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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 I.

HALIFAX:
ELBRIDGE GERRY FULLER.
1852.

McKINNON, WC

DEDICATED

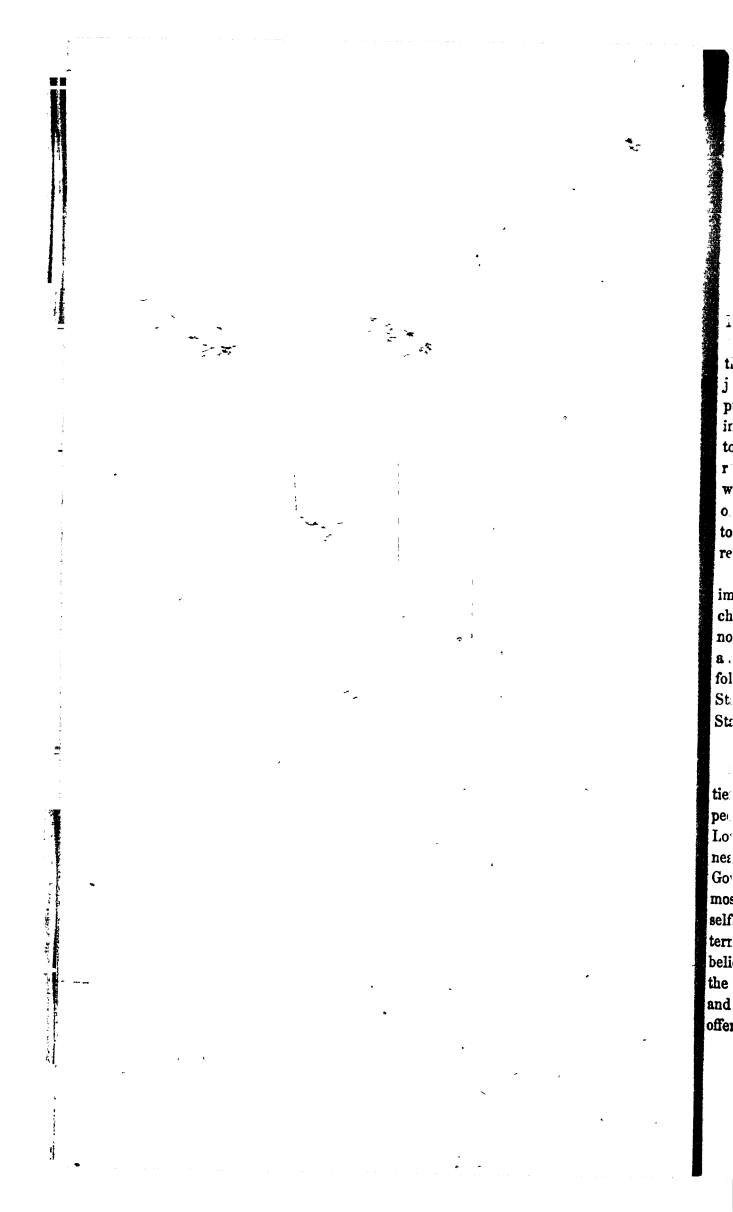
TO

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,

BY

HIS HUMBLE AND ARDENT ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.

No one will understand this work as being a detailed narrative of the late outbreak in Canada, because it is not intended as such. So far from that, the author, on commencing it, did not contemplate touching upon any subject relating to that insurrection;—he merely intended writing a tale of private life, founded upon incidents which had occurred within his own immediate knowledge. It became necessary, however, as the work went on, to give it a political turn, and hence characters were introduced who were real, (and some of whom are still in existence) and scenes were described which really had taken place. So far, however, as the Rebellion is treated of, the statements made may be relied on, in the main, although with regard to time and place connected with some of the events referred to, but little regard has been paid to either.

Parties unacquainted with the occurrences attending that rebellion, may imagine the author to have gone too far, and to have described some of the chief actors in too sanguinary and ferocious a light. To show that he has not gone beyond the bounds warranted by the facts, as well as to show that a *secret league* existed, in which oaths, signs, &c., were used, he quotes the following extract from the copy of a "Voluntary Deposition of one of the State Prisoners," made in Nov. 1838, and published in the "Report of the State Trials before a General Court Martial, held in Montreal, in 1838-9:"—

MONTREAL PRISON, NOV., 1838.

"I went to the United States on the 27 Dec. 1837, with Messrs. E. Chartier and Chamilly de Lorimier. On arriving at St. Albans, we found all the people in motion, occupied in preparing and organizing an expedition against Lower Canada; all was conducted under the auspices of Louis Joseph Papineau, who was then at Albany, where he held secret consultations with Governor Marcy, Dodsworth, the State Chancellor, and some others of the most distinguished men in the State of New York. Amadie Papineau himself, who studied law with the chancellor, and lived in the most intimate terms with him, communicated these facts, and I am very much inclined to believe them perfectly true. When Papineau was at Albany he received, in the beginning of December, offers of service on the part of Generals Scott and Wool. These officers were then out of service in their country. They offered to Papineau to come and command the Canadians, and not to exact

a single penny from the Government which they went to establish, until the independence of the country was secured, and to bring with them a great number of subaltern officers, volunteers and soldiers. Papineau hesitated, and, in the meantime, the American Government required the services of these Generals on the frontier, and I heard no further mention of them afterwards, except as commanders of American forces. Wool afterwards showed his spite and ill humor, by acting against the patriots, being indignant that they had neglected his offers of services, and because they had exposed all. Papineau, who had been given to understand that he could borrow two hundred thousand dollars at New York, Albany, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other places, came to Middlebury, on the first January, to meet all the Canadian fugitives, who had appointed that little place, in Vermont, as their rendezvous." . . . . . "Papineau kept himself concealed, and saw but few, showing himself opposed to the abolition, without restriction, of the seigniatorial rights, and he brought on himself the animadversion of most of them, who began to suspect that he had interested views. There were warm disputes between Rodier and Papineau. Dr. O'Callaghan thought with Papineau. Cote, Nelson and Bouthillier recounted these facts to me, and I guarantee them to be correct.

"Papineau, from that time, ceased to conduct the preparations against Canada. Nelson, who, till that time, had remained quiet at Champlain, impelled, he said, by the dangerous condition in which were placed his country, his property, and his own brother, came forward and declared himself chief of the expedition which was then organizing. He caused me to be inquired for at Plattsburgh, by Chevalier de Lorimer. All the Canadians then united in their work. We took the house of a man named Heath, a marble cutter, which we used as a workshop, and we employed ourselves in the upper part of it, to the number of twenty, thirty, or forty, according to necessity or circumstances.

"Cote, Madame Cote, R. Nelson, Heuremont, Courcelles, Malo, Joshua Bell, James Davis, and two others named Davis, and myself, with the aid of some Americans, made nearly eight thousand cartridges, or thereabouts. We obtained, upon credit, a great portion of the ammunition. We had only to buy the trifling articles. Most of the bullets, lead and powder were obtained from a small town near Plattsburgh. The Americans furnished us with sleighs to pass the lines. When we returned, on our retreat to the United States, General Wool, on the first of March, 1838, I think, took all our arms and ammunition. There were about fifteen hundred or two thousand stand of arms. Most of the arms we had procured from the arsenal of Elizabethtown, State of New York, with the bayonets; and they bore the distinctive and open mark of being American arms. All these arms were sent with the ammunition to the arsenal of Vergennes. A portion, however, if I recollect rightly, with the cannons, which were not there in time for us to take over the frontier, remained with one Caine, of Swanton, an innkeeper. The

Canadians, in the United States, succeeded in collecting arms in considerable quantities from individuals." . . . . . "The towns of Montpelier and Middlebury also furnished carbines and cannons so well, that in entering by Caldwell's manor, we found at our disposal nine or ten pieces of artillery, of different sizes, which were reclaimed by the different towns, on our defeat, under the promise of allowing us to take them again, in case of our resolving to re-attack Canada." . . . . . "The Governor of Maine (Kent) hoped to cause a rupture, by means of the disputed territory, and to serve our interests by engaging the whole Union in our quarrel. This is what Bryant said before me, several times." . . . . "When Lord Durham came to Canada, the Canadian fugitives who were opposed to all means of reconciliation, continued forming new plans of invasion. Desperate, at seeing all their secrets exposed by the indiscretion of their people, and having absolute need of secresy—a necessary quality in all those employed in the conspiracy,—they *resolved to establish an association, of which the existence should be concealed, as well in the United States as in Canada.* I will describe elsewhere the name, object, signs and secrets of this Society, and will now continue my narration. I was at St. Albans, thinking only of my return to my beloved wife and family, when Nelson, Cote, and the Chevalier de Lorimier arrived at St. Albans from Burlington. They told me that they had to confide to me a great secret, and to make me enter into a plot against the English Government; that they were sure of success; that they had at their disposal a considerable force, and that the conspiracy had already its ramifications in the whole universe. I yielded to their solicitations. Nelson, Cote, Dore, and de Lorimier, received me in Campbell's Hotel, with my eyes blindfolded, and on my knees. I then became acquainted with their new plans. The month of September was fixed for the execution of their project. They were in constant communication with M'Leod and McKenzie. M'Leod, himself, came to St. Albans, Plattsburg, and other places, to have an interview with the Chiefs of Lower Canada. He was entirely destitute of money, and Sarburn, de Lorimier and myself supplied him with funds to enable him to continue his journey respectably. He told us that with the number of men, and the quantity of arms and ammunition at his disposal, he was in a condition to make a successful invasion on Upper Canada. The Americans of Detroit, Cleveland, Munroe, Buffalo, Rochester, Oswego, Ogdensburg, Albany, New York, and other places, would put him in a condition to attack Upper Canada at two different points. He asked only of the Lower Canadians to maintain a threatening and hostile aspect, in order to oblige the British troops to remain in Lower Canada, whilst he, (M'Leod) should attack Upper Canada in two different places, with a formidable force, by the Western District, where he said, he still reckoned on meeting many partisans, and by the Johnstown District, to cut off the communication by the St. Lawrence between the two principal points, Kingston and Montreal." . . . . . "He told us then that there existed a similar society in Upper Canada and on the frontier, but much inferior to this, and much more defective;

and that on his return among his brethren, he would cause this to be adopted in preference to all others; Nelson was there in search of pecuniary means he had in view the house of Astor and Creal, New York. He caused a pow to be signed by most of the patriots at Swanton and St. Albans, by which h acted as a sort of agent, (*charge d'affaires*) in this loan." .... "On Nelson' return from New York, he told me that he had had an interview with th Russian Consul, who had promised him assistance—that the Imperial Gov ernment of Russia would seize with pleasure this occasion to avenge in Ca ada the deep wounds which the Circassians, sustained by English money an means, had inflicted, he said, on the Muscovite armies." ..... "In th month of July, M'Donell went to Quebec for the purpose of extending th society there. I afterwards heard at Chateauguay, from Joseph Duquett and Joseph Doumachelle, that M'Donnell had taken the plan of Nelson surprise Quebec, and that the citizens were disposed this year to redeem themselves by their services from the disgrace of their inactivity during th last year. I was also told, that whilst the troops and artillery were bein reviewed on the Plains of Abraham, in August or September, the Rebels o Quebec would have tried to make an attack (*essayes un coup de main*) ha they possessed a little more time, but that they would not lose a similar op portunity for which they waited with impatience. Whilst Malhoit was i Montreal he was very active in organizing, by his agents, all the companie in which there existed any discontent or insubordination. Chevalier de Lo rimier was charged with the organization of the County of the Two Moun tains. A man named Langlois, lately of New Orleans, but a native of Que bec, who was of a violent and ferocious disposition, engaged himself ver actively with Joseph Duquette, Cardinal, Lapilleur, Newcombe, Dalton, and Desmarais, in organizing the Parishes of Chateauguay and Beauharnois Joseph Duquette was named *Aigle* (Eagle) at a meeting held at Madame Du quette's, and Joseph Dumouchelle, of St. Martine, was appointed comman dant of that Parish. Joseph Brazeau and Charles Langevin were name Treasurers, and Joseph Dumouchelle received all the rebel inhabitants in th Association of St. Martine in his own house; not being able to read, his wif received the oath of discretion, and read to each candidate, the form of the oath, and the conditions on which they entered, the association. He receive many subscriptions and expended the money in buying powder, lead and daggers." ..... "He had sworn in nearly three hundred men, who were almost all armed, and the ammunition was sufficiently abundant." ..... "He said before me that he wished to kill, with his own hand, Ross and Norman, and all those who would not march—wishing to implicate all in the crime, and to oblige the timid to fight, after having been thrown in spite of themselves, into the horrors of civil war. The general plan of attack was as follows, as it was communicated to me by Dumouchelle and Malhoit. Nelson and General Martin were to enter by the County of L'Acadie and attack St Johns. Malhoit was to take the command of the people of St. Charles, St

is, St. Ours, Sorel, Contrecœur, and to attack the Fort of Sorel, where y expected to make a rich capture of ammunition and arms. Malhoit told he was sure of making a successful blow—that he had already prepared y thing—visited the place with two engineers, an American and a Cana- n. Martin, Cote and Nelson, with the people of St. Athanase and of Pont vier, L'Acadie and St. Jean, would, the same night, with some pieces of llery, worked on the other side of the river Richilieu, destroy the fort, and he troops should leave the barracks, they would be attacked by the reb- under the conduct of Julien Gagnon. Dr. Roe and William M'Gennis, re in the first place to be killed, as was also John M'Donald of Chateau- y. It was Beausolell himself who told me that Roe and M'Ginnis were to killed, and he made a journey expressly to St. Martine, in order to engage mouchelle to commit this homicide. He also said, that we ought to do as ch to M'Donald, whose activity and indefatigable vigilance as a Justice of Peace and a political partisan, were dangerous to the execution of our ns. The two armies of St. Jean and Sorel were to unite at Chambly, to take fort, in which the 15th Regiment, under Lord Wellesley, was quartered." ere follows a description of the Rebel plan of attack, which we will pass r until he refers to the *League*.]

"I now come to speak of the Secret Association. The original manner of ception, but which was afterwards done away with, as being too singular d disagreeable, was to bandage the eyes of the candidate in an adjoining artment. In this room was necessarily a *Castor*. The Castor took prece- nce—his two assistants (for it was necessary there should be three) were med—the one with a knife and the other with a pistol. The person about be initiated fell on his knees, and was made to repeat word for word the m of the oath. After the oath, his eyes were uncovered, and to his great rprise, he found himself surrounded by people ready to destroy him. The ms signified that the least indiscretion which was discovered on the part of e newly admitted member, would bring on him inevitable death and the eatest misfortunes. There were but four degrees in the institution:—

The Aigle,
The Castor,
The Raquet, and
The Chasseur.

The Eagle was a commander; his rank answered to that of a chief of a ivision, such as a Brigadier, &c. The Castor held the rank of a captain, d had under him six 'Raquets,' each of whom had the command of nine en—thus forming a company of fifty. The Chasseurs were the soldiers, or en without any rank whatever. There was an Eagle for each section of y importance, or where there were a sufficient number of Chasseurs. He as the common centre, or the chief. The three inferior ranks had each their stinct signs. A Chasseur was known when met by saying to him—'Chasseur, is is Tuesday,' and then if he were of the Society, he would answer—'No,

Wednesday,'—and so on. When I give my hand to a person whom I suspec of belonging to the Society, I take his hand, and at the same moment I sei carefully the end of his sleeve below, and pull it, and if he do the same thin he may be considered one of the initiated. If you be not satisfied with the first signs, you may place the forefinger of the right hand in the correspon ing nostril, or the little finger of the same hand on the right ear. The for of the oath is as follows:—

'I, A. B., freely and in presence of Almighty God, solemnly swear observe the secret signs and mysteries of said Society of Chasseurs—neve to write, describe or make known, in any way, any things which shall hav been revealed to me by the Society or Lodge of Chasseurs—to be obedient the rules and regulations which the Society may make, provided that I ca do so without great prejudice to my interest, my family or my own perso to aid with my advice, care and property, every brother Chasseur in need and to notify him, in time, of misfortune that may threaten him. All this promise without reservation, and consenting to see my property destroye and to have my throat cut to the bone.'

"The Lodges (*loges*) should be composed of at least three persons. N one could speak of the affairs of the Society but in a lodge." . . . . "Thi Society is extended all over Upper and Lower Canada and the Norther States, principally Michigan, New York, New Hampshire, Vermont an Maine. The city of New York contains a good many members. M'Kenzie Nelson, General Martin, Duvernay, and others, made many proselytes. I has spread even to France. This Association is entirely Canadian in its ex istence and object; its aim is the deliverance of the Canadians from the Eng lish rule; it has connected all the ties which united the rebels; it has forme them into a more compact body—more easy to move. The trial of thos accused of the murder of Chartrand assured me of its political importance An advocate (Hubert) assured me that more than four of the jurymen wer members of the Society, and had decided even before hearing the proof, t acquit the prisoner charged with that bloody act."

The confession then goes on to state the individual share which the narra tor had in the outbreak of '38, but as there is nothing further contained in hi statement requisite for our purposes, we shall end it here—referring the reader to the document itself for any information on the subject he may b desirous of possessing.

In the story which follows, the author has not allied himself to any party or taken the view of any particular faction with regard to that insurrection. Hence, he by no means, holds himself responsible for the opinions expressed by any character, real or imaginary, but places words in the mouths of par ties, which from their well known and avowed sentiments it is probable they would, or may have used.

With reference to certain events described in the text, such as the death of Colonel Moodie, &c., it is unnecessary to state that no regard has been paid

the particulars, such as time and place, attending those transactions. That ey did occur, of course, is well known—but that they occurred precisely in e manner described is not so certain.

[From the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, of Dec. 31, 1837.]

"DESTRUCTION OF THE CAROLINE BY THE BRITISH.

"Throughout yesterday and to day our city has been very much excited, consequence of the seizure and burning of the Caroline and the killing of e of our citizens at Scholasser. The taking the life of Durfee and the ounding of our citizens and the burning of the Caroline are acts for which r government are bound to demand the fullest and most ample atonement. he following are facts as nearly as we can ascertain them. The Caroline eared from this port the forenoon of Friday last, for Scholasser, whither she ent, and during the day made several trips between that place and Navy land. One of her trips was made without showing her colors, in conse- ence of breaking her flag-staff. At evening she hauled up along the dock a landing place at Scholasser, and was made fast.

A little after midnight the boats from Chippewa came alongside. Of their mber there are various reports; they contained in all from 30 to 50 men. s they approached the Caroline they were hailed, but without stopping to arley, they rushed upon her deck, armed with pistols, boarding-pikes and utlasses, and a general melee ensued. The affair lasted but a few minutes; e boat was soon cleared of her crew and lodgers, towed into the stream and t on fire. She went blazing into the rapids, but probably broke to pieces efore going over the Falls. The scene was an appalling one, and required o adventitious aid to add to its sublimity. The story that the cries and hrieks of persons on board were heard, amid the rush of the flames and the ar of the cataract, we believe unfounded.

Of the 30 persons who were on board in the evening, 9 are missing. Whether they made their escape, or were killed, it is impossible to say. It not ascertained with absolute certainty, that any except Durfee was killed. e was found lying on the dock, with a ball through his forehead, and re- ained in the same position, a ghastly spectacle, until 2 or 3 o'clock in the fternoon, when he was brought to town.

