as well as to discover the intentions of William Rodolphe towards him, he had thrown off the red jacket and belts, and concealing them in the hollow of a stump, had

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advanced in his usual dress. The whole party started. St. George with surprise at his sudden appearance—Rodolphe with suspicion—Fergusson with undefined terror—Papineau with a jealous feeling he always experienced on encountering the fathomless ambidexter—and Bourdon merely recognized in him, an *Eagle* of the League.

“There is but one way,” he repeated, “to avert suspicion, and you must adopt it.”

CHAPTER XIV.

FERGUSSON IMPRISONED.

"Oh, thou shalt use this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery—
Pucelle, that witch—that damned sorceress—
Has brought this mischief on me unawares."

SHAKSPEARE.

"AND that way," said Papineau, "how is it?—for I see nothing before us but that we shall all be charged with this murder."

"Fergusson must bear the blame," said Edmund; "there is no other way, whereby the League can be saved."

"I!" cried Fergusson; "why must I be sacrificed?"

"I will explain to you presently," answered Edmund, collecting his thoughts; "first let me understand how all this arose. I will state the case as far as I am acquainted with it, and you can finish, by relating those points which have not yet come to my knowledge. Colonel Moodie having discovered our secret, and being about to reveal it, it became necessary to silence him. You were ordered to carry this command into execution. You and Simms departed on the expedition, and from all accounts the orders you received were carried into effect. But there my knowledge ends—what the fate of Simms has been I know not—or how you came to be involved immediately afterwards in another murder I am at a loss to determine. Was not the death of one British officer, in one day, sufficient to content you?"

"You do not understand it," said Fergusson. "This man

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had arrested me, and we slew him in self-defence." He then gave an account of every thing that had befallen him from the moment that he had fired at Colonel Moodie, until he had been arrested by Lieutenant Wier. When he came to that part relating to the manner in which he had met St. George at the cottage, the latter turned pale, and glanced fiercely at Fergusson, as if to deter him from entering into the particulars. The hint was not thrown away—but although Fergusson suppressed that part of his narrative, yet that quick, furtive glance from St. George, and the sudden embarrassment on the part of Fergusson, were not unnoticed by the penetrating eye of Edmund Rodolphe, and he determined in his mind, whenever an opportunity occurred to solve the mystery.

"Then it seems that you are already suspected," said he, when Fergusson had concluded. "How did this suspicion arise—or do you think you were betrayed?"

"I must have been seen by the dragoons who were with Moodie," answered Fergusson; "they must have obtained a knowledge of my dress and appearance, perhaps by a momentary glance, and I suppose a description of my person has been since circulated."

"It has," said Edmund; "I myself saw it."

Fergusson trembled.

"But," continued Edmund, "what has become of Simms, did he escape?"

"I cannot tell," said Fergusson; "I looked to no one's safety but my own—and what befell Simms I know not; but I hardly think he was captured."

"Well," continued Edmund, "it is very clear that if in this instance, you have been enabled to resist the execution of the law, you must eventually be taken. It is evident suspicion has attached itself to you, and you may as well be taken now as hereafter."

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"I cannot see the justice of that," said Fergusson, in an apprehensive tone.

"But I see it very clearly," answered Edmund; "there is only one way the League can be saved. I do not ask you to ascend Calvary to save the Republic that is yet unformed—but you must go through the show of doing so—you must suffer yourself to be arrested, and admit your guilt, and trust to the League to save you."

They all crowded around the younger Rodolphe, as he said these words, but Fergusson looked dissatisfied.

"You see, gentlemen," he continued, "if suspicion is fastened to one of us with regard to this murder, it may lead to an investigation which would result in our destruction. You do not know what a slight thing sometimes leads to a discovery. But if Mr. Fergusson continues to bear the guilt, suspicion and inquiry will go no further than him, and we can easily devise some reason to account for his having committed the act in the case of Moodie, irrespective of political motives. Then it was quite natural, that when attacked by this man, Wier, he resisted his attempts to capture him, and in the struggle Wier was killed. There the whole affair will end, and no further question will arise to cause one moment's apprehension on the part of the League."

"There is no other way," said Papineau; "Fergusson must consent, and thereby save us all."

"But," interposed the latter, "if I suffer myself to be taken and confess all this, I shall assuredly be hanged—being a double murder of this kind nothing will save me."

"The League will save you," cried Edmund; "I tell you I will save you though you stood on the scaffold. Did I ever promise that which I could not perform?"

Fergusson looked doubtfully at the others, as if asking them if he could rely on this assurance.

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"He promises," said the elder Rodolphe, as if in answer ;
"and he can accomplish every thing—I think you are perfectly safe."

"But," whispered Fergusson in the elder Rodolphe's ear,
"you know we are his enemies—that we were plotting to destroy him. He may find this out, and revenge himself on me, by suffering me to be executed."

"Then I myself will undertake to rescue you," answered William Rodolphe, in the same low tone. "Rest satisfied and fear nothing."

"What occasion for all this," cried Bourdon ; before the trial comes on, the Revolution will take place—every prison will be demolished and every prisoner liberated. I would not have the slightest objection to be arrested of this crime, only it will prevent me from participating in the overthrow of the British power. But as I do not think Mr. Fergusson relishes fighting much, he would not mind remaining quietly in prison, out of the way of the tumult till all is over, so much as I would."

"I would sooner be there, I confess," said Fergusson, "during the Revolution, were I only sure of being released."

"As sure as the sun is in Heaven, you will be released," said Edmund, energetically, adding between his teeth, "I mean released from the land of clay that surrounds your cowardly spirit."

"Then it is arranged," said Papineau, "that this murder was committed by Fergusson, who will run his chance of being arrested, and trust to us for being released. Come, Rodolphe—Bourdon—time passes ; we must to our business. Gentlemen, are you satisfied with this arrangement ?"

All appeared so save Fergusson, who appeared convinced

of the necessity of this course against his will—and he still stood like one stupefied.

“In what direction are you going?” asked Edmund of St. George, when Papineau and his colleagues had departed.

“I am awaiting your pleasure,” answered St. George—“whenever you are ready to go on with that affair, I am ready also.”

“Then you had better call at my residence in an hour from this,” said Edmund, who wished to ascertain from him, what he knew regarding the mysterious scene which his wife had described. “Meantime,” he continued, “I will accompany Fergusson to his residence, and give him some advice regarding the course he shall pursue when arrested.”

“I am going that way also, and will accompany you,” said St. George, fearful lest Fergusson should reveal the scene that took place at the cottage, and thereby lead Rodolphe to suppose that he was acquainted with the terrible secrets which the elder Rodolphe had caused his brother to betray. He therefore determined to accompany them, and not allow him the chance.

“This confirms my suspicions,” thought Edmund—“there is something deeper than the surface in all this. Well, I will not press the subject now—for that would show him that I have my doubts. I will see Fergusson in prison hereafter.”

At this moment two men came up. They were the constables who had arrested Gerard for the murder of Wentworth. Fergusson would have fled, but it was too late—he was held back by Rodolphe, who whispered in his ear at the same moment—“Murder—confess every thing, and you will save every thing—betray us, and you will betray yourself.”

“This is our man,” cried one of the constables. “Brown overcoat, red neck’kerchief—this is one of the murderers of

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Colonel Moodie. I arrest you, Roderick Fergusson, in the name of the queen," he said, grasping him by the shoulder.

"And here is another murdered man!" cried the second constable, starting back in horror. "Merciful Lord! what a day of slaughter this has been? Who did this?"

"Our prisoner," answered Rodolphe, who did not relinquish his hold on Fergusson's collar. "We met him here casually, and suspecting from his description, that he was one of the murderers of Colonel Moodie, we attempted to secure him, but he made a desperate resistance, and succeeded in stabbing Lieutenant Wier. We shall not give him up, unless you show us you are authorized to take charge of him. You may, perhaps, be plotting his rescue."

"There is our warrant," said one of the constables, producing a piece of paper, partly printed and partly written, having a seal attached. "You are safe in giving him up."

"I see I am," said Rodolphe, loosening his hold. "I was afraid, at first, there is so much villainy in this world, that it was a scheme made up to get him out of our hands."

"You will have to give evidence," said one of the constables—"where will you be found, and what is your name?"

"My name is Fowler, I am a barrister—I dwell at 14, Rue St. Denis."

"And your companion here?"

"He is a student engaged with me—his name is Eustache."

"Very good," said the constable, taking down the notes—

"I wonder, though, what could have induced this miserable villain to murder Colonel Moodie?"

"He confessed to us that he was incited by revenge," said Rodolphe—"that on a recent occasion, owing to some altercation he had with Colonel Moodie, the fiery old officer struck

him with a horsewhip, and he swore revenge, which it seems he has but too fiercely carried into effect."

As these proceedings were taking place, the prisoner looked like a man wholly deprived of his senses, and unable to understand what was transpiring around him—but one definite idea remained on his mind—that was, that his only chance was to follow the directions of Rodolphe, and be true to the League, as his last hope of safety now depended in their exerting themselves in his behalf.

Weighed down by this impression, he made no remonstrance, but submitting quietly to the events which were overwhelming him, he accompanied the constables to the city.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE SOLDIER IN PRISON.

"Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself—
Good Murder, stab him—he's a murderer."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

No sooner had the myrmidons of the law disappeared with their prisoner, than Rodolphe, placing St. George's arm within his own, led him slowly forwards towards the city, at the same time, by his admirable tact of directing conversation to whatever point he pleased, caused it to turn upon the scene which had taken place at his rooms, in the early part of the day. But St. George was as wary as he was insinuating. His leading questions, St. George affected to misunderstand, and his direct queries were parried with an adroitness which would have done credit to the would-be King of the Canadas himself. It was evident he was fast progressing under the tuition of his great master, and gave fair promise to rival him, in a short time, in all the art of dissimulation and unruffled bearing which that worthy so eminently possessed.

"After all, I believe there was nothing in that wonderful science, which my brother William undertook to explain to us. Did *you* obtain any insight into it?"

"None whatever," replied St. George—"the fact was, I was as stupid as an owl the whole time, and can not well tell you any thing about it."

Rodolphe turned half round, and looked steadily in his companion's face. St. George met his gaze with the utmost

calmness, and for some moments they continued looking into each others' eyes, with scrutinizing intensity.

"He either knows nothing," thought Edmund, at length, averting his gaze, "or he is one of the deepest hands I have ever yet met with. But he could not have sustained that gaze—he must be sincere."

Such was the result of *his* reflection. St. George's was to the same effect.

"He does not doubt me," he thought. "I have convinced him that I am perfectly ignorant of the whole affair. But what makes him suspicious? Is it possible, he has discovered any thing which leads him to suspect what took place? Oh—no! what could have arisen to produce that belief?—no—he feels confused on the subject—he does not know rightly what did take place—and he is anxious to ascertain if I know any thing more about it than he does."

They were now approaching the cottage wherein Miss Ashton resided. St. George, desirous of having a few moments conversation with her, to discover the state of her feelings, said:

"I suppose, Rodolphe, you are going to see Simms in prison, and you can dispense with my company until we are ready for our Upper Canada expedition?"

"Certainly," replied Rodolphe, anxious to get rid of his companion as quick as possible, so that he might put some plans which he had in his head in execution.—"Yes, we must carry that affair into effect as soon as we can," he continued, "and I would recommend that you set out for Upper Canada tomorrow. I cannot go up with you now, for the trial of Fergusson and Gerard will come on in a few days, and I would like to be present."

"Oh, true, I should like to be there also," said St. George, as he turned up the lane. "But I suppose when duty calls,

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we must obey. However, I will see you this evening, at your residence. Till then, good-bye."

He had no sooner disappeared, than Rodolphe turned back, until he arrived at the place where he had left his soldier's uniform or disguise, which having again assumed, he hurried back towards the city.

On reaching the prison, and obtaining permission to enter, which he did on some plausible pretext, which coming from a soldier, went down with the turnkey, he was directed into the cell, where Simms was confined—where he found that worthy personage, sitting on his bedside, reading with a great degree of interest, and no doubt edification, the veracious and very romantic history of Captain John Leach—*alias* "Blackbeard the Pirate." His pea-jacket lay on the bed beside him, and he sat in his shirt sleeves, a black silk handkerchief tied around his neck, while around his waist, a silk handkerchief of a deep red hue was wound. A bottle of spirits, and a tumbler with sugar, water, &c., stood on the table before him, and his satisfied look, and the comfort which he appeared to be enjoying, were not by any means calculated to impress one with the idea of there being any thing unpleasant in imprisonment, whatever patriots and philanthropists may have said to the contrary. On Rodolphe entering, Simms lifted his eyes from the book he was reading, and taking the tobacco-pipe which he was smoking from his lips, he gazed for a moment at the intruder. Scarce had he done so, when he recognized him, and a smile of gratification lit up his features.

"Well, friend Simms," said Rodolphe, in a low tone, "you do not appear to take your loss of liberty much to heart, I am glad you look upon it so philosophically."

"Oh, any one who has been instructed in such matters under your guidance, sir," answered Simms, in the same

subdued tone, "must become impressed with the necessity of calling in philosophy to his aid—that is, occasionally."

"Well, I am glad you think so, and now are you convinced that I had no wish to sell you?"

"I never thought you would—but, is it not a tenet of yours to trust no man further than you can help?"

"Yes—believe every man a scoundrel, and you will never be betrayed—but, no, I have lost my confidence in that doctrine," he added quickly, the memory of his transaction with his brother flashing across his mind.

"What! *you* have not been betrayed?" asked Simms, a smile of exultation flitting over his face, as if he felt rejoiced at discovering that his great master was also vulnerable, and was not in all respects different from ordinary mortals.

"I thought you knew me too well," said Rodolphe, drily, while he bit his lip, as if in chagrin, at the bare recollection. "I thought you knew me sufficiently well, to understand such a thing as that impossible. But to proceed to business—I have come to save you."

"You—how?"

"I will take your dress—you will put on this uniform which I wear, and immediately make your escape."

"But," said Simms, opening his eyes in astonishment—"of what avail would that be? I am useless outside, while if *you* were imprisoned every thing would go astray. Besides, it would place you in danger—and, as nothing can arise that will materially injure me, while I have your aid, and you are at large, I am content to take my chance, trusting to your superior skill to free me in some other way, but not by means that would place yourself in danger."

It was now Rodolphe's turn to look surprised. "And is it possible, Simms," he cried, "that I can attach friends to me, through other incentives than fear, or a sense of their own

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interests? Do you really wish to tell me, that it is love that causes you to stick to me, and not the idea that you are safe while you are with me. I did not think there was such a thing as sincere, disinterested friendship in the human heart."

"Neither is there," said Simms, "yet I would follow you to death on the scaffold—I would lay down my life to save yours."

"Then Simms, that pre-supposes three things, *one* of which must be true. You are either a fool, or you attach yourself to me through friendship, or you are endeavoring to flatter me—knowing that your own safety and interest is identified with mine—and that you are safe only by being true to me."

"You are wrong," said Simms, "which shows that you do not yet read the human heart to perfection. There are yet other motives. I do not follow you either through love, or through fear, or yet from a sense of my own interest."

"Then what is the cause of your being so attached?"

"Admiration!"

"Admiration?"

"Yes—a sense of your boundless superiority. I never met a man who could outwit me, during the course of my life—and knowing what I was myself, and knowing my own superior ability, I set mankind down as being all a set of dupes. When, therefore, I met a man, moving in a sphere which placed him above all human emotions—when I met a man, who made playthings of all human passions—whose thoughts no man could penetrate, but who could also read all human hearts like an open book—one that suffered himself not to be carried away by the hopes and fears, and petty emotions that swayed others, who could look into the future, and calculate on chances with almost as much certainty as if he read the book of fate—when I met a man, in fact, who

was indeed a man, and worthy of the name, one as far above me, as I was above the ordinary run of men—I said to myself, there is nothing degrading in my offering my homage to such a one as this, and I threw myself at his feet, and cried—“hail master!”

“Ah, indeed,” said Rodolphe, gratified, at the same time as mistrustful of the other as ever—“you do me honor over much. But, Simms, I want your services outside—I must get you out, as I find I cannot proceed without you—so you see it is not more through regard for you than for the assistance I require at your hands, that I am endeavoring to obtain your liberty.”

“I see,” said Simms—“but how are you to get out?”

“We will discuss that point afterwards—understand clearly first what it is I want you to do—it is a business of the deepest importance, and there is no man under heaven can do it for me, in the manner I would have it done, save Harry Simms.”

“What, not another Moodie affair, I hope?” said Simms.

“Not exactly—more head work, and less of the hand.”

“Ah, I like that sort better—although, when in the way of business, I do not shrink at the other. Well, what is the affair?”

“Simms—William Rodolphe is in the way—he blocks up the road—I cannot pass round him—I cannot walk over him,—”

“Exactly,” said Simms, “he must be removed.”

“Just so—he must be removed—but not as the Colonel was removed.”

“Why not?”

“For many reasons—it is useless to refer to them now—but the road must be cleared—there is only one way.”

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I see—he is your brother—you would not pursue the Moodie plan—he is an Eagle of the League—you dare not pursue the Moodie plan. Well, that is all clear—only tell me what is the plan.”

CHAPTER XVI.

“HAIL, MASTER.”

“I wonder now how yonder city stands,
Since we have here her muscle, blood and bone?”

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

“SIMMS,” said Rodolphe, lowering his voice, “you are a soldier belonging to one of the Regiments quartered here.”

“Yes—well?”

“You are also a member of the Canadian League, merely a private member—a chasseur—knowing nothing of its secrets, further than that you are bound by an oath to obey the commands of the chiefs of the Fraternity.”

“Exactly—what next?”

“You were this morning a sentry, stationed at the door of the room occupied by Sir John Colbourne——”

“Stop—at what time this morning?”

“Well thought of—by Jupiter, you are a deep fellow, Simms; let me see, no, it was last night about eleven o'clock. A man, muffled, came up, and requested to see the Governor on secret business of the utmost importance; he was admitted and had a private interview with Sir John Colbourne; you overheard nearly all he said——”

“Very good, and this man was——”

“This man was William Rodolphe,” said Edmund, in a still lower tone.

“I see,” said Simms, now becoming excited; “I see, partly—go on.”

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"You heard him mention the League—your curiosity was aroused to know what he could be about to reveal. You heard him relate every circumstance connected with the Fraternity. Now, mark me, you heard him reveal certain things to the Governor which *you* could not have learned otherwise *by any possibility*; secrets which must have come from a *chief* of the League, and none other."

"I see, I see," cried Simms, his eyes sparkling; "but I do not know those secrets."

"I will tell them to you," said Edmund; "I will tell you things which are known to no man breathing, save to the President of the League, and to William Rodolphe."

"Ah! ah! that is the thing; you are a deep one, Capt. Erleloff."

"Listen! You become deeply interested in his communication to the Governor; you are a zealous member of the League; as soon as your guard is relieved, and you are off duty, you hasten to the President of the League; you are in a fearful state of excitement; you are overpowered and borne to the earth by secrets of a mysterious and dreadful nature; you cannot contain them; you are sweating with fear and agony; you rush in to the President pale and disordered——"

"And I tell him he is betrayed."

"You tell him the League has been betrayed—that every thing is lost."

"And he will not believe me."

"No; he will ask you who is the traitor; you tell him, William Rodolphe; at that name, he starts, and then he will not believe you. You tell him what you heard him tell the Governor—secrets known only to the President and Rodolphe—and, against his very conviction, he is compelled to believe that it must be true, and that it is utterly out of the question that you could have obtained this knowledge in any

other possible manner, otherwise than by having overheard this conversation."

"I will induce him to believe that—but what will he do?"

"He will be paralyzed with fear, he will spring from his seat and walk the floor, in a state bordering on distraction. All his energies will be prostrated, he will not know what step to take. Suddenly, he will recollect himself—he will exclaim, 'there is only one man can get us out of this emergency, he is this party's enemy; if the blow can be parried, he can parry it. Go find me Edmund Rodolphe,' he will say; 'find him instantly; hunt him out, if you set all the League looking for him, and send him to me.' You will answer, that there is not time, that the traitor was urging on the Governor the necessity of taking immediate steps; and that you can find Edmund Rodolphe out, but there is not time to send him back. He will then say to you, 'Go to him, tell him what you have told me, conceal nothing, and then give him this paper,' and he will hand you an order, the power contained in which will be unlimited, authorizing this Edmund Rodolphe to take any steps he may conceive necessary to preserve the League, which document will be signed by the President."

"Oh, this is glorious!" cried Simms, rubbing his hands; "was I not right in crying 'hail master,' when I first met you—but, stop," he added, "your whole chance of success depends on its falling out as you predict it will?"

"It will fall out as I have predicted," continued Edmund, "fear not for that. He will give you this unlimited order, sealed, addressed to me—"

"And I will hasten with this back to you?"

"Stop!" said Edmund, "how many men have you who are sworn to execute my orders?"

"Let me see," said Simms, pausing; "the two who were

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with me in the Moodie-affair, are at this moment out of the way—well, there are five at hand.”

“Good. You will pick out three of the most desperate and determined of them.”

“I will select Inglis, Wilson, and Thompson; they are true men, and were with us in the old *Harpy*, to the last.”

“The devil they were!” cried Edmund, “and do you mean to say you have some of the Pirate crew here? I thought you were the only man in this world who knew Erleloff and Edmund Rodolphe to be one and the same person.”

“And so I am,” said Simms; “these parties I have named do not dream of such a thing. They fancy their gallant young commander was slain that last night we passed in Havana.”

“Ha! how know you that—may they not conceal their knowledge from you?”

“No—it is impossible,” said Simms, in a confident tone; “they could not dream of it and I not know it. I have entered into a plot with them against you, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of their knowledge, and am convinced to a dead certainty that they are not aware of your identity, and no more imagine that the great leader, Mr. Ferrars, and the fiery young pirate captain, they knew as Erleloff, are identical, than they imagine him to be Prime Minister of England. I found out the nature of their plot—its only object was to cause Mr. Ferrars to give them higher pay, and you recollect they succeeded——”

“Yes, I remember; but to go on. When you receive the order, and have commanded those men to be at my residence in half an hour from the time you speak to them, you will resume your proper dress, and proceed immediately to Campbell's hotel. If William Rodolphe is there, tell him that Fergusson wishes to see him instantly in prison, and is threat-

ening exposure and all sorts of things unless he comes. This will start him. Return then to my place, arm and disguise the three men you will find there, and when you have done this, there is nothing further but to await orders."

"But suppose he is not at the hotel?"

"Then, you will find him somewhere on the Lachine road."

"And what am I to do, after the men are armed and disguised—you will be in prison."

"Not I," said Edmund, laughing; "I will be there before you, perhaps. Here," he continued, as he divested himself of his military dress—"put this on, and as you go out, tell Gerard and Fergusson, who occupy other cells in this prison, that I am here, and wish to see them. Do you understand?"

"All right," said Simms, who had now put on the soldier's dress over his own clothes, and immediately afterwards, he departed, locking the door on his companion."

That was a deep game which the brothers played! Who is destined to be the winner—Edmund, or the Biologist? Time will tell.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE REBELLION BROKEN OUT.

"——— came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost o'erspent with speed—
He told me that Rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold."

SHAKS., HENRY IV.

WE now return to St. George. When he parted with his companion, determined upon making the best use of his time, he being required to set out on his dangerous expedition, he made his way towards the cottage wherein resided Mary Hereford. On arriving in front of a grove of apple trees, he whistled two bars of a tune, which was the usual signal he employed in giving notice of his presence. He had not waited many minutes when he saw her approaching the spot, a smile of pleasure lighting up her face.

"Mary," he said, as they seated themselves side by side, on a wooden bench beneath the fruit trees, "I am unhappy when out of your presence—I could not resist the temptation of calling you."

"And as you called, or whistled," replied Mary, "I was just thinking in my own mind, how delightful it would be to hear the signal—and then to my surprise and infinite delight, I immediately heard it. But, St. George," she cried, "has any thing happened to young Wentworth?"

"Why do you ask that?" said he, carelessly. As he spoke, he placed one hand on her head, as if playing with the glossy ringlets, while the right or off hand held hers.

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"Because I was just over to poor Anne Ashton—I was there in the morning, and a presentiment of some approaching evil was then weighing on her mind. I tried to cheer her up, but in vain. When I was over just now, she was in violent convulsions; she was raving at one moment about Ned Wentworth—and in the next breath about you——"

"About me," cried St. George; "why what did she say about me?"

"Nothing that one could understand. She spoke of Wentworth as being dead—of you her language was incoherent—at one moment she would use expressions of endearment and love, and in the next, mysterious and incoherent upbraiding. I thought, perhaps, she had heard something dreadful about Wentworth, which, for the time, had deranged her reason. She was better when I left—but still I could obtain nothing very explicit from her."

"Well, something dreadful has, indeed, happened to poor Wentworth," said St. George. As he spoke, he bent forward, and pressed his lips against Mary's, allowing his breath to mingle with hers—as he did so, she sank back languidly, and pressed him in her arms.

"Oh, St. George, I love you!" she murmured, appearing to forget the startling intelligence he had just communicated to her. "Never did I love you till to-day—never till this morning did I know the meaning of the word; but now, dearest—now, I love you!" As she spoke, she leaned her cheek against his, and reposed placidly in his arms.

He had not time to go on with his infamous designs, when a man, apparently coming from a by-road, approached the spot; he wore the dress of a soldier, and appeared travel-worn and faded. When he came in front of St. George he stopped, then hesitated. Finally, as if the nature of his communication was of too important a description to cause him to

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stand on ceremonies, he advanced to the bench he sat on, and touching his cap with his hand, he allowed it to descend, till his forefinger pressed his lip, and said—"Is not this Wednesday, sir?"

"No," said St. George, angrily, as if at the interruption, at the same time responding to the signal, by placing his right hand on his left arm, "no—it is Thursday."

"I have something to tell you, sir," said the soldier; you are an *Eagle of the Chasseur Frieres*?"

"True," replied St. George; "is your communication of much importance?"

"So important," said the soldier, "that it will admit of no delay. Properly it should be delivered to the Chief Eagle; but since I do not know where to find him, it will suffice if I give you the information, and so relieve myself of the charge." He then glanced suspiciously at Mary, as if doubtful of her.

"You are right," said St. George, understanding his meaning; "wait a moment." He turned to Mary, and placing the palm of his hand against her forehead, he exclaimed—

"Sleep!—I WILL it!"

As he spoke these mysterious words, the beautiful young girl's head declined against a tree which supported the seat, her eyes closed, and with a deep sigh, as if in exhaustion, she sank into a tranquil slumber.

"Now," cried St. George, rising and confronting the soldier—"now for your story—quick!"

"I was ordered," began the man, "a short time since, to proceed to Sir Francis Head, with despatches——"

"Stay! who ordered you?"

"One of the chiefs of the League——"

"Yes—go on."

"The nature of the despatch was, how many men can you

spare me to serve in Lower Canada, as there is danger of a revolt. This was signed by Sir George Colbourne."

"Yes—and what was his answer?"

"He was afraid to send a written despatch, for fear it would fall into the hands of the rebels. But his answer was 'ALL.'"

"Then all the troops in Upper Canada are withdrawn?"

"Yes, sir—all. They are now *en route* for Montreal."

"Very good—and what else?"

"The worst is to come—the Rebellion has, I fear, broken out in Upper Canada, and the Patriots coming by the worst."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed St. George, angrily; "McKenzie cannot be so mad as that—why a premature outbreak would ruin every thing—a partial rising in one place would play the devil."

"Well, sir, I fear such is the case in Upper Canada, and I have lost no time in informing you of it. You are the first Eagle of the Lodge of Chasseur Frieres I have met—and now, having disclosed this to you, I have done my share."

"But what do you ground your belief upon?"

"The whole population was in commotion as I came along. People were talking in groups, and shaking their heads in a mysterious manner. Rumors that Papineau had established a Republic in Lower Canada—that McKenzie was coming over the American line with 100,000 men into Upper Canada, and a dozen other idle reports were being whispered about—and as I passed the road a few miles this side of Toronto, I heard distinctly the sound of fire-arms, and even heavy artillery. I hurried on—I did not stop to inquire—but from what I could learn from the people as I came along, the Patriots were defeated."

"The Patriots defeated!—how could they be—there were no troops there, you say?"

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"It was on the strength of that, that McKenzie presumed; he thought the moment for action had come—but they were defeated by the militia and volunteer regiments, as I understood it, from the desultory conversation I heard along the road."

"Fiends of Darkness!" cried St. George, "the Chasseurs of Canada beaten by the militia!—Impossible!"

"Well, sir, perhaps it is," said the soldier; "but still it was my duty to inform you of it, and it will be just as well for you to attend to it. What are your further commands?"

"Call in an hour hence, at the residence of Mr. Edmund Ferrars—do you know him?"

"Certainly—every Chasseur of the League knows him."

"Well, call there in an hour from this, and in the meantime, speak to no one—and reveal not one word of this. Do you understand?"

"Yes, well,"—and the man touched his cap and disappeared.

"Bad—bad!" thought St. George, when he had gone; "it will ruin every thing. However, we must be prepared for every fortune—victory or defeat is all the result of the dice—we must only take our chance, and trust to luck." As he thus thought another person made his appearance on the spot. It was Mary's father.

For a moment the stern old Puritan regarded the young man, with a fixed and penetrating look, as if to divine his intentions, but suddenly catching a sight of his daughter, sleeping on the bench, the pent-up ire of his bosom burst forth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDMUND AND GERARD.

"Why does he gaze on thee and thou on him?
 Ah!—he unvails his aspect—on his brow
 The thunder-scars are graven—from his eye
 Glares forth the immortality of Hell!"—**MANFRED.**

As Simms left the prison, he passed the cell in which Gerard was confined. Placing his mouth to the open space cut in the door, he said—

"Do you wish to see Mr. Ferrars? If so, desire the jailer to send him to you—he is in cell No. 14;" on saying which he hurried on, until he arrived at Fergusson's room, where, repeating the same words, he went to the outer gate, and there meeting the turnkey, he said:—"The prisoner confined in No. 8 cell, desired me to tell you that he wished to speak to you," and then passed through without exciting the least suspicion on the part of the turnkey.

The latter party, on understanding that Fergusson desired to see him, immediately repaired to the cell in which that worthy was confined, and putting his face to the wicket, demanded of him what he required.

"There is a legal gentleman engaged with the prisoner in No. 14," said Fergusson, in an entreating tone; "I want you to go to him, and ask if he will come and take up my case. I have been anxiously waiting to see if he would visit the prison before retaining any other counsel, and now that he has, I do not want to lose him. Will you do this?"

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"In No. 14," said the jailer; "how the deuce did he get in? Oh, I suppose that time I left Scott at the door in my place—these lawyers have admittance always whenever they like, without leave or license. Well, yes, I will go—you seem a decent sort of fellow, although a murderer, and I do not care if I oblige you this once, just by way of a slant."

"Oh, thank you—thank you," cried Fergusson, as the other walked away; "do not fail to make him come."

In a few moments the jailer arrived at the door of cell No. 14, wherein Simms had been confined. Without giving himself the trouble of opening the door, he looked through the open space, against which Rodolphe was stationed, so that his view would be obstructed, and exclaimed—

"I say, Simms—is the legal gentleman with you yet?"

"Yes, he is here," answered Rodolphe, imitating the voice of his satellite, and then adding in his proper tone—"I am of the legal profession. Who requires my services?"

"The person confined in cell No. 8," answered the turnkey, walking away; "when you are going out, just look in there, as he wants to see you very particularly."

"Very good," said Rodolphe, "open the door—I will go now, as I am done with this man."

The jailer turned back, and unlocked the door; when Rodolphe came out, he again turned the key, without looking in.

"Now show me where the prisoner is?" said Edmund.

"Follow me," said the turnkey, looking at him with some surprise. "By the bye, sir," he said, "I do not remember you—I don't think you have visited this prison before. Perhaps you are a stranger?"

"No," said Rodolphe; "but I have just entered the profession. I studied with Mr. Ellis—I suppose you know him——"

"Oh, yes—well. He is engaged for the man that is confined for the murder of young Wentworth—Gerard."

"Oh, true—so he is," said Rodolphe, "and that reminds me, that I must see him also—in which cell is he?"

"There," said the jailer, "Mr. Fergusson is in No. 8—do not forget him, as he is in a great fix to see you," and so saying, the turnkey walked away.

Rodolphe now entered Gerard's cell. The unfortunate young man was laying on some straw in one corner of the den—his eyes fixed vacantly on the ceiling, and his hands were clasped over his head, as if to suppress the throbbing of his blood-surcharged temples. Rodolphe stared on beholding him. So great was the change, he scarcely recognized in the matured and stern countenance before him that of the careless, love-sick youth, he had met but a few hours before. Every trace of youth had vanished—a concentrated fire burned in his eyes, his black brows were knit, as if in keeping with some settled purpose that raged within his soul—his forehead was contracted in deep furrows, and his whole appearance denoted a change which had revolutionized, if one may so speak, every emotion of his mind. So far from his indulging in complaint and unavailing prayers, as might be supposed would have been the case, on finding himself in so new and dreadful a situation, he looked like some determined patriot who had been condemned to death, and laughed its terrors into scorn—he looked like one, who had nerved himself against despair—one who knew the worst, and had roused his soul to meet it as became a man. His appearance in that dark cell, was striking, if not romantic. Extended on the floor, and the lights and shades from the solitary window falling upon his features, and placing them in strong relief, the muscles of his throat and arms, clearly defined, and his

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features rigid and composed, he appeared the very Gladiator, hewn in stone.

When Edmund entered, he half rose from his recumbent position, and turning partly round, supported his head with his hand, while he gazed at the intruder, with a stern scrutinizing look. The latter returned it with one equally penetrating, and for a moment they remained thus, gazing steadily into each others' eyes. In that moment the far future seemed to flash before them, and a destiny was revealed that caused them both to shudder involuntarily and without knowing from what it arose. An intuitive perception of some relative position in which they eventually should stand, seemed to cross their souls, and then disappeared, not to return until in reality.

Shaking off this undefined and vague feeling, Edmund addressed him, and they entered into conversation. It is known to the reader why Gerard was so anxious to obtain an interview with Rodolphe; he will recollect that the desire arose from the mysterious communication made by the latter regarding Mary Hereford. The reader has divined by this time that the only object Edmund had in view when he addressed him after the murder of Wentworth, was to obtain an opportunity of dropping the pistols into his pocket, and when, therefore, Gerard requested him at this moment to unfold what he knew on the subject, he fabricated some story for the occasion, which answered his purpose, and at the same time satisfied the latter. Edmund's motive in seeing him at this time was merely to ascertain the plea he intended to set up to prove his innocence, so that he would be prepared to render it nugatory.

"And your trial comes off on the 22d then," said Rodolphe, "and you mean, by what you have stated, to imply

that you are not guilty, but that merely from a certain combination of circumstances, it looks as though you were."

"My acquaintance with you, Mr. Ferrars," said Gerard, eyeing him suspiciously, "has been very slight, and I can scarcely blame you for believing as all the rest believe; but had you known me, and then made use of such an expression as that, I would have considered it as grossly unjust. Yes, sir, I am innocent, and there is one fact which will go to establish my innocence, which I shall have to call on you to prove."

"Ah," said Rodolphe, "and what is that?"

"It is that your evidence will show what my object was in being found hovering round the spot where Wentworth was found murdered. You recollect why it was that I remained there, and that it was only for the purpose of awaiting your return, in order to ascertain the nature of your communication with regard to Mr. St. George, and so forth. Do you recollect this?"

"I recollect telling you," replied Rodolphe, "that I had an affair to communicate which would deeply interest you, but you are mistaken with regard to the place; it was not near where Wentworth was found."

"I beg your pardon," cried Gerard, eyeing him with a sinister, and in him, very unusual sort of look; "it was not three hundred yards from the place where Edward Wentworth's body was at that very moment lying."

"Tut, tut, all nonsense," said Edmund, "I know better—you had been in front of Hereford's cottage; you had left it and was returning home; I was taking a walk in a direction from the city, when I suddenly met you, and made the statement which aroused your curiosity."

"Ah, indeed," said Gerard, "then you were *not* returning

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towards Montreal, and I going in an opposite direction, when you made this communication?"

"Certainly not," returned Rodolphe, "that is if my memory served me right."

Gerard sneered, and remained silent.

"Damn the fellow," thought Edmund, "he sees through my object; he is devilish suspicious."

Edmund then said aloud, "If my evidence will be of service to you, Mr. Gerard, I will give it, but I shall not stray from the truth."

"It is all right," said Gerard, waving his hand, as if to put a stop to further conversation; "I fully understand you, Mr. Ferrars."

"That is more than I can say in return," said Rodolphe, biting his lip in deep chagrin; for he began to feel very uneasy at the strange manner in which his companion expressed himself; "I really wish you would explain."

"There is nothing to explain, sir," retorted Gerard, in deep irony, "since I am fully persuaded, notwithstanding your assertion to the contrary, that we do understand each other, and that right well."

In spite of Rodolphe's power of controlling his emotions, he could scarcely repress an exclamation of alarm which arose to his lips. He felt that Gerard's eye was fixed upon him with a glance so keen and scrutinizing, as if it would read his very soul. It was an unusual situation for Edmund Rodolphe to be in, and he felt angry at himself for allowing this feeling of awe to creep over his spirit, in the presence of this man; a man that a few hours before, he had looked down upon with unutterable contempt. But it seemed as if another spirit had entered the same body, and dethroned the former one, and left him no longer the Gerard of the *past*—but of the *PRESENT*—the *FUTURE*.

Rodolphe made an effort to assume his wonted calmness, and he succeeded. "Mr. Gerard," said he, "you speak in riddles; I fear this unfortunate business has disordered your understanding; you have suffered it to prey too much upon your mind. I told you, in the first place, that if my evidence was likely to be of service, I would give it freely. You then wished me to speak inconsistently with the truth, which I believed. On this you muttered something about our understanding each other, and which I tell you, I do not understand. Now listen. Circumstantial evidence is strong against you—so strong, that so far as presumptive proof will go, you are, to a moral certainty, guilty of this murder. What motive induced you to commit this crime, is known only to the Almighty and yourself. With such a belief on my mind, would you have me utter a falsehood and perjure myself before that Almighty and the world, for the sake of saving from the gallows one whom I believe guilty of this horrible offence? No; you have mistaken your man—however much I may sympathise with you, I shall not aid you in escaping the just punishment of the law."

As he said this, Gerard gazed at him long and earnestly. It was hard to analyze that look—it was one of mingled scorn, intensity of purpose, and deep premeditated vengeance. It said as plain as words could say, "Villain! I have divined your secret soul—you have tampered with one who will yet cause you to curse the hour wherein you were born!"

"And you believe," said Gerard, after a pause, "that I am guilty of this crime?"

"What else can I think," repeated Rodolphe, returning his look, with equal calmness, "yes—certainly—I believe you guilty."

"That will do," said Gerard, motioning him with his hand towards the door, while concentrated fire burnt in his eyes.

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"Now leave the room, or I shall call the turnkey to order you out."

Rodolphe laughed, his sneering laugh. "Miserable boaster!" he said, throwing on the young man a look of malignant triumph, "you shall die the death of a dog;" and saying which, he left the cell.

On leaving the room, he pursued his way towards the cell in which Fergusson was confined. As may be supposed, the latter was highly gratified at the sight of him, for, maugre the many assurances he had received from his associates, he still had his doubtful misgivings regarding the truth of the principle of "honor among thieves."

"And so you wish to see me, Fergusson," said Edmund, on entering; "I can easily imagine for what purpose, and can only assure you again, that you may rely with the utmost confidence on my promise. For I will not suffer one hair of your head to be injured. When will your trial come on?"

"On the 22d," replied Fergusson.