A Mr. King is severely wounded by a sabre or cutlass cut in the shoulder. apt. Harding of the brig Indiana has a cut extending from the left corner of is forehead to his nose. A thick fur cap which he wore probably saved his fe. A negro is also desperately wounded."

"Head-Quarters, Chippewa, 30 Dec. 1837.

"SIR:—I have the honor to report for the information of his Excellency, at having received positive information that the pirates and rebels at Navy land had purchased a steamboat called the Caroline, to facilitate their in-

tended invasion of this country, and being confirmed in my information
terday by the boat (which sailed under British colors), appearing at
Island, I determined upon cutting her out. And having sent Capt. Drew
the Royal Navy, he, in a most gallant manner, with a crew of volunte
(whose names I shall hereafter mention) performed this dangerous ser
which was handsomely effected."

"In consequence of the swift current it was found impossible to get
vessel over to this place, and it was therefore necessary to set her on f
Her colors are in my possession. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedi
humble servant,

"A. N. McNAB, Col. Com'ng."

"To the HON. J. JONES, A. D. C."

"Head-Quarters, Chippewa, Dec. 30, 1837

"SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that in obedience to your comma
to burn, sink, or destroy the piratical steam vessel which had been ply
between Navy Island and the American shore the whole of yesterday
ordered a lookout to be kept upon her, and at about 5 P. M. of yesterd
when the day had closed in, Mr. Harris of the royal navy, reported the ves
to me as having moored off Navy Island. I immediately directed 5 boats
be manned and armed with 45 volunteers, and about 11 o'clock, P. M.,
pushed off from the shore for Navy Island, when not finding her there,
expected, we went in search and found her moored between the Island a
the main shore.

"I then assembled the boats off the point of the Island, and dropped quiet
down upon the steamer; we were not discovered until within twenty yar
of her, when the sentry upon the gangway hailed us, and asked the counte
sign, which I told him we would give, when we got on board; he then fir
upon us, when we immediately boarded and found from twenty to thirty m
upon her decks, who were easily overcome, and in two minutes she was
our possession. As the current was running strong, and our position close
the Falls of Niagara, I deemed it most prudent to burn the vessel, but pr
viously to setting her on fire we took the precaution to loose her from h
moorings, and turn her out into the stream, to prevent the possibility of th
destruction of any thing like American property. In short, all those on boa
the steamer who did not resist were quietly put on shore, as I thought it po
sible there might be some American citizens on board. Those who assail
us were of course dealt with according to the usages of war." . . . . .

"Return of the wounded—Lieut. Shepherd, M'Cormick, R. N., desperatel
Captain Warren, slightly, John Arnold, severely.

"I have the honor, &c.,

ANDREW DREW, *Royal Navy.*

"To the Hon. A. N. McNab, Col.
Commanding Her Majesty's forces."

ST. GEORGE:

OR,

THE CANADIAN LEAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY'S DREAM.

"In my youth's summer, I did dream of one."—BYRON.

"THE boy's dream!" Oh, it is a glorious dream, that dream of boyhood! Is there a being in existence, whose thoughts, when free and uncontrolled, do not revert—bound back, as if delighted with their release—to the glorious memories connected with the scenes of early life? He may be a fanatic, endeavoring to build up a new—or propagate an old system—he may be a miser, whose only God is gold; he may be an enthusiast, lost in the fanciful creations and utopian projects of an erratic, wandering mind, he may be wrapt in dreams of ambition, or in schemes of vengeance, he may be a poet, dreaming, "Love's Young Dream,"—but be he what he may, let some association recall the days of boyhood to his mind, and his vengeance is forgotten—the moloch of

gold flits from his sight, and even the dream of love no long
er fills his mind! That period seems like an epoch passe
in some other sphere—some brighter world than this! Th
youthful mind springs up "like Pallas, armed and undefiled."
It sees nothing but summer skies, and sunlit heavens—it see
nothing but the bright, the beautiful—the Eden-like—th
Heavenly of this fair, blooming world. It is not until time
and care, and sorrow, and disappointment, and death and th
tomb, and weary wanderings and unrequited toil, have bowe
the elastic soul, that the Present appears overcast—the Fu
ture, a blank—but the Past—all sunshine, all hallowed—a
joy. To the last hour of existence, it looks like an oasis i
the desert—the summer of life—the magic enchanter—th
mysterious but lovely exorcist of sleeping memory, an
"beauty born of dreams." It is not till the brow become
furrowed, the glance suspicious, the heart frozen and th
spirit bowed—that we can fully realize the delights of con
templating the sunny days of youth. While we have it, w
prize it not—nor is it, until the consciousness strike us cold t
the heart, that those days are gone, not to return again, th
we can fully appreciate the beauty of that which we have lo
forever.

And *must* the brow become furrowed—the eye suspicio
—the heart frozen and the spirit chilled—because of inte
course with mankind? Must this be the necessary cons
quent of communion with our fellow man? I answer
yes! Were an angel in pity, to bend over our fallen world
and ask me that question—Does intercourse with the worl
change innocence into guilt, and purity into pollution—do
it blacken the unstained soul of youth with vileness it neve
dreamed existed—I would still answer—yes! Oh! it is n
intercourse with *the world!* No! no! Many say so; b
it is untrue! The world is as glorious—nature is as bea

iful—heaven and earth are as lovely as they were on the horning of the Creation! It ts still the same bright, glorious orld—attest it, ye departed hours of childhood, when the ind was uncontaminated, and saw nothing but the brilliant —the beautiful! "The trail of the serpent is over *Man*," ut not over the world. But let the child go forth amid the usy throng, and the Eden hues of earth all vanish! Dis- rust, suspicion, coldness, jealousy, vengeance, ambition, dis- ppointment, avarice, despair, madness, disgust, apathy, are e succeeding steps as he onward journies through his pil- rimage of sorrow—until, wearied out, and panting for rest, e lies down on the bosom of his mother earth, like a child ho has become tired by its sports, and throws itself down to eep, on the close of a summer day.

In early youth the evil passions of our nature are not elic- ed, and we gaze on God's beautiful creation, with feelings unlimited and absorbing rapture. Every thing we behold new—and we look on all things with delight. These are ur *natural* feelings—they last

> "Until we leave the sunny track
> Of childhood far behind,
> And see it only through the thorns
> That after years have twined."

Then, when our hearts become steeled, and our better na- re defaced by our being *forced* to assimilate ourselves to the eings by whom we are surrounded—the cold, speculative, cious denizens of a world a thousand fold too glorious for ch things to inhabit, our admiration in gazing on the beau- ful and the ideal exists no longer—it is destroyed, and only recalled by accident or association at far, far distant inter- ls. Nature is not changed—but we are changed. Nothing en will yield us pleasure but the paltry pursuit, we are en- ged in. If we are disappointed in that, then comes gloom

and despondency—and we sigh after *another existence*—nothing of which we have formed a definite idea—nothing of which we have ever heard—nothing of which we have ever read—but *something resembling* the epoch of early childhood;—something like that dim, vague memory—which, ever and anon, flashes upon our minds and disappears forever.—No—not *forever*. A slight thing will suffice to recall it:—

> ——————"It may be a sound,
> A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
> A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound—
> Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

The dreamy days of childhood pass away—and a second period arrives; a period when the daring aspirations of youth seek for things impossible. A few additional years quench those boyish longings—those air-built castles, that look so gorgeous in anticipation. The fruit we had longed to eat of, "like the apples of the Dead Sea shore," turns to ashes on the lips, and the stern realities of life stare us in the face.—We are forced to assume a cold exterior, and drown the refined feelings of our nature, or else be dissimilar from the rest of the world. The freshness of youth—the golden hours associated with the fairy dreams of childhood, return no more—unless, indeed, the disembodied spirit, when freed from the trammels of mortality, reassumes the innocence, as well as the glorious feelings, experienced in "times long past away."

A youth sat by his bedside on a summer's night, reading by the light of a single taper, one of Troissart's tales of chivalry and love. He appeared about twenty-eight or thirty years of age—although in reality, he had scarcely attained his twentieth year; but "the scars of passion and furrows deep of thought," which were traced on his broad, high brow together with the sombre aspect of the misanthrope which hung over his features, gloomily and darkly, tended to the

belief that he was much older. His features were bold, prominent, and well-defined; and save for this discontent which lowered on his countenance, he was pre-eminently handsome. The curved nose, black, arched brows, voluptuous lips, and dark brown hair, together with the strongly marked muscles on his throat, all tended to give him the appearance of united beauty and strength. His figure, tall and firmly knit, added to this impression. The roof that covered his head was that of a cottage, situated on the bank of the St. Lawrence, whose rushing waters rolled their foam beneath, as they did on the day when the first mariner of Europe gazed from their summits on the wild scenery of a new world.—But theirs was a quiet, murmuring sound, and not that continuous roar, which breaks on the precipitous cliffs that line the Atlantic's rugged strand. There are some who can listen in rapture, to the songs of birds, the soft gushing of a murmuring rill, the evening winds sighing through the trees—and others who care nothing for all this, and yet for hours stand abstracted, on a calm summer night, *listening*, if one can so speak, to that which I have always considered as the music of the spheres, viz:—*perfect stillness.* This is described quaintly, but more clearly, in the following lines, extracted from an unpublished poem, written by the author, at a very early age:—

"'The music of the spheres?'—and thinkest thou
I have never heard the music of the spheres?—
I have. When not a breath has fann'd my brow,
When not a leaf has trembled—when the tears
Of heaven were falling in soft dew below,
When stars were bright, and man's infernal hum
Was hushed in sleep, and nature's voice was dumb.

When not a bird, a fly, a breathing thing,
Created discord with its earthly voice,
When rustled not a seraph's downy wing,

> And perfect silence had a glorious voice—
> Then, then, I've heard the strain the spirit's sing,
> And even the very heavens shout 'Rejoice!'
> And have I not rejoiced?—but woke to find
> Myself a link again amid mankind"

But laughing at those ideas of the beautiful, there are a few who term them tame, and turn to the crushing desolations wrought by the convulsions of nature, for the grand and the sublime. The reverberating thunder, and the giant waves of ocean, warring with the storm-worn battlements of nature, is the music in which they feel delight, and of such a class was the boy, dreaming, at this midnight hour, over the magic page of the glorious old historian.

To describe the chaotic mass of thoughts and feelings that thronged his mind at this, and in fact at all times, would be beyond the power of delineation. A restless desire for something he knew not what—that discontent which drove Chatterton to the cup of poison, and Byron to earth's farthest boundaries in seeking for extinction of thought, had laid its leaden weight upon his soul. There was nothing in which he could take pleasure; every thing wore the same sombre aspect—wore the same insipid taste. He sought for peace, and could find none. A voice had gone forth to his spirit which cried, "rejoice no more!"—and he gazed on all the earth afforded with the same cynic apathy. The very worthlessness of the pursuits which engrossed the souls of men, sickened him. The best were not worth struggling for.—"The herald's call to chivalry and arms, had ceased before his day," and the excitement of such a life was therefore no longer available. To bend the energies of his mind to accumulate wealth he cared not to do, since the contemplated end was not worth the pains required in using the means. To become great as an orator, as a writer, or to otherwise render

mself famous, he had no ambition. The applause of men
s a still more worthless reward, and he disdained to be "a
ighty one amongst the mean, or mingle with a herd, though
be leader," but looked with aversion and fear on the great
ttle of life, and longed for rest. There are few of such an
ganization, yet there are a few. And they are doomed
es. Doomed to the hell of their own unceasing and never-
eping thoughts.

He had stood upon that high mountain from whence the
ngdoms of the earth are seen, and there was nothing for
hich he sighed. What he longed for was vague and unde-
ed—a mystery even to himself. It seemed, at one time, a
rst for knowledge, and the revelation of all concealed or
dden things. At others, for the power of destiny, to frame
ciety, and remodel the depraved mind of man, to some ideal
ndard he had formed. Fool! a mightier One than he had
med that mysterious mind, on whose model there could be
improvement! At other times he asked for utter extinc-
n, a dreamless, everlasting rest. But all these thoughts
ere but a mass, indefinite and obscure.

Nothing had as yet elicited those powers that lay dormant
d dead within him. Neither revenge, love, or ambition,
d called them into force, and for the time being they re-
ained inactive, though of a power and energy fearful to
rk evil, and unlimited to work good—and just dependent
accident or circumstance, to direct them in either course.
o fixed moral principles could guide them, for all human
des he set at naught, tracing them, in his thoughts, to
eir origin, and discovering their cause in the vileness and
restrained passions of his species. The material for pow
ful action was there, but the vitality—the incentive or mo-
e power was wanting. Such was the youth LEWIS ST.
EORGE, in his nineteenth year.

He leaned his head upon his hand, and mused for a lon time. At length he broke the silence that reigned aroun and muttered, "Yes, to add to my other causes of discon tent, I feel convinced that girl loves me passionately an fondly, yet I cannot reciprocate her love. I feel an attach ment which disappears with her absence, and is only kindle by her presence. I must not encourage her in so hopeless passion, and yet I have given her but too much encourag ment—making resolutions to avoid her after leaving her soc ety, only to renew my false protestations whenever I agai meet her. I do not assert this love for the purpose of de ceiving her—on the contrary, I feel I am speaking my tru feelings, when I tell her I love her, and it is not till I reflec on my conduct, as I now do, that I see how utterly impos ble it is I could ever seriously give her a tenth part of th affection I know she feels for me. Poor girl! there is a ro mance attached to my character—to that melancholy whic has ever surrounded me, which has fascinated her, and I be lieve the whole world is nothing to that sweet one in com parison to her devoted, unbounded love for so unworthy a object as I am."

He again relapsed into silence. What the further curren of his passionless thoughts reverted to, he revealed not, fo no gesture, or word bespoke its tide of feeling. After settin thus for some time, he leaned back on the bed, folded hi arms, and fell into a profound slumber. The vision tha flashed on his half-waking senses during that feverish slee was one that haunted him, like his shadow, for days an years—it was a woman's face, but that face, or any thing tha resembled it, he had never seen.

CHAPTER II.

DUTY *vs.* LOVE.

"———— Am I not thine—thy own loved bride?
One who would rather die with thee
Than live to gain the world beside."—LALLA ROOKH.

"MARY, my child, where are you going this evening?" asked a middle-aged matron of her daughter, who was putting on her bonnet and shawl, preparatory to going out. The young woman addressed was about eighteen years of age, rather above the usual female height, with a full and rounded, but soft and voluptuous form. In her features and expression she was lovely, to a degree which no language can describe. This is a frequent expression, often meaningless, in *this* case it applied in its fullest force. Never, perhaps, had the world produced a more perfect specimen of loveliness of face and enchanting sweetness of countenance than were combined in that beauteous creature. Her hair was of dark brown, wavy and luxuriant, and half concealed her damask cheeks in its heavy tresses. Her forehead was of the purest white, her nose perfectly straight, as though cut by the Grecian chisel, while her full lips, of the deepest rose-bud hue, were expressive of internal emotion in their every movement. Her cheeks were of the most beautiful roseate tint, with the soft peach-like bloom that often offers itself as a simile in describing the damask color of a beautiful woman's face. But the eyes were the most enchanting feature of her lovely countenance. Their most abiding color it was hard to ascertain, as they

changed their hue with every shade of light, and were some
times dazzling and dark, at others of a rich, deep brown, whi
the long black lashes that covered them, and the penciled an
beautifully defined jet brows above, added to the bewitchin
expression that hung upon them like a spell. She is in he
silent grave, her form has mingled with the dust; that fabri
of glorious beauty which would have convinced an atheis
could be created by none save a God, is now as though it ha
never been, and the very vault of death would not reveal it
but that form is before me still. I gaze upon it yet, as it appear
ed in life, fraught with all its living attributes—and, in gaz
ing on that beautiful shadow, I feel how incompetent ar
words to describe a loveliness which to be appreciated as i
deserved, must be seen; but to attempt its description would
be futile and vain. The fairest works of the creation are the
most short-lived, the most liable to be defaced and destroyed.
The rainbow, the rose, and human beauty, show themselves
but to be admired, and pass away forever. But of her fate
in its proper place—although while contemplating that bitter
fate, I become so absorbed in it, that I forget myself, and antici
pate my story. Let us return.

Her beauty was not of that description which is proper to
perfect features, or an elaborately hewn statue, expressionless
and lifeless, though exquisite in its beauty. Her countenance
bespoke a thousand emotions—every motion of her chiseled
lips, every soft glance of her liquid eye expressed the passions
that struggled for mastery in her bosom, but every expression
mellowed down into such sweetness, as would have added a
pensive beauty even to an angel's face. But there was also
that in it which was indescribable, which the beholder could
feel—aye, feel, as it thrilled his inmost soul, but never ana
lyze, or trace to its proper home. The idea of that look must
be left to the imagination; and we doubt not, that of all our

some aders, there are none but have felt the irresistible enchant-
, whi ent contained in some peculiar expression or smile of his
ed an n lady love, without my making an attempt to delineate
itchin at which cannot be delineated. Her voice, too, had a charm
in he it. There was a witchery—a spell in her low, thrilling,
fabri nsive voice, soft and musical in its rich tones, which fell
theis the listener's ear in a manner that caused him to regret its
it ha ssation; their echo would linger in his soul for hours, days,
eal it e, years; they will linger in *mine*, till the hand of death
ppear ills the workings of mysterious memory forever more! It
n gaz not till attempting to describe something of this kind—
it ar mething in which the writer's whole soul is wound up, that
as i e feel the inadequacy of language to express our deep express-
would nless emotions—those feelings which convulse and throe
e the e human bosom for utterance, and find it not. I find I can-
oyed ot paint that beautiful being in a manner that would convey
selves e faintest idea of the reality, and will hurry on with the
fate ore easily described portions of my tale.

bitter The mother of the young girl spoken of, who at this mo-
ntici ent was engaged in some household occupation, looked dis-
tisfied, as her daughter was making these preparations to
er to o out. She was a woman whose strictness in church disci-
less line, of late years, had obtained for her the credit of being
ance minently pious, however little according to the tongue of
eled candal, such a character would become the stories connected
sions ith her earlier days. Possibly these whispers were un-
ssion unded; it is well known that nothing causes the tongue of
ed a nvy to wag so much as superior virtue, and to this superior
also irtue she laid an exclusive claim. As far as observation
ould ould go, in noticing her strict attention to church duties, and
na- her inculcation of her peculiar code of opinions into the
ust reast of her child, this claim was not unfounded, and she
our ay have been perfectly conscientious in pursuing the course

which she did, ignorant, as she was, of the results to wh
that course would lead.

"Where are you going, child?" she said in a voice th
bespoke her dissatisfaction, as her daughter completed h
simple toilet.

"Merely to take a walk, ma. It is so lovely an eveni
that it is almost a shame to stay in any longer, and I ha
been in all day."

"Oh, yes," rejoined her mother, still more dissatisfi
than ever, "that is always the way; take a walk, indeed!
I know where you are going to walk to, and can only te
you it will be better for you every way to stay where yo
are."

"Why, ma," asked the young girl, a shade of deep so
row crossing her beautiful features.

"Why?" repeated her mother, "why, because I kno
'why' and that is enough for you. In the first place yo
have no business out, gadding about the roads, no one know
where, and in the second place, I want you at home."