"Indeed," said Rodolphe, "I did not think it would have been called so soon—but that makes no difference—you need fear nothing. Now, mark me, you will set up no plea in your defence, but let things take their course. Dwell on the fact that the man you had murdered, once horse-whipped you, so that the action may appear to have arisen altogether from private spleen. Take no steps, even should you hear the death-sentence pronounced. Deny nothing, conceal nothing—except that which may tend in the least degree to bring up political matters. Do this, and you are safe; I pledge you the word of a man who never raised his voice to assert a lie, that you will be rescued, even were the hangman's rope about your neck."

"And with that promise, I suppose I must remain content,"

said Fergusson ; " and yet I don't know," he added, shaking his head doubtfully, " you remember the part, Mr. Rodolphe, I took in that plot which was formed against you, and which I betrayed. You may have ill will for me, for that ; I don't know—I am afraid—I am afraid."

" Oh, pursue your own course," said Edmund, dryly ; " you may betray us, but you cannot save yourself by doing so—you may ruin the League, you may blast the independence of Canada—you may make your name infamous forever, but will you thereby prevent Roderick Fergusson dying like a dog ?"

" Then I suppose there is no other course left for me," said Fergusson, " and I must rely on your promise, whether I will or not ?"

" You must," said Rodolphe, " as you have no option.—And now let us change the subject ; I observed to-day, when speaking of your adventures, after having shot Colonel Moodie, that you were about making an observation, regarding something which took place at that cottage, where you met St. George ; I noticed that by a frown St. George checked you and you did not go on. Now, Mr. Fergusson, I require to know what that secret was !"

" That is really what I cannot tell you," replied Fergusson, " it is a matter of very trifling consequence, and I cannot imagine why St. George was desirous of concealing so trivial a circumstance."

" Why will you not tell me ?"

" Because I do not know, and therefore cannot."

" But there must be something in it ; tell me all you do know."

" Oh, certainly," said Fergusson, wishing to ingratiate himself with Edmund, " but it really will amount to very

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little——” and he then went on and related what he had seen at the window of the cottage.

Rodolphe listened, in mute astonishment, mingled with anger. When Fergusson had concluded, he stood for a long time lost in thought. He appeared like a man, surrounded by a countless host of assailants, and looking round to discover which of them he should resist first.

“ ‘ When troubles come, they come not single spies—but in battalions.’ ”

And with this quotation on his lips, he slowly turned and left the prison.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Loredano.——— Follow me.

Barbarigo.—Follow thee?—I have followed long
 Thy path of desolation, as the wave
 Sweeps after that before it, alike whelming
 The wreck that creaks to the wild winds and wretch
 The waters that rush through them.—BYRON.

WE must now trace out, step by step, the deep-laid measures taken by Mr. Edmund Rodolphe, *alias* Ferrars, *alias* Beauchamp, *alias* Fowler, *alias* Erleloff, for the purpose of getting his brother, who was the main obstacle in the path of his ambition, out of the way. Despite of all his cunning—maugre all his egotism, this gentleman's affairs are now beginning to look very black and ominous; and gaze in whatever direction he would, he finds that he is surrounded by dangers, by difficulties, by enemies, and obstacles which it would puzzle the ingenuity of almost any man to surmount or avoid. Clear as was his head, he now felt that the multiplicity of business confused it—unscrupulous as was his heart, he now experienced some very strange twinges of conscience at the steps which the necessity of the thing urged him to adopt. He has no sooner removed Wentworth, than he discovers that Rodolphe has obtained secrets of a still more dreadful nature, regarding him; scarce has he taken steps to silence him, when he finds that St. George is acquainted with the same secrets, so that such a succession of discoveries were any thing but of a tranquilizing nature to his suspicious mind. He has

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now a great deal of business on hand. He has to procure the conviction and death of Messrs. Gerard and Fergusson—he must capture Sir Francis Head, and Sir John Colbourne, the two Governors of the Canadas; he must get Simms and St. George out of the way, he must go on and play that game out with his brother, Wm. Rodolphe, and while doing all these things, he must, at the same time, revolutionize Canada, keep up his correspondence with foreign powers, undermine the power of England on the American continent, and finally establish a Republic, and cause himself to be created President or Protector. So that Mr. Edmund Rodolphe was any thing but idle. It is not a good principle in general to have too many irons in the fire, and I am afraid poor Mr. Edmund will find the correctness of the truism out yet. However, this is in the “womb of the future.”

Then there was Mr. Lewis St. George, with all his little troubles. His very religious and moral views—his argumentative qualifications, his metaphysical turn, and his “Don Juan” propensities; I begin very much to fear that that hopeful and very promising youth is also pursuing a course that may not be found the most satisfactory in the world, and that he too, will soon find his position any thing but a bed of roses. However, at this moment he is laying the flattering unction to his soul, that he has triumphed over nearly all his difficulties—that with regard to his dangerous friend, Mr. Edmund, he can sacrifice *him* whenever he likes—that he now possesses a power, by the aid of science, which will enable him to overturn the world, and it would be worse than cruel to undeceive him, at this particular moment, with regard to any of these delightful day-dreams.

So pass we on. When Simms left the prison, he immediately repaired to Dr. Nelson, the Chief of the League;—that gentleman was out, but the pallid and terrified satellite was

directed to proceed to Campbell's Hotel. Here he not only found the object of his search, but also the elder Rodolphe, who had returned from his walk; having obtained the information for which he was seeking, in conjunction with Messrs. Papineau and Bourdon. Pale and agitated, Simms rushed into the room without knocking. The whole group started, and stared at him. Was the man mad—what could be wrong?

"Where is the President?" cried Simms, when he recovered his breath—"I want to see him immediately alone, on business of the last importance."

"These are all chiefs of the League, man," said Nelson, stepping forward—"say what you have to say, there is no danger."

"I cannot here," cried Simms. "Mr. President, you do not know what you are saying," he added, glancing at Rodolphe. "I must speak to yourself, and for Heaven's sake, lose no time."

Nelson now became alarmed. "Step in here, then," he said, opening a small door on one side of him, "and in the name of common sense, unravel all this mystery."

No sooner were they together, than Simms in rapid and energetic language, laid before him the appalling information that the League had been betrayed, and in a few minutes succeeded in exciting the worthy doctor's fears to a terrible extent. His hair actually bristled on his head. Just as Edmund had predicted, so did it fall out.

"He is without doubt a great man," thought Simms, as he saw how completely and correctly he calculated on the chances, and read human nature—"it is falling out just as he said it would."

In an agony of terror, Dr. Nelson paced the floor. Suddenly he cried, "but what proof have I of this?—*he* betray us! No—no!—it cannot be!"

"Sir," said Simms, "do not trust to that, or you will be miserably deceived. Sir John Colbourne is now taking steps pursuant to the advice given him by that party."

"What can be done," cried Nelson—"what can be done? Stop! I will go in this moment, and denounce him before the chiefs."

"Oh no," said Simms, becoming frightened at this idea, "because, from what I could gather last night, I understood him to say, that many of those chiefs were acquainted with his treachery, and connived at the step he had taken."

"Then who am I to apply to for aid," cried Nelson, "since, from this, I do not know who are my friends, or who are my enemies. Stop, stop," he added quickly, as if a bright idea flashed across his mind, "do you know the chief Eagle of the league—do you know Edmund Rodolphe?"

"I do," said Simms, "what of him?"

"Do you know where to find him?"

"I think I do—although it is a difficult matter to ferret him out."

"He is the only man who can save us at this crisis," said Nelson, "you must find him, and send him to me."

"Nonsense," cried the pretended soldier, in reply, "before I could find him out and send him to you, the whole affair might be blown up."

"Then what in the name of Heaven is to be done," cried Nelson, wringing his hands—"go myself I cannot—what must be done."

"I will tell you," said Simms; "give me written instructions for this Rodolphe, authorizing him to take such steps as he may deem necessary to preserve the league in such a dreadful emergency. I see nothing else that can be done."

"Nor I either," said Nelson, as he took a chair, and commenced writing the order; "by the bye," he continued, "did

you hear any of the names, communicated by Rodolphe to the Governor, as being connected with the League, and privy to his treachery?" "No," answered Simms, "it was merely from the general tenor of his conversation that I gathered that there were other members of the League also engaged in his treachery."

"Here then is the order," said Nelson, when he had sealed it, handing the document to Simms—"now there is one thing I wish you to do—that is, to return to me *immediately* and tell me what he says. It is just possible that he also may be engaged in this horrible plot to destroy us all, and if so, we have no safety but in instant flight, therefore return in time, and we will at least save ourselves."

"That is the only thing left," said Simms, "it will indeed go hard with us if we cannot do that."

"Stop!" cried Nelson, placing his hand to his ear, as if listening, do you think there is any chance of his having overheard us?"

"Oh, no," replied Simms—"none in the world—I guarded against that completely."

"Invent some story, to satisfy the parties within, as to the nature of my interview with you," said Simms—after which, he took his departure—leaving the president overwhelmed with doubt, suspicion and fear.

When the satellite regained the open air, he immediately proceeded to carry in execution the further orders given him by his superior, and in a very short time, he had assembled at Rodolphe's residence three villainous-looking desperadoes, armed to the teeth.

They had not been long waiting, when the chief spirit himself entered.

The three men bent at his approach, as if in the presence of some superior being. For a moment he regarded them

with a scrutinizing glance, as if to ascertain if they were in every way characters suited for his purpose. He appeared to be satisfied.

"Simms," he said, turning to his satellite, "I admire your judgment in the selection you have made—these men will do. Now," he said, addressing the men in a low, earnest tone, "you wish to ascertain the purpose for which I require you. Well—pay attention. I think I can place reliance on you and that you will not fail me."

"You have tried us on many occasions," said one of the men sternly, "you know yourself whether you can depend upon us or not; we never found you backward in rewarding us—you will never find us backward in executing your commands, be they what they may."

"So I believe," said Rodolphe—"otherwise I should not retain you in my employ; now pay deep attention.—Do you know one of the chiefs of the League, called William Rodolphe?"

The men nodded their heads in the affirmative. "Well," resumed Rodolphe, "you will immediately seek him out, and tell him, that his presence is required in Upper Canada—that the Rebellion has broken out there, and that M'Kenzie had sent you post-haste to request his instant departure for the seat of war—you will give him this paper, it is a letter from M'Kenzie to the same effect, he will believe you—and immediately set out for Toronto. You will never lose sight of him, not for a moment—until you see him in M'Kenzie's camp. On your arrival there, hostilities will have been commenced"—here he stopped—and bending down, whispered for a long time in the ear of the man who appeared to hold principal command amongst them. When he had finished, the man said—"I understand all that clearly—but suppose he should not see the necessity of following M'Kenzie's com-

mands—in fine—suppose he should refuse to go—what shall I do then?”

“Fear not for that,” said Rodolphe, “he will go—he will not hesitate.”

“And we are to carry this out to the very letter,” said one of the men.

“To the very letter,” repeated Rodolphe. “I never required a service at your hands of such importance as this. If you fail me, you sign your own death warrant—if you succeed, your reward will be far beyond your fondest expectations.”

The scene, for a time, now shifts to Upper Canada.

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CHAPTER XX.

ENSIGN GUY DE VALENCE.

"Soft eyes spoke love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

CHILDE HAROLD.

It is midnight, it is in the city of Toronto, our story next opens.

The full yet softened brilliancy of an hundred lights, is shed over the splendid saloons of Government house, throwing almost a noon-tide gush of radiance over the festive scene; the soft, subdued music of a military band, breathes forth, at intervals, as at the voice of enchantment; the air is heavy and dense, with the fragrance of the flowers, and exotics that shade the windows, or hang in waving festoons around the walls; silks are rustling, epaulettes glittering, plumes waving, badges of knighthood flashing, dark eyes sparkling, and joyous hearts bounding, within those fairy halls. Some stood apart, conversing in groups, others were floating round the room engaged in the giddy waltz, while obscured in the window recesses, officers in gaudy uniforms were addressing to blushing belles, and uninitiated misses, words that "robbed the silly bees and left them honeyless."

Let us take a nearer view of the gay scene. The Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head, is engaged in a game of whist, at one of the card tables, with an old Waterloo veteran, while two fair ladies, one middle-aged, and possessing rather a

soured than sweet expression of countenance; the other in the full bloom and vigor of youth and almost superhuman beauty, sat opposite, and acting as their partners. This last is a strong expression: Yet when applied to such a being as the one now opposite Sir Francis Head, it seems even to fall short of the meaning that it is intended to convey. She is pensive, thoughtful, intellectual—so far as the expression of her countenance leads one to draw an inference; her face, so pale as to be almost transparent, is placed in strange contrast with those full black eyes, and long silken eye lashes—which give to her countenance an appearance at once dazzling and even unearthly; it was scarcely of human description, but of a cast superior to humanity—more spiritualized, more of soul and less of clay; she was in fact that impersonification of ideal beauty, which is so often dreamed of—occasionally read of—but seldom, if ever, seen. Her dress was picturesque, in the extreme. Round the waist of her white muslin dress, was wound a zone or pink sash, on which was worked in fantastic wreaths, flowers of gold, while her head was surmounted by an ostrich plumé, clasped to the turban she wore, by an opal of the first water. Her slippers of Indian workmanship, were set with brilliant stones, instead of beads, and her whole appearance denoted wealth, with at the same time, the most refined taste.

“Ah, Miss Latour, let me tell you you have revoked,” observed Sir Francis, laughingly; you are not thinking of the game.”

“I was not, indeed, your excellency,” she replied. “I must really confess I am not taking any very great interest in it; I wish some one else would take my place.”

“I can understand,” remarked the old officer, “let me see—what led? the nine of hearts?—Miss Latour’s thoughts are wandering, there is the king, I thought I could have

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trumped it. Yes, her thoughts are wandering; the image of a certain handsome sub comes between her and the cards, and prevents her from seeing them."

"Seeing them?—not see-ing sea-ward," said the Governor.
"Did your Excellency intend that for a pun?"

"Yes—but I see that Miss Latour, as well as yourself does not appreciate it; I regret having offended her, but I really could not resist the temptation of coming out with it."

At this moment an odd specimen of humanity approached the speakers. Its proximity, in the first place, was made evident by the insufferable amount of perfume which proceeded from its hair and clothes, while a description of the latter appendages baffles all description. The uniform which he wore, and which was of the most gaudy description, fitted so closely, that one would have supposed the wearer had been melted and cast into it. On his breast there glittered every description of chains, pins, and brooches, which traversed, crossed, and intersected his snow-white shirt bosom, in every direction; his right hand was bare, and displayed an innumerable number of rings, which reflected back the rays that fell upon their polished stones, from the lights that everywhere surrounded him; he wore a glove on his left hand. The collar of his shirt was as high as his cheek bones, and the toes of his boots turned up in the fantastic manner peculiar to the Orientals. But it was his self-satisfied, self-important look—the strut with which he approached the Governor, the complaisant glances with which he regarded himself—the languid, and affected drawl in which he gave utterance to his little thoughts, that rendered him most supremely ridiculous. In fact, he was by nature formed in the positive degree—his dress and bijouterie placed him in the comparative, and his "am-I-not-irresistible" looks, caused him to shine forth in the superlative. He was in every point of view—that is, as far

as dress, manners, appearance, and speech went, a consummate military coxcomb—a fop of the first water.

“Ah,” said the Governor, observing him, “here is my young friend, recommended to me by Colonel Moodie—Colonel Ingoville, allow me to introduce to you the Hon. Guy Plantagenet de Valence.”

“Happy to form an acquaintanth,” lisped the gallant ensign, in return to the Colonel’s acknowledgment, “I am, ’pon my soul !”

As he drawled forth these words, his eyes happened to light accidentally on Miss Latour. Suddenly a mortal paleness overspread his face ; he staggered back, with a half-uttered exclamation—his affected manner of speaking, as well as the apathy which seemed to characterize all his actions, instantly fled, and he stood staring at the beautiful being before him, as if paralyzed and spell-bound.

Whether his emotion arose from admiration, or whether from some recollection, or a sudden attack of illness, it is difficult to determine—certain it is, that for the space of several minutes he stood as if nailed to the spot, and unable to articulate a word—his whole soul, sense, and being appearing to be wound up in the contemplation of the angelic creature, who sat unconscious of his gaze, at the opposite side of the table.

“What is the matter ?” said the Governor, observing his strange expression of countenance ; “are you unwell ?”

The Hon. Guy de Valence at these words, recovered his serenity—

“No, your Ekthelenty,” he answered, “I am perfectly in health, why should you think tho ?”

“Oh, your standing looking at Miss Latour, so intently ; the nine of trumps to beat, there is the knave—I really think if there is such a thing as love at first sight—I only wish Lieutenant Seaward saw that stare !”

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"Lieutenant Seaward," repeated the Ensign, a sudden twinge agitating his countenance; "I really cannot see how that person could possibly be affected by my manner of staring. But the fact really is this, that no one could see Mith Latour, without becoming so abstracted in admiration, as to forget good manners and all ordinary politeness."

Miss Latour blushed with indignation, and she rose to leave the table—but his impertinence did not end here; ere she could effect her purpose, he said—

"Mith Latour, I really solicit pardon, but I can offer no other reason for my conduct, than that it arises from my boundless admiration of your excessive beauty—which is beyond any thing I ever conceived, save in my dreams."

"Really, sir," she answered, with extreme hauteur, "I hardly think that the fact of our having met here by mere accident, warrants you to speak in such fulsome terms, and I beg of you to change the subject, or I shall be tempted to look upon your conduct as grossly insulting."

"Is it usual," asked the old officer, who was still at the table, "in the land which you left, to address ladies previous to being introduced to them. I see, sir, that you are one who attaches very slight importance to the conventional rules of society, when you wish to gratify a desire."

"I am fully aware," answered de Valence, "that I have been guilty of unpardonable presumption—at the same time I have requested pardon on the plea that I was overborne by my feelings, that to prevent myself speaking to Miss Latour was impossible."

"That will do," said the Governor; "let this foolish affair end here—it has gone quite far enough. What led?—the eight of spades?"

Miss Latour now rose, and walked slowly to a window, whither, with the most unparalleled assurance, the ensign

followed, as if determined not to be repulsed. She did not observe him follow her, and in a few moments, they were both lost sight of by the busy company, each being occupied with affairs of their own so sufficiently as not to allow a thought regarding the two who had just disappeared to enter their minds.

At this moment there was a bustle observed at the lower end of the room. An officer, whose high boots were covered with mud, and whose whole appearance bespoke travel and haste, entered the saloon.

“That officer has ridden hard,” observed the old veteran at the card-table; “by St. George of England, this reminds me of the Duchess of Brunswick’s ball, the night before Waterloo. Courier after courier would arrive, travel-stained and mud-covered, just as he is—while it required all the commander-in-chief’s vigilance to keep them from frightening the company out of their wits, by their terrible news. First, the French were *en route* for the city—then, that the Prussians had been annihilated at Ligny—at last that the Emperor was in Brussels. But the old Duke’s face never underwent the slightest change—and he laughed and talked as if nothing were the matter the whole night. Oh! that was the ball—it was the banquet of blood—it was the most dreadful mockery of death that ever the world witnessed!”

“I know that young man,” said the Governor, looking at the officer who had just entered, and who stood surrounded by an anxious group of inquirers—“I know him—what in the world is wrong?—I am afraid affairs in Lower Canada are going to be bad. I did not like it when Sir John Colbourne sent after all the troops I could spare. Well knowing the loyalty of the people of Upper Canada, and wishing to show the world that British power was *not* upheld here by British bayonets, as many of these Republican agitators say,

I sent him all. There is not a red coat in Upper Canada, except those on the staff."

"I think your Excellency acted imprudently," said the old officer; "but when I consider what those militia are, and how daring the rebels are becoming, I am half doubtful. I despise the militia—there is nothing like the regular British soldier. I suppose you are aware that this McKenzie is nightly engaged in drilling and training his deluded victims to the use of arms, and learning them military evolutions?"

"A few clerks and mechanics of Toronto," said Sir Francis. "Oh, yes, I am acquainted with the whole affair—I am letting them go on—I wish to solve a problem. Hume, and those statesmen and writers of his kidney affirm that monarchy on the American continent is a hot-house plant, and can be sustained only by coercive measures—that America is a soil on which nothing can flourish save Republicanism. I know the idea is false—I wish to try the experiment—for this reason I have sent all the troops away, so that if the Insurrection is put down it will be by the people themselves."

"But suppose," urged the other, "they should join with the patriots, and that the cross of England should be trampled into the dust in Upper Canada—what are you to say to your superiors at home, for having left yourself defenceless? It will be a very poor excuse that you were solving a problem."

"I have no fears," said Sir Francis. "In the first place, I do not think there will be a rising at all—I think it will all end in smoke, and newspaper threats."

"The battle of Waterloo ended in smoke," interrupted the officer, "but it was the smoke of six hundred cannon, two hundred thousand muskets, and a blazing village. This may, indeed, end in smoke."

"I do not mean smoke of that kind," replied the Governor; "the fact is, I have no fears of a rebellion—and if it does

break out, I have so much confidence in the loyalty of the people, that I have no doubt, but that they will themselves put it down."

"By the bye, I only hear McKenzie's name spoken of. Where is Papineau and the rest of them?"

"Oh, they are in Lower Canada—they are quiet. But I must go and speak to Seaward," he continued, "for I think he must have news."

As he spoke, the young man he had named approached the spot.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE PLOT IS THICKENING.

"What news, Lord Bardolph? Every moment now
Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high living, madly has broke loose,
And bears down all before him."—HENRY IV.—PART II.

"Ha, Seaward, you appear to have ridden hard; what is the news?"

"Bad news," answered Seaward; "there has been sad work in Montreal."

"Aye, what is that—has the rebellion broken out?"

"Not exactly; but there is every likelihood that it soon will, if one may judge by the murders taking place."

"Why—who has been murdered?" cried the Governor.

"Colonel Moodie and Lieutenant Wier," answered Seaward; "they have both been assassinated in the most inhuman manner."

"And has the cause been ascertained, that induced the murderers to commit the direful act?"

"Political matters must be at the bottom," replied Seaward; "however very little can be known till the trial takes place—till then every thing is veiled in obscurity."

"And will there be sufficient evidence to convict the miscreants? There is no chance of their escaping through want of proof—is there?" asked Sir Francis, anxiously.

"No—for one of the assassins has turned king's evidence;

although by this man's account, political motives have had nothing to do with it."

"Well, perhaps it was accidental—but it is just as well that Sir John should look out sharply. Lower Canada is a nest of traitors and conspirators, so far as regards the French population. By the honor of England, I would take such steps, were I he, as to prevent a single plotter amongst them to wag his finger! Those rascally papers should be put down—they do more mischief by instilling infamous doctrines into the minds of the masses than he is aware of!"

"Look to Upper Canada, your Excellency," said the old officer; "you may yet have your hands full here. The Anglo-Saxon population are not so excitable as the French; but once they *are* roused, they are far more dangerous antagonists to contend with."

"Poh!" cried Sir Francis, contemptuously; "what can the clodpoles do—I could crush them all with one regiment of Cavalry."

"Aye—so thought Sir Henry Clinton, of the American Revolutionists—yet he was mistaken," said the officer.

"Well, well," cried the Governor, we will not dispute on the matter. Mr. Seaward you had better rest yourself—you appear fatigued. Have you come officially?"

"Yes, sir, I have brought despatches from Sir John Colbourne."

"Ah, very well—we will receive them tomorrow."

"Pardon me, your Excellency," said the young man, "if I suggest that you would attend to them to-night."

At this moment, Ensign de Valence and Miss Latour, came forward from the window recess, walking slowly side by side, their faces bent down, and apparently so deeply engaged in conversation as to be insensible to any thing going on around. Her aversion seemed strangely changed into regard, for she

gazed on him tenderly and with eyes beaming with affection. At the sight of Seaward, the ensign started, then nodded in a familiar manner, recollecting that he had met him at Colonel Moodie's; but Seaward returned it not—he was paralyzed to his inmost soul, and he stared vacantly in reply. The attention of Sir Francis had been diverted by something else, and he had left the spot, so that now there were only the three—the Ensign, the Lieutenant, and the lady. At the familiarity given him by Miss Latour, Seaward was thunder-stricken—he believed himself in a dream—and he was unable to find words to express his chagrin and astonishment. When he found, however, that they were about passing, without speaking to him, he placed himself in their path, and with studied politeness saluted the young officer, at the same time addressing Miss Latour in a familiar and friendly manner. To this she replied, calmly and without expressing any particular emotion, but merely in the same abstracted and common-place manner that one uses in speaking to another when the thoughts are wandering, and intent on something else. You know the person before you—you feel that you must speak to him in reply to what he says—but you say any thing that comes uppermost, without thinking of the person you are addressing, or paying any attention to the words you make use of—your thoughts being far away and centred on something else of a more absorbing nature. So it was with her, and this surprised her lover still more than ever.

“She sees me,” he thought, “but she looks upon me as though she were in a dream, this is very strange. I could account for it in a philosopher, but not in her.” Then he said aloud, “Miss Latour and you, sir, appear to have become very great friends, considering your remarkably brief ac-

quaintance—and the worst of it, it seems as if the new friendship is formed at the sacrifice of the old.”

Strange to say the sarcasm was thrown away on the party for whom it was intended. She gazed on De Valence, and seemed, while looking into his eyes, to forget all the rest of the world.

“That depends on the relative characters of the two she has to choose between,” lisped the Ensign, in his affected drawl. “Perhaps Miss Latour thought that to retain one, it would become nethethary to sacrifice the other—and judging of them by their respective merits, she wisely conthidered the old acquaintanth of less value than the new.”

“I could easily understand her doing so,” answered Seaward, angrily, “had you been entertaining her with an account of those conquests which you were repeating at Colonel Moodie’s table—they would have been so irresistibly overwhelming, as to have created a very favorable impression in your behalf.”

“Oh, then,” returned De Valence, with the most annoying calmness, “it is to ourselves individually you refer to as being Miss Latour’s two acquaintances. I thought your remarks were of a general nature. But since you have expressed such a favorable opinion regarding these little matters which I repeated at Colonel Moodie’s, I must express my deep gratitude at such flattering remarks—while at the same time I cannot but admit candidly that I think the favorable impression I have produced in this fair lady arises from that cause as much as any thing.”

“Such impertinence!” cried Seaward, his face burning like fire, while he felt his chest swelling with suppressed ire; “Miss Latour, permit me to ask if you can tolerate this puppy’s insolence!”

De Valence laughed aloud. “Intermeddler!” he whispered,

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but with a calmness which his words belied; "attend to matters in which you are interested—in this particular business you are not."

Seaward could not credit his senses—was he in a dream—could one to whom he had given his love years before, thus stand by, and not be offended at this man's presumption—it was a maddening mystery he could not solve.

"Mr. De Valence," he cried, becoming more and more excited; "I cannot understand your witless and grossly impertinent remark—much less can I understand how you, an acquaintance of two hours standing, should dare speak to me as having no interest in this subject; and still less can I comprehend what earthly interest *you* can have in it. Helen," he whispered, "for God's sake dispel this illusion, or you will drive me mad!"

But Helen Latour only regarded him with a look, cold and passionless, and again her gaze fell upon the Ensign.

"This is some horrible mystery," cried Seaward, his feelings choking him, and denying utterance to his words. "Mr. De Valence," he exclaimed, "if this is a joke, it is one, sir, for which I shall demand dear satisfaction; I shall require an explanation of the fullest nature, sir; for I clearly perceive that this is an intentional insult."

"Oh," said De Valence, sneeringly, "I am not one, who declines affording every satisfaction to parties who may require it; but on this occasion I cannot see what right under heaven *you* have to demand it."

"You cannot imagine that right, sir," cried Seaward, passionately, "and therefore you do not know what feelings you are tampering with."

"Speak low," said De Valence, "or you will presently attract a crowd, and that will not be very pleasant. But let me review the facts. You meet Miss Latour and myself,

and without a word being spoken, further than those which ordinary politeness demand, you accuse her of deserting old friends for new ones—and then, when I remark, in a general sort of way, that a person is justified in sacrificing one, should it become necessary to do so, in order to save the other, you get quite angry and demand satisfaction, *et cetera*. Now I would ask you, in return, by what right do you question Miss Latour with regard to the propriety of her forming an acquaintance with whom she pleases?"

"By a right which you cannot possibly understand," answered Seaward, angrily; "and one which I do not intend making you acquainted with; I only wish to know, sir, if I may expect that satisfaction at your hands, which your gross insolence causes me to demand?"

"I am no duellist," said De Valence; "nor will my principles permit me to engage in duels."

"Your principles!" exclaimed Seaward, curling his lip. "Yes, sir,—do you suppose because I may have talked imprudently over Moodie's wine, or because I am more particular in my mode of dress than you are, that it follows I should necessarily have no principles? I will tell you—this question can be settled easily, and without my shooting you or you shooting me—it is merely a matter of dispute which of us two Miss Latour is inclined to retain as a friend—is not that it?"

"Puppy and poltroon," cried Seaward, "what claims have you on her friendship?"

"She is my affianced bride," answered De Valence in a thrilling whisper, while his eyes gleamed with unutterable exultation.

"Liar and madman!" exclaimed the infuriated Seaward. "But I will not waste words on an object so worthless and utterly beneath contempt. Helen," he cried, turning to Miss

Latour, "falsify this lunatic's vile assertion by leaving him without reply."

"Aye, let her decide," said De Valence, calmly. "Helen Latour, answer this man—are you not my affianced wife—have you not been so since I beheld you in my dreams?"

"I am yours," cried the young woman, clasping his hand, "yours now and forever."

Uttering a cry of mingled agony and madness, the unfortunate Seaward reeled back, while at the same moment, a group, attracted by the last energetic expressions, gathered round them, the Governor amongst the rest.

Ere they could inquire into the cause of this sudden emotion, a person entered and demanded an immediate interview with Sir Francis Head, on the most urgent business.

CHAPTER XXII.

WILLIAM LYON M'KENZIE.

"Wretch! if thou wouldst have thy worthless life, implore it,—
It is not now a lease of sixty seconds;
Ay—send thy miserable ruffians forth—
They never shall return."—DOGE OF VENICE.

"WELL," said Sir Francis, advancing to the person who wished to see him, and who was a subordinate in one of the government offices, "what do you require?"

"I come with information, your Excellency," he said, in a hurried manner. "The Rebellion has broken out; the Rebels are in arms."

"Oh, you allude to that disturbance a day or two since—oh, that is all quieted; the militia put down that rising with very little loss."

"I do not refer to that, your Excellency. I mean to tell you that William Lyon M'Kenzie, at the head of five thousand men, is now within an hour's march of Toronto."

Sir Francis Bond Head's face became as pale as his shirt-collar; and he gazed stupidly at his informant without speaking.

"This report may be true," said a General officer, who stood by, and had listened to the conversation. "Shall I give orders to beat to arms, your Excellency, while you question this man further? If dealt with in time, we may put it down; there are a great many militia officers present. Oh, for one Regiment of the line, and I would dispense with all the militia in Canada! What does your Excellency say."

"Yes, beat to arms, call out the militia," cried the Governor, mechanically, and appearing quite bewildered. As he spoke, Guy de Valence approached his side, and whispered in his ear.

"Will your Excellency allow me a few words in a private place. I have important information to communicate—it relates to the insurrection?"

"Nothing but mystery," said Sir Francis, leading the way to an ante-room. "Huntly," he said, turning to the officer referred to, question this man further, while I have a few words with Mr. De Valence, who has something to impart. I think the fellow exaggerates. Come, Mr. Ensign, be quick in what you have to say."

But the Hon. Guy de Valence evinced no disposition to be quick, for no sooner had they reached the private room, than, going to the window which overlooked the street, and in defiance of all rules of politeness, he commenced whistling a march. The governor was so overwhelmed with the intelligence he had just heard, that he did not observe the strangeness of his conduct—he merely muttered—

"I was indeed foolish in suffering all the troops of the line to be withdrawn! Supposing for a moment that this report is true, and that the arch rebel is close to the city, what force can I now assemble to check him? None! If he is expeditious, before I could call the militia together in sufficient numbers, he could capture Toronto. Come, Mr. De Valence—time passes."

"We have plenty of it for our purpose, your Excellency," said the Ensign, who had locked the door of the apartment, and placed the key in his pocket, while at the same time, he dropped his lisp and drawling manner, and spake in a voice strangely familiar.

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"Your Excellency will understand," he said, in a quick, decisive tone, "that this man's intelligence *is* true."

"It is true," repeated Sir Francis Head—"how know you it is—or if you do know it, why did you not communicate it before."

"I tell you now," answered De Valence, "and, to make amends for my seeming neglect, I will now render you acquainted with a great deal more intelligence regarding the operations of the rebels."

"How did *you* become possessed of it?"

"I will tell you all in good time. First, understand clearly, that before the dawn that is now lighting up the sky, the stars and stripes of the Republic will wave over Toronto."

"Madman!" cried Sir Francis, horrified—"what mean you?"

"I mean what I say," replied the Ensign, in a calm tone—"and that is, that before six hours, Toronto will be in the hands of the Republicans."

"Why do I lose time with this man—he is either drunk or mad."

"Listen," said De Valence, not attending to the interruption—"not Toronto alone, but ere you see the sun again, Montreal, Kingston, Quebec and every town between the Western Lakes and the Bay of Funday, will have thrown off their allegiance to the Queen of England, and declared in favor of Republican Institutions. The overwhelming nature of the news staggers you—but it is no less true on that account—nothing can prevent it—it is as inevitable as that the sun will rise."

"Your brain is turned," cried Head, in contempt, and yet with an undefined dread of something, he knew not what. "How could you possibly have become possessed of such news? Had you told me that a Revolution had taken place

amongst the tailors of Paris, and that the fashions of the day would be all exploded before the sunrise—or that it was about to become the order to wear collars *a la Byron*, instead of standing up—I might have given you some credit in having read the secrets of the future—but this!—tush!—nonsense!”

“That is what Moodie told me,” said De Valence, as if talking to himself—“he said that *I* would never excite any fear by discovering the secrets of politicians—but to proceed! Sir Francis Head, what I have told you is true—nothing you can do can now prevent this taking place—before six hours, every British officer in Canada will be a prisoner—many of them under sentence of death. Now I want to make a proposition. In six hours you will be a prisoner to William Lyon M’Kenzie. I wish you to become my prisoner, and not his—as having you in my possession will give me power with my party. Do you understand? To you it is all the same, whether you are M’Kenzie’s prisoner, or mine, to me it is a matter of vital consequence. Therefore, mark me; I will pay you down £10,000, and promise to give you your freedom within six weeks, if you agree to surrender yourself now, and accompany me from this room.”

At these words, the Governor became speechless with astonishment. His surprise may be imagined, but cannot be described. As the Ensign concluded, a dull, heavy sound, like the distant firing of cannon, was borne upon the breeze, as if it would have confirmed the speaker’s words.

“That is the first gun of the Revolution,” said De Valence, springing to his feet, and listening. “The Deity alone can tell when will be the last. Francis Head,” he exclaimed, turning to the wonder-stricken Governor—“be quick, I want your answer. Will you take this sum and come with me? Your refusing, will not alter your position, for in a few hours you will be a prisoner all the same. I tell you, M’Kenzie is

now at the gates of Toronto. At this moment he is about applying the match, to ignite the train that will destroy monarchical institutions on this side of the Atlantic forever. Come, your answer!"

"In the name of God, who are you?" asked the Governor, bewildered.

"Oh, that matters very little," said the other with a sneer, "and besides I do not believe you would know me a bit better were I to tell you. However, to gratify your curiosity, my name is—Lewis St. George. Your answer—do you accept of my terms?"

"Ho! treason!" echoed the Governor.

"Too late!" cried St. George, grasping him by the throat with the left hand, and at the same moment placing the muzzle of a pistol to his forehead.

"Cry not! or by the light of Heaven! I will scatter your brains against your wall!"

As he uttered these words, three men with their faces blackened, rushed up a ladder, placed at the window, and springing through, grasped the Governor by the arms, so suddenly as to deprive him of the power of making the least resistance.

The whole was the work of a minute.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

RECAPITULATION.

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not take it—I would have my bond!"

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

WE must now, so that every thing may appear clear to the reader, recapitulate the events of the last few days, and in doing this, it is necessary to take up the story, at the close of the XVIIth chapter. The anger of Hereford cannot be imagined on discovering his daughter in company with St. George, and he gave vent to his passion freely. St. George, although chagrined and angry, so far restrained his feelings, as not to retaliate, but after awakening Mary, contented himself by dooming Hereford to destruction, in his own mind, and with this half-uttered threat of vengeance, he turned and left the spot.

As for Mary, she wept—she prayed—she interceded with her father, to look more favorably on her lover's suit; but she could not overcome his deep-rooted aversion, and taking her by the arm, he led her to the house, reproving her all the way for her conduct and credulity.

As it was scarcely yet time to attend to his appointment with Rodolphe, he pursued his way to the city, and strolled on till he came in front of the shop of Latour the merchant. This was the person who held the mortgage over Hereford's property, and without attempting to cheapen it, he instantly commenced a negotiation which ended in his becoming the

purchaser of the Bond, for which he gave the full amount, with the interest. Latour made no enquiry with regard to his object, although perfectly aware that he did not come on behalf of the mortgagee to redeem it; but happy at receiving the amount before the time for foreclosure had arrived, he pocketed the money, and asked no unpleasant questions.

"Now," thought St. George, as he left the office, "I will teach the fellow that he shall not call me names with impunity—insolent churl; I have done too much honor to his low-born daughter by being in her company. Well—'a change *has* come over the spirit of my dream;' indeed, I am becoming quite an Edmund Rodolphe. So much the better, all men are villains, all women dupes, why should I be different from my race."

He then proceeded to Rodolphe's residence. That worthy had just despatched his emissaries to his brother William for the purpose of sending him to Upper Canada. He was alone when St. George entered. It was easily seen that there was a degree of embarrassment on the part of both. Rodolphe, however, with that power which he so eminently possessed of subduing all external emotions, repressed that suspicion which existed in his mind from appearing on his countenance, and he immediately went on to explain to St. George that it was impossible for him at that moment to accompany the latter to Toronto.

"You will have to go alone," he said, "but if you act rightly, you will be able to accomplish every thing yourself. All that is required is coolness, courage, and self-reliance.—You will go there, of course, as the Ensign, whose part you acted at Colonel Moodie's—by the bye, I hope you have not lost that letter of introduction which he gave you for Sir Francis Head."

"It was sent on by mail," interrupted St. George.

"Well, we shall only have to write another," said Rodolphe, "and if it goes down as well with Sir Francis Head, as the others did with Colonel Moodie, it will be all right.— Now mark, you have more to do than the mere arrest of the Governor, I want you to take such steps as will cause the patriots of Upper Canada to make an instant appeal to arms."

"Oh, I had forgotten to tell you," broke in St. George, "that hostilities have already been commenced in the upper province."

"Ha! how have you learnt this—can you depend upon its being authentic?"

"I can," replied St. George, and he related to him the intelligence which he had obtained from the soldier.

"Indeed," said Rodolphe, when he had finished, "then there are no troops in Upper Canada; well, if McKenzie fails to take advantage of that circumstance, he is the veriest dolt and dastard that ever breathed the breath of life. It is evident that unless we are quick, he will have Sir Francis Head in his own keeping, which would almost ruin all my intentions. Therefore, as well as being expeditious, you will have to be cautious and subtle, and will have to hold out inducements that will cause Sir Francis Head to render himself prisoner to *you*, rather than to William Lyon McKenzie."

"It is a bad business," said St. George, "why not come with me yourself?"

"I cannot," said Rodolphe, "I want to be here at that trial. I do not like to leave Fergusson; I am afraid he will peach."

"Oh! by the way," cried St. George, "you do not intend to hang Gerard, do you?"