"Oh, then, I will stay," replied Mary, "but I thoug
every thing had been done, I am sure I know of nothing
have left undone."

"Every thing is not done, miss," said her mother, resum
ing her work, "there's the—there's the—there's plenty to d
if you only had a mind to do it, but when a person's bent o
doing nothing but following their own desires, it's hard to g
any good out of them. At any rate, you shall not go out th
evening."

"Oh, very well," replied Mary, divesting herself of he
shawl, but without evidencing the least ill humor, furthe
than an expression of bitter disappointment, rested for on
moment on her face, "since you wish it, I shall certainly no
go out, but I really should like to know the reason why I am

thus deprived of liberty—that is if you have any particular reason ?"

"I have good reasons," replied her mother, "and you well know them. I have been told by several, that you are in the habit of keeping company with that young Saint George, and that he very often comes home from meeting and other places with you, and I have got to tell you one thing, which the more you mind, the better it will be for your own good—the less you have to do with such kind of people, the better for yourself. I don't like him, nor never did, and now you know my reason, if you did not before."

As she mentioned the name of St. George, a burning blush overspread the young girl's face, which became blanched and pale as she concluded, and for a moment they were both silent. The old woman again busied herself in the occupation she was engaged in, while the other stood for a moment, as if lost in thought. At length she spoke—

"What can you possibly have against the person you have just mentioned ? he is liked by every one."

"He is no match for you, miss," was the reply ; "are you fool enough to suppose that one so proud as he is—one whose family was ancient, gracious knows how long ago, and takes pride enough in tracing it, too, do you think he would marry a girl like you ? No! whatever he may say to you, depend upon it that his acquaintance will do you no good. Take your mother's advice for once, and have no more to say to him."

The young girl stood gazing at the speaker as she uttered these words, with a countenance that betokened how heart-crushing was their import. It was evident she had never contemplated the affair in the light in which it was held by her mother before, and the bare possibility that there might be truth in her suspicions, burst upon the mind with desola-

ting effect, and produced a passionate gush of tears. Suddenly, however, checking herself, she exclaimed, "But, no you do him wrong, I will never believe it. He harbors no single thought detrimental to my happiness, I would stake my life upon it; you do not know him as I do, and therefore misjudge him."

"I know him a great deal better than you do," replied her mother, with a sneer, "you are blinded by your feelings, and that foolish thing called love, and see nothing but the bright side. But I can look at his character calmly, and plainly see that he means no good to you. If you was not blind by love, you might see yourself, that there is as much chance of his marrying you, as there is of his marrying the Queen of England. Besides, he has nothing, even if he was in earnest, he is poor and proud, and putting every thing else to one aside there are a hundred better chances——"

"Pshaw! do you think I could ever care for any one else?"

"Whether you could or not, I am determined on it, you shall never have *him*. Look at the character he bears; you would not be the first fool he has deceived—there are many stories going of his falsehood and villainy. Look at the kind of companions he keeps company with—gamblers, drunkards, and midnight rioters; these are precious qualifications for a husband, and you would be blind enough to risk all your happiness on him, for no reason in the world, only because he has a handsome face and a smooth, persuasive voice! You shall marry no one unless he is religious and a member of your own church, which I am sure he is not. Do you understand that?"

"You have misrepresented him in every thing," said the young girl, in a tone of indignant reproach, "there never was a person of finer or more honorable feelings in this

world. He would scorn to do a mean action, as much as any one could—perhaps more so than those who profess a regard for religion they do not feel."

"Oh, no doubt," cried her mother, with much asperity, "but you think so. He is every thing that is noble, exalted, beautiful and accomplished in your eyes! I would not wonder but you have been reading some novel or other, that has put all these romantic notions in your head, but mark my words, if I catch him lending you any books of that kind, I will burn them the moment I lay my hands on them.—There's the Zion's Herald, the Bible, and the Christian Messenger, beside all the Sunday School Tracts for you to read, and if I catch you reading any thing else, I will make you repent it."

"I have not had these notions put in my head, by any thing I have read," replied the young girl; "I did my utmost to conquer them. I tried every means in my power to drown all memory of him, and my efforts were unavailing. It is a hard thing to struggle against one's own feelings, God knows it is, but still harder to be forced into a struggle between those feelings—the strongest feelings that have been planted in the human heart, and one's parental duty. To this struggle you are now forcing me, and I shall be compelled to sacrifice the whole happiness of my life, in obeying your commands, owing to your being prejudiced against a person you do not know."

"But I tell you I do know him," replied her mother, "and it would be well for you if you knew him as well. I tell you more, he means no good to you, and it is better for you to feel a little disappointment now, than to regret your folly when too late."

"But you will admit that I am as interested in my own

welfare as you can be, and would take no step to shipwreck my own happiness."

"So you think, and all young people think the same: they have not the experience which old people have in detecting the villainy of man, and the wicked ways of the world. Don't you remember the old saying, 'Young folks think old folks fools, but old folks *know* young folks to be fools,' and so they are."

With this sage quotation, and with a suitable emphasis on the word "*know*," she ceased,—fully convinced, in her own mind, that the authority she had cited in maintaining her opinion with regard to the sagacity of aged people in general, and herself in particular, was perfectly conclusive.

The young girl was silent—but her thoughts were busy. "On my meeting him this evening," she exclaimed, at length, "depended the proof of my attachment. I have told him time after time, how hard it was to see him, and how closely I was watched, and he invariably put it down to my indifference—charging me with want of affection. On promising to meet him this evening, he said, 'if you do not, I will consider it as a final proof that you do not care for me—' And being sure that I would fulfill my engagement, I told him to let my being faithful to my promise be the test of my regard—and this is the reason why I am so anxious to go out. Let me have this evening to myself, and allow me to explain to him that it will not be owing to my indifference if I do not meet him hereafter—and I will obey any command you may choose to give."

"Nonsense," said her mother, "you could not have a better opportunity to break off the acquaintance. He will, on not finding you, get angry, and not renew his addresses; and it will not be your fault that you do not go out, because I distinctly forbid you from doing so—or in fact ever seeing

im again. I am going over to Wilmot's for a few moments," he added, as if for the purpose of preventing any further remonstrance; "you take care of the house, like a good child, till I return—I will not be long."

So saying, she went out, leaving her daughter in an agony of tears.

"This," she cried, "will prove to him all he ever accused me of—lukewarmness and want of affection. He is always demanding a proof, and I intended this should have been one, and here I am disappointed! He is there no doubt, waiting for me to keep my appointment, and will go away with the impression that I studiously avoided the interview, for the purpose of giving him to understand that I do not feel the least interest in him. Lewis! Lewis! if you could but read my heart! you would find there what never can be revealed, for I shall never, I can never reveal the boundless love I feel for you. How that youth has wound himself thus around my heart I know not, but I love him with all the strength of which a mortal is capable—every thing else in this world is of a secondary consideration—every thought of my soul is his; in every picture of future happiness he occupies the front ground; his image is ever in my mind. In my dreams he is present,—they are all of him. Never for one moment, does he cease to form part of my thoughts; he is dearer to me than life—than my own life,—and without him life has no charm. And now I am told that he does not care for me; that his affection is feigned, that he contemplates my ruin, and that I must ever give up his acquaintance or violate my duty. That he is false to me, nothing can ever induce me to believe; I could not survive, or wish to survive that discovery; but that I shall be compelled to break off all further intimacy with him, I fear is but too certain. I know I am weak and foolish in thus giving myself wholly to this absorbing, incon-

trollable passion; but I have struggled in vain, and it is useless for me to attempt exerting a strength which I do not possess, any longer. Yet what have I to fear, does he not love me with an equal love, has he not repeated it a thousand times; aye, sworn to it, and why should I disbelieve him? Would that be a proof of my attachment? No! my own beloved one, I will never doubt thee, never forsake thee, let consequences what they may! Time may yet bring a change in the prejudice of those who now dislike him, and I can only wait patiently."

At this point of her soliloquy, there was a knock at the door; she started, and crimsoned to the temples, as if fearful that her inmost thoughts had been detected. On going to the door, a young woman, apparently of nineteen or twenty, entered, who, kissing the young girl we have called Mary, sat down and entered into the chit-chat conversation of the day. The last comer, whom we shall call Anne Ashton, was a cousin of Mary Hereford, and was also extremely handsome, bearing a strong family likeness to the latter, but with a sparkling vivacity about her eye, and a merry, laughing expression in her countenance, which was not discernible in the pensive, dreamy, madonna-like beauty of her more beautiful cousin.

After conversing for some time on indifferent subjects, the former suddenly exclaimed,

"Why, Mary, what in the world is the matter with you this evening? Have you had a falling out with St. George, or what has happened?"

"Oh, there is not much the matter," replied the other, attempting to laugh it off; "why should you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I imagine something has gone wrong. Perhaps your mother has been giving you a lecture regarding your beau, Mr. St. George?"

"What makes you suppose so?"

"From what she said to me the other day. The fact is he is strongly prepossessed against him, and I expected at the time, from the harsh manner in which she spoke of his character, that you would be forbidden his company. Come, Roz, we have been each other's confidants from childhood, why should you conceal this from me? Is it not so?"

"Well," returned Mary, "since you have guessed so shrewdly, I must confess that that is or was the subject of our conversation just before you entered, and that she gave me to understand very distinctly that I must no longer associate with him, or in fact, speak to him."

"Well, that is really dreadful; and do you intend to obey?"

"Surely—she is my mother—I am in duty bound to obey her, and leave it to time to disabuse her mind of the erroneous impressions she has formed regarding him."

"Ah," replied her cousin, "that is all very well, and in the meantime you are to sacrifice your happiness and peace merely to please her in this notion she has taken in her head. You cannot love this boy in the manner you pretend, if you would refuse to see him with no other reason than this."

"Oh, Anne, do not tempt me in this manner," cried the other, relapsing into tears. Heaven alone, and my own heart, know how I love him. I find it hard enough to conquer my rebellious feelings so as to be able to obey the commands of her I am bound to obey, without having to combat your arguments also. My feelings agree with what you say, while my judgment and reason reject it."

"And what do you think he will say, to your easy compliance with so tyrannical and unjust a command? He will term it, no doubt, another proof of your affection."

"Oh, Anne, that is what distracts me," cried Mary, to her companion; "I promised to meet him this evening, and my

keeping my appointment was to have been the proof you speak of. Now I am prevented from attending."

The other opened her eyes in astonishment, as if she could not comprehend the nature of so insupportable a duty as would compel one to make such a sacrifice of her feelings :—

"And you intend to disappoint him," she cried, "and thereby rack his soul and set him mad with doubts and jealousy, and render yourself wretched for a life-time, merely to gratify the whim of a moment, because St. George does not come exactly up to the standard of morality which your pious mother thinks necessary!"

"And what, in the name of heaven, would you have me do—disobey my parent's command, to gratify my own feelings?"

"Disobey all the parents in the world for love,—yes, certainly. Had I as handsome a beau as yours, I would pay very little attention to the advice of any one, if that advice was likely to lose him. Nothing in this world, Mary, so sweet as to love and be beloved, as you do now, and as you are beloved in return. Do not forfeit this by a silly crotchet which no girl living would pay attention to."

The other shook her head, mournfully, but answered not. Her cousin continued :—

"Mary, you are a fool—put on your bonnet, and come along. You may be sure of one thing,—if you disappoint him, he will never leave it in your power to do so a second time."

"Then he does not love me?" said Mary, looking into her companion's face with an inquiring glance, making the assertion an interrogatory.

"Love you—how can he, if he finds he is not loved in return? Nothing destroys love so soon as to find that it is thrown away in vain. He will return home maddened and disappointed—curse womankind as being all alike—fickle and

se—curse the world and every thing connected with it—
d the next news, perhaps will be, that he has gone off
mewhere, or maybe blown his brains out; that is, if he
s any—for my belief is that any man who would commit
ch an act for the sake of a woman, would have but little
ains to blow out. Well, what do you say? Will you
me?" As the other said this, she rose, and adjusted her
ess preparatory to leaving the cottage.

"I will go," said Mary, also rising, and greatly agitated; better to disobey once, than perhaps to bring on something the nature you speak of. And yet," she added, pausing, what will my mother say, when she returns home and finds am not in? I never disobeyed her that I can recollect, in y whole life, and now that I am going to do so, I feel as if I as about committing some terrible offence."

"Well, Mary," said her companion, pitying her cousin's itation of mind, which was so palpably evident, "I will tell u a better way——"

"Oh, Anne, dear, I have thought of it too," interrupted ary, "your road home passes just by where I promised the terview. You will meet him, and tell him how I am cir-mstanced, and how impossible it is for me to comply with y promise to-night. Tell him candidly—it is no use to quivocate or tell him a falsehood by way of excuse—tell him am prevented from going—and however much against my clination, still I cannot on the present occasion, meet him. ou can tell him, Anne, the way it is—and—that—that—"

"Oh, spare yourself that pretty blush, coz," said the other, ughing at the embarrassment of her companion. "I know hat to tell him; be satisfied I will make it plain to him, hat he does nor regret this broken appointment more than me one else does. I will see you tomorrow somewhere, nd tell you all about it; good-bye, dear, till I see you." So aying, she left the cottage.

CHAPTER III.

IMMORTALITY.

"Whence comes this longing, and this pleasing hope,
This yearning after immortality?"—ADDISON.

"———— Thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To withered, weak and gray."—MILTON.

At the place of rendezvous was St. George, pacing to and fro, evidently lost in thought. The current of his reflections ran as follows:—"I know she will not come. I was long since aware of the obstacles placed in her way, owing to the antipathy entertained by her parents towards me. For this reason, I made this meeting the test of her affection. I wish to break with her—yet I wish to make it appear as if she was in fault. This will give me a golden opportunity, for if she does not perform her promise, I will upbraid her with her want of attachment, and throw all the blame of the result upon her. The result, of course, will be our dissolving all vows and promises that have passed between us. I cannot find in my heart to be the first to slight her. I could not openly slight her—and it would be, indeed, something more than an ordinary slight which would cause her to withdraw her love. In fact, I question if *any thing* I could do would destroy the unbounded affection that girl feels for me—but as I cannot return it, it will be better for both parties to break off further intimacy. I cannot analyze my feelings relative to

at girl, I love her sincerely *while with her*, but the moment e charm contained in *her presence* is withdrawn, my feelings ward her become cold and lukewarm. But, how, if she *es* keep her appointment? Oh, then I must demand some oof of affection which I know she cannot or *will not* per- rm; and this will be sufficient reason for charging her with ant of affection, and good grounds for me to affect an anger hich towards her I can never feel. She is a lovely girl, and r mind is as beautiful as her features; a more confiding, ntle, angelic disposition, I never saw in a mortal; yet I el I cannot love her. I do not think I am capable of loving; ver did I see save one form that I *could* love, and she was being of my imagination, the phantastic but lovely creature my dreams. In breathing palpable life never will I behold e reality of that glorious vision! Earth contains nothing at could adequately represent her!"

At this moment a young man approached the spot where . George was pacing silently to and fro. The intruder was out one-and-twenty years, of handsome and manly features, ry tall, yet strongly knit, and clothed in a manner bespeak- g both wealth and taste.

"Here is Wentworth," said St. George, internally; "how, I introduce him to her? He could not but be dazzled at r surpassing beauty, and being more susceptible than I am, doubt would become passionately in love, and thus relieve e of her forever. But, down, vile thought! Jealousy is tached to the bare idea, and the act would be one worthy of villain! Yet, if they do happen to become acquainted, tter it were for her happiness as well as mine, that I ceased be competitor for a hand which I never intend to possess. owever, let things take their course."

"Ha! St. George!" cried the young man, advancing, and izing the other by the hand; "was not that merrie Eng-

land's battle-cry of old? I would that those good old time
were come again, when instead of crying, Ha! St. George,
I do now, with the most pacific intentions in the world,
braced on our helmets, lowered our visors, laid lance in re
and shouted that battle-cry as we charged the stricken foe!"

"I have not the least doubt," replied the other, "but th
in the course of a short time we should emulate the dough
feats of a knight erst of La Mancha, who overthrew a barb
to obtain a giant's helmet, which afterwards turned out to
a surgeon's basin, and shortly after cut down a huge gia
which by some process of enchantment was immediate
metamorphosed into a skin of wine."

"Laugh as you like," cried Wentworth, "I say this is
degenerate, money-making age, in which every spark of t
generous and gallant spirit of our knightly ancestors is trodde
out, and replaced by a miserly, execrable, sordid love of
yellow dross, more contemptible than the dust of the earth
They may call it the golden age, if they like; but give m
the good old age of iron, when a strong arm and courageou
heart was the test of a man's worth, and not a scheming bra
and lying tongue, as is now the criterion. Nay, do not go
argue the point, as you generally do, merely for the sake
contradiction, because from your own mouth I was first taug
those principles; and their truth is self-evident."

"But, Mon Ami, you are not to wrest my own wor
made use of on some former occasion, and in defence of so
other assertion, to be brought into the field against me no
Recollect that any thing I may have said can not be brou
as evidence to controvert any thing I may now say. It
only the admission I may *now* make that you are at liberty
take advantage of; and, if you will permit, I will very read
convince you of the superiority of the present age over t
truly pig-headed giants that preceded us."

"No, I will not listen to any thing of the sort," said Wentworth, laughing: "in the first place, it is a very pleasant and romantic idea to uphold the age of chivalry and beauty, and one which I give you credit for instilling into my mind; and, secondly, it is useless to argue with you, since you have a certain powerful method in your reasoning, which is sure to carry conviction—a wild, strong species of sophistry, which I never saw any man possess. O, you need not smile, as if I were using flattery, because I have noticed this peculiarity to many, all of whom agree with me that you have the most remarkable faculty for mixing up sophistry and truth in a manner which totally defies the judgment to separate one from the other. However, we will let that pass. What I wished to see you for this evening is this: you know you promised me some time since, shortly after I came to reside in Montreal, that, on the first occasion of my returning home, you would accompany me. Well, I intend setting out for my father's place tomorrow; with good horses, we will be able to go in a day, if we start early. So, what do you say? will you come?"

St. George, who was anxious to obtain excitement, no matter of what kind, so long as it diverted the busy channel of his thoughts from their usual course, readily consented; and the other, who had to attend to his preparations, bidding him good evening, departed.

"There goes a man of two ideas," muttered St. George to himself, as his companion left; "he has but two ideas in this world, and he rides them to death: chivalry and horses. Well, there are such men, and I wish I was one of them; a multiplicity of ideas will yet drive me mad. I cannot chain my mind down to a single thought, but, in a second of time, that thought becomes the progenitor to a whole host. What a strange thing this thinking power is! it is a mystery that

eludes our gaze the more we fix our gaze upon it. The more we *think* on it, the more vague it becomes. We are surrounded by mysteries; we grope about, as it were, in the dark, and stumble by accident on an *effect*. Perhaps the next century may discover the *cause*, after being denied, ridiculed, attributed to supernatural agency, and undergoing the usual amount of opposition meted out to all new discoveries, by another accident, the true solution to the hitherto enigma is ascertained. Little is known by the legitimate result of a train of reasoning—I may say nothing. Man is in the deepest ignorance—ignorance of himself, ignorance of every thing. His ignorance of himself is total, and without one ray to irradiate it. What he does happen to find out is merely the result of *chance*; he stumbles or gropes upon it in the dark—perhaps when looking for something else—at all events, never dreaming of the subject he happens to discover. Watt is watching a tea-kettle: suddenly, by a train of thoughts, suggested by seeing the lid move, the properties of steam strike his mind. Newton sees an apple fall, and, from that starting point, a series of suggestions follow each other, until the doctrine of gravitation bursts upon his soul. So it is—so it will be. The world is as progressive as man. None of us spring up from the cradle as Pallas did, "armed and undefiled;" our ideas are the result of experience; our sensations, even, are the result of experience, and we gradually acquire the knowledge of one fact after another. So with the world; its knowledge is not a thing matured in one age, nor in sixty;—we know now, at this enlightened epoch, how *little* can be known. We have arrived at sufficient knowledge to give us a faint, very faint idea of our utter ignorance; so said Newton, and I fully appreciate the meaning of his expression, and can understand why it came from *him;* knowing his superior attainments, and feeling that the very fact of his having said

o is a convincing proof of the truth of the remark, since his better and greater knowledge enables him to see how little could be known, when men of lesser abilities "hugged the dear delusion to their souls," that they were "like the gods, knowing good from evil," when, poor, simple egotists! the gods were laughing at their blindness, presumption, and the twilight gloom in which they were groping—they mistaking that gloom for the full blaze of light which reveals all hidden things!

"But here I am again, my mind wandering to every thing in heaven above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth! And it is ever thus. Let me be alone for ever so short a time, and I get thinking, till I go half distracted. There is something in reflecting on the past and future that maddens me; Heaven knows what it is, but I wish I could avoid doing so. Attached to the past there is a dreamy recollection of *something*,—I cannot tell what,—that causes a pang of bitter regret, almost of despair, to wring my heart whenever it flashes through my mind. I cannot trace it; I have often tried; the more I attempt to define it, the more illusive and shadowy it grows. The same feeling, I expect, was felt by Byron, when he says:—

> 'But, ever and anon, of griefs subdued,
> There comes a token, like a scorpion's sting—
> Scarce felt—but with fresh bitterness imbued.'

"Men who entertain this morbid feeling are ridiculed, and their melancholy is set down to affectation. God knows there is but too much reality in it. Yes, to such an extent does that maddening regret for something lost, some empire that I might have once possessed, in some forgotten, or but half-remembered sphere—some glorious state of being which I have fallen from—that I am, at times, prompted to end all my

doubts and fears by sinking to eternal rest—the grave!—suicide's grave. And yet how vain a thought, since that would usher in a new existence, that could not have an end. And then the future! there is something horrible in the thought that here we are, existing, being, and no act of our own can annihilate that existence. Like it, or like it not, we are doomed to live for ever: 'life's fitful fever' itself will soon be over, and the sooner the better we can run the race set before us:—

> 'When things ignoble and of savage mood,
> Endure and shrink not, *we* of nobler clay
> May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.'

"And yet, even in the contemplation of life, there is something dreadful, something soul-sickening to him who has no end or aim, no hope, no ambition, nothing to live for, and no desire to live. Oh, I shudder to think of what is yet before me, ere Nature of herself will dissolve the mysterious tie that connects my body and my soul! I have read very little of metaphysics, and no doubt my ideas are crude and original, yet I think it is a natural desire in man to pant for this dissolution. No doubt that natural feeling has been destroyed; selfishness, fear, love of worldly property, love of offspring and relatives,—all have tended to produce rather fear of death than the desire of release from a galling prison; a desire for the enfranchisement of the mind, in which it can revel through the novelties of other spheres, and bask in the sunshine of knowledge afforded by some brighter world than this."

Here his wild chain of thought was suddenly broken by the approach of a female figure, now scarcely visible in the increasing obscurity.

"Ah, she comes at last," thought he; "well, I am sorry

or it. I will still go on, renewing protestations of love which do not feel; at least which I do feel so long as I am with her, but which vanish in her absence. I have not power to speak harshly to her, and would like to make the fault appear hers. But stay! it is her cousin; it is not Mary."

By this time the young woman previously referred to had reached the spot where St. George was pacing up and down, and entered into conversation with him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

"There is a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills and love on till they die.

One hour of passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And O! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!"—MOORE.

"AND so, St. George, you are still pacing up and down here, ruminating, no doubt, on the inconstancy and fickleness of womankind, and dooming them all together to one common destruction?"

"Why, Miss Ashton, it is rather singular that your first address should be an attempt to gather the subject of my reflections," replied the young man, in a somewhat surprised tone; "yet what would you say were I to confess that my thoughts were *not* of the most favorable nature with regard to the faith and steadiness of your sex. I fully agree with Byron when he says that women are in an unnatural state of society with us; that the Turks assign to them their proper sphere; that, by giving them too much freedom, we render them dissatisfied, because we place them in a higher position than that for which Nature intended them. And place any thing out of its natural sphere, and it is unhappy. 'Shut a woman up,' said the great bard, 'and give her a looking-glass and some sugar plums, and she will be satisfied.'"

St. George was on some occasions a great talker; at others morose and taciturn. With the ordinary chit-chat conversation relating to the passing events of the day, he seldom or never took part; but, when a subject of magnitude or that suited him was started, and he gaily launched into the theme, he was a most incessant talker. He very seldom adopted an opinion on a subject from conviction that he was adopting the right view of the case: he would generally take the side which presented the most novel and startling features. If an almost universally conceded opinion was discussed, he would usually endeavor to destroy the existing belief in regard to it, and set up some newer and more startling hypothesis—not because he thought his view the most correct, but because it was the most novel. He argued through a love of opposition, and would never admit any thing in proof, if it presented two aspects, rendering it capable of being discussed. With those who knew him well, therefore, little weight was ever attached to his strongest reasoning, or rather sophistry, as they held to the belief that he "spoke from the teeth outward," and merely with the view "to hear himself talk," and to puzzle those who were really correct in their views.

During his remarks his companion looked him full in the face, mimicing his mode of expression and his words in a manner so true to the original, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could prevent himself from imbibing a portion of the spirit of gayety and laughter which pervaded his mocking listener.

"Really!" cried she, when he concluded; "and that is your sage opinion, is it? Well, it shows the gallantry of the age—that is all I can say about it. But it is too absurd to hear the very same people talk of that vain egotist, Byron; they read his works until, at last, they begin to fancy themselves heirs to all his imagined gloom and supposed genius,

and make fools of themselves in consequence; and even the most ridiculous notion which enters their heads, and which they cannot defend by reason, they immediately support by some quotation from Byron. It is enough to make one laugh," and she laughed outright, while St. George, under the influence of her mischievous, dark eyes and joyous expression, could not compel himself, although he tried, to feel piqued.

"I fully appreciate your meaning, Miss Ashton," he said, "you mean to imply that I am one of the latter class you have described. You are wrong in the individual; you are right in the principle."

"The fact that you think so shows I am right," she said, "because it shows you, too, are an egotist."

"I am," he replied; "so are all men. Every man is an egotist: the very man who prides himself on his humility or his scorn of public favor is an egotist, inasmuch as he does *pride* himself in his want of *pride*. Pope affected to despise Fame, while at the same time he wished to become famous by causing it to be believed. "She came *unlooked* for, if she came at all." I am not going to argue with you on the merits of Byron. We are a very clever pair, no doubt," he added sneeringly; "but the merits of *that* question are even beyond *our* comprehension, infinite as we suppose our comprehension to be. Moreover, you have already settled the thing, by terming Byron a self-inflated egotist, *et cetera*. And to question your judgment on such an affair would be worse than useless."

"Aye, laugh if thou wilt, and curl in disdain that beautiful lip," cried the young girl, in good humored raillery; "but it does not alter my opinion that young men make fools of themselves by imitating the follies and throwing aside the good points of some superior model."

"True," said St. George; "and young women are immac-
late."

"Well, you reason soundly," replied she, "for a person in
ve. But how in the world have you contained yourself
is length of time from making some inquiry respecting your
dy love?"

A dark shade crossed the young man's face, and he bit his
p.

"I have none, Anne," he replied, mournfully.

"O that does very well, in a room full of strangers, for a
ry bashful, retiring young man to come out with," she ex-
laimed, laughing, "but is quite absurd to tell me; recollect
know the whole course of your affair, being Mary's confi-
ante since childhood, and can assure you that, if you include
er in the sweeping charge of faithlessness you have uttered
gainst the whole sex, you do her foul wrong: it is my duty
tell you so, for fear some misunderstanding should arise.
he never herself would tell you how devotedly attached she
; and therefore it rests with me to do so; and any man
at would trifle with the feelings of a woman like her,—so
evoted, so confident, so trusting, and so good, would deserve
he blighting wrath of Heaven to fall on him for ever!" As
he said this, the gay expression of her countenance was
hanged into one of deep enthusiasm and ardor, while St.
eorge, who seldom winced at any thing, shifted his position,
nd affected to look unconcerned.

"Why did she not fulfill her promise then?" he said, with
omething of asperity."

"That is why I met you here, on my way home," replied
nne Ashton. "She could not come; she was, owing to
ertain circumstances, prevented from leaving home this
vening, as she will, perhaps, herself explain to you. But,
earful lest you should feel annoyed about it, she desired me

to tell you the reason, if I chanced to meet you. But," she continued, lowering her voice, and her face assuming its usual expression of vivacity, "she is now alone; all the folks are out; and, only I have always understood in a case of this kind, that 'three spoils company,' I would accompany you back, for the purpose of seeing your embarrassment in the presence of a third party. You had better hasten, or your rival may forestall you."

"I have then a rival?" cried St. George, adding, internally, "thank Heaven for that."

"O, you need not feel alarmed on that score," said Miss Ashton, as she moved to depart. "It will be your own fault if you suffer any one to be preferred before you; at the same time, there is such a thing as over-confidence, which also leads to bad results." So saying, she left the spot.

"Now," thought the young man, "I had better go to her and tell her the whole; it will be the most manly course.—Why should I fear to do so? Will it not be the most honorable method? It will be unkind, perhaps, at this late period to tell her I cannot love her, and to assign no reason for my conduct; yet it will be still more unkind to keep up the deception. Yet it will be a terrible scene—to tell her I can not love her; that we had better not see each other again; that our further intimacy will only lead to future unhappiness. She will naturally ask, what she has done to offend me. And what can I answer, since I believe in her life she never did any thing to cause me one moment's pain. To tell her that I never cared for her would be a most cruel blow, since she would at once ask what motive I had in deceiving her so dreadfully, and in affecting a love which I never felt. And that is a question which I cannot answer my own heart.—What motive? Well, our first meeting in early years was accidental. My motive in renewing the intimacy at an after

eriod was an unholy and vile one; on renewing it, I *fancied* loved her, and lost sight of my original intention. On beolding her affection, her purity, her unaffected simplicity, I lt that, to entertain an idea having for its object her ruin, ould be worse than sacrilege. It would be the sacrilege of ne of the most lovely of God's works. The human heart is dangerous thing to trifle with. Well said one who knew he force of what he said: 'The love of woman—it is a ovely and a fearful thing.' I would now give untold worlds, ere it in my power, that I had never seen her. Well, there s only one way: to keep up this deception is villainous; to e a hypocrite with a powerful incentive, is bad enough; but o be a hypocrite for the purpose of working evil, is terrible. There is but One who can see the villainy of the human eart, unless man looks within himself and sees the 'hell hat 's there.' We are the creatures of circumstances only in measure; as we sow so must we reap. Yes, I must tell her all; but when she asks me for the cause in the change of my feelings—O, if I had *any* reason to assign, however trivial;—but to tell her I have trifled with her feelings—the holiest and most powerful feelings that the human heart can cherish, and excited hopes and expectations, merely that they might be destroyed; to hold out dreams of happiness which are to end in the reality of misery; to doom her to bitter, lifelasting disappointment, and this merely for my amusement! O no, I could not do it—I could not tell her this! I must follow my first plan of asking her to do something which I know she will not do, and then affect to be offended with her, and so break off the intimacy."

By this time he had arrived at the door of the cottage. Almost unconsciously, he had taken the road thither, and his reflections were checked by finding himself in front of the house. He paused, for the suppressed sound of voices, ap-

parently in earnest conversation, fell upon his ear. Cautiously stealing up to the window, he looked in. It was a still summer night; there was no fire in the room, and it was yet too early for candle-light; consequently a gloom pervaded the interior, which rendered those within invisible to his gaze. Nevertheless the voice of one was well known to him: it was that of Mary Hereford's; the other, which fell in tones of deep, concentrated passion on his ear, was masculine, and less familiar. From the manner in which the conversation was carried on,—from the earnest, passionate entreaties of the one, and the firm but subdued repulses of the other,—there could be no doubt as to the nature of the subject of which they conversed. St. George paused a moment, as if considering whether he was justified in listening or not—seemed to conclude on remaining, quieting his scruples with the reflection that the question discussed within was one of the utmost importance to himself individually, and that it would afford him the pretext, so much desired, of breaking off his intimacy with Mary Hereford. "Refusing to keep her appointment with me," he thought, "and making one with this party, will be a cause of reproach which will have the desired effect. True it is, I believe this meeting accidental; but of my private opinion I have no right to take advantage."

CHAPTER V.

REJECTED LOVE.

"A wizard mightier far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
Him rules the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in its bower.
Mighty alike for good or ill,
It wields the human heart at will—
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot, in castle tower."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"I CANNOT be satisfied with a mere refusal, Miss Hereford," said the person now in conversation with the latter, in a suppressed, but earnest, supplicating tone. "You assign no reason—you give me no cause for this rejection; but tell me you cannot love me. I have the consent of your parents. I am not aware of ever having made myself obnoxious to you; if I have done so inadvertently, I shall devote my life to expiate the fault; if there is any thing in my conduct that cannot meet your concurrence, point it out, and I shall endeavor to amend. But to be refused by you, Mary, when for years I have set my heart on possessing you; when you have been the vision that has haunted my imagination days, and nights, and sleepless hours, without having an opportunity given me of proving how deep and how devoted is the love I possess for you—the idea makes my brain reel! I have looked forward to this hour with fear and trembling; how my heart has bounded, as if it would burst from its barrier, at the bare idea of your returning my love; how I have shook in agony, and

became chilled as death, with the contemplation that my suit would be rejected. But I cannot tell my feelings;—these words are cold and commonplace. You will find the same meaningless expressions in every novel you read; and I shall not try to describe a love, deeper, more tender, more absorbing than which the human heart never conceived. How have I offended you, that you inflict so cruel a punishment on me?"

"Ah, George," said the young girl, in a subdued tone, "how can you speak in that manner? God knows you never did any thing to offend me, and that I would sooner suffer myself than inflict pain on any one. But you ask me to do a thing that is impossible. I cannot do it. Why do you press me? We have known each other from childhood; I have always looked upon you as a dear friend, but never in any other light. The thought of marriage never entered my mind, and, if you have formed extravagant ideas on that point, surely you will not blame me for it, since you cannot say that I ever gave you any cause to think so."

"No cause to think so?" replied the other, bitterly; "no; from our daily intercourse and your friendly manner, I have always looked upon it too much as a matter of course. True, I have had my doubts of my own unworthiness; but still believed that, through a long period of the most humble devotion, I might win your love and esteem. You say we have been a long time acquainted. Yes, since childhood; and since that distant period, I have always been led to suppose, not only by the remarks of your parents, but from my own strong belief, arising on what grounds I know not, that you would eventually be my wife. I have taken it as a thing granted that you was aware of this love on my part, even if you did not possess a reciprocal feeling; and, under this belief, well may I be shocked and thunder-struck to learn to-

night that my hopes of a life-time are blasted; that my dreams of happiness are scattered to the winds of heaven for ever—yes for ever! You do not know," he exclaimed, in a still more impassioned manner, as he arose to his feet and paced the cottage floor, "you do not know—you will never know—how I have loved you; your image has been the one idea that has filled my soul since I can remember any thing. Every thing I looked upon was tinctured with your idea. Wherever we had been together, whatever we read together, whatever had taken place while we were together—all acquired a ten-fold charm. I loved every association that would bring you to my mind; your words have rang in my soul for days; your looks have beamed on my soul for weeks and years. But I cannot realize such a thing as being spurned and rejected. I dream as I have often done—I dream again that you are lost to me. I am bereft of my senses to imagine that you could reject my love. Mary, beloved one! speak again; tell me am I despised in your eyes and my long-cherished affection spurned?"

The maiden was sobbing audibly, and did not immediately answer.

St. George, whose very breathing had been suppressed, now drew a long sigh. "It is Gerard!" he exclaimed mentally; "I know his voice. Who could have dreamed of his being in love with her? Poor fellow! he seems much affected; he is a noble fellow. I always liked him. I cannot look upon him with the bitterness of a rival; and I must master any selfish jealousy. Would to Heaven she accepts his suit!"

His reflections were interrupted by Gerard's repeating his question:—

"Answer me, Mary, dear Mary! do you spurn me from you? Am I not worthy to claim your hand? Worthy of

you I am not; of that I am well aware; but, if unremitting affection, if tireless devotion can enable me to become so, will you deny me the privilege to hope? Surely something must have caused a change in your feelings, or I would not have become thus obnoxious to you. Have I ever during the whole of my life shown the least regard for any one else? Have I ever slighted you in the most minute particular? Have I been guilty of any thing which renders me less pleasing in your sight? Surely your conduct cannot be caprice or coquetry. No, no! you are too kind-hearted for that; and you must know that what would be sport to you would be misery, lasting misery to me."

"George," cried the young girl, bursting into tears, "if you knew the pain your words occasion me, you would not go on so. You have done nothing, I tell you, to destroy my regard. I have the same warm and friendly feelings toward you that I have ever had; but you ask for more than I can give. But because we have been together since childhood, and because you have always appeared as a brother to me, does it follow that you are to construe my actions expressive of friendship into those of love? Good Heavens! reverse the case: suppose that you liked me very much with a brotherly affection, but that I was foolish enough to look upon your words and attentions in quite another light, would you not think it hard to be upbraided in the manner you are now upbraiding me? Heaven knows how I would like to avoid inflicting pain on others; but what you ask is unreasonable; and, if you have any regard for my feelings, you will not renew the subject."

As she thus spoke, pausing at intervals, the young man walked the floor with hasty and impassioned steps; ever and anon he stopped, would grind his teeth, and resume his unsteady walk.

"These are cold words, Miss Hereford," he exclaimed, as

she concluded, "cold words—the usual words used on such occasions. My brain is on fire; I cannot realize the meaning of your language; it falls on my ear, but not on my senses. Then you really consign me to Despair—to a suicide's grave?"

"O Heaven!" she exclaimed, springing up. "You will not be guilty of any rash act? Heavenly Father, what would you have me do?" she cried, wringing her hands in agony.

He saw that he had excited her fears to a dangerous extent, and with a powerful mental effort he controlled the tumultuous passion raging within him, and replied:—

"No, Mary, while I have my reason I will be guilty of nothing that can attach a stigma to my name; but to bear this blow is not so easy as you imagine. The whole hopes of my life are destroyed. Mary, I see it all: you love another and I think I can guess who."

"While you spoke of your own feelings," she replied, "it was something in which you were deeply interested, and I listened patiently; but, Mr. Gerard, you have no right to probe or inquire into mine; and if you have any regard for me, you will not continue this conversation. You have already put my feelings to as severe a trial as they can bear; and my answer is final. No inducement can prevail upon me to change it. Whoever else I may love, I never can love *you;* that is, in the manner you require. Esteem you as a friend I shall, but regard you as lover, never."