"What!" exclaimed Rodolphe, "hang Gerard? what have I to do with it?" and he eyed his companion suspiciously.— The latter saw that he had gone too far, and he hastened to

set matters right, but Edmund had seen through the whole—it was a difficult matter to deceive him. However, as the time had not yet arrived when he should take an open course with St. George, he thought the most prudent plan at the present moment, would be to affect utter ignorance of the knowledge he possessed, and await patiently the progress of events. It was evident that St. George was no match for his subtle coadjutor. While one was confident and reliant on his own prudence and foresight, the other was doubtful and suspicious of every thing—his own penetration and cunning included, and herein lay the vast difference between the two men.

Rodolphe, therefore, after explaining to him what course he should pursue with regard to getting the Governor into his hands, let him into as much of the secret regarding his intentions towards his brother, as was necessary to suit his purposes, and then giving him a supply of money, sufficient to defray his expenses and carry out his views as well, he dismissed him with the ominous words, “St. George, our interests are identical, the moment you attempt to injure mine, you injure your own; when you begin to think of playing me false, you begin to dig your own grave,” and so saying they parted.

Immediately on their doing so, St. George set out for Toronto, determined, since he was thrown on his own resources, to seize the Governor, and turn the power that circumstance would give him to his own advantage. Then again he reflected—“What chance have I of competing with Edmund Rodolphe? Has not his own brother, possessing far more judgment, far more control over his passions than I—has not he failed? why should I hope for success? Yet, I know much regarding him—damning secrets—but he would crush me—he would crush me—I would be a pigmy in his hands!

No! no! he said truly, 'our interests were identical, and that the moment I commenced plotting against him, I would dig my own grave!'"

It is unnecessary to follow him through his course of dissimulation and assurance, while he enacted the part of the Ensign before Sir Francis Head. Having sustained the part for a short time, and the first fear of discovery over, he became quite self-possessed and confident, and it was not until he met Miss Latour, that his assumed calmness vanished.— In her he beheld the embodiment of that ideal being he had dreamed of, on the night when he is first introduced to the reader—one whose image had haunted him from that night up to the present moment, and, no sooner did he gaze upon the reality, than he determined to possess her at all risks.— By the aid of Pathetism, the science he had learned from William Rodolphe, he had succeeded in obtaining a magnetic influence over Miss Latour, and this he was determined to exert until she became his.

With regard to his success in relation to the Governor's capture, we shall recur to that in the proper place, merely explaining to the reader that the three men who co-operated with him in the attempted capture of Sir Francis Head, were those which Edmund had despatched to Upper Canada with the elder Rodolphe, and who had received orders to obey St. George in any order of his relating to the Governor's arrest. With this explanation, we shall return to other parties in whom the reader is equally interested.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WILLIAM RODOLPHE.

"Ho! Gentlemen! to arms—for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth."—SHAKESPEARE.

"THEN all is arranged, Papineau," said the elder Rodolphe to his coadjutor, as they still sit at Campbell's, discussing how they could get Sir John Colbourne into their hands. This was about half an hour after the departure of Simms. Since then, Nelson had paced the floor, eyeing Rodolphe furtively, and watching his every motion, determined to blow his brains out, if he attempted to leave the tavern, until he should hear from Edmund. He did not join in the conversation, but awaited anxiously to see if the last named party would aid him, determined to make his escape, should he see no signs of assistance from that quarter.

"And yet I see many difficulties in that course, too," said Rodolphe, "the least indiscretion, and we are lost—utterly, irretrievably lost."

"We must take our chance of that," said Papineau, "it is all the result of chance, whatever destiny has decreed, will be. It is a pity we had not the advice of Edmund Ferrars, but he is engaged in the Upper Canada affair."

"It is all nonsense," exclaimed Nelson, eyeing Rodolphe suspiciously, "you cannot seize the Governor—you must give up the idea."

As he spake, a man muffled up to the eyes, entered, and advancing to William Rodolphe, presented a paper.

"Damnation!" muttered the latter, on reading the first line; "so McKenzie has precipitated the affair, and the rebellion has actually broken out;" and he went on reading.

"That is one of Edmund's emissaries," thought Nelson, gleefully; "Oh, come, things are not so hopeless—he has been very prompt, while *he* sticks to the ship she will not sink, and I will nail my colors to the mast."

"The rebellion broken out," cried Papineau, "O, *par dieu!* but that is bad!—every thing should have been done at one blow—all should have been commenced, and all should have been finished in one day—oh, *mort dieu!* McKenzie was wrong in this."

"Perhaps he could not help himself," observed Nelson, "stop till you hear what it is he wants."

"He wants me to proceed instantly to Toronto," said Rodolphe, as he finished reading the letter, "and you know it is impossible."

"I don't know that," said Nelson, "if the emergency is great, perhaps the safety of the League requires your presence there—whatever is most pressing demands our first attention. What does he say he wants you for?"

"You are aware," said William, "that while I resided in Upper Canada, I attached a large number of a certain class to myself individually—that is they were personal partizans, not political ones; they were Republicans, not because they admired Republicanism, but because I was a Republican.—McKenzie says, that all the troops have been ordered to march for Lower Canada, and that there is a glorious opportunity to strike a decided blow there, but that about 900 members of the League will not act, because I am not there in person to lead them on. What can be done?"

"You must go—you must go," said Nelson, at once observing that Ferrars had some object in view, "do you not

perceive what a terrible failure might be the result of your not being on the spot in person ?”

“ Do you think so ?” asked Rodolphe, looking in his face.

“ Unquestionably—is it not your opinion, Papineau ?”

“ I candidly confess,” answered that person, “ that however much I may regret his absence here, yet, all circumstances considered, he will do more good to the cause of the League, according to McKenzie’s letter, than if he were here.”

“ It is plain Papineau is not one of the plot to betray us,” thought Nelson, “ or he would not so readily consent.”

“ Well, said Rodolphe, thoughtfully ; “ after all, it is possible I may do more good in Toronto than here, and yet it is hard to leave this seizure of the Governor but half effected.”

“ We will go on with that,” said Nelson, hastily, “ if McKenzie fails to make good his stand in Upper Canada, in the absence of troops of the line, it will be a stunning blow to the cause, and so dishearten the Patriots of the Lower Province, that in the face of such a military force as is arrayed against them, they would never dream of making a stand at all. Just think of that ! Oh ! much, much depends on the success of McKenzie’s movement.”

“ Then you would recommend me to go ?” said Rodolphe.

“ Unquestionably,” answered Nelson ; “ in Montreal you *can* be dispensed with, although we shall feel your loss—in the way the blind man missed the post,” he added, mentally, “ but in Toronto you *cannot possibly* be dispensed with. Oh, yes, yes, you must go.”

“ Then be it so,” he said, “ for I confess I would sooner be amid my own adherents than strangers I cannot rely on, like those capricious French—no offence, Papineau, but you acquit me of all blame—and, without reference to whatever may turn up, you will never charge me with having deserted you ?”

"No, no, no ! I tell you," cried Nelson, "I entreat, I command you to go."

"That will do, you need not spur a forward horse—see here, my man," he continued, addressing the messenger, "what was the state of things in Toronto, when you left?"

"The Patriots were all in arms," answered the man, "but one-third of the Lodges refused to stir, until you were on the spot in person ; they were afraid of being betrayed, and trusted McKenzie, so that he told me not to return without you—and that if you would not come, he would immediately resign his command."

"He need not do so," said Rodolphe, "for I will go—" as he spoke, the Chevalier de Lorimer entered, his countenance glowing with excitement.

"To ARMS ! gentlemen !" he cried, "some one has fired the mine, and Canada is in revolt ! *Aux armes ! Aux armes !*"

"By Jove ! so much the better," cried Nelson, "since if we are betrayed, we cannot fly to arms too soon !"

"Betrayed !" exclaimed Papineau, "who has betrayed us—it is rash, premature—it will ruin us ! Speak, De Lorimer ! what is the news ?"

"General Martin has crossed the lines, with a large body of troops, and is now on his way to Odelltown ; the population have joined him *en masse* !"

"I do not believe it, or I should have been made acquainted with the movement," cried Nelson ; "however, there is no time to be lost ; I must take horse, and ride to Odelltown, without a moment's delay. Who will accompany me ?"

"I will," said De Lorimer, "so to horse, as fast as you like !"

"And I will stick to Montreal," replied Papineau, "but I

trust from my soul, the report is not true. Things are not ripe—if a partial rising takes place, we are lost.”

“We must make the best of a bad bargain,” cried De Lorimer, “and if it is the case, all we can do is to go on with it. Come, Mr. Commander-in-Chief, are you ready?”

“I am; Rodolphe, farewell—I trust you will have every success, be not too sanguinary, we rise to redress grievances, not to revenge the wrongs of years. Let us better ourselves, at the same time without punishing our adversaries more than we can help.”

Nelson’s motive in putting himself under the protection of General Martin and the American troops was obvious—it was to render his chance of escape easier in the event of the failure with which they were now threatened.

“What can have precipitated the thing at this infernal rate,” cried Papineau, after De Lorimer and his companion had gone, “I am afraid it will play the devil.”

“It is too late to reflect now,” said Beauharnois, who had been sitting a quiet observer of the scene; “we must only go on and either make the spoon or spoil the horn. For my part I would be off to Odelltown, too, only I want to hear Fergusson’s trial, and see if any thing comes out that will endanger us—it is necessary that at least one of us should be there to keep the fellow from peaching.”

“Oh, Edmund Ferrars will be there—he will keep him quiet, but when does the trial come on?”

“The Supreme Court sits this day fortnight.”

“Ha! so soon!—well, I shall not be there, at all events, so, Monsieur Courier, go out and order me a horse as fast as you can, and we will be off for Toronto.”

And in a few minutes William Rodolphe, with his three guardsmen were *en route* for that city. So far Edmund’s plans had been successful. How long is his luck to last?

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE TRIAL FOR MURDER.

"This man is of no common order."—MANFRED.

THE morning which was to decide the fate of Gerard, as well as Fergusson, at length arrived. It may be as well here to state, that the effects of the science of Biology are only felt in a powerful degree while the operator is placed in contact with the subject, and the influence ceases to exist with the presence of the former. When St. George, therefore, left Anne Ashton, she was under his influence, but in a short time this was removed, and the only impression that remained on her mind, was a dim, vague idea that something very mysterious had occurred. She was not long destined, however, to enjoy this blissful state of ignorance, for she was soon made acquainted, through the kindness of news-loving friends, of the dreadful and startling intelligence concerning her lover, Edward Wentworth. At first, she was inconsolable, but in a few days, this feeling settled down into one of deep, apathetic melancholy, which preyed on her very life and fast wore it away. In this trial, therefore, she had a deep interest—for never from the first moment, could she bring herself to believe that Gerard had committed the murder.

On the morning in question, the court-house was crowded, for considerable interest prevailed with regard to the case—an undefined idea pervading the public mind, that in some mysterious manner the two murders bore a connection to each

other, and that it might turn out that one party committed both. The fact of the bodies having been found so close to each other, as well as the quiet character which Fergusson as well as Gerard, had always sustained, produced a vague feeling on the part of the public, that perhaps both of them were innocent, and that some trace of the true murderer would be elicited during the trial.

At length the accused party was led into court, and placed at the criminal's stand. Gerard was paler than usual, and looked ten years older—but his bearing and expression of countenance was defiant and undaunted. He looked at the Judge with a glance of conscious innocence, then his calm, fearless eye wandered to the Jury box, and from that ranged over the faces of the spectators in the gallery, until it fell upon the pallid and deadly features of Edmund Rodolphe—and his gaze involuntarily fell. Ashamed of this weakness, he again lifted his eyes to the face of the conspirator, and returned his look, with one that seemed to say—

“Villain! I read your soul to the bottom!”

Having taken this calm and deliberate survey, he folded his arms on his breast, and turned to face the Attorney General, who had now risen to open the prosecution for the Crown. After reading the indictment, that worthy functionary premised that he did not wish to take advantage of any disconnected or casual fact that might weigh against the prisoner in the minds of the Jury; he only asked them to look at the chain of circumstances that tended to the belief of the prisoner's guilt; he only asked them to suspend their judgment, until he had placed those circumstances before them in a connected manner; that he hoped, from the bottom of his heart, that the unfortunate man would be able to explain away those circumstances, but that until he did so, he feared there could be but one opinion—and that opinion, unless overturned

in the manner pointed out, must of a necessity convict him of the horrid charge.

He then went on to state, as would appear on evidence, that, on the morning in question, the prisoner at the bar, had quarreled with the deceased, that he had threatened his life, and used language that clearly evinced his murderous intentions. That on their parting he had followed the deceased until the latter had reached a retired part of the road, where there was no chance of his being observed; that from writings found, on the body and elsewhere, it would appear that the deceased had invited him to a meeting there; but this would not materially affect the prisoner's position—as, even supposing a challenge to have been given, who could say the duel was fairly fought; there were no seconds to ensure equal chances, and it was just as reasonable to presume that the prisoner had attacked the deceased ere he was prepared for him, as to presume the combat had been fairly fought. One thing was certain, Wentworth had been murdered; it remained for the prisoner to *prove* that he had been murdered in a fairly fought duel, even to obtain the somewhat more favorable position which that view of the case would place him in before the court; yet even that advantage would be very slight, since the law recognized but little difference between murder through a duel, or murder by any other means. However, if it could be shown that they had met by appointment, he was very willing to allow the fact to operate in the prisoner's behalf, so far as it went with the minds of the Jury.—Next, said the speaker, the body is found, and with it a pistol, which although not sworn to as belonging to or having been borrowed by the prisoner, yet bears his initials, and strengthens the circumstantial evidence materially. It cannot be shown that the prisoner possessed this weapon, previous to the murder—yet could he not have brought them from

some distant place, and have concealed them during the time they were in his possession—at all events, they cannot be traced to any other owner, and therefore, the presumption is clearly that the pistol found with the body was once the property or in the possession of the prisoner. True it is, that the deceased did not, according to the examination held on the body, come to his death by a pistol-shot wound—since the head had been fractured by some blunt instrument, but so far from this acting in favor of the prisoner, it weighs against him, inasmuch as that it clearly proves the combat, presumed from the written challenge found on the spot, not to have been fairly fought, but that the deceased was attacked by the prisoner, ere he was aware of his intent, and that he inflicted the blow which produced his death. The pistol had been discharged—true, but may it not have been fired by the prisoner without taking effect, and then to remedy the consequence, may he not have inflicted the wound with the butt, or what was still more probable, from the appearance of the head, with the barrel? Then came the documents, which were found on the spot, as well as on the body of the deceased—and which, while they go to show that the meeting had been by appointment, also demonstrated that the prisoner had written one and received the other—as the hand-writing of both were to be sworn to shortly. The next link, consisted in the circumstance of the accused party being found hovering round the spot—not in the crowd of spectators drawn there through curiosity, but concealed in the adjoining under-wood. Up to this moment he had furnished no satisfactory answer explanatory of his conduct in relation to this circumstance. When dragged out of his hiding-place, he is pale, trembling and speechless—conscience is at work, and the sight of his bleeding victim, deprives him of the power of forging a falsehood. In his pocket is found a ring, which the

deceased had been in the habit of wearing, a handkerchief, the corner of which had been torn off, and the fragment discovered clasped in the murdered man's hand, but the most conclusive fact of all was that a pistol, the fellow to the one found near the body, was also on his person. He would not dwell on a case so clear, it was so obvious to every understanding as to require no comment, and with every wish to avert unjust suspicion attaching itself to the innocent, he had no more doubt of the accused party's guilt in this instance, than if he had seen the deed committed. In this strain he wound up the opening, and proceeded to call the witnesses who were to substantiate what he had said.

The first called was Lieutenant Seaward. He took his stand in the witness box, and in a very brief and concise manner, gave evidence that on the morning in question, he had seen the deceased and the prisoner, in conversation; that he had heard the latter threaten the deceased with death should he persist in a certain course; that deceased refused, in a scornful manner, but that the words were inaudible.— That within an hour after, he found the body of deceased lying in the road, at the distance of two miles from where he had last seen him. That he had a deep cut, or rather bruise, on the head, and that his clothes appeared torn and dusty, as though he had struggled hard. That several parties were then present. That he suspected prisoner of the deed, which was confirmed by a challenge, found on the body, together with a pistol, bearing his initials. Immediately afterwards, the prisoner was discovered, concealed close to the spot, and having now no doubts, he communicated his suspicions to constables present, and caused the prisoner's arrest. That a pistol, the fellow to the other, was found on his person, and a handkerchief also was found on him—a fragment of which was discovered clasped in deceased's hands; that the hand-

kerchief, pistol and papers, now produced, were the same that he had seen on the morning in question. He then concluded, and the counsel for Gerard began his cross-examination:—

“You swear to the prisoner’s identity?” he said.

“I do,” answered Seaward.

“Were you acquainted with deceased?”

“I was not—it is possible I may have met him on some occasion, but I would not have recognized him.”

“Exactly—did you see his face distinctly on the morning in which you saw him with the prisoner?”

“Not distinctly—his face was half averted, and he stood at some considerable distance.”

“You had no idea then as to who the party was that you saw conversing with the prisoner?”

“At that time none whatever.”

“Would you have recognized the deceased as the same person, had you not been told that it was so?”

“I cannot say—I rather think not.”

“That will not do—answer on your oath, would you, on beholding the body of the deceased, have said to yourself, that is the same person I saw this morning, with the prisoner?”

“My belief is I would not have identified them.”

“You swear to that?”

“On my oath, that is my present belief.”

“Very well,” continued the counsel, “what was the appearance of the man you saw in company with the prisoner, on the morning in question?”

“He was, as nearly as I can recollect, a man of my height and proportions, perhaps somewhat more athletic, but the difference in height I do not think was much.”

“Do you recollect his dress?”

“I do not”

“On your oath, you do not recollect any part of his dress?”

“I cannot call any part of it to memory—stop! to the best of my belief, and as far as my memory will serve me, I think he wore a palmetto hat.”

“And that is the only portion of it you can call to mind?”

“That is all.”

“You have sworn,” he continued, “that you did not know the party that was conversing with the prisoner.”

“I did not at the time.”

“How came you to know who it was, afterwards?”

“I was told so.”

“Indeed!—who told you so?”

“A Mr. Ferrars.”

“Very well, you have also sworn that you did not recognize the deceased, and that you would not have recognized him had this not been told you also?”

“I would not otherwise,” replied Seaward.

“Yet in your evidence previous to the examination, you have stated, without any reservation, that you saw the deceased and the prisoner engaged in dispute—how do you reconcile this with that which you have just sworn to?”

“I believed it to have been the deceased to the best of my knowledge,” said Seaward, wiping his brow.

“Exactly—and what was that belief founded on?”

“On the statement made to me by this Ferrars.”

“Just so—and where did you meet this Mr. Ferrars?”

“Between the place where the murder was committed, and the spot where the prisoner was conversing with the other man whose identity is doubtful.”

“Ah, you have it now,” said the counsel—“his identity is doubtful. Well—and did this Ferrars tell you his business there?”

"No further than that he was taking a walk."

"Did he refer to the deceased first, or you?"

"Oh, I did—I told him to hurry on, and he would see some sport—inasmuch as there were two rivals quarreling, a short distance ahead."

"These parties were rivals then?"

"So I believed then, and so I still think."

"Yes—well?"

"He asked me who they were—I told him one—the prisoner. And then he said, "the other is Edward Wentworth."

"And that is all you have for believing that it was Edward Wentworth?"

"Now I come to reflect, that is really all I have for such a belief."

"That will do," said the counsel, "I have nothing more to ask."

And here the cross examination of Seaward closed. Other witnesses were then called on the part of the prosecution, some of whom proved the hand-writing of the challenge, while others corroborated the evidence of Seaward, with the exception of that part which related to his having first seen the prisoner on the morning in question—none of which the prisoner's counsel cross-examined, and the case for the crown closed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH.

"Forth from the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A bloodhound that does hunt us all to death—
 That dog that has his teeth before his eyes."—RICHARD III.

WHEN the prosecution closed, the prisoner's counsel rose. He said he "would not, in calling his evidence, load the mind of the jury with a mass of matter, after the course that had been pursued on the other side—mixing truth and falsehood up in such a manner as rendered it extremely difficult to separate them. He would go at once into the facts—he would first call his witnesses, and afterwards state his conclusions, and the premises on which they were grounded. Before doing this, however, there were two important facts, which had been elicited by the cross-examination of the witness Seaward, which were of vital importance in establishing his client's innocence, and he would first refer to them, so that they should be fresh on their minds, when the desired conclusion was required. In the first place," he said to the Judge, and then turning to the Jury—"you will recollect that this evidence has shown that the deceased was several inches taller than the prisoner. It may be said by the opposite parties, that the distance at which the prisoner stood, and the very small opportunity the witness had of ascertaining, may tend to destroy the inference I wish to draw from this part of the evidence; but you will bear in mind that the witness has sworn almost positively that the man conversing with the prisoner, was about his size, and two inches in a man's height

makes a vast difference in his appearance. I am now going to call evidence that will show *this difference* to have existed. That will be one great point established ; a second will be—I intend to establish by the oath of credible witnesses, that the prisoner was *not* deceased's rival, as has been stated ; that on the morning in question, he wore a beaver and not a palmetto hat. These things will clearly establish the fact, that the prisoner, and the person sworn to by the witness Seaward as conversing with deceased, were two distinct and separate persons. This would be sufficient to overturn that witness's evidence, had he sworn to the identity of the prisoner, but this he has not done, but has frankly confessed that he was told so by another person, and by one other person alone—that person was Mr. Ferrars. It is useless to dwell on things so plain. I will proceed to call my witnesses."

"If not the prisoner, can you then prove *who* it was?" asked the prosecuting counsel, "that was in company with deceased."

"I could, were this party to be found. We know him, but we have searched in vain ; he is not in Montreal, in fact, we do not know where he is."

"Shall I tell you?" said the Attorney General with a sneer.

"Where is he?"

"In your imagination," replied the crown officer. "The name of this party," said the prisoner's counsel, without heeding the taunt, "is Lewis St. George—he is a native of Montreal, but although summoned, he appears to be kept back by some influence, which perhaps we may fathom yet. We shall see. I am about calling for the evidence of Mr. Edmund Ferrars."

Mr. Edmund Ferrars, accordingly, was brought forward, and placed in the witness's box. Rodolphe was slightly, very

slightly pale, his eye was vigilant and quick, as if scrutinizing every expression of countenance, that he might ascertain if suspicion flashed to the minds of any of the parties examining him. Still he was calm, collected, indifferent, and appeared not to have even the usual amount of interest which a witness would have in any ordinary case of murder. In fact, he was unnaturally calm.

On being sworn, Prisoner's counsel said, "Were you in company with the prisoner on the morning of the day laid in the indictment?"

"It strikes me I saw him," answered Rodolphe, as if trying to bring his memory to his assistance, "but I can scarcely tell under what circumstances."

The counsel uttered an exclamation of surprise, for he expected much from this evidence.

"I saw him!" he repeated, "Well, but do you not recollect where?"

"I think it was somewhere in the suburbs."

"Do you recollect at what hour?"

"I do not—stop, let me see, it was about seven o'clock in the morning."

"Oh, impossible," cried the defending counsel, "it must have been after that."

"My lord, I object to such suggestions," exclaimed the Attorney General.

"Well, let it pass," said Gerard's counsel; then addressing the witness: "Do you remember what took place between you at the time?"

"Took place between us?" repeated Rodolphe, looking the Pleader full in the face, as if astonished.

"Yes, do you not remember the nature of the conversation?"

"Conversation? there was none," answered Rodolphe.

"I was perfectly unacquainted with him, and we did not

speak. Besides, I do not swear positively that I saw him at all. My memory is very vague, it does not serve me, and I am not quite clear that I saw him at all. At all events, I only swear to the best of my recollection and belief."

"What!" exclaimed the prisoner, thunderstruck at this reply.

"Silence!" cried the Court.

Astonishment, more than the command of the Court, kept Gerard dumb. He gazed on Rodolphe as he uttered this piece of unparalleled effrontery as if he could not comprehend how mortal man could so barefacedly assert a falsehood so gross. But some other train of thought rushing to his mind, the expression of his countenance changed, and for a moment his eyes burned like molten gold. Then as if overpowered by the combination of circumstances which had arrayed themselves to crush him, he bowed his head as if in sullen despair, and appeared to resign himself to his fate.

"You have no recollection of holding a conversation with him?" asked the prisoner's counsel, astonished at this statement. "Recollect yourself—you are on oath."

"I am perfectly aware of that fact, sir," replied Rodolphe, smiling, "and I scarcely see the propriety of your reminding me of it. If you fancy that I would forge a falsehood, sir, whereby this wretched man's life might be saved, whereby the ends of justice would be defeated, whereby the criminal should not be punished—I can only say you are mistaken. I have given you my answer. Have you more to ask?"

"You swear upon your oath, that you do not recollect of any conversation which took place between the prisoner and yourself on the morning in question?" said the defending counsel.

"I do," replied Rodolphe, smiling.

"You remember having met him in the suburbs at about seven o'clock, and that is all?"

"That is all—I cannot tax my memory with any more," and Edmund Rodolphe's face assumed the expression of earnest thought, as if trying to recall something connected with the interview referred to.

"And you have no further evidence to give?" asked the defending counsel.

"I have sworn to the best of my belief, that I met him that morning," answered Rodolphe, "more than this I cannot recall to mind."

"Perjured villain!" groaned Gerard in a voice that seemed the echo of his inmost soul. "God! why sleeps thy wrath!"

"Silence!" again echoed through the court house, and Edmund descended from the witnesses' stand. As he did so, he caught a momentary glance of the sidelong look which the prisoner gave him. That look thrilled through his soul, and haunted him for years. It was one of menace, of vengeance—terrific vengeance. To say it was a look of death, would fall far short of its meaning—it was a look that implied a vengeance a thousand fold more dreadful than mere death.

Rodolphe descended, and another witness was called upon. But it was all in vain. The circumstantial evidence was too perfect, too overwhelming to admit of a doubt, and it was plain to the understanding of all present, that George Gerard's days were numbered.

When the defence was closed, the Attorney General spoke in reply. Every artifice that could possibly be thought, was adduced to show the prisoner's guilt—and the jury, without deliberation, returned a verdict of "guilty."

As these fatal words burst on the ear of the unfortunate man, he started, but, recovering himself, and as it were, by a

powerful effort, subduing the emotions within him, he again folded his arms, and relapsed into sombre silence.

The Judge then put on the black cap, and pronounced the usual words, which consigned Gerard to the eternal world, by saying :—" You, George Gerard, having been tried by a jury of your countrymen, after a long and impartial investigation, have been found guilty of the crime laid to your charge. In this investigation every justice has been done you, and it now remains for me to pass the extreme sentence of the law. It is this : That you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, from thence, at such an hour as may hereafter be named, to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God in his infinite pity, have mercy on your soul."

And Gerard was led from the court house, between two of the officers of the law, for the last time.

With Fergusson we may be more summary. The reader is already acquainted with the nature of the evidence against him, and as he set up no plea in defence, whatever, his conviction was a very easy matter. In fact, he appeared depressed and stupefied, looking during near the whole time of the trial, at Rodolphe, as if in him lay his only hope. The latter, by his looks, reassured him, and he admitted without challenge, every thing that was asserted against him.

As we shall not again have to recur to him, and as we shall now have to dispose of the different characters as speedily as possible, owing to the manner in which our story has grown under our hands, we may as well here give the account of the final exit of Mr. Roderick Fergusson.

On the Judge putting on the black cap, and slowly uttering the sentence which consigned him to the darkness of the grave, he became very agitated—his lips turned livid, and he again looked around with a trembling eye, as if searching for

some one, who was to have rescued him from his appalling situation. His gaze fell on Edmund. The latter personage was eyeing him with a scrutinizing look, as if he was narrowly watching the secret emotions of his victim's soul, as displayed by his countenance. There was a thrill of a horrible kind that shook the criminal from head to foot, as he caught his cold, gray eye, fixed upon him, with that expression of mingled emotions which no mortal could read. Blent in that gaze with which Rodolphe regarded him, was a look of exultation—suppressed, but terrible, withering sarcasm—and that kind of self-satisfied expression which would imply the words, "Am not I able to deal fully with my foes?" Fergusson shuddered to his inmost soul—but, meeting his glance, in one moment, the look of triumph was changed into one of sympathy, and Edmund Rodolphe nodded his head confidently in answer to his mute appeal, as if to say, "Fear nothing—I will save you."

But Fergusson was doubtful, he knew not why. He had the assurance of St. George—he had the promise of William Rodolphe—he had the oath of Edmund. He knew that each one of the three was individually powerful enough to save him, were he so minded. Yet he doubted. There was something so dreadfully significant in the demon face of that unfathomable man before him, that, although he looked to him for consolation at this trying moment, his heart sickened and died within him as he caught a glimpse of his face and read for one brief second something of what was passing in his soul. Yet what could he do? The die was cast—he had now been convicted—to prove that Ferrars had been his accomplice would not save *him*—but would only have the tendency of sweeping away his last hope—and bad as that hope was—for he had fearful doubts of Edmund's truth—he

still clung to it, in the same manner that drowning men will cling to straws.

His look expressed all this. It said, as plain as a look could say, Edmund Rodolphe, I have followed your advice—you see to what it has brought me—I must die, unless you fulfill your promise—my only hope now is in you—I must only now trust to your honor, because it is too late to injure you—therefore, I implore you to forsake me not.

And Rodolphe's look replied,—Roderick Fergusson, I understand your thoughts, you dare not now betray me—I am past your power—the die is cast—it is too late. You *must* of a necessity now trust to me—and whether I will desert you or not, my countenance will not betray—at all events I shall leave you in an agony of suspense.

The sentence of death was pronounced—the wretched man was taken back to jail—thither Edmund followed him. Fergusson overwhelmed him with entreaties and prayers; to all which Rodolphe replied in his sneering tone: “Fear nothing, I will make sure that you are released;” and with this he had to be satisfied. From this time, until he was suddenly aroused, by an unusual bustle around him, he remained in a state of half stupor—almost unconscious of every thing. He was recovered, from this, by finding himself in a cart—a great concourse of people were around him—all seemed confusion and tumult, while he felt in some mysterious manner, that he himself played the principal part in the terrible drama. At length the cart stopped, and he saw before him, a gallows, on the scaffold of which was a coffin—while a vast multitude surrounded it. It was then that the whole truth of his position burst upon his mind, and in the agony of its contemplation, the cold sweat rolled from his throbbing temples. His eye ranged wildly over the throng—it glanced from face to face—but the face for which it sought was not there. At

length, within a few feet of the scaffold, he beheld the object of his search; there stood Edmund Rodolphe—the same calm, unmoved, unassuming being he ever was. “Oh,” thought Fergusson, “he promised to save me, he may do it yet; he swore to rescue me, although I stood beneath the gallows; and now it has come to that—will he do it!”

He mounted the scaffold, his arms were bandaged; the rope was adjusted round his neck; he shook like an aspen leaf, but his senses did not desert him. He had a vague hope that he would shortly require the aid of all his faculties to assist him in the plan of escape which Rodolphe had devised; and, although weak and fainting, still his consciousness remained.

Suddenly a man sprang from the crowd, and leaped upon the platform. He stooped his head, and whispered in the condemned man's ear:

“Fergusson, your race is run—your days are numbered—I have brought you to this—revenge prompted me. Die like a dog, and in your last struggles, remember that all is the work of the despised Edmund Rodolphe.”

The speaker was shoved off by the executioner, who was about to let the drop fall; when, in a voice, almost amounting to a scream, the wretched man cried out:

“Stop! stop! stop! Oh! good people! do you hear this! Oh! I have only a few words to say—I am about going into eternity and before my Judge—stop! listen! I have been betrayed—I will betray—Canada is on the eve——”

He felt a sudden jerk; a flash swam before his eyes; a shudder ran through the crowd; a look of strange import passed between the executioner and Edmund Rodolphe; and Roderick Fergusson breathed no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW WENTWORTH WAS MURDERED—AND BY WHOM.

“But thou who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale—Great Nemesis!”—CHILDE HAROLD.

It may, now that the trial is over, be as well here to mention the manner in which Wentworth came to his death. The reader, therefore, is recommended to turn back a few leaves, and read chapter 34, attentively, after having done which, he will more clearly understand the following statement regarding that affair. Presuming that he has now done so, I will go on from the point at which that chapter closes, irrespective of the intermediate events.

At the close of that chapter, Wentworth and Rodolphe are left in conversation together. The latter applies the term “scoundrel,” to his brother-in-law; and at that part of the narrative we shall resume the story.

At this opprobrious epithet, Rodolphe slightly started, but evinced not the slightest emotion. A smile—a strange, dark smile, flitted for a moment over his face; it was the same sinister expression which had rested on it, when he received the blow from Moodie’s whip—but it instantly vanished.

“And you have been looking for me all the morning to tell me this?” he said, calmly.

“I tell you you are acting the part of a villain,” cried the young man, more and more enraged, “and I will not submit to your conduct any longer. Your treatment of my sister is scandalous—you refuse her permission to go out—you pre-

vent her seeing any one—you never speak to her yourself scarcely—and when you do, it is a taunt or sarcasm—but go prowling round at nights, all the low haunts you can find, leaving her without a soul to keep her company. Such was the case, last night, when, by accident, I happened to go in. There she was, weeping and sobbing, and yet, like a fool as she is, entreating me not to speak to you about it. I suppose you would have denied me access to her also, only that you dared not.”

“Dared not, boy!” said the conspirator, curling his lip in quiet scorn.

“See here—Erleloff—Ferrars—whatever your name is,” exclaimed the other, in a voice so choked with passion, that his articulation was indistinct—“I know much regarding you—dark, deep secrets, that would bring you to *the gallows*. I discovered something last night that made me shudder—and, I tell you, to drop that sarcastic sneer with me, or by the heaven above us, I will make you rue it while you live! Do not think to frighten me, as you frighten that silly girl, whose only fault is, that she is too fond of such a brute! You must do her justice, or I will find a way to make you!”

Rodolphe now really became surprised. Never had he known Wentworth so intemperate in his language before. He looked hard at him, to ascertain if he had been drinking, and at last concluded he had. “Wentworth,” he said, “you have not yet recovered from last night’s spreeing—go home, foolish boy, and sleep off the effects!”

“Whether I have been drinking or not,” cried the infuriated youth, “that does not alter the case. Well—yes, I *have* been drinking. For a long time I have intended to speak to you about your cruel conduct, and never could muster sufficient courage—and if wine gives me that courage whose business is it?”

WHOM.

BAROLD.

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"Who constituted you arbiter of my conduct?" said Rodolphe, scornfully. "When did you receive a commission to pry into the secrets of families for the purpose of establishing domestic harmony? I look upon this interference, sir, as gross impertinence, and request Mr. Wentworth that you neither converse with my wife or enter my house again."

"Not see my sister—my injured and insulted sister," cried the young man, in fierce accents—"were twenty such as you to stop my way to her, I would annihilate you all!"

Rodolphe laughed his sneering laugh—that mocking laugh, which cut to the very marrow. "This liquor!" he said, "what fools it makes of all!"

"I am not drunk!" exclaimed Wentworth; "I tell you soberly, and truly, that unless you treat my sister with more respect than you have hitherto used, I will take steps to make you—or remove her from you altogether."

"Did *she* tell you she would concur in such an arrangement?" asked Rodolphe, quietly.

"No!—she begged of me not to meddle with the matter."

"Better for you if you had not," remarked his terrible companion, with that smile of death again flitting over his face.

"But do not think I am in liquor," continued the other; "do not delude yourself with that belief. I tell you this soberly and truly."

"And I answer you soberly and truly," returned Rodolphe, "that if from this day forward, I find you interfering in my family affairs, or tampering with my wife, or inside of my house, I will take steps to prevent a repetition of such impertinence."

"Pirate and imposter!——"

"Beware!" hissed Rodolphe, turning pale as ashes, "these are dangerous words!"

"I will proclaim you as such!" cried the exasperated youth.
 "Villain!—I will lay bare your——"

"I will lay bare your heart," hissed Rodolphe, through his shut teeth, "unless you keep these villainous charges to yourself! Madman! beware!"

"Pirate!—forger!—assassin," cried the young man, grappling with his deadly antagonist; "do you threaten murder! It wanted but this, to exhaust my forbearance utterly,"—and in the next moment they were locked together in a grasp so deadly as to threaten destruction to both.

They were nearly of the same size and weight. In point of years Rodolphe had the advantage, for he was at least three years the senior of his antagonist, yet both were very strong men, and that strength was now excited to its utmost pitch; in one, by passion—in the other, by fear. But it was soon evident that Wentworth's passion would cause his defeat—it was so overwhelming, that he put forth all his physical energy at the outset, and thereby exhausted himself—while, on the other hand, Rodolphe, calm, calculating and passionless, reserved his strength for the final struggle. For several minutes, they reeled to and fro—Wentworth straining every muscle to its utmost stretch, to throw his adversary to the ground; Rodolphe contented himself by resisting his efforts, but without making any attempt to overthrow his antagonist. Suddenly, he felt the latter slacken in his exertions—he felt that he had exhausted himself—that his breathing was becoming quick and asthmatic, and with a desperate and powerful effort, he extricated himself from his enemy's grasp. He then drew back—threw himself into a boxing attitude, and striking Wentworth one tremendous blow on the temple, the latter fell heavily to the earth. Quick as light, the victor sprang upwards, and descending with both feet on the unfortunate young man's head, he almost buried the iron heels of

his boots in his skull. The blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth and coagulated in a little pool round his face, while a spasmodic shudder convulsed his limbs.

"Ah!" said Rodolphe, descending from the body, "few ever attacked Julian Erleloff that did not come off second best. Fool! you sought an adversary that never met his equal—did your presumption soar so high as dream of victory with me!"

He stooped down, seized the wretched youth by the hair, and twisting the head back, gazed long and anxiously on the pallid face, and ghastly staring eyes. He let go the hair, and the head fell heavily to the earth.

"I think the vital spark has fled," he muttered; "but it is as well to make sure." So saying, he seized a large rock that was lying beside him; he raised it in both hands, intending to dash it down with all its force upon the unfortunate youth's head, scattering his brains about the road. It fell, however, on his shoulder, and fearing lest he should be interrupted, Rodolphe did not repeat the blow.

"Now," thought the murderer, "I must be quick—people will be passing, and there is no time to be lost!" He seized the body in his arms, and dragging it to the road-side, he threw it down amongst the brushwood, so as to be unperceived by the passers by.

He then took his pistols from his pocket. They were fel-lows, and could easily be recognized as such, having ornaments on them similar in both. Taking out a penknife, he next cut the initials, "G. G." in the stock of each, rubbing the letters over with earth so as to destroy their recent appearance, and give them the look of age. When this had been completed, he discharged one, and threw it down in the pool of blood; the other he returned to his pocket. His next step was to draw from his pocket a pencil and slip of paper,

his nostrils
and his face,
and, bending down on one knee, he wrote, in a hand quite
different from his own :—

body, "few
second best.
his equal—
victory with
by the hair,
ously on the
he hair, and
; "but it is
large rock
ands, intend-
unfortunate
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own in the
His next
o of paper,

"Meet me on the Toronto road, at the bridge, in half an
hour hence, and let us decide this claim finally—otherwise I
shall proclaim you a poltroon."

"G. G."

This paper he placed in the dead man's pocket. He then
wrote on another slip, in a light female hand :—

"I will be there—therefore save yourself the trouble."

"To Mr. George Gerard."

"E. W."

This he threw down amid the blood, as if it had fallen
there in the struggle. Then he unloosed his black silk hand-
kerchief from his throat, and tearing off a corner of it, he
opened with extreme difficulty, the stiffening fingers of the
corpse, and placed the fragment in his grasp, the larger por-
tion he wrapped round the pistol, and returned to his pocket.
Lastly he drew from the finger of the dead man a gold ring,
and having completed his arrangements, he turned from the
spot and pursued his course as unconcernedly as if he had
but slain a sparrow. Verily, blood to him must have been
familiar, or that demon deed would have weighed heavy on
his iron heart.