"And this answer I must consider final?" said the young man, in a tone of such deep and concentrated despair, that even St. George started as it fell upon his ear. "Well, Mary, I have no right, perhaps you will say, to thrust my advice upon you; yet I consider I *have*, for the length of time that I have known you gives me a claim to speak freely. Now, Mary, mark me, the day will come when you will regret your

intimacy with this man who is now preferred before me. Do not interrupt me. I am not speaking through passion, through wounded pride or jealousy; I am speaking calm and deliberately, and well know what I am saying. I shall say nothing of him, either with regard to his character or his intentions, because you will attribute any thing I would say to selfish motives, prompted by jealousy and prejudice. I shall only tell you that you are throwing away the substance for the shadow, and that your connection with the party I allude to will end in any thing but happiness to you."

"This is paltry revenge, Gerard," exclaimed the young woman, in an indignant tone; "it is beneath you, and you lessen yourself immeasurably in my estimation by thus meanly traducing one whom you cannot possibly know."

"Mary, do not deceive yourself; I know him too well," said Gerard, in a solemn, warning tone; "but, since you think so meanly of me as to suppose I would try to prejudice him in your eyes, merely through pique, I shall say no more, only remember, when too late, perhaps, that my words were prophetic."

"You were right," she replied, "in saying that your gratuitous advice would not be received in the manner intended: it is an uncalled for interference. If I am compelled to hear remarks on this subject from those whom it is my duty to listen to, it does not follow that you also are to thrust your forebodings on me in this way; it is unmanly. You ask me for my love: the love of woman cannot be divided—it can only be given to one; to *one* I have given it, be the result happiness or misery. I have bestowed it on *him*, and cannot recall it; neither would I if I could. The consequences of this act are mine: they cannot affect *you;* and to pursue the subject further, after compelling me to make these confessions, shows a spirit on your part which I did not think you pos-

sessed. I have been candid with you, and this is my reward!"

As she thus spoke, a suppressed groan wrung St. George's soul to its very core; but he stirred not.

"Since it is so, Mary, let us part friends," said the young man, in a tone of such deep, touching sorrow, that it sounded like a knell. "I trust to God those forebodings never may be realized; but Time will tell whether I was justified in warning you. You may reject me, Mary; you may prefer another before me; but never will you meet one in this world again who loves you as I do."

So saying, George Gerard left the cottage.

St. George moved not. His thoughts were busy within him. "Now," he said, mentally, "have I an opportunity of upbraiding her with her falsehood. Conscious rectitude and her just indignation will prevent her from explaining the true merits of the case; and how am I to know them further than that I met Gerard leaving the house as I approached it? The probable inference is that he came there by appointment, while she violated her promise to meet me. Ha! I have her on the hip now." So thinking, Lewis St. George entered the cottage.

CHAPTER VI.

GERARD'S DESPAIR.

"————————one
Who did not love her better."—BYRON'S DREAM.

GERARD, on going into the open air, felt weak and dizzy; he leaned against the garden rail that surrounded the house, to support himself, for he was scarcely able to stand. Now that the clear light of the full moon falls on his face and figure, we can describe his appearance more correctly than when shrouded in the gloom of the cottage. He appears to be about twenty-four years of age, firmly set, and well made, with a dark, sun-burnt complexion, and black brows. His hair also is swarthy, and on the whole his face is handsome, although far from being regular. His dress is that of the most wealthy and respectable class of farmers and merchants of the place, and his appearance is prepossessing rather than otherwise.

Gerard was distantly related to Miss Hereford, was well off, and was always looked upon by her parents as her future husband, although this was never stated in direct terms, yet was implied many ways. He had always looked upon their union at some distant period as a thing certain to take place; yet he had never hitherto scraped sufficient courage, until the evening in question, to address her on the subject. It was no wonder, then, that he felt stunned and stupefied at her unexpected rejection of his suit; and for the first time the idea of a rival crossed his mind. Naturally he was not of a vindic-

ve or revengeful disposition; but his passion for Miss Hereford had been very strong, and it aroused passions, hitherto dormant, that were equally potent.

He leaned his head on his hand, while the sweat oozed out from his brow in large drops. Here he remained a length of time in complete silence, till at last, recovering a portion of his strength, he walked down the avenue with slow and unequal steps.

"And she is lost!" he thought. "Another must possess her, she must become another's bride, and that too, of St. George. A fellow fit for nothing—a dreamer! Would it not be conferring a blessing on her to adopt means to break his affair off; she might regret it now—but ultimately she would rejoice at it. It would be doing the best service that could be rendered her. But he is a dangerous rival; I do not know much about him—but by what I do know, I am led to think that the whole country could not have afforded a more dangerous one, so far as regards my prospects of success! Well, how am I to remove him—how am I to make her disgusted with him—for that would be effecting the great end! To prevent her seeing him, or coercing her into any unpleasant step would only produce aversion towards me; the cause of complaint must come from himself—she must feel herself slighted by him, and then she will feel piqued and revenge herself by transferring her affection to some one else. A woman's love generally turns into hatred, when once they have been slighted—and she is not different from the rest of her sex. Stop!—let me see!—" he walked slowly on, his hand pressed to his forehead, as if lost in deep thought.

His cogitations were interrupted by his being suddenly addressed by some one meeting him. It was Mrs. Hereford, Mary's mother.

"What in the world, child, can you be thinking on," cried the matron, "that you nearly run against me in that manner? I don't see what cause of trouble you young people can have to take on in that way. Bless my heart! your face is as long as my arm! Why, George, what in the world can have happened."

"Enough to make me look dull," answered the young man, in a dogged tone. "I have been made a fool of for the last ten years, and have this evening found it out for the first time!"

Mrs. Hereford stared at him, as if not comprehending what he said, and requiring further explanation.

"You look surprised," he added, "no doubt you will feel so when I tell you that I this evening made your daughter Mary the offer of my hand, which was rejected!"

The mother uttered an exclamation of deep wrath, but biting her lips, she suppressed her emotion, and smiled incredulously.

"You laugh," he cried, becoming warmer; "you think it some mistake. So I also thought; so I tried to believe; but it is too true! Three times I repeated the question, and thrice she refused me. Now, this suit of mine, was made with your knowledge and approval, otherwise I would not feel it so much; nor is it for any selfish motive that I would endeavor to direct her attachment from one who is unworthy of her inasmuch as he is well known to delight in blasting the reputation of innocent women."

"Who do you mean?" cried Mrs. Hereford, her face reddening with passion.

"I mean that young St. George."

"Ah, I feared so," she muttered to herself; "but, George, I still cannot think but that you are mistaken. You do not know girls so well as I do; you do not know their whims

nd caprices; they will say one thing to-day, and another to-
orrow. You must not mind any thing Mary said to you
is evening, she has been showing off a little coquetry—"

Gerard shook his head, "She is not a coquette," he said;
I knew her from childhood—she is any thing else."

"Well, well," continued Mrs. Hereford, impatiently, "she
ill not act so, the next time you see her, I will engage to
y. Do not be discouraged at what has happened, nor do
ou mind any thing the little jade has said about this St.
eorge; she does not care for him, it is only a fancy. I will
peak to her about it, and depend on it, when next you see
er, you will find her more agreeable."

"I do not know," said Gerard, "I never heard of any good
hat came from parties being forced against their feelings in
hat measure, and one thing is certain, if you try any coercion
ith her, I shall back out of the affair for good. I know
Mary, well; she is a good girl, and a dutiful one; but she
s stubborn when she thinks she is right. And in this case,
ny attempt on your part to get her to like those that you
ke, and to hate those that you hate, would only make bad
natters worse, as you would find——"

"Don't tell me," interrupted the matron, angrily, "do you
hink I don't know how to manage my own child?"

"I tell you," continued Gerard, "that on my account you
hall not say a word to her—that is, at present. She now
egards me as a friend; were you to use harsh measures,
he would throw the blame on me, and look upon me as an
nemy. Leave me to manage it my own way; I have a plan
n my head will work wonders with her; it has just struck
ne."

"Aye, what is that, George? perhaps you will require my
id in carrying it out, you had better tell me?"

"No, never mind," he replied, somewhat doggedly, and in

a tone so determined as to preclude the idea of any further communication from him. "I never knew a plan end well where a woman was in the secret. I do not wish to be pointed, Mrs. Hereford, but I suppose you are in that respect like most other women, and therefore it had better remain just now as it is,—a secret."

"Oh, as you like, young man," she replied in a tone of affected indifference; "but, I can tell you one thing, that had it not been for my watchfulness, she would have made up with that St. George, long ago, and, you will find, that I am a better friend to your suit than you think for."

"I would sooner be St. George, and have *her* love and *your* enmity; than have your friendship—nay, the friendship of all the world, and not her love. I want it voluntarily—her own free gift. I do not want her to be forced and worried into a match with me—I love her too much for that. I love her beyond every thing in this world—even myself—and therefore I am not selfish. No!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, "I would lay down my life, and think nothing of the sacrifice, so that it would add to the happiness of that sweet angel."

"Oh, that is all very fine," said Mrs. Hereford, "but you forget that throwing away your life willingly, is the same thing as murder; and allow me to ask you what would become of your precious soul, were you to lay down your life for a woman?"

"They have caused many a life to be sacrificed, and many a soul too," muttered Gerard, "but," he added, "you cannot appreciate or enter into my feelings, as far as they relate to that dear girl, and I shall not speak any further on the subject. But, my dear Mrs. Hereford, I have one earnest request to make—that is, you will not speak harshly or unkindly to her, happen what may. I will win her back—I must win

her back—I cannot lose her—I cannot outlive her loss—Oh, no! no!—I could not live and lose her—she must be mine!"

"Mr. Gerard, I am surprised to hear you talk so," said the old lady, severely; "are you aware of what you are saying? Do you know the sin of suicide cuts off forever all hopes of heaven? Are you not bound to submit patiently and meekly to all the visitations of Providence, and to run with patience the race set before us? And would you fly in the face of your Maker, merely because you cannot drive sense into the head of a foolish, perverse, silly girl of nineteen? I am ashamed of you to hear you talk so!"

"Tush!" replied Gerard, who had not listened to a word of this; his thoughts being too busily engaged with the memory of the scene in the cottage, and his brain reeling with love and jealousy, to pay attention to his respected mother-in-law-elect's disquisition on suicide.

At this irreverent exclamation, she clasped her hands, and turned up her eyes in holy horror; but as the storm of indignation is about bursting from her lips, we turn to another part of the drama, that we may observe what is passing in the cottage.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST LOVE AND FIRST HATRED.

"Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes
Which shewed—though wandering earthward now,
Her spirits' home was in the skies;
Yes, for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, even while it errs,
As sunshine broken in the rill,
And turned aside, is sunshine still."—LALLA ROOKH.

It was a cloudless night in summer—the winds were hushed, and there was a distant rumbling hum which fell upon the ear, like a far off water-fall, which told how intense was the silence. On Gerard's leaving the cottage, Mary had gone to the door, seeking the cool air to fan her brow, and to recover herself from the excess of emotion she had just undergone. She was slightly pale, through excitement, making the delicate blood-vessels of her cheek still more exquisite in their scarcely perceptible tint of crimson.

On going into the open air, she was confronted by St. George. With a wild exclamation of passionate joy, which showed how deep and intense was her love, she threw herself into his arms—clasping him round the neck in all the overwhelming ardor of woman's first love. Trembling with emotion, however, the youth repulsed her caresses, and withdrew from her embrace,—while, folding his arms, he gazed upon her with his stern, scornful look. Pale and speechless, her beautiful eye dilated with an expression of mingled as-

tonishment and sorrow, she returned his gaze, as if attempting to discover whether his conduct arose from playfulness or anger. Apparently observing that the latter feeling caused her lover to act in this manner, she exclaimed, in her deep, musical tone :—

"Oh, St. George, how have I offended you ?"

"How have you offended me!" repeated the young man, with a desperate effort to maintain the feeling of anger he had assumed, for he felt his stoicism giving way, beneath the touching, upbraiding expression of the lovely countenance before him—"in being foiled in this manner. So I have mistook your character all along, Miss Hereford, and find instead of your being the innocent and confiding maiden, whose simplicity was irresistible, that you are a coquette of the most consummate skill. You no sooner dismiss one lover from your presence, than you are ready to have an interview with another!"

"Then you have met that young man who just left the house?" said Mary, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Certainly—which fully explained the cause of your not meeting me this evening. I can now easily understand the mistake which you made, and which has led me to this discovery—having made two appointments for the same hour, of course, it was out of the question for you to keep both—of two evils, you chose the least; and it being of less consequence to disappoint me than the other, you kept your promise with him, trusting that the infatuation which has hitherto bound me to you, would still enable you to keep me in your trammels."

"Oh! St. George!" murmured the young girl.

"Well, Mary," he continued, not attending to the interruption, "Since we both understand each other, it were better that we should part. It is evident that your feelings cannot

be hurt, since it seems you have none at stake; and as for mine—I must smother them the best way I can. I do not like serving as the second string to any one's bow, even yours; therefore let us part friends."

"Oh, my God!" cried Mary Hereford, staggering against the door-way, as she clasped her hands to her forehead, "how have I been deceived—did I ever dream it could come to this! And for this I have given you my love, the strongest that ever maddened the human breast! for this I have confessed it to you—to have it cast back to me like a worthless offering. Cast aside! and for what? God knows I have not deceived you in the smallest matter; I have never concealed from you a thought of my heart; this is my first offence, and your confidence in me is so small that you do not even ask for an explanation, but propose that we should part! O! St. George, would my confidence in your truth and love have been so limited!" here she hid her face in her hands and sobbed audibly. Her lover was silently agitated—knit his brows in vain—in vain he bit his lip—there was a convulsive tremor of the facial muscles which made their working involuntary. The young girl went on, in a subdued, and scarce audible tone.

"Oh, Lewis, had I suspected your truth, which is a thing not possible, I would as soon think the sun untrue to his orbit, but had I done so, would I have upbraided you in this manner? No, no act of yours could alienate my affection, but you knew the whole secret of my heart, long since you took advantage of my love, and drew from me the confession that I never loved another. That I loved you since our early childhood, since our school days, it then first sprang up, but it was locked in the recesses of my own heart—a sacred thing, for if ever it escaped me, it was in my dreams, when I have dreamed of being with you. After you went away, when the thought that you even

remembered me as a casual acquaintance never entered my mind, when I had no hope, not the most remote—that my love would ever be returned, nay, that it would ever be known to any living being—even then, I lived upon your image, in my waking hours, my thoughts wandered to you; I never heard your name mentioned, but my cheek burned with a strange sensation. You would never be absent to my thoughts; I would lie down to sleep, thinking of you—thinking, that while I was living upon the memory of those blessed hours we had passed together at school, another might be enjoying your love, while mine dare not be breathed, but burned in my bosom with a flame that was consuming my very life away. When I would close my eyes in slumber, your image would be still present; I would dream of scenes of Elysian bliss, in which we occupied the front ground.—I would clasp the airy vision to my heart, and wake up, to a sense of the illusion with a withering helplessness and disappointment crushing my soul, beneath its icy weight—wake up to find myself ten-fold more in love than ever. Oh, why did you not leave me so, I then had formed no groundless expectations. It would have been madness in me to have dreamt of a return of love, when I well knew, that you could never learn the nature of my feelings towards you. Why then did you raise hopes which you knew would not be realized—which you intended yourself, at some future time, to blight? Why, when you renewed your acquaintance about a year ago, did you declare your love for me, and produce a delirium of rapture and joy in my soul which I believed no mortal ever felt before, when you knew your professions were false, as they must be, since you can talk of parting now so unconcernedly? And then to draw all these confessions from me, to test my love by every possible means—to obtain my secret soul's confidence, for what—to spurn that love from

you again! You well know now, that death would be preferable to parting. You have learned enough of my feelings to know that to lose you would be to lose every thing that hitherto has made this world beautiful to me. Oh! Saint George! you cannot—cannot be in earnest?"

As she made this touching appeal, which was interrupted by her tears, which flowed at intervals, the young man stood before her, his arms still folded, and, at first, with a gloomy, ominous expression on his brow. As she went on, however, this gradually subsided, and softened down into one of excessive tenderness; as he gazed upon the beautiful being before him, her dark eyes swimming in tears, and her cheeks of alternately pale and rich damask, his own eyes flashed with enthusiasm and love—if the word is not out of place when applied to his strange unholy passion.

"You may think it beneath me," she continued, "thus to plead in my own behalf, but you already know the state of my feelings, and therefore know that every other consideration is secondary in comparison with retaining your love.—I may be weak, but I cannot live and lose it, I would make any concession, sooner than part with you in anger, and besides, in justice to myself, I should explain the circumstance of your finding that young man here——"

"Hush!" cried St. George, placing his hand on her arm, "do you hear a step?"

"It is my mother!" said Mary, in a whisper, "oh, Lewis, I must leave you, do you still doubt me? I have not time to explain!"

"Meet me at the foot of the avenue, in half an hour from this," whispered St. George, turning to leave the spot, "do you promise?"

"I do," she said, in the same low tone, and scarce had she time to enter the cottage, and close the door, when her mother entered the gate.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Demon or God who holdst the book
Of Knowledge spread before thine eye,
Give me, with thee, but one bright look
Into its leaves, and let me die.—LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

ST. GEORGE loitered round the spot, after Mrs. Hereford had gone into the house. He was greatly agitated; "Good Heavens!" thought he, "to what a pitch this affair has come! To doubt that girl's truth and affection would be absurdity, for I have had proof upon proof. It is dangerous to trifle with a woman's heart! What I intended as a mere piece of flirtation, has ended in my having engaged the whole affection of this innocent and confiding creature! It seems my professing a love for her was the spark that lit the latent flame which previously existed in her bosom. I was a madman! but who would have thought her feelings were so strong! Return her love I cannot. Whether my nature is too cold to love, or whether that the glorious memory of that being of my dream, who occupies my mind, I know not, but I think I am incapable of loving. This girl is too pure, of too gentle a nature, too refined for me. I am undeserving of her, let things remain as they are, I cannot—bad will become worse—but, hush! what is this!" His reflections were interrupted by harsh, passionate expressions, uttered within the cottage, to which the only reply were long-drawn, but scarcely audible sobs.

"By Jove! this is too bad!" exclaimed St. George, grinding his teeth, "I not only have excited hopes which are never to be realized, but have been the means of her losing an advantageous offer, and she is now reaping the fruits of her refusal. Her mother is pressing her in a cruel manner, to make her outrage her holiest feelings, and this is all my doings!" He did not remain long a listener; it was evident the harsh language which Mrs. Hereford was applying to her daughter, and which was altogether on his account, was wormwood to him, and he left the spot, and sauntered slowly down the avenue.