It was immediately afterwards that he met Gerard, as
described in Chapter XXXV.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OLIVER BROWN.

“Commanding, aiding, animating all,
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice.”—BYRON'S LARA.

Now that Messieurs Moodie, Wentworth, Wier, Fergusson, and others of our dramatis personæ, have been finally disposed of, it is necessary to return to other parts of our story in which the reader is equally interested.

Let us trace the steps of William Rodolphe, and see him play that game out to the end. On leaving his colleagues, at Campbell's hotel, as has been already stated, he, accompanied by his three guardsmen, (Edmund's emissaries) set out for Toronto.

Along the road, while yet in the Lower Province, he found things quiet enough—all was still and hushed. It was the portentous calm that precedes the hurricane. His thoughts were of a sombre nature. He feared some premature step would be taken in Upper Canada before his arrival there, which would blast the prospects of the Republicans—and, in heart, he was an ardent and enthusiastic Republican. Hence, he left Montreal, for it is unnecessary to state that the arguments of Papineau and his other associates had little weight with him, and had he been determined on remaining, it would have been hard for them to have induced him to go. Fear, also, had a certain influence in causing him to leave the lower province so precipitately—for he looked on his brother with

an amount of vague apprehension, a consciousness that he could not successfully cope with him. He argued in this way :—" Edmund is a bad, bold man—from his confession to me it is plain he scruples at nothing—and should he, by any possibility, discover how deep I am in his secrets, he would by some means, foul or fair, contrive to get me out of the way. He would not trust me in this world, six hours after such knowledge came to his mind. If I am in Lower Canada, surrounded by his satellites and emissaries, it will be all the easier for him to carry any plan of murder or assassination into effect ; whereas if I am in the Upper Province in the midst of my own people, I will possess the same advantage over him there, which he does over me here. Besides that, he will naturally conclude, that my knowledge at such a distance, and in so different a sphere, can do him less harm, than if we were continually in each other's presence, and interfering with each other's plans. No—let him become great in Lower Canada, if he chooses—my field will be the Upper Province. Not only this, but I feel that I dare not give my sanction to the schemes which he meditates, they are so infamous—therefore it is better for me to be out of the way, than to expose my life by thwarting him. If they succeed, well and good—I shall benefit to a certain extent by them without having any hand in his designs. If they fail, I shall not be involved in the results attendant upon defeat. Still I possess a great power over him, but after all it would be exceedingly difficult in a court of law to establish any of these charges which he confessed to me. Where would I find the necessary evidence ? Oh, no !—I will leave him alone—I will give him plenty of rope, and no doubt he will hang himself. If he finds out that I possess his secret—*then* it will be time enough for me to take steps to destroy him by denouncing him to

justice—but I will not do it, till self-preservation compels me.”

He had reached thus far in his reflections, when they arrived at the little village known as the “Tanneries,” which is generally the first halting-place of the traveler on the road to Toronto.

Here then they dismounted, and entered the little inn of the place and called for refreshments for themselves and their wearied horses; for, desirous of arriving at the place of his destination as soon as possible, William Rodolphe had ridden hard. They were soon attended upon, for the pace at which they rode through the village, as well as their general appearance, produced quite a sensation, and all parties were on the alert, about the inn, to receive them.

It was not until Rodolphe had finished his supper, and was sitting by the fire, of the little parlor, smoking a cigar, that he observed there were other travelers in the hostelry, beside himself and his companions. The appearance of one of these was ordinary, and he excited no interest;—but that of the other was extraordinary, and aroused Rodolphe’s curiosity, owing to the manner in which he steadily regarded him. He was a middle-aged man, with a very dark, swarthy complexion, and wearing large black moustaches and whiskers. His hair was luxuriant and black as night, and a scar, that looked like a scarlet thread, ran across his forehead, clearly showing that his pursuits had not always been of a pacific nature. His dark, bushy brows, met over his nose, and gave a ferocious and desperate character to his whole appearance. His dress was by no means of the most rich or fashionable material, and consisted merely in a pea-jacket of pilot cloth, and Flushing trowsers. He wore gold ear-rings, and the ring that fastened his silk handkerchief at his throat was also of gold.

This man, from the time that Rodolphe had entered the house, had scarce once withdrawn his eyes from him; he started on his entrance, as if he had recognized some one he had known before, but could not recall the circumstances under which they had met. It was not, however, till Rodolphe had finished his supper, and quietly seated himself at the fire, that he noticed the stranger who was then gazing upon him with the most earnest scrutiny. It was this that aroused his curiosity.

"Who the d—l can he be?" thought William; "I have not the slightest recollection of him. Surely he cannot know me! How the fellow stares! He is an ill-looking dog, too!"

At length this man's interest in Rodolphe appeared to break forth, in spite of himself, and rising from his seat, he advanced in front of the latter, and regarded him more closely. Then, stooping low, he said, in an under tone—

"Surely, Captain Erleloff, you cannot have forgotten me. Don't you remember Oliver Brown?"

A sudden light flashed through Rodolphe's mind. "Ha!" he thought, "I see it all—he mistakes me for Edmund; it is one of his pirate crew. Good—good—good!"

This thought rushed through his mind with the rapidity of light—but he paused ere answering the man's query, and looked narrowly into his face as if to satisfy himself as to his identity.

"Oliver Brown!" he at length exclaimed; "so it is, by Jove!—why, my good fellow, where in the world did you drop from, and what have you been doing since?"

"Doing bad enough, your honor, ever since we give up the good old trade!—it was a black day to us when we first took to an honest calling again—at least, it was a black day for me, for I have scarcely seen a shiner since, and I was

just thinking, awhile before you came in, if I could only meet my dear old captain again, times would not be quite so bad. I couldn't b'lieve my senses, when I saw you spring up all of a sudden before me. But it's an old saying and a true one—'talk of the devil, and he'll appear!'"

"And what particular business are you engaged in now, old fellow?" asked Rodolphe, at once entering into the spirit of the thing.

"By ——! I'm doing nothin'—blast the thing in natur' is thar to do! I don't know what the blazes bro't me to this infernal quarter of the world, when I was doing a pretty smart bisniss in my line, in New Orleans—though times war none of the briskest thar nuther. Howsumever, it's all right since I've the luck to fall in with you agin. But who the dickens would ever have thought to find *you* here—I thought you went to blue blazes long ago. I thought that night in Havana fixed your flint."

As he thus run on, Rodolphe's thoughts were busy.—"This man," said he, internally, "will make a most glorious agent—he is the very thing I wanted to give me power. He can, should necessity require it, become the evidence against Edmund, which I so sadly wanted, and enable me to put all the charges against him in a clear, connected manner. I must first get his affidavits of all the facts he has knowledge of, regarding Erielloff or Edmund, so that in the event of Edmund finding him out, and getting him removed, I shall still possess his testimony to convict him in the shape of these affidavits. I must retain him in my service at any price—he will soon become attached to me, if I pay him well, for the same reason that he became attached to Edmund. But I must be careful and keep up the deception as long as I can, for fear he takes the alarm.

"And what course do you intend to pursue now?" asked Rodolphe, of his new companion.

"D—d if I know. 'Taint that I ain't fit to do some good for myself, no how, but cos thar ain't nothin' in my line to be done here. I never seed a worsar region any where than this ere country for that. Tell yer I don't know what on airth to turn my hand to next."

"Well, Brown, we've sailed together on blue water, and it goes against my grain to desert an old shipmate in distress, what say you, will you ship with me again?"

"Yes sir-ee!" cried the American, springing to his feet, as if in ecstasies, at the offer; "don't ask this child that question twice, cos the fust time 's enough. I always had luck when I sailed under your convoy, and I calculate I shall have luck agin—tenerate didn't stick to me long after I quitted company with you. But what's the figure, skipper, that's the ticket?"

"The wages—well," replied Rodolphe, "will twenty dollars a month satisfy you?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose so," said Brown, "but it 'taint so much as I used to get in the old *Harpsy*, besides a damned smart chance of prize money. But, p'raps times ain't so good with yer as they was then?"

Rodolphe laughed. "We won't dispute about a trifle," he said; "you never found me a niggard, and you shall not do so now. What say you to twenty-five dollars then?"

"Ah—that's somethin' near the dodge—Jerusalem! I always said you war a brick. That looks somethin' like the good old times that used to was. Well, now what's my duty?"

"Oh," said Rodolphe, rather embarrassed, "your duty will be light enough—I dare say you can give a very good guess as to what it will be?"

"Well, I guess I can;" returned the American, winking; "it's just to keep a bright, sharp look-out, and give you wind of all the dodges goin' on—eh? I'm to be your first luff—your signal man—your chief cook and bottle washer."

"My *familiar*, in fact, as Edmund said this morning," observed Rodolphe.

"Eh?" cried the Yankee sailor, quickly.

"Oh, it's a word, friend Oliver, that you do not comprehend, and it would require a long explanation to make you comprehend. The fact is you are to be my right hand man, and will attend me everywhere, true as steel. Is it a bargain?"

"I guess it be—but there are two or three little dodges to be thought over. In the first place, what am I to call you—for I recon Captain Erleloff won't do here?"

"Well thought of," said William, "no, no, you must call me Mr. Rodolphe."

"All right—now what colors do you sail under—rebel or loyal?"

"Just as it suits convenience, friend Brown—the black flag to-day, and the Union-jack tomorrow."

"Just so—I twig. Well, and what's the dodge at this partikler time of the year?"

"Oh, keep a bright look out on both sides," answered William, "that's all you have to do just now. But as I have to start very early, I must wish you good night—be sure and call me at day-light. Here," he cried, as Brown was going out of the room, "do you want any money?"

"Not now—good night, your honor," said the man, and he left the apartment.

"That fellow," thought Rodolphe, as he pulled off his coat, preparatory to going to bed, "will be to me what Simms is to Edmund. He is a powerful auxiliary—*with him*, I can

cope with the would-be-king of the Canadas—but I was powerless without him. Well, it's getting late, and I must be up early, so I shall turn in and have a nap. I only hope McKenzie will keep things quiet, till I reach Toronto. I think I will be the first to announce in Upper Canada, that the revolt has broken out in the lower Province—at least, I hope so. It would be bad if the news got there before me. Forewarned, forearmed."

And with these reflections revolving through his mind, he retired to the little room off the parlor, and threw his wearied limbs upon the bed. But his thoughts were busy, and many hours elapsed ere he finally fell into a troubled slumber. When he did, the events of the day, rose disconnectedly before him, and floated through his mind in vague confusion, mixed up with visions of gibbets, red coats, halters, bowie knives, pirates, and Declarations of Independence.

"Has my horse been well attended to?" asked Oliver, on leaving his master, and going into the kitchen of the inn, at the fireside of which were sitting the landlord and Rodolphe's three companions.

"Yes," replied Boniface; "it would be a sin not to attend to him, for he is a fine animal. But he isn't so pretty a beast as the one the young officer rode who passed here about two hours before you come."

"Ah," said Brown, "what officer was that?"

"Let me see—I forgets what's this his name was—Elizur, dear," he continued, turning to his daughter, "what did that young officer's servant tell you his master's name was?"

"The Honorable Guy de Valanth," lisped 'Elizur,' with a languishing glance directed towards Mr. Oliver Brown.

"Oh, yes, so it was," said the landlord, "I remember now. By hookey, but he was a smasher; I never saw a

chap come out so strong in the dress line—he beat all creation for that.”

“And he rode a fine beast, did he?” said Brown.

“One of the best I ever seed come from Montreal—he was an English thoroughbred, I’ll take my davy.”

“And why didn’t he stop here, to-night?”

“He wanted to push on—he said he wouldn’t stop till night fall. I ’spose he had broke his leave and was in a hell of a hurry to jine his regiment again.”

“Well, lads,” said Brown, addressing the three men who accompanied Rodolphe; “I belong to your company now—I have engaged with Mr. Rodolphe for a month.”

“That doesn’t make you *one of our* company, no how, my joker,” said Inglis, taking up a lamp, and placing the tobacco pipe which he had been smoking on the mantel piece; “cos, it so happens that we’re travellin’ with that ere gent inside, but we ain’t his servants, no how;” and saying this he desired the landlord to show him the way to bed.

“Devilish close, those fellows,” muttered Brown, as the three men left the room, “can’t get nothin’ out of them—well, it’s all right, and all so much the better—and since I have te get up early, I believe I shall follow their example and go to roost, too. Landlord, show us the way, will you?”

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STOLEN DESPACHES.

“Go tread the path thou never shalt return—
 Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.”

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Rodolphe awoke the next morning, the sun was shining brightly through the bed-room window, and his new *protege*, Mr. Oliver Brown, was standing by his bed-side. William yawned, rubbed his eyes, and then half rose, supporting himself on his elbow.

“I called you early, skipper, 'cos you told me to,” said the man; “and I know you are used to have your rest broke when the watch was called. Now I've begun business for you—and, as you told me to keep a bright look out, I obeyed orders, and have got a piece of news for yer which may be of service, and it mayn't—who knows?”

“Ah,” said Rodolphe, proceeding to dress himself; “what is that?”

Mr. Oliver Brown was determined to commence the duties of his new office cautiously; so he first fastened the door for fear of intrusion, and then drawing a chair close to his master, who looked rather blank at such familiarity—began his communication, in a low, confidential tone.

“You see, captain, I got up bright and early this morning to attend to my horse—for, poor as I am, I've got a horse—and

not a bad-looking beast nuther—and on going into the stable I sees thar another animal that wasn't thar last night. So, I says to myself, there's some new comer turned up since bed-time; I must find out all about him. Well, I comes back to the inn—and Miss Elizur, the landlord's gal, is up, sweeping out the house; and very soon her and me gets to be the best of friends, and as thick as two pickpockets. By and bye, she fills a basin of water, and lays a towel over it. 'Whar be you gwine with that, dear?' I asks her. 'Up to the young officer's room that comed this morning before daylight,' says she——"

"Get on—for the sake of heaven," cried Rodolphe, impatiently, "and tell me the amount of your discovery."

But Mr. Oliver Brown was determined to tell the story his own way, and he continued, without minding the interruption:

"'My little gal, let me take that up for you, I don't want to see you take the trouble,' says I; and after a little coaxing she agrees, and tells me I must go up stairs and turn to the room on the left, where the Britisher slept. Now that was all I wanted to know, and so up I goes. The officer was fast asleep—but sure enough, I knew him—his name's Seaward; he's a Lufftenant. And says I to myself, 'old feller, yer never rode all night for fun—yer must be carrin' despatches.' So when I sit down the basin, I commenced feeling the pockets of his coat, and sure enough, there was a great paper, 'dressed to 'Sir Francis Bond Head,' 'on His Majesty's service,' and all the rest of it——"

"And what did you do with it?" cried Rodolphe, whose interest was now thoroughly aroused.

"You didn't cotch me leavin' of it thar without yur seein' it fust," said Mr. Brown, with a wink, at the same time draw-

ing from his breast, a sealed packet, addressed, sure enough, "To Sir F. B. Head," with all the *et ceteras*.

"By Jove! Brown," cried Rodolphe, with gleaming eyes, as he grasped the despatch, "you are a treasure!"

"Yas—I thought you'd say so, when you comed to know me," replied Mr. Brown, with a very significant smile, which it seemed he could not divest himself of. "Wal, now, I wants yer to read it as fast yer can—then seal it up the same way as it was fust, and give it back to me in less than no time, so that I can put it back whar I tuck it from, afore the Britisher wakes."

"But suppose," said Rodolphe, as he proceeded to melt the wax, "that I should find it necessary to keep it for proof or some other purpose."

"Oh—that's another colored cat—why, then we must be off, as if the devil kicked us, afore he's up—that's the dodge."

Rodolphe soon became intensely interested in the document; he pulled a chair to the table, took out his pencil, and wrote notes on a sheet of paper beside him, without once lifting his eyes from the despatch. At length he concluded, folded it up, again softened the wax, without destroying the impression of the seal, and returned it to Mr. Brown.

"Here you are," he said, as he handed it back; "get it in his pocket again, before he misses it, and I'll say you are a trump. That document puts me in possession of secrets of the most important nature."

"What the holy creation, is it all about?" cried Oliver, opening his eyes, and gazing on his master, as he received the packet back.

"Oh, it's a despatch to Sir Francis Head, asking for troops, and telling him that a revolt has broken out in Lower Canada, and showing how defenceless he is, and who the rebel leaders are, with an amount of other information which you cannot

appreciate ; therefore, do not be so inquisitive, but take it back as fast as you can."

" Why on airth, if it tells him all this, doesn't yer keep it yourself, so the Governør won't never get a sight of it ?"

" Oh, no, no, friend Brown ; I want the Governor to get a sight of it, so that he *may* send troops to his assistance. The more troops he sends away, the better."

" Oh, I twig now," said Oliver, apparently quite satisfied, as he turned to leave the room ; " Wal, I'll leave it jist in the same place I found it."

" Yes, and as soon as you do, hurry then with breakfast, and order out the horses," said Rodolphe ; and he continued his toilet, while his satellite went out.

This despatch, which our friend Oliver had thus feloniously abstracted, was the same which Seaward afterwards delivered to the Governor, in the ball-room, as we have already mentioned, in a preceding chapter. In describing that ball-room scene, we got before our story, and the reader must wait patiently for the denouèment, until we bring up the intermediate parts of the narrative.

It was now Rodolphe's object to press on, and arrive at Toronto before the Lieutenant, as he had obtained certain valuable information from the despatch, which he was desirous of being himself the bearer of. As soon, therefore, as he and his companion had partaken of a hastily prepared breakfast, they resumed the saddle, and in the course of due time, and without any further adventure of note, arrived at their destination.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LETTER WITH THE BLACK SEAL.

“————— Oh! that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.”—JULIUS CÆSAR.

WHEN Rodolphe arrived in Toronto, he lost no time in obtaining an interview with McKenzie. It was not till then that he discovered how little reliance could be placed on public rumors, since so far from hostilities having commenced, he learned from the Patriot-editor that nothing was further from his intentions than to precipitate affairs prematurely, and thereby render the whole thing abortive. A trifling rencounter had taken place, at a militia training, but nobody regarded it, and the prevailing impression was that the whole of Upper Canada was quiet.

“But,” said McKenzie, “every thing is prepared for a sudden blow; every night for the last three months, the members of the different Lodges have been practicing military evolutions, and undergoing a course of instruction; arms and ammunition have been accumulating, and members being enrolled; engineers and artillery men from the neighboring states have been joining us at intervals, and all the preparatory steps, that man can think of have been taken. We only now await the general signal—I expected that general signal would have been announced from Montreal—but I see by this letter which one of the men who came with you, gave me, that we need not expect it from that quarter.”

"But," said Rodolphe, "I thought you were on the eve of a general revolt here, and that the Lodges would not move without me?"

"Yes," stammered McKenzie, glancing at the letter which he still held in his hand, "it is well you are come—we can now act unitedly."

"If you have all your preparations made then," returned Rodolphe, "and only wait for a favorable opportunity, let me tell you that that opportunity has arrived. The troops in Upper Canada have been withdrawn——"

"Withdrawn!" cried McKenzie.

"Yes—therefore if all your preparations are made, you could not choose a more auspicious moment than the present. But will the Lodges rise at a moment's notice?"

"They will—they are in a most efficient state."

"Then I would recommend that this very night, Toronto be attacked—let us not be behind the Lower Province, and there the work has been begun."

"To-night—so be it, then!" cried M'Kenzie. "I am weary of delay, and we have nothing farther to wait for. But are you sure that your information regarding the troops is authentic?"

"Sure—I had it from a despatch written by Sir John Colbourne, in which he says, he has received Head's despatch announcing to him that the regiments in Toronto had been ordered to proceed to Lower Canada."

"Good!" cried M'Kenzie. "Well, my man, what do you want?" he added, addressing our friend Oliver, who at that moment entered the room.

"I have news, I have news," cried Mr. Brown, assuming a self-satisfied air—"it is of consequence, too, I can tell you."

"Oh, this is my right-hand man," cried Rodolphe, "but

he is an original—you must bear with him. Well, Brown, be quick—we have important business on hand."

"I have news, sir, that you will consider rather important, too, and you will want all your pluck, to go through with the dodge—for I tell yer what, you'll have a deuced hard fight of it."

"Well, well, go on, and tell us what it is!"

"Do you know that ere vessel they call the *Caroline*?"

"The *Caroline*," cried M'Kenzie, "yes, certainly. She is our vessel exclusively, and is employed for the express purpose of carrying over from the American side to Navy Island, where our stores are, ammunition, and provisions."

"Zactly—and what does yer expect in her this trip?" asked the American.

"Money and arms—her cargo never was so valuable as I expect it will be this time. Why do you ask?"

"Because, t'night the Britishers intend to send her to everlastin' smash. So you had better be on your guard."

M'Kenzie started, and became violently agitated.

"How, in the world, can *you* possibly tell this?" he cried.

"I tell yer it's a fact. Old Allan McNab's got it into his noddle that she's doin' a darned sight of mischief—and he's bent on puttin' her over the rapids to-night—so yer can act accordin'!"

"This must be seen to," exclaimed M'Kenzie, anxiously, "but," he added, looking at Rodolphe, "can this man be relied on?"

"He can—you may depend your life on him. His news, however the devil he gets it, is always authentic. But is her cargo so very valuable?"

"Valuable? so much so," cried M'Kenzie, "that we are ruined if we lose it."

"Then," said Rodolphe, let us go on board with a body of

men well armed, and defend her. Can we get there in time—that is the question?”

“Oh, yes—but, do you know,” he continued, turning to the American, “how many men are going to attack her?”

“Thirty,” answered Oliver, “under the command of Captain Drew.”

“Pah,” cried M’Kenzie, “we are all right yet, then! we have forty-five on board, armed to the teeth. They can hurl every man Jack overboard that attempts to mount her side.”

“By the war god, I should like to see the fun,” exclaimed Rodolphe, “suppose we arm ourselves and go on board.”

“Agreed!” said M’Kenzie, “but first let us make sure that this man’s information is correct. Are you certain there will be only thirty men-of-war’s men sent to cut her out?”

“I tell yer I am sure as death. I know every man ordered on the service. Do you think I would make such a mistake as that! Well—shall I go order horses?”

“Do,” said Rodolphe, “we shall have one night’s sport at any rate, and if that old fool, McNab, ventures to be with him, I’ll teach him the most useful lesson he ever received in his life.”

“I only hope, he will be there!” exclaimed M’Kenzie. “We are sufficient to hurl every man of them into the sea. We shall have to put off our attack until tomorrow night, though.”

“Oh—no, give the signal to the Lodges to rise to-night, at 12 o’clock, and await further orders; we can be back by one, and before daybreak Sir Francis Head may be our prisoner. Is this steamer of great consequence?”

“Very,” returned M’Kenzie, “we must be on board of her when the attack is made, at all risks—otherwise her crew might be taken by surprise. Why, we should be cut off from all communication with Navy Island, our head-quarters, were

any thing to happen her—besides losing all she has on board."

Shortly after this, Brown returned, and announced that the horses were ready. During his absence, the two men had armed themselves, with sabres and pistols, concealing their weapons in cloaks, and were now waiting for him.

As Rodolphe was going out, Oliver passed near him, placing a letter at the same time, into his hand, and then hurrying to the door, busied himself with the girths of his saddle.

Rodolphe glanced hastily at the letter, it was sealed with black wax, and addressed thus :—

" Wm. Rodolphe, Esquire,

" Toronto.

[*" Not to be opened until Death Stares you in the face."*]

" Pshaw ! " he muttered, " when may that be ? " and he crumpled it into his pocket, and sprang upon his horse.

CHAPTER XXXI.

R E A D O N .

The Reiver wav'd his red right hand,
 And low bent every knee,
 And not a warrior of the band
 Erect in his stern presence stand,
 They feared that chief from the Scottish land,
 The King of the north countrie.—PERCY'S BALLADS.

OLIVER loitered behind, apparently adjusting his horse's trappings. "Which shall I do," thought he, "attend to the destruction of the *Caroline*, or have an interview with the gallant Ensign? Let me see—my services in the *Caroline* affair can be dispensed with. Inglis will be there to attend to every thing, and see that the game stroke is played. Yes—I have decided." At this moment one of the three men who had accompanied himself and Rodolphe from Montreal, approached, and Mr. Brown entered into conversation with him in a low, earnest tone. They conversed together for some time; finally the man turned away, and in a few minutes returned with his two companions, and then, taking the bridle out of the hands of Oliver, he mounted the horse, instead of him, and rode off rapidly in the direction taken by Messrs. Rodolphe and M'Kenzie.

Oliver stood gazing after him for some time, as if lost in thought, and then beckoning to the two men to follow him, entered the hotel, and proceeded, in company with his companions, to a private room.

"Now," said he, as he sat down at a table, and commenced writing a letter in cipher, "black yourselves, so that

you cannot be recognized, and then Wilson take this letter to the Wellington Hotel, inquire for Ensign de Valence, and place it in his own hand, and in no other. I give you thirty minutes to be back with his answer," and he took from an inside pocket, a gold repeater and laid it on the table.

He finished the letter, sealed it, and having written on the envelope, "To the Hon. Guy P. De Valence, Ensign in H. M. 44th Regt.," he handed it to the man, who took his departure.

"Did M'Kenzie leave orders with his subordinates, calling upon them to rise to-night?" asked Oliver of the remaining man.

"He did," answered Thompson.

"And where will the Eagles meet?"

"At Langley's house—Broad street."

"At what hour?"

"At midnight," returned the man.

"Very good," said Oliver, musing. "Toronto must be won to-night, and without the aid of Mr. William Lyon M'Kenzie.

Oh, no, no, *he* must have no share in the transaction. See,"

he continued, addressing Thompson, "have you many men in your employ here—men you can rely on?"

"I have," answered the man; "nothing of note can take place without my knowing it. Short as has been the time, I have already spies in every Lodge, but one—and that one, is so far distant to do us any good or harm."

"Well, take care to inform them, should it become necessary, during the night, that you have to accompany me anywhere, of your whereabouts—so that they may experience no difficulty in finding you, as much depends on that. By the way, do you know if Seaward has arrived yet?"

"He has not—nor by the look of the horse he had, when he was at the Tanneries, do I think he will arrive to-night."

Here there was a pause, and Mr. Oliver Brown rose, and paced the floor with slow and measured steps, his eyes bent to the ground, and his whole soul apparently abstracted, until the arrival of Wilson.

"Good," he exclaimed, as that person entered, "you are within the time—twenty-one minutes only have elapsed. Did you see him?"

"Yes," answered the man, handing a sealed packet to Oliver, "here is his answer."

"Do you think he is all right?" asked Mr. Brown, looking into the man's face closely.

"I don't know," replied Wilson, "he is a devilish close one—as far as I could see into him, he's safe enough."

"Ah," said Oliver, proceeding to open the letter, "by the bye," he added, again pausing in the operation, "how many men did you tell me would attack the *Caroline*?"

"One hundred and twenty—well armed," answered Wilson.

"All right," returned Oliver, glancing towards the letter, "resistance will be in vain."

"And if it were not," said Wilson, "Inglis is there to see every thing go off well."

Mr. Oliver Brown now became engaged in the paper.—He read it over attentively, took one or two turns up and down the room, and then throwing the letter into the fire, he said—

"At nine to-night, meet me here, with three disguises, one for each of us, and then be ready to accompany me to government house. In the meantime, you, Wilson, proceed to all the Lodges, and reiterate McKenzie's orders, and see that arms and ammunition are served out to every member, and that every step be taken to prevent mistake or failure. You, Thompson, will go to the American Volunteers, distributed

throughout different parts of the city, and waiting only for the signal, and bid them to attend the muster to-night, at the village I told you of before. They have their own arms and ammunition by them, and await only the word."

"And that word is _____"

"Come here, and I will tell it to you." He stooped down and whispered in the man's ear. "By this pass word," he said, "you will recognize them, and they you. Now, be-gone, and waste not your time—at nine o'clock fail not to be here, or your lives shall be the forfeit!"

He was rather peremptory in his commands—that Mr. Oliver Brown!

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

"The mists curl up around the glacier's brows,
And clouds rise fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
Where every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles."—MANFRED.

NIAGARA'S eternal voice—that voice that first broke forth with the breaking dawn of the Creation, and never since has ceased—boomed through the air of night, with a hum so continuous, so unvarying, and so deep, as to make the listener liken it to the wheels of Time, revolving in their mighty onward course. No other sound broke upon the stillness—all else was hushed in silence and in sleep; but that far-off rumbling thunder of the waters, that booming echo from afar—sleepless and ceaseless—rang through the silent air, like the tones of dim eternity, speaking unto man. There is something glorious, yet awful, in that tremendous sound!—It rolls up to the heavens like the knell of a doomed world, and seems to say, "a day shall come when even my thunder-voice shall be hushed, and an hour wherein my waters shall become dry, and the destroying fire lap their channels!"

Glorious torrent! who can look on thee unmoved! What is the tame, dull scenery of Alpine brook, or Pyrenean fountain, placed in contrast, Niagara, with thee! What in nature's wide and vast domain can vie with *thy* sublimity!—Not the maddened ocean, hurling its giant waves upon the

iron strand, until they spend their fury in white foam, and roll their milky volume back, as if defeated and defied! Oh no! the sea god soon becomes exhausted—his strength is spent in unavailing wrath—and wearied out in the conflict, he sinks into a breathless calm! The crashing thunder rolling through high heaven? Oh, no! the thunder cannot vie with *thee*!—it shakes the skies with one convulsive crash, and straight, is mute again! The bellowing voice of war hath raged upon thy banks!—the artillery's red hot breath, has lightened up thy spray!—but what was battle's pomp compared to *thine*! How soon the mailed Minerva, bowed her head, and sank to breathless rest! But *thee*!—*thy* voice hath never ceased—its song of glee rose high and hoarse, when first void darkness fled, and high and hoarse, it still will sound, until the voice of Hym who checks the wave of ocean, bidding it to stand—until *His* mighty voice shall bid thee “hush”—the battle may boom upon thy banks, the thunder roll above thee, but their echo shall die away, and thine out-sound them all!

Aye! on thy banks the red cross and the stars have waved in pride, as o'er Bellona's fane, and there have thronged, amid the crashing cars, warrior and horse, upon th' ensanguined plain; plume, blade and banner, wet with war's red rain, while rose above the din, thy mightier roar, mightier than ever roar'd the Western mair, drowning the trumpet's clang—the chief's “encore!”—hurling abroad thy foam to mix with human gore! Aye! once thy earthquake voice blent with the din, that shrieked up wildly from red Lundy's Lane, what time the smoke curl'd up the stars to win, but fell back, dense and sulphury, on the plain; “and it was in the night,” and Erie's main, and dark Ontario's wave, and Huron's tide, were one lit sheet of flame, that shone again down far St.

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Lawrence to the ocean's side! Rome saw ne'er such a sight,
nor Belgium, in her pride!

"Thy praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine," so
pass thou by—roll downward still thy sea, as thou hast rolled
it, since the breaking day, when God commanded men and
worlds to BE; and taught void chaos Him first to obey.—
Still let the clouds co-mingle with thy spray—still blend thy
song of everlasting glee, with heaven's loud thunder, till He
bids thee stay thy mighty course, and, in His majesty, com-
mands thee "peace be still!" and sets creation free!

It is near midnight, and the surface of Lake Erie is un-
disturbed by a ripple. Scattered over the face of its waters,
and reposing listlessly on its smooth bosom, rests here and
there a vessel painted in the dark undulating fluid beneath.
Their sails hang heavily against the masts, and they look as
still and lifeless, as if they were phantoms of a world that
had passed away.

Scarce any thing indicative of life is perceptible; the winds
have sank to rest—no cloud floats on heaven's bosom, and the
stars shine out, and are reflected from the blue waters of the
lake in bright multitudinous points. Every thing is hushed,
save Niagara's rumbling roar, that hums afar off, like a mut-
tering earthquake.

At one point of the whole scene embraced by the mind's
eye only can we observe any evidence of life or human pres-
ence. This is at a wharf, in front of a little village, on the
bank of the lake, and a few miles above the torrent of Ni-
agara.

Beside that wharf, a steamer lies moored, and she seems,
in all respects, so far as her appearance goes, prepared for ac-
tive service. At her peak halliards, hangs motionless, the
flag of the League, or the Canadian Patriots; along her
decks, arms and ammunition, boarding pikes, tomahawks,

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cutlasses, and pistols, are strewed about in profusion, and, laying on their faces, beside the bulwarks, are about forty men, seemingly, from their intense silence, deep in slumber.

Only two appear alert. These two, are leaning against the taffrail, engaged in conversation, in low, suppressed tones—but, at the same time, never withdrawing their gaze from the semi-circle drawn in front of the harbor, where the horizon bounds the waters.

One of these men is William Lyon McKenzie, the other William Rodolphe. They are both armed to the teeth, and the latter wears beneath his clothes, a light shirt of linked, or chain mail, so apprehensive is he of assassination, and so great is the danger which constantly surrounds him.

"And you think you at last have him within your grasp," whispered McKenzie, pursuing the conversation in which they had been engaged. "I am glad of it—he has been a thorn in our side for a long time. But, take care, he does not elude you again, as he has so frequently done before!—How often have we said—'he is in our grasp now!' and suddenly, he would wrestle himself free, and place us at his mercy. He is a dark, dangerous man!"

"Is he?" said William, smiling, "then so much the better that I have my heel upon him now. Before many days I will crush the power of Edmund Rodolphe, forever! Never till now, have I had the means—but *now*, his fate is in my hands! Believe you this, McKenzie?"

The latter shook his head, doubtfully, but replied not.—His attention was arrested by a dark object, which broke the line of horizon, and he was gazing upon it earnestly. Instinctively, his companion's eyes followed in the same direction, and they both held their breathing, and strained their eyes intently through the gloom.

At length McKenzie spake ; " it is the British," he said in a suppressed voice ; " listen !"

Again they became silent, until, at length, the low plashing sound of oars was distinctly heard. and all doubts were removed.

" It is the enemy," said Rodolphe, " go, caution the men to be ready, but to be silent, on their lives. We must not fire till they are close on board. Go, quick—I will keep look out ; mind that their pistols are primed, and every thing in readiness."

" Watch sharp," said McKenzie, turning away ; " all I hope for now, is that M'Nab himself is with them. The veteran old Tory bigot ! Oh ! if he is only there !"

" There are *four* boats ! McKenzie," cried Rodolphe, nervously, as he peered through the gloom—" can it be possible that Brown has betrayed us !"

As he spoke thus, four ship's boats, filled with men, and pulling in a straight line, emerged from the obscurity. In the next moment, a cheer rang high and wild, over the still surface of the waters—the boats shot through the sparkling liquid, leaving a trail of foam in their wake, and the crew of the *Caroline*, thinking the moment for action had arrived, sprang to their feet, without heeding the stern commands of Rodolphe, and the supplicating shouts of McKenzie—without regard to aim, order, or discipline, poured in a desultory fire upon the assailants, and then throwing down their fire arms, grasped their cutlasses and tomahawks, with savage determination stamped upon their looks.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GAME FINISHED.

"Let my ashes rather
Be scattered on the winds of air and heaven,
Than be polluted more by human hands."—SARDANAPALUS.

"Up to the sky, like rockets go
All that mingled there below—
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorched and shrivel'd to a span." . . .
"Some fell in the gulf." . . .
"That one moment left no trace,
More of human form or face—
Save a blackened scalp or bone."

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

"We are betrayed!" cried Rodolphe, grasping a pistol in either hand, and springing to the gangway; "we are outnumbered two to one! Oh, that accursed Brown!"

"Too late for such thoughts now!" exclaimed McKenzie, who did not lack physical courage, although he was sadly deficient in promptness and decision; "we must fight it out! Stand by me, boys! and let not a single man mount the side!"

Again the cheer of the British seamen rang loud through the startled air, till the last faint echo died away in the distance—and, bending to their oars, the boats shot up, against the steamer's side, the bowmen fastened their boat-hooks, and the sailors, letting their oars swing in the gaskets, sprang to their feet, and grasping their boarding cutlasses firmly, be-

gan their ascent. Captain Drew, and his Lieutenants, sprang up in advance, and cheered them on. But they were met with a determined and desperate resistance, and as often as the assailants attempted to gain the deck, as often were they hurled back into the boats—foiled, wounded, and slain. Two men stood, one on each side of the gangway, who by their example and voice, nerved their followers to make a desperate stand. These were McKenzie and Rodolphe. Assailant after assailant, did they hurl headlong back, just as they had gained a footing on the deck—sending many of them gashed and mutilated, into the dark waters below. In one moment, from the most intense quiet, the scene had changed to fierce uproar and confusion, and now the curling smoke, the flashing pistol shots, the groans of the dying, the shouts of the patriots, and the cheers of the assailants, “threw over that spot of earth, the breath of hell.”

“That man must be cut down,” cried one of the British officers, “or we shall never be able to board her!”—and as he said this, he sprang upon the boat’s gunwale, and grasping the “chains” of the steamer with his left hand, he placed the muzzle of his boarding pistol almost against William Rodolphe’s breast, and discharged it. To his unutterable astonishment, the ball took no effect, and in return for this fierce attempt upon his life, the patriot chief gave him a sabre-cut upon the head, which sent the Lieutenant reeling headlong over the “stretchers,” where he lay, quiet and motionless, until the *melee* was over—and long enough afterwards.

At length, through sheer exhaustion, McKenzie was beaten back—but not so Rodolphe. Calmly and undismayed, he kept his post, till his sabre became hacked and blunted in its work of death, and the assailants paused in their attack, and began to meditate some weaker point of assault.

But, hold! there is a diversion on the deck in favor of the

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British. What means this? What does this bustle on board the *Caroline* portend? Rodolphe is attacked in the rear, and he leaves the gangway defenceless and unguarded.

The British captain saw the golden moment—he caught the chains with his left hand, and with a giant's strength swung himself upon the steamer's deck. "On! my brave boys!" he shouted to his men, who swarmed up after him—"on! the day is ours!"—and once, having gained the deck, their overwhelming numbers rendered the case of the patriots desperate; and, as if to make their condition still more hopeless, it was discovered that they had turned their swords against each other's throats, and that their own disunion was the cause of their ruin.

"Mutineer!" echoed Rodolphe, turning fiercely upon Inglis, who had attacked him in the rear—"take the reward of treachery and die!" and in frantic fury, at seeing himself thus foiled by the desertion of his own party, he made a desperate lunge at the pirate's heart. But the latter was too old a swordsman, to be overthrown so easily, and, catching the thrust on his blade, he returned it by giving Rodolphe a blow over the left side, which had it not been for his armor, would have ended his career at once. As it was, the pirate's blade was shivered to the hilt, and he stood before the fierce Republican unarmed and weaponless. His only chance was by a sudden attack, in which it was just possible that his physical strength might give him the superiority. Not waiting, therefore, for a second blow, he sprang upon his foe, and winding his arms around his waist, put forth all his muscular power, and by a tremendous exertion, lifted Rodolphe off his feet and threw him heavily to the deck. So closely were they locked together, that they could not use any weapons save those which nature had bestowed upon them; each exerted himself to the utmost—but once down they could not

rise, and the combatants fought, struggled and trampled over them in vain—they would not quit that deadly embrace, but lay prostrate and panting, locked in each other's arms.

In the meantime, an indiscriminate scene of slaughter was going on around them. McKenzie, the moment that he perceived all hope of resistance vain, sprang from the bulwarks into the water, and swam to the wharf, unnoticed in the obscurity, which he gained in safety. Many followed his example—many were slain ere the cry for quarter was raised—and all the survivors were made prisoners of war.

The victors then gave three deafening cheers, which rang through the still night-air, far over the calm waters, and then proceeded with their cutlasses to demolish the rigging and every thing that was destructible.

"Stop!" exclaimed Captain Drew, as he panted with exhaustion; "I will tell you a better way. Remove all the prisoners and the wounded, and tow her out into the stream, and let her go over the Falls!"

"By the Lord, you have hit it!" exclaimed an officer;—"yes, we'll set fire to the rebel tub, and then send her to h—l over the Falls!"

Still that death-struggle went on—and Rodolphe and his fierce antagonist heeded not aught that took place above them. In the darkness and confusion that reigned around, they were unnoticed, and still lay struggling, in all the rage of fury and despair.

Acting on the Captain's suggestion, the prisoners and the wounded were now hastily removed into the boats, and, on this being done, the *Caroline* was cut loose from her moorings; steam was then put upon her, and in a few minutes she was run out to a sufficient distance to be within the influence of the great body of water which is drawn so powerfully towards the Falls. The helm was then lashed, to keep her

head steady towards Niagara, more steam was put upon her, and she was fired in several places.

"Hold!" exclaimed Rodolphe, pausing in his exertions,— "the vessel is on fire!"—and he made an attempt to start up. This was the opportunity which Inglis longed for, and, taking advantage of it, he instantly grasped an iron bar that lay by him, and, striking his antagonist over the head, the latter fell to the deck, stunned and bleeding. Quick as thought—for the flames were spreading fast, and the ship was speeding rapidly towards destruction, and there was no time to be lost, Inglis seized a rope, and binding Rodolphe's arms tightly, fastened the other end to the mainmast; and then calmly rummaged his enemy's pockets until he found the letter which Oliver had given Rodolphe that evening.

In a few moments the latter recovered his senses—he looked around—there were none on board but himself and Inglis.

"Where are all the rest?" cried William, making an effort to rise. To his surprise, he found himself fast, and at the same time he felt the heat becoming insupportable.

"Who has done this?" he exclaimed, horrified at the impending fate which seemed to flash through his mind; "I will be burnt alive!—let me loose!"

Inglis smiled. "Here is a letter," he said, "which was not to be opened until death stared you in the face. That time has come—death now stares you in the face, and in a very ugly fashion—you will go over the Falls of Niagara in a ship on fire—the most romantic mode of death I ever heard of—but, perhaps, this letter will tell you how to get out of the scrape, and as your arms are tied, and you can't read it yourself, I will take the liberty of reading it for you." As he said this, he tore the letter open, and read the following words, which sounded like a knell on the doomed man's heart:—

“William Rodolphe—the game is played out! This is the finishing stroke! Now, Biologist—now, Son of Science—now, Enchanter and Magician—bring thy science and thy magic to aid thee in escaping the flames that crackle o’er thy head or the torrent that foams before thee. So perish all who play false with
EDMUND.”

“Oh, God!” groaned the wretched man—“and is this fiend of hell my brother!”

“I don’t know any thing about that,” said Inglis; “all I want to know is what message you have got to send back to that faithful servant of yours, Mr. Oliver Brown, who is no other than this same Edmund?”

“Oh, doubly-infatuated fool!” cried Rodolphe; “oh, blind madman that I was! And you!—have you the heart of manhood, and will you see me perish thus!”

“Me!” said Inglis, with a sneer; “why, if I had not obeyed Mr. Edmund’s orders with regard to you, I would have suffered a worse punishment than yours. Do you think I would tempt that man, as you have, or take the blame upon myself, by saving *you*? Oh, no, my joker—I have seen too many walk the plank for that! Good-bye—good-bye,” he exclaimed, balancing himself on the bulwarks, preparatory to springing over—“we’re too near the Falls, to talk longer with any comfort,”—and saying which he sprang over the side, and disappeared.

The mighty voice of Niagara was now heard, indeed—its rushing sound outrivaling ten hundred thunders, and the doomed vessel, being now fairly within the vortex, rushed forward, with the speed of a race-horse, the rate at which she moved, creating a wind which fanned the waving flames that now enveloped her from one end to the other. It was a grand yet terrific spectacle;—and such was the last thought of

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William Rodolphe, as he drew himself up to his full height, while he felt his flesh scorched by the hot armor he wore—while the boiling pitch fell from the rigging in showers around—while he saw the seething waters dancing past, and saw the spray of Niagara boiling up before him, "like foam from the roused bosom of deep hell," while he heard the roar of the mighty cataract, and saw the waving flames that wreathed above his head—all these things rushed to his mind, and he shouted, rather than thought—

"A glorious death I die! My ashes shall strew the winds of heaven; no worm shall gnaw my corpse;—Niagara's roar shall sing my requiem, and my body shall mingle with the elements! But, if the immortal spirit hath power, if the souls of the dead can return, if there is an hereafter,—a heaven or a hell,—then, Edmund Rodolphe, shall my soul be on thine, and damn thee with its curse!"

"The angry Spirit of the Waters shrieked," the vessel pitched heavily to and fro, there was a hissing splash, a crashing roar that burst the tympanum of his ears, a cloud of foam that hissed and crackled in the flames, hiding heaven from his sight, then a headlong plunge, and the next moment the *Caroline* was ground into unnumbered atoms, and mingled with the boiling hell of waters, to be seen no more forever!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

Lucius.—Say on; and if it please me what thou speak'st,
The child shall live.

Aaron.—An if it please thee. Why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds—
Couplets of mischief, treason, villanies;—
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

At the hour of nine o'clock, on that same eventful evening in which took place the events related in the last chapter, Mr. Oliver Brown is sitting before a table in the same room of the inn in which we last left him. He is writing; but his thoughts do not appear to flow freely; for, ever and anon, he presses his forehead with his left hand, bites the end of his quill savagely, then, with still more savage energy, runs the pen through the last line he has written, and finally throws it down, leans back in his chair, and clasps his hands round the top of his head. It is very evident that Mr. Oliver Brown has more in that head than is pleasant, and that he feels any thing but at ease either with himself or the world at large. At length he mutters aloud—"It is a villainous act! Oh, it is useless to deceive myself—it is a fearful act! The Wentworth's was nothing to it, although I killed three of them. But what could I do? Self-preservation forced me; it was either his life or mine. Tush! I thought I was above

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all human emotions. Down, womanish weakness,—down, down!—let me think of something else. Well now, who remains? William is out of the way by this time;—who now blocks the path? St. George? Yes; he is acquainted with fully as much, perhaps, as William, although I have no proof of this, further than that he exercises the infernal science. Well, I must sacrifice him, and then all will be clear sunshine. But I must first have his assistance in capturing the governor; unless I have him in my hands, our affairs will begin to look desperate. Let me once have him under lock and key, and I shall be master of Upper Canada, despite of McKenzie or the devil. I must be quick, too, as things will go to the bad in Montreal in my absence; besides I must be back there in time for Gerard's trial; Simms in the meantime will look out sharply; and there is one great comfort—I can trust that fellow, for he is almost my second self. If I capture Toronto to-night, and make the governor prisoner, I can immediately establish my head-quarters here, and march into Lower Canada with an army sufficiently powerful to hold it in subjection, supposing we had not a single friend there. Well, let me think over my plan. First, carry out that arrangement with St. George at Government House. If we take him, well and good; we will sound the tocsin and lead the *chasseurs* to the attack; if we fail in taking him, why, we must wait quiet till another opportunity and surer means offer."

At this moment the two men, Thompson and Wilson, entered. Their faces were blackened, and it was impossible to recognize them.

"Have you a disguise for me?" asked Edmund.

"Yes sir," said Wilson, producing a peasant's dress, and laying it on the table.

"Here, then, Thompson, get some cork and black my face.

Is there any thing new since?" he asked, as this operation was being performed.

"Yes sir; the officer, Seaward, has just arrived."

"Ha! he has arrived, has he? Very good; is that all?"

"The Lodges are all ready to start at a moment's notice and the American volunteers will all be at the appointed place, armed."

"And," said Thompson, "there is a vile report whispered through the city, that M'Kenzie, at the head of five thousand men, is marching upon Toronto. They saw him ride off, full gallop, this evening, and the fools now have it that he is at the gates with an army."

"Ah, by the rood! that story may do harm," said Edmund, rising and glancing at the mirror, which hung at one side of the room;—"it may place parties on their guard. Well," he continued, putting on his hat, "come along with me now, and see how this affair ends, first, and then we will attend to the others."

And so saying, the trio left the inn and bent their steps towards Government House, in the vicinity of which they concealed themselves until the preconcerted signal should be given, which, the reader will recollect, was to be the bar of a tune, whistled by St. George.

We have now brought our story up to that point where St. George decoys Sir Francis Head into a private room and seizes him as his prisoner, all of which the reader has already been made acquainted with.

As the governor shouted for aid, Edmund and his two companions, as before stated, sprang through the window and drowned his further outcry. His arms were pinioned, a handkerchief tied over his mouth, and they were about to descend with their prize, when suddenly the r-r-u-r-r! of the drum, beating to arms, rang through the stillness of the night

while the bugle's tut-tut-it-taw—tut-tut-it-taw! sounded high and shrill even above the whirring roll of the drum; and, at the same moment, the door of the room was sent crashing off its hinges by a kick from some one without, and Lieutenant Seaward, his naked sabre in his hand, stalked in among the conspirators, followed by Colonel Ingoville and Lord Wellesley.

Mad with jealousy and anger at the conduct of Miss La-
 tour, Seaward had withdrawn from the revelry, and placed
 himself in a recess, from whence, without being observed, he
 could watch the motions of this ensign who had thus so
 unceremoniously crossed his path. When, therefore, the
 latter requested the private interview with the governor,
 Seaward followed, determined not to lose sight of him, but
 the moment the opportunity occurred, to insult him in a man-
 ner so gross that he could not fail to take notice of it. Some
 expression of surprise uttered by Sir Francis, in a very loud
 tone, excited Seaward's curiosity, and he could not refrain
 from approaching the door, and catching part of the proposi-
 tion made by St. George to the governor. This proposition
 was of so startling and astonishing a nature, that he beckoned
 to Wellesley and the colonel, who were passing through the
 entry, to listen, as His Excellency was closeted with a rebel.
 Immediately afterwards they heard Sir Francis's exclamation
 of "Treason!" and then a struggle appeared to follow. The
 lieutenant instantly attempted to open the door. It was fast;
 a moment's delay took place in feeling for the key; finding
 that it was gone, the old officer applied his foot, and with one
 kick, sent the paneled door, with a crash, into the middle of
 the room,—bolts, hinges and all,—exposing to view the
 reasonable proceedings there being enacted.

Edmund's case had never been so desperate; but he re-
 tained his calmness. Thompson and Wilson were descend-
 ing; St. George was on the point of lifting the governor

through the window when the interruption took place; but the grand master himself was standing apart, overseeing that the arrangements were rightly carried out, and intending to be the last person to leave the room.

The involuntary exclamation of St. George, at the sight of his inveterate rival, was—

“We are lost!” and letting go his hold upon Sir Francis Head, he made an attempt to follow his more fortunate companions who had gone before.

“Too late!” echoed Seaward, springing forward and grasping him by the throat with a powerful hand—“ah, the Hon. Guy de Valence, we shall unmask your mystery now!”

But the coolness of Edmund deserted him not. Catching the two officers, Wellesley and Ingoville, one in each hand, he hurled them headlong to the other side of the room, and bounding over the prostrate bodies of Seaward and his rival, who were locked together on the floor, he leaped upon the window-sill, and turning, with a bitter laugh towards the governor, who, being pinioned, could do nothing to prevent his escape, he waved his hand in scorn, exclaiming—

“It is now your turn for triumph, Francis Head; when next we meet, it will be mine!” and with these words, he sprang from the high window and disappeared.

“One, we have, at all events!” cried Wellesley, springing to his feet, and rushing forward to assist Seaward in his struggle with St. George; “one we have, and if thumb-screws or racks are in vogue in this day, he shall be made to tell all connected with this villainous affair! Oh, if we had only succeeded in capturing that hardened villain who spoke last! That must have been the chief rebel himself, McKenzie.”

In a few minutes our hero and Sir Francis Head exchanged their relative positions, and he became the captive, and the latter the victor.

"Rebel churl!" cried Wellesley, "what vile intentions had you in view, and who set you on to this?"

St. George returned his haughty look with one of equal pride:

"When you discover means to compel me to answer such a silk-worm as you, Lord Wellesley," he said, "then it will be time enough to put your questions."

"Vile churl!" cried the Englishman, "rest assured we will find means to make you answer! Your traitorous designs will fail to destroy the allegiance of Canada, as have your murderous plans to betray your Sovereign's Representative."

"Your Sovereign, sir," said St. George, sneering, "not mine! I have taken no oath of bondage—you have—you are her foot-boy—her livery-man—her hired sworder—but do not confound me as being such!"

The proud young nobleman's face burned with anger, but veiling his indignation, under a look of calm and overwhelming contempt, he allowed himself to be held back by Sir Francis, who said:

"That is not the way to go to work, Wellesley. This fellow has information which at this crisis it behoves us to know, therefore we must use fair means with him;" then, turning to St. George, "Young man, you told me very confidently that ere morning, Toronto would be in the hands of the Republicans. Now, I wish you to tell me how you have your information, and what steps the Patriots are about to pursue?"

"Give me time to answer," returned St. George, regarding his interrogator with a look of boundless contempt. His thoughts were quick as lightning, and run thus—but were crowded into the smallest conceivable portion of time:

"This old fool thinks he has discovered the right method to draw me out—let him think so. If I am true to Rodolphe

and betray nothing, will he be true to me? No, he will desert me—he could not have a better chance of getting me out of the way. If I betray the League, can I sell myself for a good price, and purchase my own safety for the bargain? I will try.”

It takes some time to thus record the current of his thoughts, but they flashed across his mind instantaneously, and he replied :

“Give me time to think—well, I can give you information of the most important nature. Whether it will be in time to save the city, I know not—of that you will be the best judge: but what pledge have I, that in doing so, I am not digging my own grave, and giving evidence that will weigh against myself?”

“Give us such information as you possess,” said Sir Francis, “and if it is of such importance as to enable us to arrest and convict the ringleaders of this conspiracy, I pledge you a full and free pardon.”

“An if!” repeated St. George, smiling; “and do you think I will take such a risk as that. What, sell myself and the blood of my associates for the bare possibility of receiving a pardon. Tush! I would sooner take my chance!”

“The better,” said Lord Wellesley; “I should be sorry to see the villain escape.”

“No, no, he must not escape—he must not be pardoned,” cried Seaward; “he is of too much consequence in the conspiracy, to pardon *him*. The man that could so well carry on the game that he has been carrying on, is altogether too dangerous to suffer him to live. You could never prevent his machinations by any other means than the gibbet!”

St. George smiled, and said sneeringly, “Oh, we know the cause of your spite, Mr. Seaward—but you and I have not settled our accounts yet! Try your gibbet plan then—I am prepared.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DOUBLED-DYED TRAITOR.

Clifford—Now Richard I am with thee here alone!
 Suppose this arm is for the duke of York—
 And this for Rutland; both bound for revenge,
 Next thou environ'd with a brazen wall."

SHAKESPEARE.

"You see how confident he is," said the Governor. "Oh, he has some lurking hope at his heart yet; there is some foul mischief brewing—McKenzie must be close at hand—and this fellow is expecting immediate deliverance. We must have his information." He then said to St. George: "Since those terms do not please you—mark me—I will spare your life, and promise you a free pardon, if you tell me what are the intentions of the rebel leaders, and where they are to be found at this moment—and if you will, in court, identify them as being conspirators!"

"Stop!" said St. George; "on condition that I tell you—first, who are the principal leaders in the movement; second, where they are now to be found; and lastly, if I will identify them in court—to grant me my liberty, and to take no proceedings against me, and not to turn any confession I make, towards my own condemnation. You guarantee and pledge your word of honor, in the presence of these witnesses, that you will do this, if I answer you truly those three questions?"

"I do," said Head, "conditionally that you are not connected with any of the murders that have recently been committed."

"Agreed," replied St. George; "well, now put the questions, and I will answer correctly."

"Well, who are the chief movers in this rebellious movement, which you spake of a short time since, as being so certain to overturn Canada?"

"Edmund Ferrars, Louis Joseph Papineau, William Lyon McKenzie, William Rodolphe, and Lewis St. George."

"Ah," said the Governor, noting down the names. "And where can they now be found?"

"Edmund Ferrars, was he who just now addressed you from that window——"

"What, the man with his face blackened?"

"That was Edmund Ferrars. Where he is now, I cannot say—you can have as good an idea of that as myself, since so recently he was in this room. The second, is in Montreal; the third is now on board a steamer called the *Caroline*——"

"The Navy Island pirate ship—yes?"

"William Rodolphe, the fourth, is along with McKenzie and I, Lewis St. George, am the fifth."

"And will you identify all these parties in court, as being concerned in treasonable plots?"

"All but the last."

"Of course. Well," continued the Governor, "how do you reconcile this statement with that which you made me a while since, wherein you said McKenzie was now at the gates of Toronto, with five thousand men?"

"That was merely a *ruse* for my own purpose—this last statement is the true one."

"Aye, and this, also, is a *ruse* for your own purpose," cried Seaward, "it is very evident that the whole is a fabrication, and that virtually he has revealed nothing. He has told us a great deal—but it is only with the view of saving his life—for after all, he has told us only what we knew before—and has not betrayed a single fact of consequence.

Besides, how know we if his information is true or not. Suppose the rebels were now marching upon Toronto, would it be safe in us to rely on this fellow's assertion, and remain passive, until we saw the stars and stripes flying before our very faces? He has not fulfilled the terms of your promise."

"Oh, we have guarded against that," said Wellesley; "the alarm has been beaten, and the militia are mustering under arms rapidly. The artillery-men that luckily have been left in Toronto, are also at their post, and if McKenzie were to attack us to-night, he would not find us wholly unprepared."

"I have kept my part of the engagement," said St. George; "it will not much surprise me although you break yours. It will be only in keeping with the many violations of your promise which have already taken place since you first began to administer the Government in Upper Canada. I only promised to tell you who were the rebel leaders—where they were now—and to assure you that I could identify them. On these conditions you promised me a full pardon—I have complied with the conditions—and, if you are so unprincipled as to disregard your solemn promise, do so—I cannot help it."

"Insolent hind!" cried Seaward; "dare you speak thus to the Representative of Majesty?"

"Yes, to Majesty itself, would I speak thus," answered St. George; "I am speaking now to one Francis Head, without reference to his rank, titles, or any thing of that sort, but merely to the man—Head. And I tell him, that should any thing befall me, in consequence of my capture to-night, my last breath will be—I denounce Francis Head, as a man devoid of honor, principle, or truth, for having violated his solemn promise. Now take what further course you may deem proper."

The Governor appeared dissatisfied. He feared that a volcano was on the eve of bursting beneath his feet,—he felt convinced that the man before him, if he chose to do it, could

give him such information as would enable him to crush the rebellion at the outset, and he felt that the course pursued by his subordinates, Lord Wellesley and Seaward, was not calculated, by any means, to elicit the desired information from a man of the prisoner's stamp and character.

Again, the "roll of the alarming drum, rousing up the soldier ere the morning star," broke upon his ear, mingled with a far-off sound, like the firing of platoons, or the ringing report of brass ordnance. He grasped Ingoville's arm:—

"There is something going on," he said; "you had better immediately assume the command of the militia, and assemble them on the parade—I will join you presently. Do not fire on the insurgents without my positive orders, unless I am not on the spot, and it becomes absolutely necessary to take active measures. Lieutenant Seaward, you will attend Colonel Ingoville, as his aid-de-camp, and return instantly for me, should there be any immediate danger apprehended. As you go out, tell Jennings to have my horse saddled, and in readiness."

At this command, Seaward looked chagrined. He did not wish to lose sight of St. George. He ventured to suggest—

"Will your Excellency trust yourself alone with this traitor?"

"Fear not for that," said Sir Francis; "he is pinioned, and can do no harm." He then turned to Wellesley.

"Wellesley," he continued, "we have let too much time go by, but still it may not be too late;—will you muster a few men, and institute an immediate search for those fellows who made that daring attempt upon my life—they may be prowling about yet. Will you try to hunt them out—if we take them, we can dispense with this man's services as government evidence?"

And in the next minute, Sir Francis Head, and the Hon. Guy de Valence again stood alone.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

ST. GEORGE, THE LOYALIST.

Clarence. High reaching Warwick, know'st thou what this means?
Behold! I tear this red rose from my heart,
And thus I throw my infamy at thee!
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster—

Warwick. Oh, perjured traitor—faithless and unjust.

KING HENRY VI.

BOTH parties paused, preparatory to beginning the negotiation. Each knew well the game he had to play; but, perhaps, St. George was the boldest player, if not the most experienced. Sir Francis could analyze things in detail, St. George could grasp them as a whole, and paid no regard to details. The former arrived at his conclusions, by reasoning founded on past experience; the latter jumped to his intuitively. Both were compelled to pursue the course they were now about adopting, by very necessity which left them no option. In his soul, the Governor loathed and held in utter detestation, democracy, and every thing attached to it; and it went sore against his disposition to treat with a democrat, save as an avowed and bitter foe. In this case, from the nature of the circumstances that surrounded him, he was coerced into a compromise with his prisoner. He perceived that the latter had an advantage over him—that it was possible that at that very moment the Revolution was about breaking forth—that in a few hours their position might be reversed—he also felt

bitterly his imprudence in leaving himself without troops, and he saw there was an absolute necessity for his taking some steps which might retrieve the great error he had made. Perceiving, therefore, that St. George held an important command in the rebel ranks—that he was a man of unbounded firmness, sagacity and courage, which was clearly proved by the manner in which he had acted the part of the ensign—seeing further that threats and coercive measures would have no effect with him ; he argued, “ If I can excite his ambition, which I see is his weak point—if I can make him false to his party, so that he will be self-interested in betraying them—then he will place me in a position by which I can crush all their machinations at the outset, and it will be easy for me afterwards to crush *him*. Yes, I must try it—there is nothing else left me—it is horrible to grope in the dark, in my defenceless position—and not having power, I must have prudence.”

“ St. George, on the other hand, detested monarchy—but he saw, at a glance, that it was not the interest of Edmund to save him, even if he could. That party will say to himself, “ St. George must die, and I will be rid of him. He will not betray the League, because he will consider his capture accidental, and that I had no hand in it. If he applies to me for succor, I can hold out the promise, but delay it until too late.” Thus it is that Edmund will argue, thought St. George, and I shall be deserted. There are none of our party sufficiently interested in me to make an exertion in my behalf, and, if I trust to them, I will trust to a broken reed. Therefore, I must make interest with this man—the cause of the Patriots is becoming desperate—it is evident that the disunion that exists amongst the leaders of the movement, will be the cause of the whole plot being ruined ; the Rodolphes, for instance, are more intent on overthrowing each other, than they are in overturning the British Government. Were they to unite

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their vast energies, then there might be a prospect of success, but now there is none. If I hold out stubborn with this man, I will go to prison—the rebellion will be crushed—it will be easily proved—indeed, there is my own confession for it, that I was one of the ‘Eagles,’ and nothing will prevent my going to the gallows! Horrible thought! Then let me save myself in time—I may do so now—hereafter it may be too late. But I must make the terms as advantageous as possible to compensate for all I resign. Let me think; it is a dangerous game, if Rodolphe discovers I have played him false—if the Republican party triumphs, and Head’s is overthrown—if Head palters with me—obtains the information, and then sells me, having gained his purpose—Ha! these are dreadful considerations——”

He paused a moment—his resolution appeared to be taken, and he raised his head and stood before the Governor as if prepared to hear any communication the latter had to make.

“You are using deception, sir,” said the Governor, as soon as they were alone, and the foregoing train of reflection had swept through their minds. “You have not told me all. Have you so soon forgotten the announcement you made to me when you supposed that I was in your power; namely, that the whole of Canada was on the eve of revolt? Now, it is useless for you to equivocate; that statement was made in sincerity—for at that time you thought I could not turn it to your disadvantage. I saw by your manner, that you were in earnest, and that you felt assured that what you were stating to me would actually come to pass. Now, you must have had some good reasons for your belief—I wish you to tell me candidly, if you mean to merit any clemency at my hands—the nature of the danger which I have to apprehend?”

“Your Excellency will understand,” said the youthful am- bidexter, “that I am one of the chiefs of the Patriot Party.

Now *were I*, what possible inducement can I have in betraying my cause, and forfeiting the position I occupy?"

"Your safety," said Sir Francis—"is not that sufficient inducement?"

"I will take my chance of that," said St. George, shrugging his shoulders, confidently; "I am of too much consequence to my party for them to leave me long in prison."

"It appears," said the Governor, "that you fancy you have the casting vote in the matter, and whichever side you incline to, will be sure of victory?"

"It is something that way," replied St. George, smiling; "one thing is certain—if I were to betray the Patriot cause to you now, it would be a stunning blow for them."

"I understand you, then," returned Sir Francis; "you consider your mere personal safety no equivalent for the services you intend to render the loyalists? Well, name your price."

St. George did not hesitate; he had gone too far to recede, and he answered:

"First, a full, unconditional pardon for any share I may have had in the conspiracy."

"I promise you that," said Sir Francis.

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "Your bare promise will not do," he said. "I place every reliance on your Excellency's word; but this is a matter of life and death, and the first thing I stipulate for is a written pardon, certified by your signature and the Provincial seal of Canada."

"You shall have it. What more?"

"A commission in a horse regiment and a staff appointment."

The governor started at this presumption, although he half expected it.

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"You ask my terms," said St. George; "I name them."

"I will appoint you to the first vacancy that occurs in the militia," said the governor; "but I have not the power to give you a commission in a regiment of the line."

"I name my terms," continued St. George, folding his arms calmly; "reject or recede, as best you like. I give up a certain position in the patriot service; I must have an equivalent. Benedict Arnold exacted higher payment than this, and perhaps his services were of less value than mine,—however, it is a matter of indifference."

"Will not a militia appointment serve you?"

St. George laughed aloud, and made no reply.

The governor bit his lip. "You shall be Cornet of Dragoons, then. What next?"

"I must have my commission at the same time I receive my sealed pardon."

"It must have the sovereign's signature!" exclaimed Sir Francis;—"how am I to give it to you now?"

"That is your business, not mine. Get the appointment ratified in the best manner you can; but the appointment I must have."

"Be it so," cried Head, impatiently. "Any thing more?"

"A staff appointment that will yield at least £500 per annum."

The governor started, enraged—

"Fool!" he cried, passionately; "in exacting too much you will lose all. Be content with what I have promised."

"I name my terms,—act as you please."

"No! I cannot reward treachery in this extravagant manner. I will not give you £500 a year."

"So be it," returned St. George, bowing calmly. "Now I have only one piece of friendly advice: whatever steps you

intend taking, *take them soon*,—in six hours it will be too late."

"Sir Francis Head paced the floor in an agitated manner:

"I will give the appointment," he said, turning to him; "surely you have no more to ask?"

"Only one thing more; that is, that you will permit no interference on the part of Latour, the banker, should I deem it expedient to marry his daughter."

The cool assurance of this man was unendurable:

"Miss Latour!" cried the governor, shocked and disgusted,— "she is plighted to Mr. Seaward."

"But, if I win her consent, and Seaward has nothing to complain of in the matter, I wish you to take such steps as may prevent her father from interfering."

"I will have nothing to do with it," cried Sir Francis; "this last term I will not agree to,—so here our negotiation ceases."

"Well, this *last* term is not of vital consequence," pursued St. George, "and I think I can neutralize Latour myself. Will you promise to keep this arrangement we are entering into a secret—if you will not do the other?"

"Well, I will promise that," said the governor.

"All right. Give me my written pardon, with the commission and staff appointment, duly signed, and I will then teach you how to crush the rebel chieftain."

"*Beware!*" hissed a voice in St. George's ear. The young man started and turned pale. The voice was that of his terrible master, and his parting words in Montreal rung in his ears suddenly—"When you attempt to betray me you begin to dig your own grave!" He looked round fearfully, but, save the governor, no one was visible.

"What!" exclaimed Sir Francis to his last words, "will you not take my promise for it in the meantime?"

“Not although you were Aristides the Just! I must hold the documents in my hand, and *then* I am at your service.”

“But we have not time,” urged the governor.

“I tell you we have. Be quick,—get the paper signed, and you will still have time. I myself will accompany you against the rebels, as a proof of my faith; and if you find me playing you false, I give you full permission to blow my brains out on the first symptom of treachery.”

“And rest assured I shall avail myself of it,” said Sir Francis, as he left the room and locked the door after him, fully satisfied, that with his arms shackled, St. George could not by any possibility escape, as the ladder whereby the conspirators had entered, had been removed, and the window was very high.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

EDMUND AGAIN.

“What black magician conjures up this devil?—
Avaunt thou dreadful minister of hell!”

SHAKS. RICH. III.

“This is a strange world,” thought St. George, as he threw himself upon a sofa to await the governor’s return. “Within these few days what a revolution has my mind undergone. I can hardly grasp or realize the change yet. A few days since I was a dreamer—a fool, without any object, end or aim. Now my mind is overloaded and borne down by such a multiplicity of ideas,—plans to be effected and plans to counteract,—that my brain fairly reels. This last step is an eventful one;—how is it to turn out? Let me see. What are the events that have characterized the last fortnight? It would puzzle me to trace them out. On Sunday I was without an object in life, and scarce the means of subsistence. That was the night I dreamed of Helen Latour. The next night I saw that strange appearance at the churchyard, and met Rodolphe. From that moment life in reality commenced. Previously I had been an useless atom; but from that eventful moment, life has presented phases to me that I never dreamed it possessed. Within the period since meeting him there and the present moment, although virtually it has been but a few days, yet within that period has been compressed the experience of years. ‘Actions are,’ indeed, ‘our epochs; and ‘existence does not depend on time.’ That was Monday I first entered the world—I may say that night. The

night after that I met Moodie at the cottage, in the storm; he has since then gone to his account, as Edmund predicted, and I am amply avenged. It was that same night that I found out so much regarding the two Rodolphes, and accompanied William to the house where the riot took place. That was an eventful night! for after leaving there with Edmund, I changed my dress, and first assuming the name of the Ensign de Valence, went to Colonel Moodie's. This is a strange world! How little he thought his exquisite guest was the peasant who had thrown him to the earth the evening before. Going home, at daylight, I met Mary. Poor Mary! I had forgotten her;—I ought not to forget meeting her that morning, either, for Gerard interrupted me, and half frightened me with his flashing eyes and terrific oath. Well, he is in a fair way to share Moodie's fate, also. That was Wednesday; it was that same morning that poor Wentworth was murdered by this fiend of blood, Ned Rodolphe. Well, strange things will sometimes happen—and there is something very strange about that affair of Wentworth's! What did I do next, after leaving him? Oh! I went to Rodolphe's, where I learned the science of the soul, and heard Edmund confess those damning secrets—which, by the bye, it is strange William does not use against him. Next what did I do? Let me see. Oh! I went and had an interview with Anne, to communicate her lover's death; I have not seen her since; I wonder how she is. Then I met Fergusson, and witnessed the murder of Wier by that fiend Bourdon. Heavens! what an accumulation of crimes in one day! I then met Mary, and had some words with her father. That was the last time I saw her; and immediately afterwards I bought Latour's bond. I see security has been given upon it for eight months longer, since Mary spoke to me about it. I then have another interview with Edmund, who despatches me to Toronto, where I

meet the being of my dreams, make Seaward my rival, betray Rodolphe, and sell myself to the loyalists. Oh, Helen, but for you I had never done this! But the die is cast! Mine thou must be, though the price I pay for thee is my soul! No—I must quit the rebels, give up plotting, enter upon my staff appointment, which will yield me a competency, and marry Helen Latour. Had it not been for thee, glorious enchantress! I had not been an apostate and a recreant. But I was associated with recreants,—why hesitate to betray them?”

His thoughts were interrupted by a dreadful apparition that suddenly rose up before him. It was the form of Edmund Rodolphe, whose purple lips and bloodshot eye told of the storm that was careering through his sin-soiled soul.

As if galvanized, St. George sprang to his feet, and stood before the Grand Master, speechless and pale.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE GRAND MASTER.

Prince Harry.—Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook the double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales;
Nor shall it Harry; for the hour is come—

Hotspur.—To end the one of us, and would to God
Thy name in arms was now as great as mine."

HENRY IV.

THE silence was first broken by Edmund: "I come to save you," said he, in a voice that seemed the echo of his inmost soul, at the same time fixing his cold gray eyes upon his companion's face, as if to ascertain what passed in the other's mind. "St. George, did you doubt that I would effect your escape?—did you fancy that I would fly and leave you unaided? If so, you wronged me,—wronged me foully. I was determined on obtaining your freedom, even if I risked my own. Come, we have no time to lose; allow me to unbind your arms, and then we will descend, and laugh Sir Francis Head to scorn."

As he thus spoke, St. George had time to reflect: "Shall I escape with him or not?" was the instantaneous query that arose in his mind. Those horrible eyes glaring on him with that same deadly expression which he had once seen cast on Fergusson—frightened him, and he determined to cling to the loyalists. When Rodolphe concluded, St. George said:

"Stop! how did you manage to conceal yourself? and how

came you to take advantage of the moment in which the governor went out?"

"Oh," answered Edmund, "I was determined not to go without you, and I watched narrowly until he disappeared, and then entered."

"But where were you?"

"Instead of springing down that time we were discovered, I sprang upwards, and seated myself on the window, which, you see, projects outwards several feet."

"Exactly. Then you heard," continued St. George, trembling, "the conversation which took place between His Excellency and I?"

"Oh, no!" answered Rodolphe, a faint flush crossing his face; "I could hear a confused hum, and nothing more."

But the quick eye of Edmund perceived, from a slight movement of St. George's mouth, that he was not believed—and more deadly grew the expression of his face. His brow became lurid at the maddening thought that he had been foiled and baffled by *St. George!*—the creature almost of his own creation.

"We waste time," he cried, "the Governor will soon return, and then it will be too late."

"I cannot go," said St. George. "I am playing a game with this Francis Head, whereby I shall eventually succeed in our object of capturing him. Although we failed to-night, I am trying to make him believe I am selling the Patriots, when in reality, I am selling him."

Edmund gazed earnestly at him as if to discover, if this were the truth. Had St. George sustained that gaze, all would have been well, but he could not bear its soul-searching scrutiny, and his eyes fell to the ground.

"But," urged Edmund, "it is too late for that, we have failed to take him by stratagem, we must now attack him by

open force. Toronto will rise to-night, and we must have your aid."

"Toronto then *will* rise to-night?" said St. George, "in what place may I expect to find you, should I succeed in making my escape, and taking Sir Francis Head with me?"

Edmund, at this question, regarded him long and steadily—he then half sneered, and replied:

"I do not know, I will be at many points to-night. But come, the Governor will soon return, and *unless you wish to see me captured*, you will delay no longer."

"How are we to get out?" asked St. George, "*a sentry has been placed at that window* since we entered the room," and he glanced significantly at Rodolphe.

"A sentry!" exclaimed the latter, in a voice of dismay mingled with incredulity.

"How do you know that?"

"I overheard the Governor give orders to place a sentry at that window when he left me alone, so that we must now make the best of a bad bargain."

At this moment, a step was heard approaching. "That must be the Governor!" cried St. George. "Rodolphe, the game is up, and you must succumb to fate."

"Not even to fate, by H——n!" exclaimed Rodolphe, his cheek turning to an ashy hue. "I have surmounted too much to succumb now. Away!" he cried, bolting the door inside, "there is yet time!" and he sprang forward to unloose St. George's hands.

"This is folly," cried the young man, starting back. "Edmund Rodolphe, we understand each other! you mistrusted my statement, when I said I had sold myself to Sir Francis Head, to subserve the interests of the League, and you would aid me now in my escape, so as to make me share a similar fate to Fergusson's!"

Edmund started. He had not expected this coolness on the part of his whilom *protégé*. He gazed at him a moment, with his deadly look, and exclaimed :

“Wretched boy ! Did I not tell you, when we parted in Montreal, that the moment you were false to me, that moment your doom was sealed, and your days numbered ! Ferguson sought to undermine me, he is on the road to destruction, I have crushed him forever ! William Rodolphe sought my ruin—where is he ? Whirling down the foaming waters of Niagara, a featureless corpse ! And you, vain idiot—you thought of building up an edifice for yourself upon the ruins of Edmund Rodolphe—but miserably have you been mistaken ! The step has gone by—it was not that of the Governor, we stand here alone,” he exclaimed, drawing forth a siletto of tempered steel, of the smallest dimensions, “we stand here alone, Lewis—you are bound—you are in my power—you have fired the mine beneath my feet, and if it failed to destroy me, it was not your fault—you have acted the part of traitor and villain. Answer ! do you not merit a traitor’s death ?”

“And what do *you* deserve,” replied St. George, who had wrestled his arms free. “Must crimes be punished but by greater criminals !” Could you expect faith or truth from any one towards such a miscreant as you are ? Were it but the murder of Edward Wentworth alone, that were of itself sufficient to cause me to desert and betray you. A man without principle or truth must not expect to find principle or truth exerted towards *him* ! Edmund, the die is cast, you must bend beneath the blow !”

“Never ! by Eternal Hell ! This is nothing, boy, to what I have gone through ! I am callous to human emotions, and fear has no effect upon me. I would not succumb, Lewis St. George, although death stared me in the face, although it ap-

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appeared inevitable! I tell you I have stood upon the scaffold, the rope has been round my neck, the drop has fallen, and I have heard the rabble cheer, as they supposed another human being had been sent to his account. Had I lost my presence of mind then, had fear shaken my nerves, had my head been less cool, or my hand less firm than was its wont; had I despaired, and bowed beneath the blow, then, indeed, would I have been lost, lost past redemption. But no, no! I have nothing, and no one in this world or in the next, to trust to save myself, and my trust in myself shall be unshaken to the last. And not until I see the dim curtain that veils eternity rise, not till then, will I believe 'that the game is up.' Understand that I am above human circumstances. *I make my circumstances*, I lead them, they do not lead me, and you can array nothing before my mind, that can cause me to think less coolly than I am doing now!"

St. George smiled, but his cheek was blanched, and he appeared dreadfully excited. Still he seemed confident. Some powerful hope yet lurked in his bosom, and he stood before his late leader, who now looked like the panther at bay—undismayed and defiant.

"One of us must die," he said, in a voice somewhat tremulous with excitement, but not with fear. "You have forfeited your life, by your murders and many crimes. I have forfeited mine, by having followed in your desolating path so long. The hour in which one of us must end, has come. You say I am in your power, that I am defenceless, and that you are armed, and that *I am that one*. Will you not allow me time to address my prayers to heaven!"

"No!" hissed Rodolphe, foaming at the lips, as this calm mockery cut him to the soul. "I have calculated my time, I know how long it will take the Governor to reach the Provincial Secretary, I know how long they

will be filling up the pardon and commission, the reward of your treachery. All this I know to a minute, and the time will soon expire. I will allow you no more, or I will compromise my own safety." He grasped the stiletto more firmly, "the sands of your life have run out," he cried, "and with you, perishes the last enemy of Edmund Rodolphe." And he advanced towards the young man.

"One of us must perish!" said St. George, waving his hand, "you are armed with pistol and dagger, I am clothed with the majesty of science, a power unfailing and eternal"—he passed his hand before his enemy's face, the latter staggered back, pale and trembling. "Stand! Edmund Rodolphe!" he cried. "I WILL IT! Stir not, move not! I WILL IT! I WILL IT!"

With an effort so powerful, that his whole soul seemed wrestling with his body, as if making one last great effort to maintain her supremacy, Edmund stood a minute, before his enchanter, as if determined not to succumb to the electric influence, and he raised his dagger, with the intention of inflicting a mortal wound. It was in vain; the power of Edmund Rodolphe had departed! St. George placed his finger on his forehead, an electric shudder convulsed him from head to foot, his unnerved and paralysed arm fell heavy to his side, and his opening fingers relaxed their hold, and the stiletto fell to the floor.