"What am I to do," thought he, as he reclined against the gate at the foot of the lane leading up to the house, "I feel my brain on fire, and there is that calm and tranquil moon, searching, as it were my inmost soul, and mocking my fevered thoughts by her very tranquillity! How often has she looked on scenes of human misery and madness, with the same unvarying, unsympathizing aspect; heedless but strictly observant of all the deeds enacted beneath her ken! Aye! roll on, thou pale orb, in the course assigned thee by thy Almighty Maker, until the time allotted for thy purpose has run out, and thy god-enkindled light is quenched forever!—The loves, the fears, the joys of us poor race of mortals, form no portion of thy care. As calmly dost thou look on the slaughter of a battle-field—as brightly dost thou give thy light to the sacking of a city and the murder of its denizens, as thou now dost to enlighten the beauteous scene around me. But thou canst shed no single ray upon the darkness of my soul; thou canst not throw thy bright refulgence there!—What a glorious scene! but its very beauty is lost and thrown away on one who cannot enjoy it. But here Mary comes!"

As he thus thought, the young woman named approached. St. George advanced to meet her, and as she was about enter-

ing into an explanation of Gerard's appearance at the cottage, he interrupted her—

"Enough, enough! dearest!" he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms, "I am convinced of your truth, say nothing more on the subject." And he pressed her tenderly, while resting her cheek against his. She hid her face on his shoulder, and burst into tears. For some time they both stood thus, and were silent, till St. George, placing her arm within his, led her slowly down the road.

Anxious to change the conversation, she remarked the loveliness of the night.

"Yes, Mary," replied her lover, "well has it been said that this is a glorious world; it is our own evil passions, our discontent, that renders us wretched, and the more beautiful the external world, the more dark and wretched appears that world within us. This world was intended for a higher and more perfect race of beings than we are—it is better suited to man, as he was in his original purity, ere he fell from Paradise, but now, he added bitterly—

"'Though some flowers of Eden we still inherit,
The trail of the serpent is over it all.'"

"Oh, there you are again, with your sombre reflections," said Miss Hereford, "we never were out yet of a fine night, that you did not commence the same strain of regrets. What have *we* to sigh for? I feel as if the world could not afford one addition of blessing when I am with you. Every thing around me appears beautiful, when I am in your company, and I ask for nothing, and regret nothing. It is only when separated that I feel dull and melancholy."

St. George sighed, and remained silent.

She continued. "At all times I feel grateful to the glorious Creator for so lovely a world, but a thousand fold more so, when I can enjoy its beauties along with you. My very

heart bounds with a rapture, a love, I cannot describe—oh! Lewis, it is our thoughts which render us wretched!"

"I know it," said the young man, abstractedly, as if his own were then wandering.

"Now that we are on this subject, Lewis," said Mary Hereford, in a timid, tremulous voice, "what *are* your religious opinions—or have you *any?* Do not think this idle curiosity on my part, St. George, but I have heard it said that you had no fixed principles on the subject, that you were in fact an atheist. Surely it is not so?" and she fixed her dark, swimming eyes on his, and then their gaze fell to the ground, as if she was frightened at the liberty she had taken.

"And I suppose," replied St. George, smiling, "that if my ideas on the subject did not come up to the standard which you have formed, that like the rest of our intolerant race, you would make it the ground for our separation."

"You well knew," she answered, in an upbraiding, half-indignant tone, "that *that* is a sacrifice which *I cannot* make —which nothing on your part could force me to make. Were I to consult my reason, or my duty, I should probably make that the ground of difference, but I consult nothing but my love to you, Lewis, and that you know but too well."

Apparently he relented; "Mary, I am not a sceptic," he said, "I may have doubts regarding many superstitious practices, but the more I think on the wonderful organization of the human mind, the more I dive into the mysteries of nature, and the complex structure of the universe, the more thoroughly am I convinced of the fundamental truths of revealed religion. No one but a blinded bigot, can deny the existence of a Deity, of an Almighty and All-Wise Deity.—The most clouded, the most benighted intellect, cannot fail to recognize him. He has stamped the impress of Divinity on ALL His works. He has written his name in characters that

will co-exist with Time on the starry coronals of yon midnight heavens! His handiwork appears wherever the eye can see, or the ear hear—in the minutia of animalculæ, in the infinity of space, his power is made evident! You have read Addison's beautiful lines, they convey more clearly my meaning than I can possibly do:—

"The unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The works of an Almighty hand:
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the astonished earth
Repeats the story of her birth—
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Proclaim the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole—
Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine!'"

The young girl's eyes were riveted on his, with an expression of enthusiasm and gratification, as he repeated these lines, in his deep, thrilling voice. When they were concluded, she did not speak, and he again resumed, and continued the subject with terrible energy—his great aim being to unsettle and destroy in her mind the fixed principles of truth and morality, and inculcate instead the vague and speculative opinions whereby he was himself guided.

CHAPTER IX.

FREE THINKING.

Angels.——————"Nay, women are frail too.
Isabel. Nay, call us ten times frail—
For we are soft as our complexions are
And credulous to false points."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MARY HEREFORD shook her head doubtfully—she could not acquiesce in these strange, wild sentiments, and yet she could not find words in which to express her disapproval. The doctrines of her creed had been instilled into her mind from an early age—they had never been the subject of speculation—she had taken them all for granted as genuine truths—and now St. George's theory startled, but did not convince her. Oh, it is a fearful thing to undermine one's faith in God! I recollect reading an anecdote of David Hume, which I dare say is familiar to all my readers—yet from its impressive warning may well be repeated. On his return to Scotland, after having first promulgated his atheistical doctrines, he succeeded, by means of his powerful sophistry, and ready and shrewd method of argument, to undermine the religious opinions of his mother—an aged widow—whose hitherto pure and humble faith in the mercies of the Redeemer were shaken by the arch-sceptic's subtle casuistry. He left her, and again mingled with the busy world. Shortly after this, he received a letter written by his parent, informing him that she was dying, and imploring him to return, and give her consolation, to supply the void in her bosom occasioned by his having

destroyed the confiding faith in God which had before filled her soul, and the hope which led her to believe that the "rest that remained for the people of God" was a fable—and Paradise a dream.

He hastened to his mother's residence. It is wrong to ascribe to him motives which, perhaps, he did not entertain—but we have every reason to believe that his object in visiting her was to continue the illusion, and increase the doubts which he had already excited in her mind. But he was too late—when he reached the house, her spirit had departed for a sphere where all doubts were removed forever! If this man possessed the feelings of a son—and it is well known that in private life, he was both amiable and charitable—what must have been his feelings! That he himself had his doubts as to the truth of his theory, is reasonable to suppose—and at such moments what must have been the agony attendant upon his reflections? If religion was false, there was no harm in her believing in it—but if atheism was false, hé swept her only hope away! That men, when once they begin to speculate on the subject, find doubts and difficulties—apparent contradictions, and apparent impossibilities at every step of their investigation—I am prepared to admit—for I can speak from experience. But should we not rather suppose that these things hard to be believed are left so purposely, to try our faith and confidence in God? If the truths of revelation were apparent to every one, where would be our thanks for believing. "Blessed is he," says Jesus, "who has not seen and yet has believed!"

But it is time to return to our lovers.

Walking slowly up and down, in the pale, clear light of the full moon, with their cheeks pressed together, and their arms encircling each other's necks, they still conversed in low, earnest tones. By his passionate, energetic language,

and her downcast eyes, and crimson-tinted cheeks, it was evident he was pressing some proposition which she could not agree to—more energetic became his language, more pressing were his entreaties. We shall not follow him through the mazes of subtle sophistry with which he sought to destroy the relative magnitude of crimes—or his appeal to the passions inherent in the nature of every one. We will not enter into the cunning argument whereby he endeavored to establish the fact that sin consisted only in our belief as to what constituted good and evil—and that no action of ours is sinful in itself unless we believe it to be so. That the wish to sin and the act were in every respect similar, hence, said he, we have already been guilty, and cannot aggravate the offence, by any thing we may now do. That the senseless jargon of a priest, or the unmeaning ceremony of exchange of rings, could not consecrate or make holy an action, unless it was holy before —that that action remained essentially the same, as previous to the performance of this ceremony. That two who were pledged in the sight of heaven, although not in the presence of human witnesses, were as much bound to each other, and their connection as blameless, as if consummated by all the rites that society has established.

It was all in vain—he could not shake her resolution. She could not oppose arguments to his, but she revolted, so pure, so innocent was her imagination, at the idea of the crime he suggested.

"Mary," he said, "this is the last proof that was wanting to convince me of your want of affection. I asked but one proof—I sought to test your love—I made a request—the first —the only one I ever made you—and you refuse me! Well, be it so!—it is the last I shall ever make. Since you deny me such a trifle, it is evident your selfishness outweighs your love—and that you would not make the slightest sacrifice to gratify me."

"Any sacrifice, Lewis," she replied, weeping bitterly, "though it were life itself, should be made cheerfully—but this would be sacrificing my soul—and not even for you could I do that."

"But I have shown you clearly that it will not affect your soul."

"Even so—it will lower me in my own eyes—it will lower me in yours—I will do any thing in this world, that I can possibly do, except that."

"Aye, any thing except that," repeated St. George, evidently gratified at this refusal. "That is the usual expression, when a favor is asked—had I requested any thing else, you would have made the same reply—'Ask me any thing but that.' Well, I will ask you something else—will you meet me tomorrow night at ———?"

"That is a house I do not go to—I was forbidden to enter it long ago," she replied.

"I knew that," thought St. George, "otherwise I should not have made the request;" then added aloud—"A house you do not go to—yes, I thought so—you refuse me that also! Well, Mary, I see you do not love me—and"——

"Oh, no, no," interrupted Mary, her sweet eyes suffused with tears, turning fondly to his—"do not say that—I will meet you there!"

St. George bit his lips—"Damnation!"—he muttered—"who would have thought so!"

"You promise then, to meet me there, about dark?"

"If I can, Lewis; if I am not prevented from going out."

"Oh," said he, "if I leave you an excuse, no doubt you will avail yourself of it. No—no—you must promise—I do not like to be fooled—and if I do not find you there, this will probably be our last interview."

"Perhaps, St. George," she cried, trembling violently, as

a horrible suspicion flashed through her mind—"you wish it to be the last—perhaps you are seeking for a pretence? Is it so?"—And her large dark eyes, were bent searchingly though timidly on his.

"What nonsense!"—he exclaimed, again biting his lips—"What can put such stuff in your head. Because I do not go on all the time, with love speeches, you are beginning to have your doubts—eh? I thought your confidence was so great in me, as to preclude suspicion?"

"And so it is, St. George—I would trust you forever?"

"Well—do you promise to meet me tomorrow night—because, if you do not, I will look upon it as a slight—tantamount to discarding me from your presence."

"If I am alive, St. George, I will be there—now what more would you have me do?"

"Much more," he answered, "but you will not do it. Mary, why do you tremble so?"

"I don't know—I feel a chilly shudder all over—it comes at intervals."

"You are taking a cold," he said; "you have been out too late. I think we had better return. We have been a long time out—see where the moon is; do you think they will miss you?"

"Oh, they do not know I am out," she replied—"or I should hear enough about it. Oh, you do not know, Lewis, perhaps you never will know the difficulties I have to combat in obtaining these stolen interviews."

By this time they had reached the cottage.

"The lights are all out," said Mary, "it must be very late—they are all in bed."

"And suppose you are there, too," said St. George, laughing—"well, good night, dearest," and kissing her tenderly, they parted.

CHAPTER X.

THE SPECTRE OF THE GRAVE-YARD.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends—
Rough hew them how we will."—SHAKSPEARE.

"HER love is beyond all question," thought St. George, as he pursued his way homeward—"I never dreamed it was proof to such a proposal as that I made her to-night. I was confident she would have resented it with scorn—and broken off our ill-fated connection forever. Yet, how firmly she repulsed me! She is a sweet, angelic creature—but I cannot love her—at least, not sufficiently to make her my wife. I wish that I could—for I will never meet with one that loves me better."

As he thus soliloquized his thoughts were brought to a dead pause, and he suddenly stood still as if petrified. His hair bristled up erect, and his face became instantaneously as white as paper. He was, at that moment passing the cemetery, surrounded by its dark, waving trees;—but was unconscious of the fact that he was so near it until his attention was thus suddenly and fearfully arrested. He was not, by any means, superstitiously inclined, and his physical courage was never questioned—yet a chill—a heart-sickening sensation, at this moment, fell upon him with such overpowering weight, that he was unable to move hand or foot, or to withdraw his gaze from the object on which it was riveted.

That object was a black, shapeless mass,—obscure and dusky, that moved slowly before him. At the same time he felt that he was in the midst of a vast throng of people, although no one was visible. He heard them conversing around him—in a low, muttered hum—as if muffled and hollow—but in tones of deep and soul-freezing solemnity. He also heard, the heavy measured tramp, as if a vast multitude were walking with a slow funereal step—and that he was one of their number—but the only thing perceptible to his sight was the undefined and dusky mass that was borne slowly before him. To add to the horror of this scene, real or imaginary, a dark cloud, at that moment, obscured the moon and he was left in darkness. With an almost superhuman effort, he endeavored to rally his spirits, and to set the whole illusion down as a freak of an excited imagination—he rubbed his eyes—he looked around him on all sides—he saw the illumined mountain tops, not shaded by the cloud from the moon's reflected rays—he saw the white cottages before him, and the dim outline of the city behind, the river rolled beside him—he was not dreaming—but that muffled hum—hat dull heavy tread still fell, in freezing tones upon his ear—that dark mass was still visible to his eye. It was a fearful mystery! A sensation of awe chilled him like ice,—and he felt as he had never felt before. Suddenly, recovering his presence of mind, he made a step towards the obscure and cloud-like mass before him, for the purpose of scrutinizing it more closely. As he did so, it had arrived in front of the grave-yard, and appeared to stop at the gate. Again, terror shook his frame, and he also involuntarily stopped.

"Good God!" he thought—"this is some fearful illusion—I must be bereft of my reason!"—and as the idea flashed through his mind, that what he saw and heard, was the result of deranged intellect, a paroxysm of frantic fear

shook him from head to foot. He then tried to catch the words which were being heard muttered around him, and ascertain if they were coherent. But it was in vain—nothing of a definite sound could be distinguished—it was merely the muttered hum of a large concourse—the heavy dull tramp of a vast multitude. With a sudden effort springing from desperation, he advanced rapidly to the church-yard gate—and as he did so, the shapeless object which had excited his alarm, eluded his sight, and appeared to fade gradually into air,—a silence still as death followed, and at the same moment his eye fell upon a female figure standing in the gateway. Her face was shaded by her bonnet—but in figure, in dress, in every particular was she similar to the young woman he had just left. So convinced was he that it was the same, that he advanced rapidly towards her,—ejaculating—"Mary!" in a tone of the most deep surprise.

She did not move—nor otherwise reply to his exclamation. He approached to her side—again he spoke—"Mary—dearest—what are you doing here?"—She turned her face towards him—he obtained one glimpse—it was sufficient. Uttering a suppressed groan, that wrung the inmost recesses of his horrified soul, he staggered against the gate, closing his eyes with his hands to shut out the dreadful apparition.

The face within the bonnet was that of a skeleton.

It was long ere he recovered his scattered senses sufficiently to recall the scene. He did not swoon—nor was he entirely bereft of consciousness during this period—a dim, vague knowledge of the event swam through his stunned and confused mind—but he felt faint and weak—and many minutes elapsed before he could realize it in its full extent. When he recovered his senses sufficiently, his first act was to gaze about him, to see if any trace of the event was left.

But there was none. Perfect silence reigned around—and the moon was shining out as brightly as before. For a long time, he stood abstracted and silent.

"Tush!" he at length exclaimed, speaking aloud, "it was a trick of the imagination—an optical illusion. What could it portend! Bah! there is no such thing as omens—it is all an illusion—a dream!"

"Hallo! St. George!" is that you, cried a voice close to him, which made him bound off his feet, and his "heart fly into his mouth," as the common expression is—"what in the name of every thing holy are you muttering to yourself, in the grave-yard, this time of night?"

The speaker was standing in the middle of the road. He had approached unobserved, and the first announcement of his presence to St. George was this sudden address. He was a young man, well known to the latter—that is, by sight; for no great intimacy existed between them. He was tall and very slightly made, apparently about twenty-seven years old, of easy and polished manners, graceful figure, but pale and emaciated face. He was always well dressed, and always had money, although no one could guess whence he obtained it; for he had no trade or business that any one knew of. He was an extremely pleasant companion, and could converse readily and fluently on any subject, always evincing a large amount of knowledge and general information. He was invariably the same quiet, still character, never becoming excited, or allowing his passions to master his judgment. He was looked upon by some with a degree of suspicion; by others with curiosity. Several speculations were afloat with regard to him. He was a government agent, he was an American spy, he was a bank swindler in hiding, an Irish refugee, with twenty other equally vague and idle reports.

His acquaintance with St. George was very slight: from

the little the latter knew of him, he was prepossessed in his favor. There was a mystery about him that captivated his imagination, and he had several times resolved to become more intimately acquainted with his history. He was not sorry, therefore, when he accosted him; first, he desired company, for the excessive stillness that surrounded him previous to its having been broken by the new comer's voice, was growing unendurable; and, secondly, there was a weight on his spirits, which he knew the animating conversation of this young man would tend to remove; and he replied in answer to his query:—

"O, nothing in particular. How do you do?" laughing, with a forced effort. "I was enjoying a solitary saunter, tempted by the fineness of the night."

"O, aye," said Ferrars, for this was the name the individual in question was known by. "I thought perhaps you had discovered some spell whereby to obtain that which all the world is in quest of—gold. You know the old time alchymists held to the belief that a church-yard afforded very essential materials towards the fabrication of that *rara avis*, the philosopher's stone. But you look pale and frightened.—What! you have not in reality been holding converse with the dead? Or, perhaps, you are one of those vampires who haunt grave-yards for the very inhuman purpose of making a supper on the dead bodies. But seriously, Mr. St. George, what is the matter? for you really look ill."

"I assure you there is nothing. I got into a fit of musing, and, my thoughts being of a somewhat sombre nature, I dare say they imparted a share of their melancholy to my face. But may I ask, in return," he continued, "what causes you to be wandering in the vicinity of grave-yards and so far from the city—for, if I mistake not, you reside there—at this untimely hour?"

"O," replied Ferrars, laughing, "men generally have but two objects when wandering beneath pale Cynthia's light—either profit or contemplation. They are either in quest of that philosopher's stone which I just accused you of looking for, or they are love-sick swains, making sonnets to their lady's eyebrows. Ha! have I touched you, Mr. St. George? But come, are you going my way? for time passes, and we have too little of it to squander it away lightly."

"I am not going to the city," said St. George; "it is too late."

"O, I will procure you admittance; I have a pass word that generally makes me welcome wherever I go," said Ferrars, looking searchingly in his companion's face, which was still blanched. "Come, I see you have half a mind to go," he continued; "you confess you were in the blue devils. Come with me, and I will drive them away without much trouble."

Partly out of curiosity to ascertain the inducement that took this young man from Montreal at this hour, partly with a view to drown thought in conversation and excitement, he silently consented by joining Ferrars.

"I am glad you think better of it," said the latter. "I have long wished to make your acquaintance, but never had sufficient time."

"Time!" reëchoed St. George; "ah, I should think you had too much spare time on your hands: I know I have, and am often puzzled how to kill it."

"Aye, and if you occupied it to a right purpose," replied the pale young man, "you would not be thus troubled with the blue devils. I have too much to think of to allow them to enter *my* mind. 'Time,' says a sage, 'is so precious, that we never have more than one moment given to us, and that is taken away before another is granted.' I think it was a countryman of mine who said it, and he said the truth."

"A countryman of yours?" repeated St. George. "Are you not then an Englishman, or an Anglo-American, like myself?"

"You might tell that I was not by my swarthy hair and foreign accent," replied the other. "But I imitate your manners pretty well, eh? do I not, for an amateur, eh?"

"So well," said St. George, "that I could never suspect you to be other than you represented. But, returning to your first remark, in what manner do you kill this demon, time? It must be a desirable secret."

"By employment, my dear friend; but the nature of the employment, you ask. Well, that would require some explanation." He paused, then added abruptly: "I am a profound thinker; my thoughts generally tend towards the attainment of two objects—money and the amelioration of the human race."

St. George stared at him: the idea of the two characters of miser and philanthropist being combined in the same individual puzzled him. It was evident his companion was a problem which he could not solve. His language was clear, although he spoke with great rapidity; but there was an unpleasant sarcastic expression about his mouth, which seemed to give the lie to the sentiments he uttered. St. George remained silent; he scarcely knew what to say.

"Yes," continued the young man, as if divining the nature of his companion's thoughts, "my great object is to ameliorate the condition of the human race; but as it is an established fact with every logician that an individual's own private interest is dearer to him than that of any other person, I endeavor in the first instance to ameliorate my own condition, and make it a secondary consideration to aid my brother."

"Well, there is nothing wonderful in that," said St. George. "Every person is endeavoring to better his condition. Why sho ld not you?"

"Ah, you don't understand me, my dear fellow," said Ferrars, placing St. George's arm within his own, as they walked side by side. "They do so, indeed; but they walk in the old beaten track, whereas I am endeavoring to discover a new and more expeditious route to prosperity."

St. George was more puzzled than ever. What could his companion be? So loquacious and yet so reserved.

"You are a philosopher, perhaps," suggested St. George.

"Not exactly; but come, I will not put your patience to a further trial, and I will be candid with you. I will, in the first place, tell you whence my candor springs. I have hopes of inducing you to become a fellow laborer in the same vineyard with me; and I know from what I have seen of you that you will be, in your way, a powerful auxiliary."

There was a sneer in the expression "in your way," which aroused the young man's pride, and he answered rather haughtily:—

"That depends on the soundness of your arguments and on my own inclination. I assure you, however, that nothing you can say will eradicate any settled opinion that I now possess."

"I believe you," replied the young man; "and am going to create new opinions, not to overthrow old ones. On the subject I am about to speak you have as yet no settled principle; therefore I cannot interfere with any sentiments you may now possess. I believe you are neither a monarchist nor a republican."

A new light now flashed on the youth's mind: his companion was, then, a political agent. The admirable selection of such a man for such a purpose struck St. George with much force. Possessed of almost universal knowledge, quick, eloquent, observant, yet unobtrusive; ever vigilant, yet seeming ever indolent; and vailing all this under an exterior

which would lead one to suppose that his only object in life was that of a superficial observer, not an actor, St. George could not help being struck with the adaptation of his character to the part he played.

"I have no definite political principles," answered the latter, "but my ancestors were loyal."

"True," said Ferrars, with a slight sneer; "your grandfather was loyal—loyal in the extreme. He relinquished property to the amount of $7000 per annum in one of the southern States at the time of the Revolution, sooner than retain it under the American flag, because he held a commission under his Britannic Majesty. He prayed for remuneration—the slightest—to support his family; he was a supplicant at the colonial office for two years; and at last his applications were crowned with success. He was remunerated: he received an office in one of the colonies, yielding him £100 a year."

"It is true," said St. George, in utter surprise; "but whence did you obtain all this information?"

"It matters not," said the other, speaking rapidly; "suffice I know it. Your father was loyal; he spilt his blood in the defence of monarchy; he left you an orphan, your mother a widow. Monarchy is grateful; you are no doubt amply provided for.

He said this with a palpable sneer. St. George felt the sarcasm, for it was well known he was poor. He answered:—

"This establishes nothing. Were I to defend monarchical institutions, do you think I could not adduce instance upon instance to prove the ingratitude of republics as well? Why their ingratitude has become proverbial."

"O, I did not intend entering into a detail of the rights of man," said Ferrars. "I took it for granted that you were as

well versed in the main points of controversy between the two parties as I am. You stated that your ancestors were loyal, and I understood you to give it as a reason for your being loyal also; and I merely showed you what they gained by being over loyal. I need not point out to *you* the fact that men have a right to think and judge for themselves, to adopt the course of life best adapted to their own interests; and, if men possess this right, how equally so do nations? To say I will adhere to a set of ideas because my fathers adhered to them, is a species of reasoning too absurd to be adopted by any one, far less by you. You are a Protestant: your ancestors, many generations back, were Catholics; but you are not restricted from enjoying your opinions on the subject, even though they conflict with theirs."

"A very different thing," replied St. George. "One is a question of vital, paramount importance—a question on which every one should exercise his own judgment, without regard to the sentiments of others. Every man is responsible for his own actions, and for his own actions alone; hence every one has a right, at least it is imperative on every man to exercise his own reason. The other is a question that relates to a theory not reducable to practice. Your theory may be as beautiful as Plato's; but, unless you can eradicate men's evil passions, their avarice, their ambition, their revengeful natures, their hypocrisy, it will be Utopian."

"You are hard to convince," said his companion; "but do you mean to deny that the chain of galling superstition, the crushing tyranny of brigand barons and assassin kings, has not hitherto been the chief cause which has led to the misery of mankind?"

"Most distinctly I deny it," said St. George: "The passions of men led to these things; but these evils did not create men's vile passions. Destroy ambition in the mind of man,

and there would be no assassin kings; remove avarice, and there would be no brigand chieftains. You are looking at the effect, not the cause. I do not mean to say but that rapid progression towards a happier social condition is going on;—that is owing to the advance of science and knowledge, the increase of literature and civilization. Men are more enlightened, and their propensities are directed in another channel; law is more powerful, and rights individual wrongs, instead of the individual avenging his own wrongs, as was the fashion formerly. Religion has obtained a more powerful sway over the hearts of men; more liberality is extended to each other by parties of different creeds. A man is not now burned at the stake for his expressing an opinion——"

"But they are hanged on the gibbet though," interrupted his companion.

"Well, that is for expressing a political opinion, not a religious one. It is, no doubt, wrong—it is, in fact, unauthorized and unjust; but at the same time remember that stringent laws must be enforced, if legislators would prevent the country from being in a continual ferment. Suppose you chose to propagate a new theory of government, and caused a revolution in the existing state of affairs at an immense sacrifice of blood and property, and no sooner are you established in your power, than I project another system and overturn yours; why the result would be a series of perpetual revolutions—a constant sacrifice of life—an unceasing civil war."

"But if the people chose to do it, are they not the best judges of their own affairs?" persisted Ferrars. "Who has a right to question them with regard to what changes they institute? Government was originally intended for the benefit of the whole people, not for the emolument of a few; and they have a right to establish that form which suits them best, and to change it if necessary."

"Assuredly," said St. George; "but that is for the consideration of the *whole* people. I deny the right of one individual or even a thousand to convulse a nation, to gratify their peculiar views on the subject."

"Then," said the other, "if you now see a glaring error in any established system, be it religion, astronomy, government, or what you like, you will not make known your discovery, for fear of startling false theorists from their propriety, and of convulsing the nation? In that case, Luther was wrong to convulse the world. His doctrine, you say, was true; but he had no right 'to wrestle hoary error down,' because he was 'only one individual,' and his theory created disturbance and bloodshed. On the same principle Galileo was wrong when he started a new system of astronomy, because he undermined all the previous opinions on the subject. So was Hampden when he resisted the tyranny of Charles I. Ah, I never looked on it in this light before. It is the most conservative doctrine I have ever heard, as well as the most novel. You admit the *necessity* of reform, but you deny the *propriety* of propagating its theory. Your argument just, then, amounts to this: 'I wish things were changed and remodeled. I have discovered a plan whereby they could be remodeled for the better; but I have not the moral courage to carry my plan into execution, or even communicate it to others, for fear of the opposition it will meet with.' By this species of reasoning error would never be eradicated, nor new and improved systems succeed to old and false ones."

"You argue on false premises," said St. George, who never was so delighted as when arguing a question with one whose abilities were equal or superior to his own. "You set out on the principle that *all* reforms would be beneficial. Admitting this, your argument holds good; but I deny it. If men were not restrained from setting their fellows by the ears,

we should be perpetually squalling on theories the most chimerical, Utopian, and absurd. Look at the ridiculous plans already suggested. Many of them appealed directly to men's imaginations; but experience soon showed how absurd they were when reduced to practice. Take Plato's, for instance: it was beautiful in theory, but practically it was an impossibility. Why? Because it was adapted to a different class of beings than men. Had Plato even formed a community composed of men like himself, who had an equal command over their natural passions with him, it would have been equally abortive: it was intended for a higher class of beings. The fact is this, we must adapt laws to the nature of man; we cannot change the nature of man, and adapt it to better laws. If, in the course of ages, the mind of man becomes more elevated, then laws may become of a different order, and be gradually adapted to the progressive stages of improvement perceptible in the nature of man. The constitution of England is the best illustration of my meaning that I can refer to. It has gradually adapted itself to the different conditions of the people, and it will go on progressing towards perfection, just in proportion as the people progress. For this reason the government of England is the best adapted to the English nation; and, on the same principle, the government of the Republic of the United States is best suited to the people of that country. Introduce republican principles into England, or the slavish doctrine of monarchy into the States, and you will produce convulsion and anarchy in both countries. In the political scale, the republic is the furthest advanced—of that there can be no doubt; but England will gradually assimilate itself to the political condition of the republic, just in proportion as intelligence advances, while the other European nations will go on assimilating themselves to the present state of England."

Ferrars did not reply. He had found an antagonist with whom he was unable to cope. Hitherto his ready fund of words, his passionate appeals to the imagination, and his deep and bitter philippics had gained him proselytes wherever he went. But when he came to enter deep into the subject, to analyze the abstract question in its minutest parts, he found in St. George an opponent whose reason he could not overcome, and whose imagination he could not excite.

"Well," at length said Ferrars, "I would sooner have you to dispute the question with, on the principles of truth and reason, than have to canvass a bigot whose coward soul would tremble at the very sound of the word republicanism; who would tell me that it was wrong to discuss the question at all; that some men were born to rule and some to obey; that he was a loyal subject, and that the present system was right, because he thought it was right. Yet I can assure you, St. George, I have had to deal with many of this class. But, returning to your remarks—You believe, then, that equality———"

"Is a humbug, an impossibility," interrupted St. George; "it is against the law of nature, and therefore cannot be carried into effect. From the lowest reptile that creeps on its slime up to the God who made the universe, there is a gradual rise, a progressive scale; no two beings are equal, nor can the art of man make them so. Produce an equality of intellect, of genius, of strength, of energy, of perseverance in all men, and then you may establish a system of social and political equality, but not till then. How can you destroy by art distinctions drawn by nature?—lines of demarkation as well defined and clear as the boundary that divides the ocean from the land. Let us take equal distribution of property, for instance: well, the world is divided into equal portions among mankind. So far, possibly, might the theory be carried out.

But there it ends. You have not removed grasping ambition, indolence, avarice, or apathy from the breasts of men; and, while these passions exist, your scheme will be futile. The man of energy will accumulate property, the man of indolence squander it; and, in the course of a century, things will again have assumed their original aspect. On the same principle you might to-day go into the forest and cut all the trees down to one common level: return in a year, and you will find that they have assumed their first position. Nature designed that it should be so, and the puny strength of man is ineffectual to the task of counteracting her laws."

CHAPTER XI.

DEMOCRACY.

"O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy hideous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To hide thy monstrous visage?"—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"You look into it deeply," said Ferrars; "but I do not advocate such a thing as social equality. I merely say, give every man the same political rights; let men choose the form of government that suits them best; let them enjoy this privilege as an undisputed right. Do you not think it is?"

"Certainly," said St. George.

"Well," continued Ferrars, "it is our duty to endeavor to abolish a system that would bring a man to the gallows for saying so. All men in a political point of view are born free and equal; if there are distinctions, they are social ones; they are those springing from capacity and intellect; but, if one man is greater in a political point of view, he must have been invested with that power by his fellows; it is plain he was not born with it—it could not be hereditary. This would be a monstrous theory. That a man can be invested with superior powers by his fellow-man is rational enough; but that his descendant should be born with the same powers over the elector's descendants, is too gross a violation of common sense to argue."

"But of two evils we must choose the least," said St. George. "Suppose this king dies suddenly,—for I suppose you allude to a king,—appoints no successor, and a host of claimants spring up to the vacant throne, who, by their conflicting claims, threaten to desolate the country with civil war—the question then arises, Will it not be better to waive the abstract right of the thing, and look to its expediency—that is, let the claim quietly descend to the next legal heir?"

"Two wrongs do not make a right," returned Ferrars, "and by what possible process of reasoning, can you deprive the descendants of the electors of the rights of their predecessors? You say the descendant of a king is born with the same power possessed by his father; hence it follows, as clear as noonday, that the people possess the same power as *their* fathers. If their fathers had a right to elect a ruler, *they* have the right to elect a ruler—if they have the right to *elect* a ruler, they have the same right to *depose* him. But it is preposterous to say that one generation can exercise a practice which no succeeding generation can exercise; that they can institute a system which their descendants never can abrogate or set aside; that they can make a law which is to bind their most distant posterity? This is absurd!—that posterity have the power of forming a Republic as unquestionably as their ancestors had of erecting a monarchy. By no means can you prove that the dead should make laws for the living. But here we are close to our destination, I must be quick." They were now in front of a long, low house, about the centre of the town; no lights were visible within. Ferrars went on speaking more rapidly, as if to lose as little time as possible.

"The doctrine of expediency you speak of, is one of the most terrible that ever was broached. It applies equally well

to every species of iniquity; it is the principle, 'do evil that good may come.' But we must leave these subjects, and return more immediately to our own affairs. I knew you were expressing opinions at variance with your belief, merely for the sake of argument and passing the time, therefore I am not deterred from making my proposal by any thing you have said. I cannot afford to lose you; I am now more convinced of the benefit of your co-operation than ever; with that deep reasoning tact of yours, you could convince, where I would fail." Here he paused, and fixed his eyes on St. George.—He resumed, speaking still more rapidly, "you would be a host in yourself, and I must induce you to join us. You are poor—pardon me, I am compelled to speak candidly, you are poor, you want excitement; I will remedy both, I will give you wealth, and employment. Instead of brooding over a chaos of disorganized thoughts and fears, and hopes, I will furnish you with food for the mind, and a definite object.—Will you consent?"

"Consent to what?" said the young man, somewhat sternly, for the allusion to his poverty touched his pride. "You have unfolded nothing, I am not a child to be spoken to in enigmas; explain your meaning, tell me what is required of me—tell me the amount of danger I incur."

"Oh, you cannot expect all this confidence yet," said Ferrars. "I do not fear your betraying us, but at the same time, I am not sure you will join us, and I would be very imprudent to make our designs the common topic of conversation. The result of a failure would be," said Ferrars, "that we should be forced to dance upon nothing—a trifling consideration, since I have been compelled on many occasions to risk the same result for a far less tempting purpose."

"Oh, that is sufficient explanation," said St. George, "so far as it relates to your plot. The fact is, a conspiracy has

been formed against the government, and you are one of the principal emissaries. That is all very well, but how do you propose to carry it into execution?"

"Ah, that will be developed all in good time," returned his companion, "you will hear that at our discussions, and have the right to speak your opinion on the matter. But how do you decide?"

"Will you permit me to be present at some of your deliberations, and afterwards decide?"

"And what guarantee have I of your good faith?" said Ferrars.

"I can give you nothing but my promise," replied the young man. "I will promise to reveal nothing that I may see or hear, but I must be at liberty to join you or not, as I please."

"Well, be it so," answered his companion, "you pledge your word to reveal nothing. Conceal your face in a handkerchief then, that you may not be recognized."

"Oh," said St. George, "it will excite suspicion.

"But if you are known," replied the other, "and afterwards happen to decline joining us, I would not answer for your safety."

At this moment, a third person approached. Ferrars placed his hand in his bosom, as if grasping some weapon, at the same time repeating the word "chasseur?" "Eagle," replied the other. "This is Monday," said Ferrars; "Tuesday, is it not?" answered the new comer; he then advanced to the latter, who recognized him, and shook his hand. He was a man above the medium height, aged apparently, about eight and thirty, freckled and with light hair, and sandy whiskers. There was a pompous, self-important air about him, that was very unpleasant, while the affected and dogmatical manner in which he spoke, was supremely ridiculous.

He was dressed in a black surtout, brown overcoat, with velvet collar, a black satin vest, figured with green, over which descended his watch chain, black pantaloons, and shining boots. He spoke with a slightly Scottish accent.

"You are late, Mr. Ferrars, late, that is very bad, you should be punctual. I was detained on very important and urgent matters, connected with my business, and could not make it convenient to be here before."

"What is worse than my absence," said Ferrars, "my presence could be well dispensed with, but without your superior judgment to guide and direct them, I hardly know how they would get on."

"Oh, my dear sir," said the other, "you overrate my poor abilities. It is true I do what I can, the little experience and knowledge I possess, of course is at their service. But I must not deny the just meed of praise to you neither—you are very useful in your way, and there is one good quality you possess, which is not to bear resentment against your superiors for supposed wrongs. Now I admire that in you, for I was once compelled to act against you in a little affair in which you too freely used my name, for which you show no resentment."

"Oh, do not speak of it, sir," said Ferrars, with a bitter but imperceptible sneer, "it was a trifling matter, I was only imprisoned six months, and fined £200 for the offence. My prospects, to be sure, were ruined for a time, but I am now over all my difficulties, and it is our duty to sink all minor differences in the great cause in which we are embarked."

"You say very true, young man," said the new comer, with a very patronizing air, "but is it not time to go in?—By the bye, who is this you have here?"

"A friend of mine," said Ferrars evasively, at the same time moving towards the door of the building.

The stranger stared at St. George, giving him a very slight nod, which was returned by the latter with a haughty, scornful look, interpreted by the vanity of the other, as springing from his embarrassment on being noticed by so important a person as himself.

The trio now entered the building, Ferrars leading the van.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CANADIAN LEAGUE.

"Oh, countrymen, oh, countrymen, once more,
By earth, by sea and skies,
By Heaven—by sacred Hades! I implore!
Arise! arise! arise!"—A VOICE FROM MARATHON.