Then laughed St. George aloud—a laugh of triumph that rung on Edmund's soul like the scorn the fiends hurl upon the damned! His spirit writhed with more than a mortal torture; the pupils of his eyes became of a blood red hue, and the discolored veins of his forehead swelled out like the folds of a serpent, distorted and surcharged with venom; the cork which had been partly brushed from his face, leaving its dusky traces, here and there, added to his terrible appearance

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 nute, and very Lucifer, in that hour when despair set its seal on "his
 , or I will immortal face."*

etto more But his struggles were ineffectual; placing his hand on
 ed, "and his head, and stooping over him, St. George, lowed him
 odolphe." gradually to the magnetic influence, and in a few moments
 he seated him in a chair, subdued and powerless.

ving his Scarce had he effected his purpose, when the Governor's
 n clothed step was heard outside. St. George hastened to withdraw
 eternal" the bolt, muttering as he did so, "it is now his life or mine—
 tter stag- if he lives, I must die—no earthly power can save me." He
 und Ro- drew back the fastening, and Sir Francis Head entered the
 not! I room.

* "Eternal wrath on his immortal face."—BYRON'S VISION OF JUDGMENT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CORNET ST. GEORGE.

"Can this be he? triumphant late we saw,
 When his red hand's wild gesture waved a law?
 'Tis he indeed—disarm'd, but undeprest!
 This was his doom—the leech, the guard were gone,
 And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone."—THE CORSAIR.

At the sight that met his view he started with astonishment. To find St. George at liberty, when he had left him bound—to find another person in the room, when he had locked the door, kept him speechless with surprise. At a glance he recognized in Edmund, the man who had threatened him with destruction from the window, and with a sudden exclamation of fear, he was about crying out for aid, and rushing from the room, when St. George caught him by the arm, and exclaimed:

"Fear nothing—I have been true to you. Here are the first fruits of our alliance!"

"What means this?" cried the Governor, in utter amazement.

"It means," returned St. George, "that here in this room you have the nerve, sinew, and soul of the Canadian rebellion—which can no more take place without this man, than can a flock keep together without the guidance of the shepherd. The Rebellion is at an end—there is not a leader left fit to take his place. He is the prime-mover—the alpha and omega—the grand keystone that supported the whole fabric—and

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with him falls the "League of *Chasseur Frieres*" forever. I deliver him into your hands—and ask you if I have merited my reward?"

"But, who is he?" cried the Governor, still astonished.

"He is what I have described him. His name would not add to your knowledge, for he has many: Edmund Ferrars, Edmund Rodolphe, Oliver Brown—he has many names—but the sum and substance of the whole is, that he is the Grand Master of the 'Lodge of Soldier-Brothers,'—the 'Chief Eagle of the Canadian League.' He is yours now, and by my agency."

"I thought Nelson was the President——"

"Nominally, only—this man, I tell you, is the real leader. And I tell you moreover, that having secured him, you have secured the master spirit of Canada—and the League has fallen to rise no more."

"But how did you capture him? You must have been expedition—you must have left the room——"

"You see I am faithful," said St. George; "I was loose, I was at large—I could either have made my escape, or have returned with this man, and retaken you——"

"And, perhaps, meditate that yet," cried Sir Francis, drawing a pistol, which he cocked and presented at the young diplomatist's breast.

"Would we have gone to work in this loose manner," said the latter, quietly, and smiling at the Governor's fears, "had we contemplated any thing of that sort? Would we not have stationed ourselves at the door, and have grasped you firmly, the moment you entered? Tush! this would indeed be a foolish method of proceeding. I tell you, I was at large—could have escaped—could have betrayed you—and instead of doing so, I succeeded in securing, as a proof of my good faith and fealty, the prime mover of the rebellion—the master

spirit of Canada—and again ask you, if I have deserved the paltry reward which you have tendered?"

"You have, indeed, if this be true," said the Governor; "and here it is;" and he placed in St. George's hand three papers, which the latter glanced at, for a moment, and then placed in his breast.

"What has this man confessed," said the Governor, "and what is the danger that we have to apprehend?"

"I know not yet—we will see," returned St. George, advancing towards the fallen chieftain, who sat, as if abstracted, his eyes fixed upon the double-traitor, under whose influence he was, as if fascinated and subdued.

What a fall was this, for the Arch-plotter!! A thousand fold more humiliating than when foiled by his brother. William, at least, he conceived his equal; but to be beaten by St. George!

"Edmund Rodolphe, speak! I will it!" said the latter, approaching the overthrown hero of a hundred plots; "Answer truly to what I shall ask. Will you answer truly?"

"I will!" returned Edmund, shuddering, as St. George waved his hand before his face.

"Will the Republicans rise to-night against the government in Toronto?"

"They will not, unless I am present with them."

"Where are they assembled?"

"At the farm of Bertrand, a mile from the city."

"What do they intend doing?"

"They are awaiting me; if I do not meet them there before morning, they will disperse."

"Why cannot the other leaders take the command, and attempt the capture of the city?"

"Who?"

"M'Kenzie and William Rodolphe?"

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"William Rodolphe is dead, and M'Kenzie has fled to Navy Island, where he will fortify himself."

"Ha!" cried the Governor, his eye sparkling with delight, "this is good news, all may be saved yet."

"And there is no danger of any attack to-night?" continued St. George.

"None—I was to have given the signal of attack. If I fail to give it, there will be none."

"What did the firing of those cannon mean, which we heard a while ago?" asked Sir Francis. But Edmund heeded him not; his look was centered on St. George.

"What meant those cannon," repeated the latter, "the report of which we heard just now?"

"It was the firing of a brigade of Artillery, which the Americans had sent across to our assistance. They were practicing the use of the guns preparatory to their being used in actual conflict."

"And where is that brigade now?" asked Head.

"Where are those artillery-men now?" repeated St. George.

"At Sixteen Mile Creek."

"At Trafalgar!" exclaimed Sir Francis; "then by the Holy Rood, they at all events, shall not visit Canada, without discovering the consequences of abetting rebellion! How many of the Rebels are congregated there?"

St. George repeated the question, for he would pay no attention to Sir Francis Head.

"About one hundred and thirty," was the reply.

"That will do!" cried the Governor. "I will now order this fellow to prison, and immediately proceed with a strong force to Bertrand's farm, and despatch Ingoville to Sixteen Mile Creek. You will accompany me to identify the chief traitors, and ascertain if they tell us the truth when captured."

But stop, one moment, did he not say that M'Kenzie was dead?"

"No," rejoined the newly-appointed cornet, "he said that Rodolphe was dead, and that M'Kenzie had flown to Navy Island."

"Then the attack on the *Caroline* must have been successful. Did you not tell me that M'Kenzie was on board?"

St. George replied in the affirmative: and immediately afterwards, Rodolphe was hand-cuffed, and, accompanied by a strong guard to prison; while the Governor followed his new ally, who instantly hurried to the Parade, and gave the necessary orders.

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CHAPTER XL.

THE EMPIRE OF THE MIND.

“ And a magic voice and verse,
 Hath baptized thee with a curse—
 In the wind there is a voice,
 Shall forbid thee to rejoice—
 And to thee night shall deny
 All the quiet of her sky—
 And the day shall have a sun,
 Which shall make thee wish it done !”—BYRON.

WHEN St. George returned from the expedition, in which it is unnecessary to state, the insurgents were dispersed, without scarcely a shot having been exchanged, he immediately sought an interview with Miss Latour. Conscious that, unless he renewed the magnetic influence, which he had exerted over her, the effects would soon cease to be felt—and although in women, it existed for a much longer period than in men, still even with them, a few hours' absence would have the tendency of destroying the mysterious influence under which they had labored.

He had now two parties, both of whom it was necessary should be kept constantly biologized—Miss Latour and Edmund Rodolphe. Now, that the latter was fast in prison, however, and with every probability of his conviction and death, St. George felt more at ease regarding him, but that he could sustain the empire of his mind over Helen Latour, he was fearfully doubtful. While in his presence, his power was irresistible, but he feared that something might occur to part them, in which case, he was apprehensive to the last de-

gree that her feelings towards him might undergo a change. Being now, however, a dragoon officer, and holding a high staff appointment, he had access to all the drawing-rooms in Toronto, and being placed on an equal footing and in the same sphere of life with the object of his affections, he flattered himself that he should have ample opportunities to press his suit, and establish claims preferable in her eyes to Seaward's. To get rid of his rival, he intended to manage matters so that he should be summoned to give evidence at Gerard's trial, and thus leave the field clear.

The next morning, therefore, as soon as propriety would admit, he set out for the residence of Mr. Latour, Helen's uncle, to whom he had been introduced the previous evening, in the ball room, and from whom he had received an invitation to visit him. It was here that Helen resided.

On entering, he was shown into the drawing-room, by the servant who opened the door, and requested to wait a few minutes until Miss Latour was apprised of his presence.

All this seemed too formal; St. George did not like it; he feared delay, for every moment that elapsed weakened his influence over Helen Latour. He still wore his military dress, although somewhat altered to suit his altered circumstances—that is, instead of the infantry uniform, which he had worn the evening before, he now wore that of a cornet of Dragoons. His handsome person was set off to the very best advantage, and it is certain there was a vast difference between his external beauty, and the beauties of his mind.

After waiting for a considerable time, the uncle entered.—To the surprise of St. George, he was cold and formal, and merely bowed stiffly on entering. The cornet saw at a glance that he had become possessed of some of the facts relating to

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his true character, and he trembled at the idea that Helen also had come to learn the true state of the case.

After some formal and common-place remarks, the owner of the mansion hinted that his time was occupied with business, and quietly insinuated that if St. George had any thing to communicate, he had better proceed with it at once. This was, in fact, tantamount to asking him what he wanted.—The young man colored to the temples, and affected not to understand him, and awaited till he expressed his meaning in more distinct terms.

"Without useless equivocation, sir," said Mr. Latour, somewhat embarrassed, "I wish to understand why I have the honor of seeing you to-day, since you must be perfectly aware, that after what took place last night, at his Excellency, Sir Francis Head's, we no longer occupy the same relative position towards each other, as we did when we last conversed."

"Sir!" exclaimed St. George, affecting surprise, mingled with indignation, "explain yourself—I do not understand."

"Sir!" rejoined Latour, who in turn was equally surprised, and began to be apprehensive that he had gone too far; "I believe, in fact, I have been given to understand, that last night, you acted the part of an imposter, and that you were not that which you represented yourself to be—that, in fact, the Hon. Mr. De Valence, whose part you played, is still in England, or at all events, only on his way to Canada—and if this be true, your own delicacy will at once cause you to perceive that we can no longer be on the same footing as we were last night, when I took you for Mr. De Valence. Besides, that was not the name, by which you were announced just now—which, if I remember rightly, was that of St. John, or something of that kind."

"Oh, that explains all, Mr. Latour," said the young man,

sinking back in the sofa, with a satisfied air; "you have been laboring under a mistake. I am a cornet, in H. M. 19th Dragoons—my name is St. George, and the error which you have fallen into, is a very reasonable one. It became necessary, to carry out a certain affair, in which his Excellency required my services against the rebels, to assume the character of De Valence as well as his name—why it was necessary, would require some time to explain, and is too long a story for the present—to keep up the game, it remained necessary that Sir Francis should introduce me to his guests as Ensign De Valence, and it is only to-day, that the affair has been finally arranged by the arrest of the principal plotters, which enables me to re-assume my proper name again. His Excellency is perfectly satisfied," said the cornet, with a sneer, "and I should suppose when that is the case, that you have no cause to be dissatisfied."

"Yes, but still," pursued Latour, whose respect for rank was very great, "you admit that the name and title of De Valence was a borrowed one—may not also that of Cornet St. George be the same?"

"Sir!" cried St. George, springing to his feet, in evident indignation; "these suspicions are grossly insulting, and I cannot, without meanness, submit to them. That I have played the part of another, I admit, but it was for the benefit of Her Majesty's service, whose servant I am, and since neither my sovereign nor my sovereign's representative question my conduct, no other person shall do so with impunity."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," exclaimed Latour, evidently frightened, and fearing that his informant had deceived him—"but I really had been told——"

"Aye, and I can readily guess who the party was that told you so," interrupted St. George, "as well as explain to

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your satisfaction the reason for his animosity towards me.—
Was it not Lieutenant Seaward?"

"It was," answered Latour; "he is up stairs at this moment—had I not better send for him, and have this matter explained?"

"Up stairs?—with whom?" cried St. George.

"He is in company with my niece," answered Latour.

A sudden pang shot to St. George's brain, and he turned sick at heart; "then the game is up," he thought to himself, "however, like my friend Edmund, I will *battle it out*—play it out to the last! Yes," he added, aloud, "if you will have the kindness, I think you had better tell Mr. Seaward that his presence is required, so as to prevent further misapprehension on *your* part—although to prevent further *misrepresentation* on *his*, will require quite a different course."

Mr. Latour hereupon called a servant, and despatched him with a polite message, requesting Mr. Seaward's presence below, and in a few moments the young officer entered.

CHAPTER XLI.

HELEN LATOUR.

"Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
 So loved, so lost, where art thou now?
 Fae—Gheber—infiel—whate'er
 The unhallow'd name thou 'rt doomed to bear,
 Still glorious—still to this warm heart,
 Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art—
 Yes—allah—dreadful allah—yes,
 If there be wrong, be crime in this,
 Let the black waves that round us roll,
 Whelm me this instant, e'er my soul,
 Forgetting faith, home, father, all
 Before its earthly idol fall;
 Nor worship even Thyself above him,
 For, oh! so wildly do I love him,
 Thy Paradise itself were dim
 And joyless, if not shar'd with him."—MOORE.

ON observing St. George, Seaward started, but without noticing him in the slightest manner, otherwise than by a sneer of contempt; he turned to Latour, and asked why he had been sent for. The latter found himself in rather an awkward situation, but fearful that St. George might really be that which he asserted he was, he stammered out something regarding Mr. Seaward's laboring under a mistake, with reference to Mr. St. George, and that his Excellency fully understood the mystery which had surrounded the latter person's conduct, and that it had not changed his opinion towards him in the least.

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"And was it in reference to this man," exclaimed Seaward, "that you sent for me?"

"*This man*, sir," said Latour, beginning to feel piqued at Seaward's hauteur, "is cornet St. George of the 19th Light Dragoons, and Quartermaster-General to the forces."

"What!" echoed the Lieutenant, "this fellow! You are mad!"

"Well, sir, I may be so, in your estimation, but what am I to believe—he tells me he is such, and I have heard nothing to the contrary—do you tell me he *is not*—because, until you do, I have no reason to believe him other than he represents himself to be."

"What!—this churl, Quartermaster-General, and cornet of Dragoons!" repeated Seaward, with the most contemptuous incredulity depicted in his countenance—

"Aye, sir—this churl, as you are pleased to term him, has given me to understand he holds that rank—do *you* tell me he does not?"

"I do—most decidedly," cried Seaward, with emphatic severity, and smiling in scorn.

"Then, sir," remarked St. George, with the utmost calmness, "understand also, most decidedly, that I apply to you in these terms, slanderer and liar—do you comprehend this meaning?"

Seaward turned pale as ashes, and gasped for breath, while Latour instantly interposed, and begged of them, in the most respectful manner, to conduct themselves towards each other with moderation and courtesy. In reply to which, St. George claimed—

"Mr. Latour, this man has injured me in the tenderest manner—he has grossly slandered my character to subserve his miserable and paltry designs; and when I apply to him in these terms *liar*, as I now again do, it is not because I wish to

insult him with the first opprobrious epithet that came uppermost in my mind—but because, if he applies, mark me, to Sir Francis Head, for information, he will be able to satisfy *himself* most unequivocally, that he is virtually and truly what I have named him—a slanderer and a liar !”

At this unparalleled effrontery, Seaward stood aghast ; he could hardly credit the evidence of his senses. Recovering himself, he turned to Latour, and said—

“ You wonder why I have not struck this hound to the earth—it is because I would not even descend to spurn him with my foot—it is because, he should, instead of being now in this room, be in prison, a fettered felon. If he has—which I do not believe—received the pardon of Sir Francis Head for his treason, he has obtained it under false pretences—it was offered to him only conditionally that he had no act or part in any of the murders that have recently taken place—now from the part which I saw him act at Colonel Moodie’s the night previous to that officer’s murder, I am convinced that he played a principal part in that vile business, and consequently the Governor has been deceived, and granted a pardon too hastily.”

“ Again—you are a liar !”

“ Stop !” cried Latour, embarrassed and agitated ; “ this question can be easily set at rest by a reference to the Governor himself. That you are laboring under some hallucination, Mr. Seaward, in relation to this affair is but too evident—no man could act with the calmness and self-possession which Mr. St. George evinces, unless he was conscious of speaking the truth.”

“ You are right, Mr. Latour,” said St. George ; “ this affair can easily be decided by a reference to the Governor—I, of course, am willing to stand the test. I would wish

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through you, to ask Lieutenant Seaward, if he also is ready to bear the consequences?"

"I make no terms; I will not treat in any manner with that person," said Seaward, turning away.

"Stay!" cried St. George. "I ask Mr. Seaward, if he will take the usual steps—apology or its consequent—should Sir Francis Head decide that what I have stated is the truth, and that what he asserts is false?"

Latour looked to the Lieutenant as if to ask him to reply to this—but his only answer was a sneer of contempt.

"Listen!" persisted St. George; "here are the facts. I apply certain opprobrious epithets to Mr. Seaward; he does not deign to notice them, because he considers me beneath him in point of rank and condition. I will give him credit, whether he deserves it or not, for believing so. Well, were I his equal, he would instantly have resented those terms, by a blow or a challenge. Now I ask him, if Sir Francis Head decides that I *am* his equal in point of rank, will he then give me that satisfaction for his slanderous assertions which he now withheld only because he conceives that I am his inferior. I ask him this?"

"I will make no terms with such as this man is," said Seaward to Latour; "that the Governor may have pardoned him, is just possible; but that he holds the rank which he represents himself to possess, is utterly false—and, not only false, but ridiculous."

"I ask you," said St. George, "to answer me. Will you consider yourself on a footing with me, if the Governor distinctly gives you to understand that I am what I represent myself to be?" He paused for a reply. "I have already," he continued, "called you a liar—should that fail in obtaining satisfaction from you for your foul calumnies, I will go

further, and, spitting in your face, I will brand you, not only as a vilifier and slanderer, but a dastard and poltroon!"

The young officer's face became purple with rage and indignation.

"Insolent ruffian!" he exclaimed; "I *will* go to the Governor; and, if it is the case that he *has* pardoned you, then, if you do not hear from me, you shall hear from my servant, who I shall order to horsewhip you soundly,"—and, so saying, he seized his hat, and nodding to Latour, hastily left the house.

St. George smiled confidently, as he disappeared, but Latour was evidently much embarrassed.

"This is very strange—very strange indeed," he muttered; "I cannot understand it."

"Well, Mr. Latour," said St. George, smiling, as he drew some papers from his pocket; "now that that infamous calumniator is gone—for I would not descend to attempt to prove the truth of my statement to *him*—I will satisfy *your* mind, which of us it was that asserted the falsehood. There are my commissions—read them for yourself."

As Latour glances over them we will avail ourselves of the opportunity of stating, that Seaward never had been a favorite of his, and now less than ever. He was poor, and Mr. Latour was rich; he was of an old family—Mr. Latour's was of mushroom-growth; and as a climax to this, Miss Latour had fallen in love with him against the wishes of both her father and her uncle; and hence Lieutenant Charles Seaward was by no means a favorite with Mr. Samuel Latour. Therefore, it was nothing wonderful that his feelings prompted him to side with the (apparently) rich, quarter-master general, "a proud boaster of a lofty line," who had nothing to recommend him but his ancient lineage and untarnished name.

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"This is as clear and satisfactory as need be," he said, with a satisfied laugh, handing St. George back the papers—"I did not require this itself to convince me that you were in the right—your manner contrasted to Mr. Seaward's showed me fully that he was laboring under some strange mistake."

"I will tell you the mistake," said St. George; "it became necessary that information should be had of the rebel movements; but where could Sir Francis find a trustworthy agent? All the officers in Canada were known to the rebels, and any but officers he dare not trust. I had just arrived from England—I was unknown to them—Sir Francis proposed to me that before making myself known in Canada, or assuming my appointment, I should go amongst them and ascertain their views. I did so—they trusted me—one day the leader said to me, 'It is necessary we have an agent in the Loyalist camp; I see an Ensign de Valence has been appointed in England to a Colonial Regiment—you will assume his name and title, and pretend that you have just arrived to join your company, and thereby obtain all the secrets of the government.'" To keep up my credit with the rebels I had to do this, and it was while acting this part that Seaward saw me at Moodie's. I finally succeeded in getting the rebels into our hands; last night they were utterly crushed, and it was not till to-day, I was installed into my staff appointment. Sir Francis is grateful at my having quelled the rebellion so quietly, and Seaward, not understanding this, fancies he has made some grand discovery regarding me—but for the soul of him cannot tell what. He is envious of me, for having paid rather pointed attentions to Miss Latour, last night, and to injure me in her estimation and in yours, he has concocted this story of my being a rebel and all that. Having told one falsehood, he is now compelled to brazen it out, because his pride won't permit him to admit that he is a liar. I tell you

all this in confidence, to remove any erroneous impression from your mind, which his stories were likely to create—but as for him, I would never descend to satisfy him so far as to make this explanation—and I trust Sir Francis Head will not.”

This was readily swallowed by Latour. He only saw one discrepancy in the whole statement; that was, why it was necessary, on the previous evening, to introduce him still by the rebel name of de Valence? But, fancying that this discrepancy arose more from his own stupidity and want of understanding, owing to St. George's rapid manner of speaking, than from its really being such, he at once expressed his belief in the explanation—declared that he had never doubted his honor from the first—asked a thousand pardons for his pretended suspicions, when he first entered the room, and finally concluded, by sending for his niece, when excusing himself for a short time, on the plea of business demanding his presence, and requesting him to repeat his visits, he bade him good morning, and left the room.

When Helen entered, she shuddered slightly at the sight of St. George, and evinced a certain degree of aversion. No sooner, however, had he taken her hand in his, than this vanished, and in a very short time, by the aid of the extraordinary science in which he was so perfect an adept, he brought her as completely under his influence as she had been the evening before. Throwing her arms around his neck, she repeated all the endearing expressions which evince the most deep and devoted love—and St. George was again repaid for all the anxiety he had undergone, and all the misrepresentation he had been guilty of in obtaining the interview.

But his happiness was not perfect—he felt how uncertain was the tenure whereby he maintained her love—and his

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happiness was alloyed by maddening doubts, jealousies and fears.

Perhaps the reader is a sceptic in the science of Biology? If so, parts of this work must appear to him absurd. I cannot, under the circumstances, enter into a defence of animal magnetism or pathetism, or adduce arguments in its favor. I can only assure him it is *true*, and that, if he will take the trouble to ascertain, he can easily satisfy himself as to its truth. If he asks the grounds of my belief, I will tell him. I have seen parties experimented upon, where there could be no collusion and no deception; I have brought persons under the magnetic influence—and I, myself, have been brought under its influence by professors of the science. If these are not grounds sufficiently strong to warrant a belief, then we must give up the weight that is usually attached to the evidence of our senses. But all are not *susceptible* to the influence; women and children are the most easily subdued;—with men, it is more difficult, and none but the most powerful operator can succeed, unless the subject is highly clairvoyant. Persons having the organs of concentrativeness and firmness deficient and wonder large, are the most easily subdued. I have observed this from practical experience, but have never seen or heard it stated. I think, on trial, it will be found to be the case.

“You promise me then, beloved one,” continued St. George, who, fearful of something occurring which might destroy the very slight tenure whereby he held Helen Latour’s love, was determined to place matters in such a position that no reverses could deprive him of that treasure, “you promise to be mine to-night, and to meet me there at that hour?”

“I do, I do,” she replied tenderly.

“And nothing will prevent you? neither Seaward’s remonstrance nor your uncle’s?”

"Oh, no!" she answered, caressing him, "what are these in comparison with your love. I will be there, St. George, I will be there, and become yours forever!"

He pressed her in his arms affectionately, "and you do not love this Seaward, then?" he whispered.

"Not when you are with me." When you are absent, I confess, I have strange, foolish thoughts, but when you return, then, then, St. George, I forget all things on earth, in heaven, save you!" and she laid her head on his shoulder, and pressed her cheek to his.

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CHAPTER XLII.

DISASTERS IN THE REBEL CAMP.

—Could'st then have died
 The coward's scorpion's death—afraid, ashamed
 To meet adversity's advancing tide,
 The rash had prais'd thee, but the wise had blam'd.
 But no, with spirit unsubdued, with soul untam'd,
 Thou dared to live through life's worst agony.—

WILDE'S CONTINUATION OF DON JUAN.

WE must now bid St. George and Upper Canada farewell, for some time, and return to the Lower Province.

There the Patriot cause was making but bad progress. Left by his colleagues, almost alone, Papineau was in despair, as on him devolved now the chief command of the Republicans of Montreal. Every thing was in confusion—danger, doubt and difficulty surrounded him on every side, and it required all his energies to prevent a premature outbreak, and to keep the Lodges in subjection. Day after day, he called at Edmund's house, to ascertain if he had returned, and at length he began to be seriously apprehensive that he never would re-appear.

The reports that the revolt had broken out in several places were incorrect. Lower Canada was still comparatively quiet, although vague rumors were in circulation everywhere, that the Republicans were in arms. General Martin had been repulsed at St. Johns—Beauharnois had been slain at St. Eustache, Nelson had quit the field and decamped to the States, with five hundred other equally vague and untrue statements,

were in every one's mouth. But although some skirmishes had taken place, the League had not yet rung the cymbal of war, and the chief leaders still wore the mask of loyalty.

It was on one of those occasions when Papineau had been to Edmund's house inquiring if he had yet returned, and was coming away dispirited, that he met the mayor of the city, and entered into conversation with him. While they were speaking, the Chevalier De Lorimer passed slowly; it was evident he wished to communicate something, but did not dare in the presence of that high functionary. He was humming a tune, the words of which were from Byron :

"The captive usurper
Hurled down from his throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone."

The next verse was original :

"St. George has turned traitor,
M'Kenzie has fled,
Ned Rodolphe's in prison,
And William is dead !"

At these words Papineau became as pale as death; De Lorimer passed by, singing as he walked along.

It was about an hour after this, that four men entered Edmund Rodolphe's house; they were jaded and travel-stained, and sought admittance by the back way to avoid notice.

On reaching an inside room, he who appeared to be leader, threw himself upon a sofa, as if nature, through sheer exhaustion, refused any longer to obey the dictate of the will, and the spirit had lost its power over the body. He wore a light blue undress uniform, laced with gold, as if that had been the last disguise he had been compelled to assume.

"You are tired, my gallant fellows," he said to his three companions, "and by Jove, you well may be so, for you have endured much. You had better go and refresh yourselves, I

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shall not want you now for some time. Inglis, take this key and open that desk, and you will find a roll of notes there. Take them and enjoy yourselves for the next three days to come."

It is needless to inform the reader that the speaker was Edmund himself. He appeared haggard and wan; his face was pale and thin, and ten years appeared to have stamped their scars and furrows on his brow, since last we beheld him on his way to prison in Toronto. And has even this man to give way, beneath the accumulating ills of fate, at last? Must even *his* soul succumb?

"Ha, ha," laughed Edmund, as if in response to the current of his thoughts, "they have not built the prison yet that will confine me! That has been my fourth escape from bolts, shackles and stone walls. But, Wilson," he continued, as the men were about leaving the room, "how did you find out so quickly that I had been taken?"

"Oh, when we missed you, after leaving the Governor's room, and discovered that you had been left behind, we instantly returned, and concealed ourselves, one in each avenue that leads to the house, determined to ascertain your fate. At length we saw you led to prison, handcuffed, and with a strong guard. After once discovering your situation our work was easy, for having great confidence in the efficacy of files, bribes and perseverance, we set about to liberate you with all the confidence which the recollection of having twice before effected the same thing, inspired us with. Oh, yes, you say truly, the jail is not yet built strong enough to hold Edmund Ferrars!"

"How can I have attached these men to me!" thought Rodolphe, "yet had it not been for their faith, I was lost past redemption." He then said aloud, "and you are sure of having done *your* work, Inglis, I can rely upon you?"

"By the Lord, I think so," replied Inglis. "I saw him go over the Falls of Niagara, and I don't know what more you could have to rely on."

A slight shudder shook Edmund's frame. "How did he die," he asked, "and what were his last words?"

"He died a man!" answered Inglis; "the fate that stared him in the face would have appalled and turned the brain of most men to madness, but he endured it all! The ship was one mass of fire, the thunder of the cataract roared in his ears, he was tied to the deck, and the steamer was sweeping on to destruction with the speed of the wind, but he did not flinch. There was one moment he appeared to give way, it was when I read him your letter, but he nerved himself against despair, and folding his arms, looked moodily at the misty cloud that danced in the air over the boiling waters, far before him. I was swimming to the shore, when I heard him shout aloud. I turned my head in the water, and saw him. He was standing amid the flames, and they lit up his face, and revealed his features to me as plainly as I see yours now. He was gazing towards the whirling torrent that was boiling in his front, when suddenly he looked upwards to the stars, as if invoking a curse on his destroyers. I think then his brain was turning."

"Could you hear what his words were?" asked Edmund, while his haggard face assumed a still more ghastly hue.

"I heard him cry aloud—'A glorious fate is mine; I die, and Niagara's roar shall sing my requiem!' The last part of what he said, was spoken in a deeper voice, as if it had been a muttered invocation—and, as the distance was every moment increasing between us, I could not catch his final words."

Edmund pressed his hand to his brow—"he would have it so," he muttered, "he would have it so!" He then waved

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his hand, and the three men left the room—when extending himself out at full length upon the sofa, he clasped his hands over his forehead, and his features assumed the rigidity of marble, as if hardening themselves against the thoughts that were rushing through his mind.

“That must be St. George’s fate,” he muttered, setting his teeth hard; “hound of hell—that must be his death! Oh, accursed science! accursed science! what can intellect accomplish when opposed to thee? I fear that man—I fear the infernal powers he possesses. I have fled from his presence—I have placed a Province between us—but my arm is long, and my vengeance shall slumber not! Vile traitor, thy hour shall come! the hour shall come, when thou shalt confess the majesty of him thou hast forsaken and betrayed! Reverse the reverse—adversity begins to darken around me—but I have gone through more than this! Tush! three days ago, I was hand-cuffed, and in prison—a felon’s death was staring in my face—my secret soul had been invaded and its thoughts revealed! Who would have borne up against such a combination? But few—yet I am one of those few! Within those three days I have broken my fetters, and mocked at prison bars—I have wrestled myself from my captor’s grasp, and left my enemies three hundred miles behind me! Ha! why should I despair—why should I succumb to such despicable foes! No! let me overcome that vile enchanter, St. George, and I fear no other mortal man. Let me think!—Affairs in Upper Canada are wound up, at least for a time—McKenzie has flown—the Lodges have been broken up—and for a time Republicanism is in abeyance. How things have gone on in Lower Canada, since I left Montreal, I know not; but I hope, is, that Papineau has kept affairs in the same state as I left them, and all will go right. Tomorrow the trial will come off—I must see Fergusson dismissed to the other world,

and the moment that is out of the way, then I must prepare every thing for a sudden and decisive blow. I wonder where Simms can be!"

As if in answer to his thoughts, the man he had named, at this moment entered. He looked pale and harassed.

"Ha!" said Edmund, after he had saluted him—"it is even so! Yea, this man's brow, like to a little leaf, foretells the nature of a tragic volume! Well, Simms, let me know all—I am prepared for the worst."

"I know you can stand bad news," said Simms, pausing, "but mine is very bad."

"Out with it man; I am no child. I bear no woman-nerves." And he assumed a recumbent position, his head resting on his hand and elbow, while he gazed on his follower steadily.

"Your wife—" began Simms, and then faltered—

"What!" exclaimed Rodolphe, "has she left me?"

"Yes, sir; she has left you forever!"

"Fate is leagued against me!" cried Edmund, pressing his forehead with his hand, "she will betray all; she must be retaken."

"She will betray nothing, sir," said Simms, "her tongue is dumb forever!"

"Catherine is dead!" exclaimed Edmund, as the light flashed upon his mind! "Oh, wretched man! what a desolating track has been mine! My breath has been like the Simoon of the Desert's—all who came beneath its influence have drooped and died!"

"Ominous for me!" muttered Simms, "for on that principle, I, too, must wither and fall."

"And I shall see her no more," pursued Rodolphe; "ye Edmund was beloved.' I would fain have spoken with her once ere she died, if only to have obtained forgiveness."

"Is this the man I thought above human emotions?" cried Simms, with a sneer, "where are those iron nerves, that heart of marble, now?"

"Peace, sirrah!" exclaimed the Grand Master, recovering himself; "you shall never see me less than I have been; the oak may bend to the hurricane, but it will not break. Tell me more, has aught happened to darken the prospects of the League?"

"Much—Nelson has disappeared, no one knows where; the report that General Martin was at L'Acadie, has turned out to be untrue. Cote, Beauharnois, and the rest of them, are isolated and inactive at different points of the country, and Bourdon has been arrested, and is in prison."

"What! not for the murder of Wier—that would betray all?"

"Oh, no; for high treason; his hot-headed disposition could not keep him quiet, and he was the occasion of a skirmish at Odelltown, in which the Patriots were worsted, and he was captured."

"And who are in Montreal?"

"Only Papineau and De Lorimer. De Lorimer has kept the League together wholly by his own exertions, since you left. Papineau is almost in despair. He appears lost without you. He has been here every day since your departure, inquiring for you, till at last, he got into the belief that you had decamped with Nelson. He seems like a man, who has set some tremendous machinery at work around him, and is now paralyzed at not being able to control it. It is evident he is not the one to 'command a world, and rule it when 'tis wildest.'"

"And now, where is he?"

"The worst news is to come. Disheartened at your absence, at the flight of Nelson, and the affair at Odelltown, he

was in a fair way of resigning the ship to the waves before; but to-day he heard, in addition to the foregoing, that the Patriots had been defeated in Upper Canada, that their steamer had been burnt, that McKenzie had given up all hopes, and fortified himself in Navy Island, that you had been taken and were in prison, that St. George had betrayed the Patriot cause, and finally, that William Rodolphe had been slain."

"This is all true," said Edmund, "and what did Papineau do when he heard it?"

"Sank beneath the blow—and has called an extra meeting of the League to-night for the purpose of telling them to disperse, and save themselves in the best manner they can."

"The recreant! but *I* will be there!"

"And that will reassure them more," said Simms, "than the sight of a thousand volunteers! Oh, there is nothing so animating as the sight of a leader in whom you have confidence!"

"And the trials," said Edmund, "will they come off to-morrow?"

"They will. Fergusson is quiet enough; I have impressed him with the idea that nothing but his silence can save him; but Gerard's counsel is making great exertions."

"Ha!" cried Edmund, "I don't like that."

"His counsel are looking everywhere for you and St. George; as they place much weight on your united testimony in the prisoner's behalf."

"St. George will not be there," said Edmund, "I should not much like to see him in Lower Canada at the present moment; I would not like, in fact, to be within a hundred miles of him; but I will be there."

"You—it will be dangerous."

"On the contrary, my presence there will allay suspicion

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and besides, I have a desire to frighten Fergusson by my looks. His account has been due a long time; tomorrow I will balance it."

"Well, now," observed Simms, "do you know who I fear more than St. George, and all the rest put together? There is something terrible about him lately."

"Ah, who is that?"

"Gerard."

"Tush! poor fool, what can he do; he may rave and threaten a little, but the halter will cut his ravings short."

"Perhaps so—I saw the jailer hand him to-day a large package; I caught sight of the superscription, it was a strange one, and run thus: 'To be delivered to George Gerard, at present in Montreal jail, on a charge of murder—after my death.'"

"And what name was attached to it?" cried Edmund, in an excited voice.

"The initials 'W. R.' followed—nothing else," replied Simms.

"Strange! indeed!" muttered Edmund, pausing for a moment. "Ha!" he cried, springing to his feet, "I see it all, I see it all! Well, it only damns him the deeper. Simms," he hissed, through his shut teeth, "Gerard must be convicted, if we suborne witnesses to swear to the direct fact. All would be lost, were he to live!"

"You have said it, and George Gerard must die," repeated Simms; "the judge must be your tool, and aid the hangman in carrying out your plan,—ha! ha!"

There was a silence of a few moments, which was broken by Simms:

"How," he asked, "did the men I selected for you behave—Wilson, Thompson and Inglis?"

"Most nobly! Had it not been for them, I should not

have been now here. Their vigilance, their coolness, and foresight are deserving of the highest credit. They did every thing,—prepared horses all along the road, corrupted guards, carried me off, and placed me in safety, without my having to exert myself scarcely at all.”

“ I thought so,” said Simms ; “ you asked me for trustworthy men, and I found them. And how did the dodge of Oliver Brown work ? ”

“ To perfection ! He swallowed the bait at once.”

“ I thought it would. Well now, most worshipful Grand Master, I have a proposition to make. Possibly it will offend you ; but still I will name it, and you can think over the affair and calculate how it would work.”

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CHAPTER XLIII.

SIMMS'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

"Eat, drink, and love, the rest not worth a fillip."—SARDANAPALUS.

"The sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is dim;
And the night cometh, ne'er to pass from him."—BYRON.

"SAY on," said Rodolphe; "but be quick,—time presses."

"Why, you surely intend taking rest and refreshment?"

"I have not time for either; every moment that wings by is a grain of sand crumbling from beneath my feet; for know you not I am treading on a rope of sand over a volcano? I want to seat myself upon a rock. Go on."

"You say true; your support is a rope of sand, which a breath of wind might destroy. You know who possess your secrets, but you know not all. With some, you are taking steps for their eternal silence; with others, such as myself, you think them safe. For instance, you think them safe with me, because you argue that my interests are identified with yours, and that having no ambition of my own to gratify, I could have no possible motive in betraying you. And you reason correctly. I would ask myself, What have I to gain by sacrificing him? Nothing, would be the obvious response. But, on the other hand, What do I risk by his betrayal? Life, fortune, prospects,—every thing; therefore, it is as clear as the sun in heaven that your belief in my truth towards you is not ill-grounded. But, although I will not betray you, are you going to conclude from that that *others* will not? Perhaps some of those that you fancy you have within your

power may elude your grasp, and cause your ruin; perhaps parties that you have no idea of, may possess information regarding you, and, at a moment when you are not expecting, may prove your downfall. It is hard to say what may not turn out on the trial tomorrow, which may tend to implicate you; in fact, as you yourself, a while ago, said, you are treading on a volcano, and you know not at what minute it may explode."

"The sum of all this," said Edmund, interrupting him, "is that my case is desperate, and that you do not wish to follow my desperate fortunes any longer."

"Not I," replied Simms; "I shall never find another like you, and with you will I sink or swim. No, no; I mean a very different thing,—but hear me out. Affairs in Upper Canada, you admit, have gone to the bad; you admit that St. George has betrayed you, and that it is likely your description will soon be in circulation in Montreal, and a reward offered for your head. It will be hardly safe for you to appear in the court-house tomorrow; at all events, it will not be prudent to show yourself, except at the head of an armed body, the day after tomorrow; for by that time your name will be in every newspaper in the two Canadas, as the daring outlaw who attempted to capture the governor. Well, what material have you to work with?—cowards, traitors, and fools! The Anglo-Saxon population will not now rise in your behalf, owing to the disappearance of Rodolphe and M'Kenzie;—and what have you to trust to the French population of Lower Canada? Alas, you are trusting to a broken reed! It is with difficulty that Papineau can hold them together;—how much less can you, an Englishman and a Protestant! Do not deceive yourself with false hopes; these capricious French are even now wavering; Lower Canada is filled with British troops; disunion and jealousy have split up and rendered powerless the

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Patriot leaders, and all you can to a certainty depend on, is the aid of the American volunteers. You see that the means which you have adopted to involve England and America in a war have failed, and the most strenuous exertions are now being made by parties on both sides to preserve the peace of those nations. The chasseurs, owing to the desertion of Nelson, have lost all confidence in their leaders; and you cannot blind yourself to the fact, that if you do make any attempt at the present moment, it must fail most signally, and bring with it your certain destruction." Here he paused.

"I hear you," said Edmund, coldly. "Proceed."

"Well, what I mean to say is this," resumed Simms, lowering his voice to a whisper,—“there are now in the funds upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds. The probability is that the treasurer will decamp with it before forty-eight hours expire. Had we not better be beforehand with him? What with private money and money of the League, you already possess a like sum to that I have named, which will make about £50,000—amply sufficient to support you in the highest sphere of society until some new dodge turns up. With prize-money and wages received from you, I possess about £1600. I could act as your valet; and, for that matter, you might pass off in some American city as an English lord—which goes down with the Yankees in prime style. But you scorn the idea; you say you want excitement; you wish to be the real *bonafide*, and not the mimic, lord;—you cannot allow yourself to rest inactive; you wish to make yourself powerful and titled. Well, admitting all that, my method is the best to obtain power. If you risk an attempt now you will fail, and are lost forever, because you put every thing on one throw of the dice; but, if you wait on your oars awhile,—travel from city to city as a n bleman, build up a new edifice with firmer materials, having the past experience to guide you in

your new attempt, then it is possible you may, at some future period, be successful; at all events, you will run a far better chance of becoming king of Canada by such a course, than if you put every thing to the hazard now."

Edmund Rodolphe made no reply; his thoughts were busy, but he spake not, and shortly after, Mr. Henry Simms, conscious that his project was working on his master's mind, left the apartment.

The following morning Gerard's trial took place; the reader has already been made acquainted with the facts relating to it, as, by reference to chapter XXV., he will find them fully detailed. As there stated, Rodolphe attended, determined to effect the ruin of Fergusson, in which he fully succeeded, and that worthy was executed almost immediately after the sentence had been passed.

It was the evening of the same day; Rodolphe had returned to his house, and was engaged in deep and earnest conversation with Simms, when Inglis entered. His face was blanched, and he was out of breath:

"Well," inquired Edmund, as he came in, "what has happened?"

"A warrant has been issued for your arrest," cried Inglis; "the bloodhounds of the law are on your track; and there is a paper," he added, throwing a newspaper down on the table, "containing a full description of your person, and offering £1000 for your apprehension—alive or dead."

"Ah, indeed," that is rather startling intelligence," said Edmund, coolly taking up the paper and glancing at it. "Simms," he said, "attend immediately to the affair we were talking of." A significant glance passed between them, and the satellite left the room.

"Now, Inglis," he said, "what else have you heard?"

"The sentence of death that was this morning passed against Gerard has been commuted into imprisonment for life.

"Worse and worse!" cried Edmund, rising and taking from a cupboard a decanter of brandy. He filled a tumbler and drank it off, then giving his follower a purse containing about ten pounds, he despatched him on a message to a distant part of the city. With many expressions of gratitude, the man departed, and almost immediately afterwards, Simms entered.

"Is it all right?" asked Edmund, whose eye had assumed the reddish hue that generally revealed when murderous thoughts revolved within.

"Every thing is arranged," replied Simms.

"The horses are standing saddled at the door, all our money is secured in the saddle bags, and nothing remains for us but to mount."

"Which horse carries the money?"

"Mine, because he is the strongest, although yours is the fleetest."

"Have you your pistols loaded?"

"I have, and here are yours. You can depend upon them, because I loaded them myself," and he placed an elegantly mounted pair of pistols in the Grand Master's hand.

"I will test their efficacy, friend Simms," he said, an ashy paleness overspreading his face, as he placed the muzzle of the weapon to his satellite's ear, "because I have no wish to carry with me one who knows so much as you do." He pulled the trigger, and the wretched man's jaw was shattered into atoms, and he fell headlong to the floor in the convulsions of death.

"I mistrusted him," muttered Rodolphe, "ever since he made such a long speech to prove his good faith and honesty, but I fear him no more. Farewell, Harry Simms, my secret now is safe." So saying, he turned from the room, and mounting

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the horse which Simms had designed for himself, he rode off and disappeared.

In less than twenty minutes from that time the officers of justice were on the spot. But the house was empty, and instead of him they sought, they found but the wasted and fragile body of Catherine Rodolphe, and the still warm and blood-bolstered corpse of the satellite—Harry Simms.

Edmund Rodolphe was far, far away!

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CHAPTER XLIV.

NINE MONTHS AFTER.

Manfred. I loved her, and destroyed her.

Witch. _____ With thy hand ?

Manfred. Not with my hand but heart,—which broke her heart.

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What is she now ?—a sufferer for my sins,—

A thing I dare not think upon or nothing.—BYRON'S MANFRED.

NINE months, with all their changes, had rolled on ; the outbreak had been quelled, and the principal leaders dispersed, while comparative quiet again reigned throughout Canada.

St. George had established himself high in favor with the Government ; his advancement, in a political point of view, had been rapid and advantageous ; his suit with Miss Latour was progressing favorably. And, although still unmarried, they were on the point of consummating their happiness by this step, while his rival, Seaward, seized with a sudden fit of jealousy and despair, had disappeared, no one knew whither.

M'Kenzie, who had now become the Republican leader, had fortified himself in Navy Island, and still kept up a desultory warfare with the Loyalists, who were at this moment, making preparations for a final blow to be struck at the rebel stronghold. Several of the leaders of the League, had wound up their mortal career on the scaffold, among these latter were Bourdon, Beauharnois, the chevalier de Lorimer, and several others. Papineau, Nelson and Cote had escaped, and were now in the American States, awaiting a second opportunity to erect the standard of rebellion.

Of Edmund, nothing had been heard. From the moment

he mounted his horse, until the time of which we are writing, no trace of him had been discovered.

Anne Ashton had partially recovered from the dreadful shock which the news of her lover's murder had occasioned, but was gradually sinking beneath its withering effects. Her buoyancy of spirits were gone, and she seemed crushed forevermore.

Gerard was still in prison. His sentence, through powerful intercession on the part of his friends, had been commuted into confinement for life, and he had now been the "dungeon's spoil" for nine months, without once seeing the light.

Our readers will remember that he had received a package while in prison, from William Rodolphe; this package was not to have been delivered until after the death of the latter. nor was it until the report of his death had reached Montreal that Gerard received it.

Let us enter those dark portals, and peirce the obscurity that veils so many unhappy human beings, groaning in captivity. Passing through the front rooms, we penetrate into an interior cell; it exhibits a strange scene. Its inmate is not like the others, moaning over his forlorn and depressed condition—he is not extended full length on his dirty straw, oh, no! he is actively employed, he is hard at work. He is a strange-looking being; his clothes are ragged and torn, and his beard is of a month's growth. But, although his cheek is sallow, sunken and wan, his eye lights up the darkness of that cell with the brilliancy which characterizes the opal. He appears busily engaged, but watchful withal. Ever and anon, he ceases his exertions, and listens attentively, but no sound breaks on his ear. He rises an iron crow, and he is quietly removing stone by stone, part of the wall of the building. Thus has he labored patiently, night by night, for some time

past, and he has now nearly completed his task. There is but one stone left, he applies the lever to it, and as he does so, a step comes to the door of his cell. Hastily concealing the implement beneath the blanket that covered his straw bed, he made an attempt to move the rickety boards that were nailed together in the form of a bedstead against the part of the wall in which he had succeeded in making an opening. Ere he has time to do so, the door opens, and one of the goalers enters.

Springing upon him, like a tiger, the prisoner caught him by the throat, and placing one hand over his mouth, he threw him to the ground, and one knee upon his breast, he exclaimed, in a low tone :

“ Villain, make no noise, or I will silence you forever ! Be perfectly quiet, and I will not harm you,” and saying which, he undid the handkerchief that was round his neck, and firmly tying the goaler’s arms, he placed a gag in his mouth, and then, again grasping the crowbar, he applied himself vigorously to his work. In a few moments, the obstructions that divided him from the open air were removed, and he was at once beneath the moon’s pale light. We will not describe his wanderings for the next twenty-four hours. Suffice, that for two whole days, he avoided the face of man, and human habitations, and during that period, never once broke his fast. He had read the proclamation offering £100 for his apprehension, alive or dead, and twenty times had he ran the most hair-breadth escapes of being recognized. On the evening of the 3d day, worn out, starving and exhausted, he sought refuge in a cottage. The cottage was that of Hereford, Mary’s father. Within that cottage, Death stood exulting over the destruction of one of the most beautiful works of the creation. The blinds were down, and all was silent as the grave—Mary Hereford was dead. Crushed beneath the weight of unnum-

bered woes and trials, borne down by the shame of her ruined character, heart-broken and deserted, she had breathed her last, and her pure spirit had flown to that heaven, where all tears are wiped away forever.

But the fugitive flying from justice knew not this, and, exulting in his newly-acquired freedom, although exhausted for want of food and rest, he advanced to the door and knocked. There was no reply; strange, confused noises issued from within, like the removing of furniture, and without knocking a second time, he lifted the latch and entered.

The scene that met his eye, was one calculated to awaken human pity, if any scene of agony could do so. A writ or warrant of distress had been levied upon the property, and the law officers were at this very moment, making preparations for the removal of every thing. And, instead of the intense silence of death reigning around, an unhallowed uproar profaned the precincts wherein his chill presence was felt. Mrs. Hereford sat weeping by the window, her face buried in her hands, while her body rocked to and fro, with that indescribable and all absorbing woe, which sometimes agonizes the human mind. The father stood, with his head leaning against the mantel piece—on his face was traced the unutterable anguish that shook his soul; his eyes were red and swollen, but he looked on calmly, and regarded the work of desolation being enacted before him, with a vacant stare, as if he could not comprehend it.

The intruder was appalled, he stopped instinctively, on entering, as if paralysed. This was dreadful, but he knew not all, he saw but the smallest portion of their griefs.

He knew not that that bright and beautiful being who so lately looked like the inhabitant of some angel world, was now lying within a few yards of him, the light of her dove-like eyes forever quenched in death.

The old man looked up mechanically, but it was many minutes before he recognized in the pale and haggard being before him, the happy, careless youth of other days. When he did he expressed very little surprise, but merely said:—

“Ah, Gerard, I thought you were in ——” he was about to say “in prison;” but by a glance towards the sheriff’s officers, he succeeded in preventing him from so incautious an expression.

“What in the name of Heaven does all this mean?” at length exclaimed the young man, shaking off the undefined fear that had taken possession of him.

“It means,” said Hereford, gloomily, “that, in addition to our other sorrows, we are about being turned out of house and home.”

“And at whose instance has this been done?” cried Gerard, indignantly.

In an impatient voice, as if speaking was disagreeable, the old man replied—

“At the instance of Mr. St. George, who, not content with the first blow he dealt, has determined to ruin us utterly, and strikes this second!” and as he spoke, his fingers closed on the wooden mantel-piece, until the seasoned pine board split beneath the compression.

“But—how?” cried Gerard; “St. George has no claims upon you?”

“He bought that bond of mine which I gave to Latour,” answered the old man, while the tears again flowed down his furrowed cheeks, “and because we would not do all he wanted, he has enforced it, and we shall become houseless! Oh, God! the death of my child might have satisfied him without this!”

“What!?” echoed Gerard, bounding in front of the old

man, and grasping his arm with an energy that terrified him——

“ ‘ The death of your child ! ’ ”

Hereford gazed at him for a moment in astonishment, so powerful, so overwhelming was the emotion that shook him, as with an ague-fit.

“ She is dead,” he said ; “ Mary is dead ! ”

Gerard took a step backward, and then folding his arms, looked Hereford steadily in the face. He stood thus for many minutes, until he appeared to realize the whole meaning of those dreadful words. He then asked slowly,

“ When did she die ? ”

“ Last night—in childbirth,” responded the wretched old man.

An expression, horrible and fiendish, for one moment flitted over Gerard’s countenance. Oh ! it was one of such diabolical vengeance as would cause a demon to shudder !—it was terrific.

“ Show her to me ! ” he exclaimed sternly, again advancing to Hereford, and grasping his arm.

The old man silently and sadly led the way into the chamber of death, and in the next minute Gerard was gazing on all that remained of Mary Hereford—his first and only love.

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CHAPTER XLV.

THE PROMISE TO THE DEAD.

"Oh, Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walks abroad."—SHAKSPEARE.

"He who has bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,—
The first dark day of nothingness—
The last of danger and distress—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there," &c., &c.

BYRON'S GIAOUR.

BEAUTIFUL she was, even in death! More beautiful than when life was bounding in her sunny heart, and streams incarnadine rushed joyous through her veins! But that eye, "that fires not—wins not—weeps not, now," was veiled in darkness and in death, and the rose-bud blush on her cheek had paled to blush no more.

Her last thought—her last prayer—her last sigh had been St. George's. With that name on her closing lips, while the light in her starry eyes was waxing dim, and while her angelic spirit plumed itself o'er her body for its flight,—with that name murmuring in her last sigh, as if to take it with her to the heaven whither she went, the soul of Mary Hereward flitted from its tenement of clay, "and left the body, like a useless fetter, it had broken and cast away."

Earnestly had she prayed to see him—to have but one in-

terview, ere her spirit took its flight—but her prayer had been denied, and he had not been sent for, and, therefore, knew not either of her sickness or of her death—and calling down blessings upon him, and breathing love with her last sigh, she expired, as she had lived, unchanged in her affections and devoted even in death.

Upon that lifeless body, in the silence of that darkened room, did Gerard gaze, long and earnestly. His arms were folded, his brow knit, and his lip compressed, but no visible emotion shook his frame. True, every muscle of his face was defined as clearly as if traced by the sculptor's chisel, and the veins on his forehead swelled forth black and lurid, as if surcharged with the thunder-storm of vengeance that rolled tumultuous through his soul. But they quivered not, and his gaze was firm. No tear wet his cheek or dimmed his eye, and his voice, when it broke forth, was calm, though deep as a muttered earthquake :—

“Aye! has it come to this!” he said; “this has been the last blow the demon dealt—and, in comparison with this, all the others were as nothing. The others I felt not—in the hope, that she who now sleeps there before me—she who will soon be as if she had never been—in the hope that she yet would be mine, I bore up against them—and, although charged with murder—although fettered in a dungeon—although groaning under the weight of this fiend’s malice and perjury, I felt it not, because the blessed idea that *she* would one day be mine, sustained me through it all! My murdered bride! my lost—my murdered bride!”

He threw himself upon his knees—he seized the chill hand of the corpse, and pressing it to his forehead, as if to cool his fevered heat, cried—

“Spirit of the dead! I shall see thee no more! I shall hear no more thy voice—but, perchance, from thy start

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home, thou yet canst hear Gerard's. Hear, then, my oath. Before thee, and that high Being, in whose presence now thou standest, I will send thy murderer to meet thee at the Bar of the Most High, and ere he leaves this earth, he shall gnash his teeth, and curse that hour in which he first saw the light!"

He pressed his lips to those of the corpse for the space of many minutes; then slowly rising from his recumbent position, he walked to the door of the chamber and called Hereford, the father of the murdered girl.

In a few moments the sorrow-stricken old man entered, and in a quick, decisive voice, Gerard demanded—

"What is the amount of the writ?"

"Now?" replied the old man, surprised, as he gazed at the speaker, "something over £90."

"Very well. One hundred pounds are offered for my apprehension—arrest me instantly, and demand the reward."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, starting back, in amazement, at the proposal.

"I tell you to arrest me," said Gerard, in a stern voice; "save yourself from being turned out of house and home—the reward will more than discharge the amount of the bond. Do it instantly—because, if you will not, then I shall voluntarily surrender myself, and it will come to the same thing."

"Never!" cried the old man, "never will I be guilty of such baseness!—never, never!"

"Madness!" cried Gerard; "you shall not be rendered houseless—I will sacrifice myself in any case—will you make me sacrifice myself in vain," and he seized the old man by the waist, and engaged in a struggle, exclaiming—

"I am not an escaped prisoner—I am not the murderer of Wentworth!"

In the next moment, the sheriff rushed in, followed by his

myrmidons. At one glance he recognized Gerard, having frequently seen him in prison, and seizing him with a strong grasp, he cried—

“Old man you have done well; you have secured a felon who has broken loose!—you shall not lose your reward.”

“It will be sufficient to discharge the bond without your executing the writ?” asked Hereford.

“It will,” replied the sheriff, “and, before taking this fellow back to prison, I will give orders to have the furniture replaced. In the meantime, you will accompany me to the Mayor’s office.”

And again George Gerard was placed in the hands of the law, and forced to return to his confinement, thus paying off the debt which was about causing Hereford to relinquish his home, and turning him adrift in a friendless world.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

THE FUNERAL.

"I dream'd a dream which was not all a dream."

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"They look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past; they speak
Like sybils of the future."

"They shake us with the visions that's gone by,—
The dread of vanish'd shadows."—BYRON'S DREAM.

GERARD did not remain long in a state of captivity. He had seen the money—the price of his arrest—paid Hereford, and was on his way from the mayor's office to prison, when, suddenly eluding the attention of the officers who accompanied him, he plunged into the crowd and was seen no more.

It was on the same evening that a traveler, mounted on a beautiful bay horse, which champed and fretted at the restraint imposed upon him by the heavy curb-bit, rode slowly along the principal road leading to Montreal. He is dressed in a rich military uniform, and his whole appearance denotes rank and wealth. But he seems sad and weary. His eyes are bent towards his horse's mane, in silent contemplation, while on his brow—"that tablet of unutterable thought"—are traced the varying emotions that are flitting through his mind. It is St George. How runs the current of his thoughts now? "Ha," he muttered, half aloud; "how different were my feelings when last I passed this spot, and what changes have occurred since last these tapering towers of Notre Dame met my view! Where are my associates,—the Rodolphes, Wentworth, Nelson, Fergusson, de Lorimer—all,—where are they?

Some in far and foreign lands, and some creaking in chains to the passing winds, while I stand here triumphant and alone—not one of all the League to share my triumph with me! And yet I am not happy; I have sold my soul for naught, and the devil mocks at the bargain I have made:—wretched fool—I have sold myself for nothing! And on this spot, too,” he continued musing, as he cast his eye around, “did I last part with Mary. I must see her ere returning to Toronto, if only for the last time. Poor girl! Too well—too well she loved me; and a wretched return I have made her for her love! Strange I have heard nothing of her for so long a time! Perhaps she has forgotten me. Well, better so—better so; it will cost her less pain when she hears I am to marry another. Still I must see her, if only for one farewell interview. Sweet girl! I love her yet,—now, perhaps, better than ever before,—now, that I am about to relinquish her forever, and to make choice of another. Inconsistent mortal I cannot tell what is the reason,—whether it is because the scenery around reveals to me the days of childhood, when associated with her, or whether absence really has made my heart grow fonder,—but certain it is I never felt so much attached to Mary Hereford as at this moment. Oh, yes—yes I must see her once before resigning her forever; and after that, Helen Latour, every thought shall be yours!”

As he thus soliloquized, he approached the cemetery of the city. A man, whose drooping hat shrouded his features, was leaning against the gate. He, also, appeared lost in thought for his eyes were bent moodily to the ground, and his arms were crossed upon his breast.

“Here,” mused St. George, “it was that I dreamed—of that dream it must have been—of that strange phenomenon, the mysterious sight which the imagination evoked before me the night on which I first met Edmund.” At this moment he

eye fell upon the man who stood by the roadside, leaning against the arch. This man was gazing earnestly along the road, in the direction contrary to that in which St. George was riding. Instinctively the eyes of the latter followed his. The sight which met their gaze was by no means calculated to dissipate his sombre reflections. It was that of a funeral. In advance of the dark train of people that followed, with slow and measured step, was borne the coffin, attended on each side by the mourners; in the distance the whole were blent together, and the pall-bearers and the coffin assumed the appearance of a dusky and undefined mass, forcibly reminding St. George of the scene he had witnessed on that dreadful night which he had just recalled to memory.

Wheeling his horse to one side, he watched the approaching procession for some time in intense silence. Then, turning to his companion who stood beside him, he inquired whose funeral it was.

At his voice the other started; he looked up suddenly, as if aroused from a reverie, and catching a sight of his interrogator, a gleam of fire flashed from his eyes, and his body trembled all over, like an aspen leaf.

"Who is dead?" asked St. George again.

The stranger replied, in a low and husky voice,—

"A young woman, named Mary Hereford!"

Instantly St. George became as white as his shirt-collar, a sudden chill seized his heart, and for one brief moment, a flame seemed to swim before his eyes. He made no reply, but gazed upon the approaching procession.

"Do you know her?" asked the man, in the same low, husky voice.

St. George shook his head, but answered not; his thoughts were busy, and they were as unenviable as those of the damned. He did not remove his eye from the dark funeral

band, whose heavy, measured tread could now be distinctly heard, each footfall smiting his agonized heart, like a knell, and bringing vividly to his recollection the scene he had formerly witnessed.

"Oh God!" he groaned, "has it come to this! Never did I love her till now, and now it is too late!"

The stranger drew his hat still more closely over his eyes, and laughed below his breath.

"Where is her grave to be?" asked St. George, without removing his eyes from the funeral train.

"She will be placed in a vault. Follow me and I will show it to you," said the man, turning away and entering the gate.

St. George dismounted, hooked his horse's bridle to the railing, and followed this man into the vaults.

A tier of coffins, not yet interred, stood before them. In front of these the two men stopped.

"There," said the stranger, pointing with his hand,—"there will Mary Hereford sleep to-night. Tomorrow she will be removed to her final resting-place."

Both relapsed into silence, as if each was busy with his own train of reflections, until, at length, the funeral procession reached the spot, and the coffin containing the mortal remains of Mary Hereford was deposited in its resting place. As St. George read the simple inscription on the lid, a spasm seemed to convulse his face, and he turned away to hide his emotion.

Again the whispered hum which once before in that same spot he had heard, reminded him of the past; and as the memory of other days and hours arose before his mind, associated with recollections of her who now slept the sleep of death, a tear of agonizing remorse gushed from his burning heart, and suffused his moistened eyes. At length all was

quiet; one by one, the mourners had departed, and St. George stood alone, surrounded by the dead.

He bent over the coffin of her he had murdered. He bowed his head in his hands, until they rested on the lid, and thus, bent down with maddening remorse, he took no note of time, but allowed the hours to flit by until the dusk of twilight threw its gloom over the still vaults wherein reposed the dead. His thoughts we will not attempt to analyze; none can feel such feelings as were his save he who has felt them, and to such any description would fall short of the reality.

"Oh!" he groaned, in the anguish of his spirit, "had I seen her but once,—had I but obtained her forgiveness! But she is dead; she is punished for my sin;—and if an angel of light, such as she was and is, is visited with such punishment, what then do I deserve!"

There was a slight rushing sound heard in the vaults as he thus spake, and again all was silent. He looked up; the shadows of evening were settling fast around, and the place was shrouded in gloom.

"But," continued St. George, "she has left me that which I prize next to herself,—that which I shall cherish as I would my heart's-blood; that which I shall venerate because of his sainted mother,—my boy—my son!"

At this moment he was startled from his reverie by an awful and appalling figure, which rose slowly from behind the pile of coffins, and stood erect on the shadows of the vaults. At this sight the blood rolled back its frozen current to his heart, turning it to ice, and he was incapable of speaking a word.

"Your boy," said the figure, with a mocking laugh, that sounded hollow and fiendish through the vaults; "your son! never, idiot, will you see that son, except to curse the hour in which he was born."

As these words were pronounced the figure came forward,

until it confronted St. George, when throwing aside the hat which had shrouded its features, it displayed the haggard face, and burning eyes, of the escaped felon—George Gerard!

In the vaults of death the rivals were alone!

For some moments they stood thus in silence, glaring on each other with the savage malignity of under-fiends. The silence of the tomb reigned around, and none, save the dead, were there to mar the stillness. At length, Gerard spoke, his voice rang like a knell:

“You have asked, murderer, what your punishment shall be, since *hers* was death? Ere long, your question shall be answered, and the heart of man has not conceived of a punishment so terrible.”

“How have I injured you?” cried St. George, whose spirit began to sink under these accumulating horrors.

“Injured me!” laughed Gerard, in mocking scorn. “Dog! dare you ask. Were you not conscious that I was to have been executed, well knowing that I was innocent—well knowing that Edmund Rodolphe, or Ferrars, was the real assassin?”

“How know you this?” asked St. George, horrified.

“Ha, ha! you thought that with the death of one Rodolphe, and the flight of the other, all this would have been buried in oblivion. Oh, you have been mistaken! grievously mistaken!” and again he laughed in jeering scorn.

“Besides,” he cried, exultingly, “were you so infatuated as to think that I spake but idle words when I threatened you with vengeance, if aught, through you should happen to that being who is in the heaven which you will never see! I then, Lewis St. George, swore before high heaven, that my vengeance would fall heavy on your head, should your hellish schemes succeed; those hellish schemes *have* succeeded—alas, too well—and now, demon, I have thee in the toils.”

One last hope remained to Lewis St. George—it was that Gerard was susceptible of the influence of Biology. But he waved his hand in vain—the science of the soul, in this instance, was worthless and unavailing.

Again his terrible rival laughed in scorn.

“Ha, ha!” he cried, “you see I am proof to your charm—I am no Edmund Rodolphe—although with him, too, I have a terrible account to reckon—but his day will come! You see, I know your secret,” he exclaimed, in wild triumph—“I know your mighty science—I know the cabalistic word that gives you power—and rest assured I will use it! Oh, I will use it! mark me, Lewis St. George, I will use it!”

A wild fear now shot to St. George’s heart, and he exclaimed:

“You know that science? ’tis false, ’tis false!”

“’Tis true, ’tis true!” cried Gerard, “you robbed me of the beloved of my heart; now mark me, I will rob you of yours! I had the secret of the dead—I had it of William Rodolphe!”

The sweat now burst forth upon St. George’s brow—“Villain! liar!” he cried, “you shall not have access to her—I will away to her, and cause your arrest.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed Gerard, “know you, boy,” he continued, with savage ferocity glowing in his eyes, “with whom you have to deal! No, you leave not this vault until you have experienced tortures worse than those of hell! I will dissect your heart piecemeal—not with a weapon—not with a knife—but with fear, horror, agony, remorse. Aye, tremble, for well you may; you mocked at my threat—you scorned my remonstrances—and now is it my turn to mock and scorn. Wretched boy, do you know your fate? This night you shall pass alone in the company of that corpse; in this silent vault shall you be cooped with her you have murdered! Her image will appear before you, and she will cry to high heaven

to level its thunders at your head to revenge her cruel wrongs. Your horse stands outside, with that horse will I proceed to Toronto, and there will I undo the charm—there will I remove the infatuation which binds that girl to whom you are so devoted. Helen Latour shall be restored to her reason—she shall be taught to despise and loathe you—nay, worse, far worse, than this,” he added in a hissing whisper, while his eyes gleamed fire, and the sweat rolled in beaded drops from the brow of his wretched victim—“Helen Latour shall be degraded to the dust,” he continued, “and the child,” added he in savage exultation—“*her* child—that son on whom your soul is set—that son shall you never see, until you see him to curse the hour wherein he was ushered into life! Oh, Lewis St. George, I shall be systematic in my vengeance; I shall take my time—I shall not surfeit myself by feasting on it all at once—but I shall enjoy the feast for years. I shall rive your heart and wring your soul with woe. Look! see! I hold here the key of the vault—this is your prison to-night. St. George,” he continued, in savage mockery, “remain with the victim you have murdered—she loved you—she called down blessings on your head with her last sigh—she implored them to send for you—she died with your name on her lips. Now, Biologist, recall her to life, bring thy science to thine aid, and tell her to burst the confines of death, so that you may give her the interview she panted for, so that you may implore her pardon, ere she gives her testimony against you at the bar of God. Where are thy mighty powers, now? Ha, ha! have we at last, begun to balance our accounts?”

“Fiend!” cried St. George, making an effort to escape: “you shall not injure the child—you shall not see Helen Latour. I shall live to mock your dying struggles on the gibbet—that shall be *your* fate, whatever may be mine.”

"Too late, too late," echoed Gerard, hurling him backward over the coffins, and springing up the steps that led into the vault, "here you remain—*she* desired an interview, you cannot refuse her last request. In the meantime, I will hold an interview with your betrothed—the affianced of your affections; and rest assured, St. George," he added, with a mocking laugh, "that I can play the Biologist as powerfully as you can;" and so saying, he left the vault. The wretched young man rushed up the steps, agony and fear depicted on his face, but it was indeed, too late—he heard Gerard turn the key, outside—he heard his jeering laugh of triumph and of scorn—and then all was silent, save the rumbling sound produced by the rats, in gnawing the bones of the dead!

He shouted aloud—but there was no reply—not even an echo—his voice seemed deadened and hollow within that smothering vault, while the darkness was becoming intense, and the air damp and offensive with the stench from the decomposing bodies around.

CHAPTER XLVII.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

"————— a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small rivulet's rustic fount,
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Tho' never yet hath sunbeam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce, a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
 In which the Peri's eyes might read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed,
 The ruined maid, the shrine profan'd,
 Oaths broken, and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests! *there* written all
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again."—LALLA ROOKH.

WHEN next our scene opens, five years had elapsed, and
 "joined the past eternity," from the time in which our story
 dated first; but to record the events compressed within that
 period, would neither suit our purpose or the reader's, and
 again, therefore, we shall descend to particulars.

It is a sultry day in summer, the air is hot and burning,
 and the crimson sun is sailing through a sky on which rests
 not a cloud. Within a richly-furnished mansion, in one of
 the most fashionable streets of New Orleans, two men are sit-
 ting at the open window, as if panting for a breath of fresh
 air, while a child of five or six years is sporting on the car-

set floor, as happily, as if it had not been "born to trouble as certainly as that the sparks fly upward." It is a beautiful child, with red coral lips, and dark brown ringlets, its jet lashes and sun-ey eyes, combine to give it an expression of extreme and regular beauty, while the sweet and gentle character of its countenance bespeak its mental organization to be as perfect as the physical.

Both the men sitting at the window, are dressed in a manner indicative of wealth and taste. One of them, the younger, it is evident, has not been born beneath a southern sun, for his forehead is white and fair, although the remaining portion of his face has been bronzed by the sun of the tropics to a dark olive hue.

The elder is of larger proportions, and wears a far more thoughtful face; his features are strongly marked, though irregular, and there is a stern grandeur in his countenance, which commands respect and excites attention.

"No trace, no tidings of him yet," said the younger, pursuing the conversation they had been engaged in. "I am almost wearying of the pursuit. He is one who will elude human search to the last, and we must, I fear, leave him to the vengeance of the Deity."

"Talk not so," said the elder, "talk not of weariness; my vengeance slumbers not, time is long, and my emissaries are everywhere. He *must* be traced, fear not, the day will come when I shall crush him, as I have crushed the other."

"With the other," responded the young man, "I will have nothing to do. He saved my life, intentionally or otherwise. I care not, I will have neither act or part in his ruin."

"It is too late to prevent that," returned the elder, displaying his white teeth, with a half sneer, "he has been already doomed for the last five years, his heart has been a hell, and he is now on the verge of madness."

"What steps have you pursued towards him? I may know now, since it is too late for me to prevent them, for you know he saved my life."

"And I know also," said the elder, "that he was cognizant of the fact that Edmund was your murderer, and yet maintained his friendship with him. But you ask me what steps I have taken to avenge myself. First, I turned his brain wild with fear and madness by shutting him up for three days and nights with the corpse of her he had murdered, in the burial vaults of Montreal. Famine stared him in the face until his intellect became so weakened that he imagined she whom he had ruined, stood before him, clothed in the shroud of death, and he chattered and gibbered to the airy vision as if she had been reality. Then he would curse the hour in which he was born, then his Maker, and, finally, would throw himself to the floor, biting his flesh, gnashing his teeth, and howling that the earth might swallow him! I watched him night after night, I feasted my eyes upon him, until I saw that he could bear up no longer, and not wishing to be too speedy in my vengeance, I released him the third day, when the rats had actually began to gnaw his flesh. When he returned to Toronto he found his affianced bride in the arms of another. I had determined to prostrate Helen Latour to the dust, but through pity, and thinking it more glorious to elevate than to depress, I sought out Seaward, and restored her to her first love. You are aware I had been taught that wondrous science by William Rodolphe's letters, in which also were all those damning facts which you know I possess against Edmund, should he ever be discovered. On his return, he found himself despised and loathed by the woman to whom he was flying for consolation, the woman he loved as he did his life, her he had dreamed of ere he knew her—this woman he found the wife of Seaward, and for a time he was utterly

I may be stunned. His only solace then was to educate and rear up for you the child left him by Mary Hereford. That child was no longer to be found. Maddened with despair, he set emissaries to work in every direction, but that son he was not doomed to find, nor will he find him, until I have educated him after the manner I have myself designed."

"Oh, that will be cruel, cruel!" exclaimed the young man, "he has already suffered the tortures of hell, a punishment more than he can bear. In mercy, restore him his long-lost child!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other, "I should not then fulfill the oath I made by the murdered girl's bed side. Oh, no! My vow is recorded in the book of fate, and St. George has not yet drunk the cup which I have filled for him to the dregs."

The young man shuddered, and his companion continued: "Why should you regret this miscreant's fate? He saved your life, true, but it was by the veriest chance; he knew who the party was that attempted your life, yet made no effort to bring him to justice, on the contrary, associated with him on the most friendly terms. You are selfish, you will not allow me the right of doing what you yourself are so determined to do—you have not so much cause to overthrow Edmund as I have this recreant St. George. The former deprived you of a sister, but this man murdered the affianced wife of my bosom—the former doomed you to instant death—this man designed that I should die the death of a felon on the gibbet—the two cases are parallel, only that of the two, I have the greatest cause for vengeance—far, far. It is true that you feel yours becoming colder, you are not swayed by the same powerful incentive that I am, neither have you had the opportunity of tasting of its sweets, because, although I keep up a bloodhound hunt in Edmund's track, yet up to this

moment he has eluded us. Now, week by week, I whet my soul up to the right point by writing to St. George, recapitulating all the evils I have endured at his hands, and telling him that on such a day, at such an hour, he shall *cease* to live. Every letter tells him the same thing, yet he knows not where they come from, for they bear neither signature nor postmark, but they are all of the same tenor, and are as certain to reach him, one in each week, as that the week will come."

"That must prey fearfully on his mind—and this child, what will you do with it?"

"You know that in that letter of William Rodolphe's he related to me several passages of his life, amongst others, that he once had been associated with a band of swindlers, pickpockets, gamblers and murderers; he also informed me of the pass-word whereby I might at any time have access into the Fraternity. I have availed myself of that knowledge, and have had an interview with the chief of the gang now in New Orleans, he will be here shortly, and then you will see more fully my determination."

"It is dreadful," said the young man, "but I have no right to interfere—you have been my benefactor, you have elevated me from poverty to wealth, and I dare not dictate. But, may I ask you two questions?"

"Ask."

"First then, why did you enrich me, and enjoin me so strictly to remain with you, and secondly, how did you obtain your wealth yourself—since, I am perfectly aware you had none when I knew you in Canada?"

"In answer to your first query, I have to tell you, that I keep you by me, because you are a valuable treasure, and that you will, *at some future day, be wanted, when you will fully understand what I mean.* To the second, I reply that I enriched myself by no dishonorable means; I did so, by the

sweat of my brow. You laugh—but it is true. Finding that my schemes of vengeance could not be carried on without money, I determined to acquire it, for which reason I came South. Not finding it as plenty as I expected, I went on to Mexico, and from thence to Peru, and along the Pacific shore, well knowing that gold existed there in Pizarro's time, and why not now? To my great satisfaction, the Indians showed me that for which I was in search—they themselves set no value on it, and I accumulated gold sufficient to enable me to carry out all my plans. Now, in turn, I have to ask you a question which I never thought of doing before.—Why did you not return to Canada, previous to my meeting you, since you were aware that a devoted woman counted the hours since your disappearance, and longed to rejoin you in the land of spirits, since she could not do so on earth?"

"Because, first, I was *not* aware of that fact, and secondly, sickness and want of means, prevented me. Latterly, since I have ascertained that woman's feelings, and possess the means enabling me to return, you yourself have prevented my doing so."

"Yes—I am conscious of that. The whole circumstance through which you were so suddenly forced to leave Canada is, in fact, a mystery, and one that I should like to have thoroughly——"

Ere he finished the sentence, there was a knock given at the door, and immediately afterwards a man entered, at whose presence both the men thus conversing, involuntarily shuddered.

He was a man of medium height, with a pale complexion, green gray eyes, and black hair. He wore a dark moustache and whiskers, and his dress was neither beneath the ordinary standard, nor so far above it as to attract attention.

"Ah," said the elder, who it is needless to conceal from

the reader, was Gerard ; " you have come to fulfill your engagement ?"

" I have" replied the man, with a sinister look.

" You undertake to make him the most accomplished and perfect of your whole gang."

" I will undertake to make him the most finished villain in Europe or the States."

" And how many years do you require ?"

" Five."

" That is a short period in which to perform so much."

" Nevertheless I undertake to do it, and will not demand payment, until you yourself shall have had proofs that the world cannot produce a more hardened and accomplished scoundrel."

" Oh, Gerard, this is dreadful," said the young man with a shudder.

" Meddle not with my affairs," said Gerard, sternly, then addressing the black-leg—" and for this I must pay you——"

" Five hundred pounds," added the black-leg.

" So be it. On the 16th of August then, 1847, deliver me this child back, in this room, educated in the manner I have pointed out, and the £500 shall be yours."

" I subscribe to the terms," rejoined the pickpocket ; do you wish him to bear any name ?"

" His name is George St. George."

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE FINISHED VILLAIN.

" Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
 Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven—
 God's images forsooth ! such gods as he
 Whom India serves : the monkey deity ;
 Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay, &c."

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

Our scene again changes, and when next the curtain rises, it is in the city of Toronto, thirteen years subsequent to the events narrated in the first part of our tale. Many changes have occurred since then, but of the characters who have occupied the most prominent part in this work, nothing had been heard, and, save by an occasional newspaper paragraph, hazarding a guess as to their fate, they were seldom recalled to memory.

It was on a misty evening in November, eight years after the sale of George St. George, as described in the last chapter, that a man, wrapped in a dark cloak, walked slowly through the muddy streets of the city. His face was furrowed and his brow indented with deep wrinkles, the evidences of unnumbered cares and trials, while his garb was of that questionable description which showed that its possessor had once been above his present condition, and still struggled to show, as far as appearances went, that he had not fallen from a higher position than that he, at the moment occupied, while every thing about him failed in carrying out the deception.— He looked sad and dejected, as if some absorbing grief was

preying on his heart. And this is Lewis St. George—the handsome and aspiring youth, who thirteen years ago seemed to possess energies and powers which neither circumstance or time could depress. But “old in his youth, and blasted in his prime,” he is but the wreck of what he was; and but one hope now remained to cheer him in the vale of life, of all which had once sprang so buoyant in his breast—it was, that he should yet recover his long-lost, his fondly-loved son.

“The time draws nigh,” he muttered to himself, as he paced along, “if the threat holds true, *to-night, at 12 o'clock, my mortal career must terminate.* Insatiate demon! I have traced thy hand in all my ills. Thy hellish work it was which deprived me of Helen Latour—thy fiendish hand it was that destroyed my boy—the child of Mary Hereford—thy devilish malice that deprived me of my honors and my office, and rendered me a wretched pauper. Insatiate avenger, I have felt thee in all this—and know well that it is thy demon voice which whispers in my ear, that on the 5th of November, 1850, at 12 o'clock, I must yield my spirit up to its Creator. But in this last, I will escape thee—I will apply to one who can cope even with thee, and he will save me! Oh, yes—yes, I must live—I must live—if but to discover my long lost boy! Oh! fool that I have been!—what has brought me to this pass—the want of truth—the want of guiding principle. In my vanity, I fancied that it was glorious to dupe the world—to laugh those petty observances and rules whereby mankind were bound to scorn—to observe them openly, but to violate them as occasion suited. Truth, honor, virtue, religion, I have considered delusions—an *ignis-fatuus*, only to give light to fools. I considered such things existed not, and that the man who would suffer himself to be led by them must be a dupe and utterly below the standard of common sense and reason. But, wretched man! it is I who have

been the dupe, and not the world. I have not duped the world—the world is never duped—I have been my own dupe—and have fearfully deceived myself, and such will be the fate of all who set out in life, determined to trample the fixed principle whereby men are guided, beneath their feet!"

At this moment a carriage passed him, and drew up in front of a splendid mansion, the windows of which were illuminated from the basement to the upper story.

"Ah," he sighed to himself, "there is an entertainment here to-night. The time was when I had admittance also on such occasions—but that time has gone by, never to return. And who has been the cause;—Gerard—Gerard—relentless and unpitiful foe—to thee I trace all this! I have not seen her for many years," he mused. "I must endeavor to see her to-night—but how can I obtain access? I seem not like a guest;—yet, I should like to see her well; and should it be, that my hours are numbered, I should like to breathe my last in the presence of that glorious being whose image first broke upon my soul in the shadowy land of dreams."

As he thus thought, an acquaintance passed him. It was one with whom he had once been intimate, but who, since St. George's downfall, had avoided him as much as possible, although they were still on speaking terms.

"Are you going to Seaward's ball?" asked St. George when the first salutation was over.

"I am—yes," said his acquaintance, endeavoring to hurry on.

"I should like to have been there," mused the ex-quarter-master general, aloud.

"Hum," said his friend, doubtfully; "did you receive an invitation?"

"Oh, no—a passing whim inspires me with a desire to be present."

"Indeed, I shouldn't like to have missed it for a good deal," said his companion; "it will be worth while to be there, no doubt, since we are to have the lions."

"Ah—then Mr. de Waterville will be there?"

"He will, and Lord Edward Grahame also," returned his companion, "and I have been extremely anxious to see him."

"Who is this de Waterville?" asked St. George; "he is in everybody's mouth; there must be something very attractive about him?"

"Say—repulsive, and you have it," replied his friend; "he is an enigma—he knows everybody—he knows every thing—yet no one knows him; his wealth is unbounded, and he is at the top of the highest society—and yet withal he moves in an atmosphere so frigid, that there is no possibility of getting within it."

"Indeed—and do you say no one knows him?"

"No one; and yet there is nothing transpires which he does not know. He appears to possess ubiquity. He is courted, flattered, and yet disliked."

"Is he a foreigner or an American?"

"He is an Englishman; one of those English commoners who, tracing their descent to the Saxon time prior to the Conquest, are prouder than coroneted earls."

"They say he is liberal and generous to the distressed?"

"They say so;—there is no doubt but that he places very little regard on money; but in his generosity he appears very much actuated by impulse or caprice, for there is many a suppliant he turns away with a sneer of contempt, although some he enriches beyond their expectations."

"Perhaps they are undeserving?"

"But how is he to know who is and who is not deserving?"

"True—but you say he knows every thing?"

‘Aye, there may be something in that.’

“And this Lord Edward,” said St. George; “who is he?”

“Oh, he has only recently arrived,” replied his friend, “and does not create the sensation that de Waterville causes. He is an English lord traveling for pleasure, and about him there is nothing mysterious; he is to be at the ball to-night, and I shall have the opportunity of seeing him. But I must press on,” he continued, as he saw a carriage approaching, “or I shall be too late. Good-bye,” and so saying, he disappeared, leaving St. George lost in reflection.

“Shall I go to him,” he thought; “reveal every thing, and implore his aid? For myself, I would have craved nothing of mortal man, but to discover that child I would descend to any thing. With this man’s wealth and the vast means he possesses, emissaries might be set to work in every direction, and my treasure might be found. I will try him.”

As he thus thought, the carriage drove up to Seaward’s house, and the boy mounted behind, sprang off, and opened the door of the vehicle, while the driver reined up the rearing steeds at the curb-stone. At the sight of that boy’s face, as the light from the illuminated windows fell full upon it, the heart of St. George bounded within him, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise, so extraordinary was the resemblance it bore to one who, long since, had gone to the silent grave. He restrained his emotion, however, and stood quiet. In the next moment, a man descended from the carriage, and stood confronting the fallen patriot leader. Although he had never seen him, the latter surmised, at a glance, that this must be the de Waterville of whom all tongues were speaking, and during the short space they thus stood together, he surveyed him from head to foot. He was above the ordinary height, and well-proportioned; the cast of his countenance was stern and inflexible—determination appeared to be written on it;

his complexion was swarthy, and a heavy black moustache shrouded his upper lip. He was dressed in black, and without any ornament of jewelry on his person, except a rich diamond clasp at his shirt-bosom. A freezing hauteur of demeanor seemed to surround him, and to repel any thing like advances.

For a moment, he cast his quick, stern eye upon St. George, and then said in a low, deep voice—

“You wish to speak with me—you desire an interview—speak—is it not so—but you are afraid of intruding upon me?”

“This man, indeed, knows every thing,” thought St. George, astonished at his penetration; “since he can read our very thoughts.”

To de Waterville’s question, he replied by a bow.

“Say on, then,” said the latter; “if you have been injured I am ready to redress your wrongs. Say on,” he continued, “conceal nothing—your name is Lewis St. George; proceed—I listen.”

St. George started in amazement. “He knows my name,” he thought; “he is, indeed, a wonderful man.”

Ere, however, he could frame words to express the nature of his request, another of the guests rode up to the door, and alighted.

This was a man, apparently in the prime of life; perhaps thirty-eight or thirty-nine years old; tall, thin, and with a very aristocratic cast of countenance; his face was as white as marble, but his gray eye had that restless, energetic appearance, which betrays an active and fiery soul within. He was mounted on a dark brown horse, of the purest English breed, and was attended by a groom in livery.

This was the Lord Edward Grahame.

As he dismounted he bowed low to de Waterville; the lat

ter returned the courtesy with cold formality, and at the same moment a scarcely perceptible look was exchanged between de Waterville and the boy who had accompanied him. The nobleman turned and ascended the marble steps;—as he did so, the boy, by a movement almost unnoticed, placed himself beside him, and with a slight of hand, perfectly astonishing, denuded the lord of his purse and pocket-book, and quietly rejoined his master.

St. George had seen the latter act, but not the glance which had passed between the juvenile pickpocket and de Waterville. Shocked at such an act of depravity in one so young, he uttered an exclamation expressive of his abhorrence.

“What! has the young reprobate been guilty of that offence again,” said de Waterville, in a low voice; “I have cautioned him against it frequently.”

“He has, then,” said St. George; “he has just picked that nobleman’s pocket.”

“Then he must be punished,” cried de Waterville, angrily; “tell the Lord Edward he has been robbed.”

The boy, by this time, was out of hearing, attending to his master’s horses.

In a few moments the nobleman called a policeman, and stated the offence, pointing to St. George, and telling the myrmidon of the law that the latter would attend to prove the charge.

“Come with me, and point him out,” said the constable, “he has gone to the stable, and I may make a mistake.”

St. George looked at De Waterville anxiously, as if to say “I have that to tell you of the deepest consequence, will you await me here?”

“Go with the Policeman,” said the latter, as if divining, his thoughts; “I will remain here till your return—as I am anxious to ascertain if I cannot render you aid.”

St. George gave him a grateful look, and departed with the constable.

On the road leading to the stable, and standing in the shadow of an out-house, they overtook the young offender.—He was alone—at a glance, he seemed to fathom their intentions, for instantly drawing a clasp-knife, he confronted them, and stood upon the defensive.

“You have been charged with robbery,” said the constable, advancing; “You must submit to be searched.”

“Stand back!” cried the youth, who, although young in years, seemed to be old in crime, for his brows were knit, and a hectic flush burned upon his cheek.

“Stand back!—or I will send your soul to Satan. I will not be searched; do you think I learned my trade from the swell mob of New Orleans, to let myself be taken by such a country clown as you! Back, I say! or you will rue it!”

But despising threats coming from one so young, the two men rushed upon him; but he was undaunted—springing back, as the constable grasped him, he bounded to one side, and with a strong, firm blow, plunged the spring-knife deep into the wretched officer's left breast. He uttered a sharp cry of pain, and fell faint and bleeding to the earth, while at the same moment, St. George clasped the miserable boy around the waist, and, depriving him of his weapon, bore him, struggling and cursing, to the front street, where De Waterville awaited his return.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SCIENCE OF VENGEANCE.

"Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

* * * * *

"Of one that loved not wisely, but too well—
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme—of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe."

"Set you down this:

And say besides—that in Aleppo, once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk,
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat, the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus!"—OTHELLO.

A GLEAM of savage joy, appeared to light up the stern countenance of De Waterville, as St. George returned, pale and bloody, with his struggling prisoner, and he laughed between his teeth. Assistance was instantly despatched to the dying Policeman, and the young miscreant, under a strong guard, was conveyed to prison.

It was not till these arrangements had been effected, that St. George again found time to converse with his mysterious interlocutor—whom he now approached for this purpose.—The late event preyed upon his mind, and he felt an interest in the unfortunate youth just borne to prison, which he could not divest himself of.

When he again stood alone in the presence of the mysterious stranger, the latter said—

"You wish me to aid you—you think I am powerful—that I have boundless means, and that I can assist you in your desires—is it not so!"

"You have divined my thoughts," said St. George, astonished; "that is the motive which invites me to this interview."

"You are poor and powerless," pursued the stranger; "you have not the means to set afloat inquiries regarding the son that you lost when in his infancy—am I not right?"

"Merciful Powers! what can this man be?" ejaculated St. George, in utter astonishment—"he reads the human heart like a book!"

"And you wish *me*, by means of my wealth, to institute a search after this long-lost son?" continued the stranger.

"It would render me your grateful debtor eternally," answered St. George, in ecstatic joy; "it would lay me under a load of obligation which I never could repay."

De Waterville curled the dark moustache, until the white teeth below were revealed, in a half-sneer, and he added—

"And this is the amount of service that you require at my hands?"

"That is the principal part," said St. George, in deep gratification.

"Then be here at half an hour after eleven o'clock, to-night, *and I will restore you to your son.*"

St. George bounded from the spot on which he stood, and grasping the stranger's arm, he exclaimed—

"You are not trifling—you are not deceiving me."

"Not I," said the stranger, withdrawing his arm haughtily "where I cannot perform, I do not promise—and it would be but paltry aid, to hold out the hope of relief, only that it might be blighted. Have you more to demand?"

St. George paused—he wished to obtain admission into the

ball-room—he longed for one more sight of Helen, ere leaving Canada forever, but he feared to make the request. Sinking his voice to a whisper he said—

“Mr. De Waterville, I am threatened with assassination—I expect an attack upon my life to-night, and I know not from whence the blow will come.”

“Ha!—that is something mysterious,” said the stranger; “you have no conception, you say, as to who the party may be who threatens you.”

“I may have, but the party himself is not in the country, and the attack must be made through his emissaries—if made at all.”

De Waterville paused a moment—then said, as he turned to mount the steps—“Follow me, and I will protect you from any assassin’s blow.”

“But——” urged St. George, glancing at his habiliments—

“Then take your chance,” said De Waterville, without stopping; “if you choose to obtain safety by clinging close to me, you are welcome to it—if not, employ yourself in any manner you like, until half-past eleven—at which time I will perform my promise and show you your son.”

“But how can I enter uninvited among the guests?”

“Oh, you can pass as my servant,” remarked De Waterville, coldly.

“Never!” exclaimed the fallen ‘Eagle,’ starting back, as an adder had bitten him.

“As you like,” replied the stranger, curling his lip; “but you wish to be near me, and not to allow the hour to go without reminding me of my promise, you had better avail yourself of my offer. Should one minute over the time I have named elapse, I may not be found so easily.” And he again resumed his ascent.

The spirit of the whilom patriot was utterly prostrated—and the burning desire to see his son, with the fear that death might overtake him before he should have an opportunity, conquered his pride, and he sullenly consented.

In the next moment, Croston De Waterville, Esquire, was ushered into the ball-room.

It was a gay scene ; light forms went floating to the clash of flageolet and muffled drum, and dark eyes, soft and sunny, flash, as shades alternate go and come ; and all was brilliancy and light, and every heart *seemed* bounding high ; and every smile with hope was bright, and love glowed dark in every eye. And shall a cloud of sorrow fall upon a scene so bright, and fair, and chill the bounding hearts of all, and blanch each cheek that's blushing there ?

It was soon to be the case. At the entrance of the mysterious stranger, a slight excitement was visible throughout the room, and the general gaze was directed towards him.—Gracefully and unembarrassed, he went through the usual formalities, on entering, and then glided quietly from observation, while the dance again went on, “and all was merry as a marriage bell.”

The two most conspicuous parties in the room were Mrs. Seaward, and Lord Edward Grahame. The extreme and pensive beauty of the former, her graceful movements, and her sweet expression of countenance, rendered her fully as interesting as the younger belles around, who were pouting at the idea that a married lady, ten years their senior, should engross as much, if not more attention than themselves. On the other hand, the rich dress, and aristocratic bearing of Lord Edward, made him “the observed of all observers,”—and at the moment DeWaterville entered, those two occupied the most prominent part in the group of dancers.

The latter, after exchanging some common-place remarks

with several acquaintances who thronged round, anxious to be noticed by the rich and powerful stranger, sought out a retired part of the room, and leaning against the wall, folded his arms, and followed with his eye—

“ Each fluttering fair,
Whose step of lightness woke no echo there.”

until his glance fell on one face amid the throng of revelers, and there it became riveted, with soul-searching intensity.

“ Who is that solitary being, wrappd in gloom,” asked one fair girl of another, as she panted from the effects of the exciting dance, and the roseate glow of exercise crimsoned her cheeks.

“ That,” returned her companion, “ oh, that is Mr. De-Waterville,—I thought you knew him ? ”

“ Not I—who is he ? ”

“ That is what I cannot tell you,—perhaps he is a Vampire.”

“ He seems an unsocial being, at all events,” cried the first.

“ How he reminds me of Lara ; do you recollect ?—

“ He leaned against the lofty pillar nigh,
With folded arms, and long attentive eye.”

He is not a vampire, that is certain ; but it is evident he is some Lara, who has been crossed in love.”

“ And there is the Ezzelin of the scene,” said the first, whose eye had followed in the direction of De-Waterville’s, until it fell upon the face which had been subjected to the scrutiny of the latter’s burning gaze.

“ Which—which ? ”—cried the other.

“ The young English Lord. Watch, till you see their eyes meet again,—there ! did you mark that glance ? We shall have a scene—that is certain ! ”

The dance had now concluded, and Lord Edward was leading his partner to her seat, when suddenly, he felt himself touched lightly on the shoulder; he turned hastily round, and the dark stranger confronted him. Without expressing the least surprise, the Englishman regarded him with a calm and passionless look, as if to demand the cause of the intrusion.

"May I have a moment's private interview?" whispered the stranger.

"I am prepared to hear any communication you may have to make," said the nobleman, bowing, with studied politeness.

"You are mistaken," said DeWaterville, with equal composure,—“the communication I have to make, cannot be made here.”

"I regret that," returned the other, coldly, “since I am engaged to dance with a lady, and cannot now withdraw.”

"I fear it will create a scene,"—observed DeWaterville, quietly.

"Ha!"—cried Lord Edward Grahame,—“explain yourself!”

"Your disguise is good,"—whispered DeWaterville, revealing his teeth beneath the dark moustache,—“Nothing save the burning eye of vengeance could have probed it. Do you understand now?”—and he watched the effects of his words.

Lord Edward answered not,—he gazed steadily upon the speaker in turn, as if to penetrate *his* disguise. Both those men exerted a powerful control over their passions.

"Who are you," at length asked the Englishman, who was obviously at fault.

"You know me not," said the stranger,—“suffice, that I know *you*.”

"Doubtless,"—replied the nobleman, smiling,—“we have been introduced.”

"*Edmund!*"—hissed DeWaterville,—“have done this trifling! Ha! do I know you now? *Erleloff, Beauchamp, Ferrars, Rodolphe, Grahame,*—do I know you?”

Edmund Rodolphe,—for he it was,—started at these words, and a slight shudder shook his frame. Powerful as was his will, he could not subdue the emotion that shook his heart.

“Powers of Heaven!”—he cried, gazing into the stranger’s eyes,—“*Who is this man?* None breathe the breath of life who possess the knowledge which he has just revealed. Man!”—he exclaimed,—“Who are you?”

“Edmund—I am the dead, risen in judgment against thee,—I am the AVENGER! On the scaffold, when the hangman’s rope is around thy neck—then, I will reveal myself,—but not till then.”

“’Tis false!” said Edmund, recovering himself,—“the dead cannot arise in judgment. Rodolphe,—Simms”—he paused, then starting back, he cried,—

“Ha, traitor!—you are Lewis St. George!”

“Oh, no, no!—returned the stranger, in calm mockery,—“St. George will find his doom, ere you do yours,—but the doom of both is at hand.”

“You accuse me of being engaged in the late rebellion,” said the Grand Master, again becoming calm, as the idea flashed to his mind; that although this mysterious stranger had accidentally mentioned these names, yet he might be unacquainted with the facts connected with them—

“Tush!” he cried,—“Know you not that a general amnesty has been passed to all engaged in that outbreak?”

“I arrest you, Lord Edward Grahame,” exclaimed DeWaterville, clasping him by the throat, and elevating his voice to a pitch that caused the dancers suddenly to stand; and those who were sitting, to spring to their feet.

"I arrest you, Edmund Rodolphe, alias Ferrars, alias Grahame, alias Erleloff, of piracy, high treason, and murder." And ere he had well uttered the words, the officers of justice whom he had stationed at the door, rushed in, and in the next moment, the handsome and accomplished Lord Edward Grahame stood handcuffed and bound, as an imposter, a pirate, and a murderer.

Who can describe the consternation that suddenly reigned around ?

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CHAPTER L.

THE AVENGER "ALONE IN HIS GLORY."

"I die and scorn thee."—MARINO FALIERO.

HALF past eleven was at hand; the unfortunate St. George watched the needle as it revolved on the dial plate, second by second, until it pointed at the hour. He trembled all over,—the absorbing desire which had burned in his heart for thirteen years, was about to be gratified at last; and his emotion was overpowering. As the hand pointed at the hour, he could no longer restrain his feelings; but, rushing to the door of the ball room, he was about calling aloud for the mysterious stranger, when he found that party in the ante-room, adjusting his cloak. He stood before him, speechless with expectation.

"You have not been assassinated, it seems," said De Waterville, with a sneer.

"The hour has not yet arrived," replied St. George,—
"Twelve o'clock this night was the time named."

"And did the party threaten open murder?"

"Oh, no,—only, that on that night, at that hour, I should be summoned to appear at the bar of God."

"Ah," said the stranger, calmly, as he descended the steps,—
"Follow me, into my coach, and in a short time you shall see your son."

In a state of tremulous expectation, the wretched man mounted the carriage, which was immediately driven off in

the direction of the city jail, in front of which building the horses were reined up.

Greater and more absorbing became the emotion and curiosity of St. George.

"Follow me," said de Waterville, sternly, as he alighted, and led the way into the prison. In a few moments they stood in one of the interior cells; on some straw lay a figure, chained to the floor, and its hands in iron fetters. Its eyes were red, and its face swollen with rage. It was the boy who had robbed Edmund, and stabbed the policeman.

St. George looked up to the stranger, as if to ask him the meaning of this scene. He was afraid to trust his voice, but his lip and eyelid quivered.

The stranger regarded him for some time before speaking, with fixed attention; at length he said, in a tone deep and hollow, and fearfully familiar to the trembling victim:—

"Lewis St. George—that is your son by Mary Hereford! He is to be hanged for robbery and murder!—you are the only evidence against him—you first detected him in the act; you then informed against him—subsequently arrested him—and finally, you will have to appear in court and testify, so that the gallows may terminate his career."

Pale, paralyzed and dumb stood St. George. His eyes were wild with terror, and his lips apart, as he stood aghast with consternation and indescribable despair. Who shall portray the tortures that were lacerating his riven heart, or the pangs that burned his wrung and writhing soul? It would require a pen steeped in the lava of hell!

With intense triumph and satisfaction gleaming in his eyes, the inexplicable stranger gazed calmly upon the agonies of his wretched victim, as if feasting his soul with vengeance. He continued, in withering mockery:—

"Such is the reward of sin and of injustice! There is

your son, by your beloved Mary Hereford—there is the son you have been in search of for thirteen years—behold him! Hell could not add one crime to his soul, or make him blacker than he is—he has been educated, and he stands before you perfect—a *finished villain!* YOU have brought him to this—he has you to thank for it! But the meeting does not appear to be a cordial one—after so long an absence, he deserves a warmer embrace—why do you not advance and speak to him? Probably he will remember that to you he owes his late good turn. Well, I have fulfilled my promise—I can do no more!”

“Liar!” yelled the wretched man; “you have deceived me!—it is not *my* son?”

“He is Mary Hereford’s at all events—you can look in his face and see if you can trace the resemblance!”

St. George uttered a groan so deep that it seemed as if his spirit came forth with it, and he advanced sorrowfully to the felon who lay upon that heap of straw.

“My boy—my son—forgive me—forgive me!” he cried, while the tears fell from his eyes like rain, and he kneeled by his offspring’s side;—but, uttering an imprecation too horrible to be set down here, and spitting scornfully in his father’s face, the miscreant drew back his unchained foot, and spurned the sorrowing suppliant from his side.

Then rang aloud the stranger’s scornful laugh. “Spirit of Mary Hereford!” he cried, in exulting tones; “judge! have I redeemed my oath!”

“Demon of darkness!” exclaimed the wretched father, springing to his feet; “demon! that laugh’st when the very demons themselves would weep—who and what art thou, when such a scene as this moves not thine iron heart!”

“My oath has nearly been accomplished,” pursued the stranger, as if speaking to himself. “First, on the morning

when she accused me of the forged letter. Again on the morning when I found her with this man—and lastly, by her lifeless corpse—was it three several times recorded in the book of fate. The first oath was accomplished, when I left him in the tombs, and deprived him of his betrothed; the second was obliterated when I terrified him with the certain prospect of death for thirteen years, and swept away his honors, fortune and rank; and the third shall have been fulfilled, when he renders up his life—heart-broken that he should have been spurned by the son of his youth and the long-lost child of love! Ha! I said my vengeance should slumber not; I said he should be taught to curse the hour wherein he was born—and he has done so—times unnumbered and unnumbered!”

“Fiend of the bottomless pit! what mutter you!” yelled the victim, whose heart was writhing within him; “who are you—what are you—man or devil?”

The stranger sank his voice to a whisper, and hissed the appalling words—

“Lewis, I am George Gerard—the rejected lover of Mary Hereford!”

As he thus spake, the unfortunate man clasped his hands upon the swelling veins of his temples, and reeled along the cell, and, as if crushed beneath a weight of punishment greater than he could bear, he sank upon the floor of the dungeon in the sullen torpor of death. The relentless avenger gazed upon him as he fell, and muttered aloud, “his sin has killed him, and not I. I have not been his murderer—I have made his own crime the instrument of his punishment—and my task has been accomplished—henceforth forever, St. George and I are quits.”

The wretched man opened his eyes with a convulsive spasm—de Waterville drew out his watch; “it wants but

few seconds of twelve," he said as he glanced at it—"if you live, St. George, the son of Mary Hereford dies; if you die, then he may live, as you are the only evidence against him. Farewell! it is twelve o'clock."

As he uttered these words, a stream of blood issued from St. George's mouth and nose; and extending himself out at full length, he expired without a groan. In the madness of his despair he had ruptured a blood-vessel, and his spirit took its everlasting flight.

That was a strange scene in that prison-cell at midnight! There lay the father—a bleeding corpse—beside him, breathing curses on his captor's head, the son shook his chained hands, and laughed aloud, as he saw the dying struggles of the man who was to have given evidence against him—although that man was the author of his existence—while, like a destroying angel, stood the great avenger, mocking at the desolation which he made, and scanning, by the flickering light of the smoky lamp, the shadows of death as they flitted o'er his victim's writhing face! It was a dreadful scene!

"Now, Edmund, with thee I grapple next!"—and with these words on his lips, the avenger left the cell.

CHAPTER LI.

EDMUND.

"My task is done; my strength hath ceased; my theme
 Hath died into an echo. It is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream;—
 The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
 The midnight lamp,—and what is writ is writ."

CHILDE HAROLD.

It is in another apartment of that jail, and on the following day, that our story again opens. The unconquerable Edmund Rodolphe is leaning against the prison wall, his foot shackled to the floor, and his arms pinioned behind him; but his fetterless mind is busy,—his unchained, high-reaching thoughts are as unsubdued as ever.

"I know not the extent of my danger," he muttered;—"oh! if I knew but this, I would soon invent a remedy to counteract the evil. Never mind! St. George is dead; he died in the next cell, last night; and now what have I to fear? Oh, had I but known that it was *his* son I was educating, I would have taken a different course! But it is too late for regrets, and my motto shall be '*nil desperandum*' to the last! That miserable coward St. George gave way to despair, and lo, the result! His son will make a better character than the father. Simms, William, St. George—all are gone! The grave will keep them down;—what have I to fear—shadows? Shadows may have appalled Richard Plantagenet's soul, but never Edmund Rodolphe's! But who is my persecutor? who is this myth—this living dead man who is about to enter

the lists with me? I could not hear what name he whispered to St. George, although I heard his last words—'Now, Edmund, thy turn is next!' Well, he will be deserving of the victory if he copes successfully with Edmund. Many champions have tried it, but I have overthrown them all; and never till the dim veil that hides Futurity is withdrawn, and I stand upon the threshold that divides Time from Eternity, never till *then* will I confess that Edmund has been beaten! Ah, no! it is not the time to despond now,—now that I have every thing prepared for a sudden blow,—now that the arrangements and the labors of thirteen years have been completed, and I was about to make an empire tremble to its centre!—oh, no, I must not founder now! I must surmount the billow, and survive the storm; and woe to him who shall attempt my ruin!"

As he thus reflected, the counsel he had retained entered the cell. Edmund had employed this man more for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the charges against him than that he should defend his case, since this latter part he has to entrust to no one save himself.

"Well, Mr. Despard Bloodsuck," said Rodolphe, as he entered, "what chance is there?"

"A very slight one—very slight indeed," said Mr. Despard Bloodsuck, putting on his spectacles, and drawing forth some papers with an important air.

"To the point, sir," observed Edmund. "First tell me how many *aliases* there are?"

"Let me see—let me see. Ah, here! Erleloff, *alias* Beauchamp, *alias* Ferrars, *alias* Rodolphe, *alias* Templethorpe, *alias* Grahame—yes, that's all."

"And quite enough," said Edmund, with a sneer; "but," he added internally, "it is far from being all! Well," he

continued, "go on. How many counts are laid in the indictment?"

"Ten!" answered the counsel.

"Ha!" said Edmund, "that sounds bad. What are they?"

"Piracy on the high seas; the murder of Richard Wentworth; the murder of Edward Wentworth, sen.; high treason; the murder of Edward Wentworth, Jr.; the murder of Colonel Moodie; the attempt to murder Sir Francis Bond Head; the murder of Henry Simms; forgery; perjury."

"A precious string of them," observed Edmund, scornfully. "Now let us go on systematically. What is connected with the name of *Ertleoff*?"

"Piracy—murder."

"Very good—who are the witnesses?"

"Confessions made by you to one William Rodolphe."

"And will William Rodolphe be present?"

"No—but a document in his hand-writing will be produced."

"Oh—a document in writing—well let that pass, so long as you are sure there are none of the alleged pirate crew to be brought forward?"

"I cannot tell—you see I have not had time to ascertain."

"Well—the next name, *Beauchamp*. What is connected with that?"

"Nothing—and it is sustained by the same evidence as the last."

"All well yet. What is said of *Ferrars*?"

"High treason—murder," responded the counsel.

"But a general pardon was granted to all those engaged in the outbreak of '37?" said Edmund.

"No—you and a few others were excluded, by name."

"Well—a touching appeal to the jury will make that all

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right," said Edmund, "I am not afraid of that charge. Now for the murders. First—Edward Wentworth, Jr.—who is the evidence?"

"DeWaterville."

"DeWaterville—who the d—l is he?"

"I cannot tell you any more than that just now—I may discover more regarding him hereafter," replied the counsel.

"Very well—let us proceed. But I must find out who this great Mr. DeWaterville is; he was the hero of the ball-room, last night; I must sift him. Now—the murder of Colonel Moodie?"

"DeWaterville and Mathers."

"Mathers!" cried Edmund, "that is the worst you have told me yet. He must be removed, I must buy him off, or silence him forever! Well—the attempt on the Governor—who proves that?"

"Lieutenant Seaward," answered the lawyer.

"Bad, again!" cried Edmund, "bad, bad, by Jove! That is far the worst I have heard. Well, Seaward must be put to rights; I am not crushed yet. What is the next?"

"The murder of Henry Simms."

"Of that there can be no proof!" cried Edmund.

"Not that we are yet aware of," returned the counsel, "but it is hard to say what may not turn up. The next charge is that of forgery, and is connected with the name of Templethorpe."

"Ha! and who in heaven's name can prove that!" exclaimed Rodolphe.

"DeWaterville. The indictment goes on to say that you were at the head of an extensive association of swindlers and pickpockets, in the city of New Orleans, while bearing the name of Templethorpe, and so forth."

"Who *can* this DeWaterville be?" thought Edmund, mu-

sing, "he learned that when I returned him the child and received the £500. I must sift that man—and is this all," he added aloud, "because if this Mr. DeWaterville is the principal evidence, I can laugh them and their documents into scorn."

"DeWaterville is the chief witness," answered the counsel, "although Mathers and Seaward prove two of the charges. There may be others, but they have not yet been found."

"And they must look for them in the grave before they can find them," said Edmund; "and Mathers and Seaward—do you know the amount of their evidence?"

"Not clearly. Mathers is vague, and can easily be over-set—Seaward is the most dangerous—yes," he continued, referring to his papers, "he will prove the attempt made upon the Governor, without a doubt."

"Questionable," muttered Edmund; "he will not swear to my identity; he will swear, perhaps, to the fact, but not to the individual; besides, it is the least important charge of the whole, and I defy them to their worst."

"Hum, ha, hum," mused the lawyer, desirous of making matters appear as dark as possible—"not quite so unimportant as you may imagine—yet with a powerful and stirring appeal to the jury, I doubt not but that an impression——"

"There—there," said Edmund, holding up his hand, "never mind that—that is not your province. I would employ you my own way."

"Your own way," repeated Mr. Despard Bloodsuck; "I don't understand you."

"I will soon make it comprehensive. Provided I employ you, and you exert yourself in my behalf, after your own fashion, without my interference, what will be your fee?"

"Well," began Mr. Bloodsuck, "considering——"

"Considering nothing, sir," interrupted Edmund, "state the sum in round numbers."

"You are the most peremptory client, I ever had to do with," said Mr. Bloodsuck, "and I have had some strange characters to deal with, in my time. Well, I will undertake to clear you for £200.

"*You* clear me!" said Edmund, glancing at him, with the most ineffable contempt, and then added, "that is your price for defending me after the manner *you* deem best.—Now I will give you £500 if you act in the manner I shall direct, and I will take the risk myself, and pay you the same whether I am convicted or not."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Bloodsuck.

"I wish you to go to Mathers, ascertain what his evidence will amount to, and buy him off."

"Exactly, and how high do you authorize me to go?"

"You can go as high as £1000, if he will not be purchased for less;—that is, if his evidence is that which I believe it to be. Mark me—if it amounts to this, that he was ordered by one Simms to shoot Colonel Moodie, and if he says that this Simms told him that he (Simms,) was employed for that purpose by me, then you can go as high as £1000. But should he say that he overheard me tell Simms to commit the act, you can go as high as £1500, and if he will not be bought for that, then come back, and I will give you further instructions."

"Just so," said Bloodsuck, "and Seaward?—what of him?"

"Seaward—oh, he can prove nothing—he will never swear to my identity—I do not fear him. Mathers can be tampered with by this De Waterville, and I fear him more, on that account. If you find that there are other witnesses in the field we have not yet heard of, let me know it in time, and I will buy them off, and should the worst come to the worst, I will even buy the Judge off."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bloodsuck, at the absurdity of such a thing, and hugging to himself the idea that he should purchase Mathers with £100, and pocket the remaining £900 himself, he arose and took his departure:

"Bah!" said Edmund, when he had gone; "if this is the sum of the great De Waterville's attempt to crush me, I laugh him to scorn. There is no danger, but much annoyance in it. It is too hard to lose my time thus, owing to this fellow's caprice. But I will make him rue it. Who can he be—I cannot dream. St. George is dead—there is no further danger to be apprehended from *him—who can he be?*"

"I am going to reveal myself, Edmund," said a deep, stern voice, and at that moment the door of the cell opened, and the dark stranger entered.

"Ha!" exclaimed Edmund, calmly, while his gray eyes reddened with the basilisk glance; "we are now to have the denouement. You gave it to St. George, last night—to-day is my turn. You killed *him* with fear—fool! Do you *know me?*—do you think you will kill *me* with fear?"

"Yes, *Edmund*," said the terrible stranger, "*I will kill you with fear*—that is my purpose in seeking you out now."

"Ha!—ha!" laughed Rodolphe, scornfully. "I see you do not know me! Man, you are mad! Your charges have not a foot to stand on. You cannot prove one of them. Can you prove that I was a pirate, a murderer, a forger?"

"Yes!" answered the stranger, fixing his eye sternly on him.

"Where are your witnesses—where will you find them?"

"Edmund, I will call the dead."

"Ha! ha! said I not you were mad?"

"Rodolphe! answer me! did you not murder Edward Wentworth?"

"No! it is false as hell!"

"But hell is true, and you will soon test its reality, *for you have only twenty minutes to live.*"

"Then you intend to murder me?" said Edmund.

"No more than I murdered St. George. Your crimes will murder you,—but not I."

"Tush!" cried Edmund,—*"away—you are a madman; I tell you there is no bugbear in your stupid head terrible enough to frighten Edmund Rodolphe to death. You are a fool."*

"You say," continued the stranger, "you did not murder Edward Wentworth?"

"I did not,—and you cannot prove aught to the contrary."

"Who murdered him?"

"A fellow named Gerard," answered Rodolphe.

"Edmund, I am that Gerard."

"You!" said Rodolphe, starting,—*"be it so,—I say still you were the murderer of Wentworth."*

"And I say, it is false," pursued the stranger.

"This is folly," cried Edmund, "how are we to decide."

"By calling the dead!" he answered, while he gazed steadily in his deadly adversary's eyes. Edmund's face blanched, and he answered not.

"Ho, approach!" exclaimed the stranger, in an impressive voice, while he waved his hands over the Grand Master's head. In the next instant, the door swung slowly open, and Edward Wentworth, dressed in the same clothes which he had worn, on the day in which he had last met Rodolphe, entered the cell. His face was covered with blood, and his eye was fixed with dreadful intensity upon his murderer.

"Ha!" cried Edmund, gazing upon this awful sight, until his eyeballs almost bounded from their sockets. "Have I to deal with phantoms, too? If the spirits of the dead return, then Edmund, the game is up, indeed."

"*That* can decide," said the stranger, pointing towards the phantom of Wentworth, "which of us two was the murderer. Speak!" he cried, waving his hand,— "Which of us present is guilty of thy blood?"

The figure pointed slowly towards Edmund, and then gradually receded.

"It is a trick!" cried Rodolphe, shaking his chained hands,— "let it come here, that I may *feel* it."

"Employ your eyes," said the stranger, "that is testimony sufficient. Are you now satisfied?"

"Will this figure appear in Court against me?" asked Rodolphe; a slight expression of fear crossing his hardened brow.

"You are in Court *now*," said the stranger sternly, as he passed his hand before the Grand Master's face, and threw upon him all the nervous fluid which his most powerful effort could command. "You stand in the criminal's box,— you are facing the Judge; and the spectators are gazing on you with anger in their eyes, and detestation in their hearts. Your knees are trembling—your head swimming; and your soul fails you with fear."

"I will address the Court," cried Rodolphe at once, by the mysterious influence exerted over him; fancying himself in the situation described, while he stood up pale and trembling, "and plead my defence."

The stranger now beckoned to two parties who stood outside, to come forward. One of these was the Attorney General; the other a medical practitioner, of celebrity.

"You was sceptical as to these truths," said the stranger, addressing the latter. "You always imagined there was collusion between the operator and the subject. Now mark—there can be none in this case,—observe." He advanced

to his paralyzed victim, and placing his hand on his head, he said,—

“You will not plead; it is now useless. Do you see the witnesses that have appeared against you? The dead have arisen; do you see them?”

“I see a dusky group before me,” answered the unfortunate man, shuddering.

“You can distinguish them each,” continued the stranger. “Do you see a father and son stand forth and testify against you?”

“Ha, the game is up!” cried Edmund, shutting his eyes; “those are the Wentworths,—all’s done!”

“How do they look?”

“They are black and shriveled,—they were blown up in the explosion!” answered the murderer, trembling.

“And there is another stands out,” continued the stranger, “he wears an officer’s uniform?”

“Ah,—that is Moodie; let him do his worst,—he wronged me, and I avenged myself. I regret it not.”

“And there is another one, with his head crushed.”

Edmund shuddered. “The die is cast,” he said; “that is Edward Wentworth.”

“And there is a pale and wasted woman——”

“Yes—yes; that is Catherine. Oh, villain that I am!”

“And William Rodolphe is amongst them. How does he look?” asked the stranger.

Edmund’s eyes dilated wildly; “Ah!” he cried, “he is in the flames! his hair is erect! and there—there he is, showing the judge the letter which I wrote to him! Oh, there is no escape for me!”

“And Harry Simms is there; what does he do?”

“He is showing the jury his shattered jaw; his face is

bloody, and he points to me with his pale and clay-cold hand ! I will not plead—the game is ended !”

“The judge has asked you if you are guilty !”

“I am !” said Edmund, bowing his head. “I throw myself upon the mercy of the court.”

“It will not be granted,” answered the stranger ; the “judge has pronounced the sentence of death ; you are led to the jail ; the clergyman awaits you ; you spurn him from you ; you cry aloud, ‘I will cheat them all ! I will play the last stroke of the game, and defeat them even in my death !’—you place a phial of prussic acid to your mouth ; you drink it all ; you get deadly sick and weak ; your eyes reel in your head ; confused noises roll through your ears ; and now you fall to the floor in the convulsions of death !”

As he concluded, the sweat poured from the wretched man’s brow ; he became pale as ashes ; his knees trembled ; he gasped for breath, and as the last words were pronounced, he fell to the ground in the agonies of death, and in a few minutes, breathed his last,—slain by the exertion of infinite and overpowering WILL !

* * * * *

“You promise to come,” said Wentworth to his companions, as they left the cell, about half an hour after this occurrence, during which time they had been discussing the mysterious powers of the SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

“I will,” said the attorney-general, “if only to hear how you were resuscitated after the coroner had held an inquest over you.”

“Oh, I may thank St. George for that,” said Wentworth ; “but I will explain all.”

“And as I am intimately acquainted with Miss Ashton, the lady you intend this night to make your wife,—having at-

tended her in her late illness, and besides, being anxious to hear your story,—I shall make it a point to be there," said the physician.

"And you, Gerard——"

"I," replied the stranger, who was standing apart, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on vacancy,—“I must decline; I have a task to perform, and cannot defer it;—then, Mary Hereford," he added, in a lower tone, “my oath shall be obliterated from the Book of Fate!”

THE END.