THE room which they entered was darkened, and screens were hung across to conceal their numbers. A person who seemed to exercise the office of President or chairman, was sitting at the head of the room, a table before him covered with papers, while a group surrounded him, talking in low, earnest whispers. In size he was diminutive, but extremely neat in his dress and figure. He wore a light blue frock coat, dark stuff pantaloons, and white satin vest. His complexion was florid, with white eyebrows, aad whiskers, penetrating gray eyes, and thin compressed lips—he appeared to be about forty years of age. Beside him, with his arms folded on his breast, apparently scanning the assemblage with a degree of contempt, stood an individual, about ten years his junior, with a dark, sullen countenance, bushy, black eyebrows, olive complexion, and large curling moustaches. He wore a pilot-cloth overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, high boots and spurs. Two or three characters, with no marked peculiarity, stood with them, and as St. George and his companions entered, they were greeted with a low muttered hum. The President beckoned the two latter to seat themselves near him, and shortly after addressed the meeting, without rising from his chair:—

"Gentlemen," said he, in a low, distinct voice, "our preparations are now almost complete. I may say, gentlemen, they are complete. I have drawn out our plans, aided by my friend here, on paper, and it is my opinion, gentlemen, that it will be our own fault if we do not gain the independence of Canada, and free ourselves from the English yoke. Our ramifications have now extended through all the colonies, and although, gentlemen, I cannot dény that the lower colonies do not sympathize and co-operate in the great movement, as I could wish them to do, yet we have many friends there—they are scarcely ripe yet, gentlemen. The great and glorious Republic has given us assurance, that its population will rise *en masse*, in our behalf. Once we display the stars and stripes, every thing is ready for the denouement, gentlemen—the curtain is about to rise, on a startling scene, and it will remain for you to prove how well you can act your different parts. The only thing requisite at this moment, is secrecy, union, and money. I must confess we are not so well provided with the latter article, gentlemen, as I could wish we were. Our funds are merely the private contributions of gentlemen engaged in this great and glorious cause, but subscriptions, gentlemen, I am happy to inform you, are being raised for our use, by the free and liberal-minded people of the United States. Arms we already have, but I am afraid, gentlemen, not sufficient for our purpose; I wish we had twenty thousand stand of arms more, gentlemen, but in the meantime we must make the best use of the means within our power, and trust to our capturing arms and ammunition from the tyrants under whom we are suffering; and I make no doubt, gentlemen, but we shall obtain these in the first collision that takes place between our gallant patriots and the helot, hireling horde, that are kept here, to subdue our liberties. I have no doubt as to the result; these voluntary bond-

men cannot withstand the charge of freemen fighting for their rights, gentlemen, they eh, eh, have always conquered—that is the people, gentlemen, and they always will—"

"Be cripes! and you're right there, me honey," said a rich Hibernian voice, at one end of the room, "and faith we'll be after bating them again!"

"Order! order!" now resounded from all sides of the house, and fierce looks were thrown across the room at the enthusiastic son of the Emerald Isle, whose feelings had got the better of his judgment.

"Ah," said the gentleman with the moustaches, in a bitter whisper to Ferrars, "that is the result of bringing all sorts of parties into our secret deliberations."

"It cannot be avoided," whispered Ferrars in return, "they get into our secrets, and then what can you do. Refuse them entrance, and they inform upon us! so we have no alternative. Besides, it was a little outburst of patriotic zeal, you know how excitable and enthusiastic these Irish are. I am heartily glad, too, he has silenced that long-winded rigmarole, which our President was favoring us with, and which consisted in nothing but a repetition of the word 'gentlemen.'"

The latter had now resumed. "Gentlemen: I will lay before you our plans, I will show you the steps we have taken to cripple the British government. I confess that those deep and cunning-devised measures are not mine, they originated with one of our number now sitting beside me——" At this moment the speaker was interrupted by Ferrars, who pressing his foot violently with his own, whispered in a fierce, hissing tone, "Are you mad? are you about to ruin the whole affair! For Heaven's sake do not betray our plans to such an assemblage as this!"

Surprised, the President paused and looked at the speaker. The latter continued: "listen to me a moment and I will show

you how insane such a step would be." The chairman bent his head, and they conversed in energetic whispers, for a few moments.

Meanwhile, a suppressed buzz of conversation was humming around the room, which was succeeded by an intense silence, as a gentleman, who was seated in one corner, arose and addressed the meeting. He was a thin, sallow-faced individual, about thirty, wearing a black suit, and silver watch chain. A light, reddish moustache graced his upper lip, and his black hair was combed down flat on each side of his head, and was redolent of bear's grease. He held a pencil in his hand, which he kept sharpening with his jack-knife, as he spoke:—

"Mr. President, and gentle*men*," began this individual, in an affected drawl; "talking of the assistance of the great neighboring country, tó which I have the honor to belong, I can assure you, that thar's a sympathy existing with the struggle of your gallant people, from Maine all through to New *Orleans*. I have the honor, gentle-men, to be connected with the Press of the United States, and can tell you the sympathies of the sovereign people are with you; I know it—I speak the sentiments of twenty millions of American citizens. They won't stand aloof, Mister President—don't you b'lieve it—they won't back out when once they see you fairly booked! No, *sir!* 'Taint your interest more than it are theirs; they know darned wal, that the sooner John Bull's power on this ar conti*nent* ceases, the better for them—*that's* what they do. Thar's no mistake but the Government will make b'lieve to look black at any steps which our citizens may take, but don't mind that, not a fig—'taint nothin' but a ruse to gull John Bull with the notion—do you perceive—that the people are doing the thing without the consent of the Gover*nment*. Thar's a darned lot of gammon about government

matters. My capacity has put me up to a thing or two in regard to political affairs; and though the Pres*ident* of the *U*nited *States* may be a longer time on this airth than this individual, I am darned if he's older! No, *sir!* You perceive, then, Mr. President, that I look behind the curtain of affairs, and know to a dead beat that whatever steps the senate may take, or whatever they may say or do, that it's only for to pull wool over Mr. Bull's eyes; and that heart and soul they are with you—President, Senate, and citizens! Now jist as soon as you hist the Star Spangled Banner in this ere Province, twelve thousand volunteers (cheers) will walk slick slap into Canada, armed and provisioned, free and independent citizens. Yes, *sir!* the descendants of those men who fought at Bunker Hill *and* Brandy-wine—who won Eutaw, and licked the Britishers all over the Atlan*tic!* Yes-*sir*-EE! I don't want to riz expectations in your minds, gentle*men*, but so sure as thar is a sky above us, so sure as the United States are the greatest country out, so sure Uncle Sam will stick to you, through thick and thin, through defeat and victory, all through this ere approchin' crisis. Deon't tel me—I kneow them ar people—I kneow thar manly arms, and nervous hearts—and knew wal when a great emergency, some great national convulsion, rizes thar dander, and draws thar immense resources to a focus, thar aint any thing on God's airth able to stand before them! (cheers.) This crisis in your affairs will do it. Yes, *sir!* This ere daring attempt at emancipation from a galling foreign yoke—this ere spontaneous risin' of a down-trodden but gallant people—will call forth the sympathy, and bring the tremendous powers of the American Republic to a head, and send the hireling Britishers who are opposin' your souls, to everlastin' smash! (cheers.) Yes, sir!" continued the speaker, becoming more excited, as he warmed with his subject; "Nor 'taint the only

end we have to accomplish—we've more than that, Mr. President, to fulfill; it is written in our destiny—and we must go the whole hog! Yes, *sir!* and half the other pig! We must humble monarchy—chastise oppression, and make the British lion tremble in that ar palace of St. James's!" (Tremendous cheering.)

"Be gar! dat is all what you call gam-mine!" cried a Canadian, springing to his feet, in great indignation, his hair floating out erect, each tendril separate and independent of its neighbor, as if charged with electricity. "De yankee govarement be von damn hundred times more bad, sare, dan L'Anglais! Yes—oui—oui, laugh if you lak—but I know which is de most vorst. L'Anglais sacre couchon rouge is von damn rascaille—but de Yankee pedlare child of von dog, is von god damn rascaille! De priest he tell me nevare let de sacre Yankee tiefs and pedlares haf dis countray—dey vill murder all de catholic and rob vid von big fire all de chapel; and de Anglais vill never be so bad as dat;" and he continued addressing his countrymen, in French, with great rapidity, and with a violence of gesticulation that threatened destruction to his back bone; and although "order" was repeated from one side of the room to the other, it had no effect in quieting that voluble tongue, which once having broken loose, there was now no controlling.

"The devil take the Frenchman!" cried Ferrars, rising to his feet; "my friends," he added, in a tone sounding between entreaty and command, "hear me a moment; I would crave your patience while I address a few words to you." After some delay in quieting the little French orator, he succeeded in making himself heard.

"My friends," he cried, "there is much at stake; the sword never plead a mightier or more glorious cause than that of human liberty; for that cause we are here assembled;

in the defence of that liberty, which is dearer to us than our blood, we have here met, with the sword of a sanguinary despot hanging suspended over our heads by a single hair; we have thrown aside every selfish fear, every consideration of personal safety; our very lives are staked, our souls are pledged, and shall we mar the whole by disunion such as this! Victory is within our grasp; we stand on the very threshhold of the temple of freedom, and shall private jealousy mar the work that now requires but a single blow to complete it? Beware! Disunion has done the like in times gone by—

'Be wise, be firm, be cautious, yet be bold;
Be brother—true—be one,
I teach but what the Phrygian taught of old,
Divide—and be undone!'

"We want not foreign auxiliaries—however acceptable they may be—we want naught but one thing—that is *Union.* The idea prevails with the Canadian French population, I am aware, that the Americans will not suffer them to follow the doctrines of their church. It is a falsehood; it is a hell-forged lie; a lie coined by the time serving parasites, who, vampyre-like, are living on their countrymen's sweat and blood, for the purpose of subserving their own vile ends! It carries falsehood on its face. Look at the tolerance to every shade and every variety of opinion taught in the United States! There every man is permitted to worship God, under his own vine and fig-tree, in the manner that suits him best. That the unprincipled party who are opposed to us should not scruple to resort to falsehood and misrepresentation I am not surprised. They are capable of every thing; they know that they are doomed, that their race is run; that they will fatten no longer on human gore and human plunder—that the avenger of blood is behind them, and the reign of king-craft and tyranny is one on this side of the Atlantic. I blush

to think that we have been the last to break our servile chains —the United States led the van—Mexico, and South America followed—and long ere this we should have said—'the foot-step of a foreign lord pollutes our soil no more!' I say I am not surprised that those unprincipled miscreants now at the head of affairs in Canada, should resort to vile falsehoods like these. But I am astonished that the Canadians should be so credulous as to believe such gross absurdity! I well know that the Government officials have the priests in their pay; and the only thing that pains me is that men in the garb of religion should descend to propagate infamous slanders for the most villainous political purposes. I said, we do not require, speaking strictly, the aid of any ally.

> ——————'For know ye not,
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow;
> By their right arms their freedom must be wrought.'

The States of America won their independence without the intervention of foreign aid; for that of France was merely nominal, and *we can* win our freedom without foreign aid—but, nevertheless, the support of a gallant sympathizing people like the Americans, is highly desirable—and will be tendered us. (Cheers.)

"I need not speak on our right to take the matter into our own hands, and to discuss this question, and finally the right to appeal to arms, or, in Adams' impressive words, 'an appeal to the God of Battles.' Where is the slave who would deny us this inalienable privilege? Let the reptile stand before me who would dare contend that man is born the property of man? (Cheers.) That we are creatures to be bought and sold, to manure the battle-fields where the lust and villainy of kings is decided by armed power! Where is the worm, the soulless thing, that would dare contend that there is moral wrong in our throwing off the yoke imposed on our fathers

ere we were born, but under which we also groan? When did we give our consent to the treaty? When did we resign our right of self-government? Never! The right is inherent—it is the gift of God; and we are worse than bondmen, worse than brutes, if we relinquish it without a blow. (Hear, hear.) And that England, too, should arrogate this right—this right of conquest! That a paltry little island, three thousand miles away, should rule, with a rod of iron, such an extent of empire as this! Why the three British islands might be thrown into three of our lakes, and scarcely be missed from the chart. The contemplation of the absurdity strikes one dumb with amazement. What! that little speck give laws to a country as large as Europe! For shame! People of Canada, shame on ye to suffer this! But the germ of Freedom is amongst us now. Who resist this movement? A few fat officials, who abjectly lick the crumbs that fall from the monarch's table—that table supplied by the blood and sweat of millions. Leeches and vampyres that care not what degradation they subject themselves to; that care not who are the sufferers so long as they are supplied with their robber prey! A few craven dastards and paltroons, who are 'afraid it is wrong to resist the law;' who think it blasphemy to speak against the sacred sanctity that shrouds a king. But that divinity that hedges a king is a very contemptible thing when it serves to shield such as the roué George IV., or that fellow they call king of Hanover. (Intense silence.) You think these sentiments bold, sir; I admit they are *new*. Men have hitherto been afraid to breathe their thoughts; they dared not communicate their fears; their souls were fettered and their tongues were tied. But that day has gone by; thanks to Freedom's God, the day has gone when man was the hereditary slave of man! And, startling as these opinions are, they are only so because they are *new*. But are they

false? The man lives not who dare tell me so, unless he would be branded with the damning name of Liar! I stand here and challenge the world to prove that I am not speaking the truth. It is as true, sir, as that Heaven is true. We ask not for new rights: we ask only for those which God gave all men at their birth—the right to choose and live under the form of government that suits them best. Men's rights were wrested from them by the armed robbers—the sceptred ruffians of the Middle Ages. The life of man was of no more regard than that of a dog now; to breathe a word against kingcraft was to be torn asunder, and divided into quarters. The barons who made the first stand at Runnymede did not obtain any thing which man possessed not before; they merely *wrested back a portion of those rights which kings had plundered them of.* Oliver Cromwell obtained no new or unheard of privileges; he *wrested back* a further amount of those *natural* rights that men always possessed. At the revolution of '88, still others were obtained, and returned to their original owners; and at the American Revolution they were *all* restored! (Prolonged cheers.) We ask, then, but for our own. If they deny us that which is ours, the consequences be with them—their blood be on their own heads. We have another tribunal to appeal to—that of the battle-field, and the sooner it is made the better; and death to him who fails or falters now!" (Tremendous cheering.)

As Ferrars sat down, a profound silence reigned around, as if his speech had electrified them. On his resuming his seat beside St. George, the latter whispered in his ear:—

You have challenged opposition to your arguments very frequently; what! if I should take you at your word? would I obtain a hearing?"

"Nonsense, St. George!" returned his companion, "for a foolish wish to display the powerful manner in which

you could handle a bad cause, would you risk your popularity with the fraternity? My arguments were not addressed to *you*, my dear fellow, they were intended for a more gullible class than that you represent, and go down with *them*.—I would use quite a different style of reasoning in trying to convince *you*, but a speaker must always study the character of those whom he addresses, and adapt his words accordingly. With men like these there are three species of arguments—first, an appeal to their passions, second, an appeal to their pockets, thirdly, an appeal to their religious predilections. I am the person usually selected to address their passions; there are orators present, who, if they have not already spoken, you will directly hear, address themselves to the latter weak points I have named. An appeal to reason, and sound argument does not take with such parties as these present, and therefore, unless addressing a person like you, we throw that species of argument aside."

CHAPTER XIII.

LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU.

"Let on your foot;
And with a heart new-fired, I follow you—
To do I know not what—but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"MR. President, and gentlemen," said the dark man, with the moustache, speaking with a strong foreign accent, yet with much fluency, but without changing his position of having his arms folded on his breast; "we have been already fully convinced of the truth of the statements of the person who spoke last. That was all beaten into our heads before we came to discuss these matters here. We long since felt that the interests of these colonies, and the interests of the mother country were diametrically opposed—that we benefit nothing by the connection, and the only proof we have of such a connection is the evils arising from it! Yes, sir, we derive nothing from that connection but our chains; we ask leave to establish ourselves into a separate Republic—we are refused. We have the legitimate mode of redress—the mode adopted by the heroes of the American Revolution—the mode adopted by the South American and Mexican patriots, which has been acknowledged by other nations as just. We knew these things before; we were taught them by bitter experience. A man dared not, indeed, speak a single free opinion, so gross was the system of espionage pursued by the hireling officials of government. We meet here then, sir, to deliber-

ate upon the steps to be adopted, preparatory to taking the field in quest of independence. I believe we have made all the arrangements necessary. The different lodges have returned rolls of their numbers, and their readiness to take the field, at any appointed hour. (Hear, hear!) Our whole number amounts to one hundred thousand men! (Hear, hear!) Not base hirelings, employed as human butchers at a shilling a day—not blind brutes fighting for they know not what, only that their king commanded them to do so, but men ready to shed their heart's blood for liberty, for their religion, for their property, for their rights! (Hear, hear, hear!) We have fifty thousand stand of arms already prepared, twenty-five thousand more are daily expected across the lines. From ten to twenty thousand volunteers have already enrolled their names, and armed themselves at their own expense to fight in our cause. Our leaders have each received their respective commands, and we are certain of victory, and glorious victory. Steps have been taken to seize that hardened miscreant, Sir John Colburne, and that imbecile bigot, Sir Francis Head, simultaneously, before our intentions are dreamed of—aye, even in the very heart of their hireling horde, and here is the man that has undertaken the task," and he struck his open hand upon his breast, while the building shook with applause. "There are some things I regret to-night; our meeting is of a very heterogeneous mixture. I cannot account for it, as I thought it would consist but of the leaders of the movement, but these are little annoyances which we must look over. Nothing remains now but to disperse ourselves, and await the given signal to muster—that signal as well as the time and place of meeting, will be given to each man privately, and quietly await the moment when liberty and duty shall call us to the field. We will have to combat many enemies, I know that. So much the better:

'True courage but from opposition grows—
And what are twenty—what a thousand slaves,
Matched to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty !'

"We shall find our own countrymen arrayed in the ranks of the tyrant—arrayed against us; we shall find every species of power employed to crush us that money, influence and established rank can produce. But we are strong—we are strong in our cause, we are strong in our numbers, we are strong in our geographical position. There is only one thing can ruin us now—treason, disunion. A great many are here to-night, the oath must be administered to all. Gentlemen, more access to the left side of the room, and one by one, as you repeat the oath, come over to this side. I will begin:

"I, Louis James Papineau, swear before God and my companions here assembled, that I will be true to the cause of Canadian Liberty; that I will at all times be ready to obey the commands of the chiefs of the Fraternity; that I will be willing to sacrifice property and life, if necessary, in carrying out those commands; that I will never betray the secrets of the Fraternity, nor any person engaged in it, and that I will at all times be ready to succor any member who shall make the sign of being a brother of our order."

On repeating this, he crossed over to the right side of the room. The President went through the oath and followed, while one by one the members repeated the obligation, until St. George was called upon. After a few moments' consideration, he also took it, and a silence of some minutes followed.

There was one in that assembly who did *not* take it.

"Here is a poem, Mr. President," said Ferrars, handing a sheet of paper to the chairman, "which has been composed in this room, to-night, under the inspiration of our speeches, by one who has only joined us this evening. I would sug-

gest that the gallant editor on your left distribute a few thousand copies of it, as a war-song, you know what an effect the war-song of Roland had upon the Normans; this may have an equal effect with the young and enthusiastic." As he said this, he sneered in that manner peculiar to himself.

"Read it," said the President.

Ferrars obeyed, and read with marked emphasis :—

THE CALL OF THE PATRIOT.

"The day has dawn'd that tarried long, awake, arise, arise!
Let victory swell the battle song that peals athwart the skies!
Rise! countrymen! the night is gone—arise and now be free,
And break those fetters that are forged across yon Eastern sea!
The battle-shout on Funday's shore, is borne upon the gale,
And the fisher of Cape Briton's isle, now spreads his snowy sail,
And binds the sword upon his thigh and rushes to the main.
He strikes for freedom on the wave—his brothers on the plain!
Far o'er Acadia's hills the shout is borne to Newfoundland,
And start to life from bay to bay that country's valiant band!
And all St. Lawrence hears the peal, its white waves foam on high,
Until Niagara's thunder voice has mingled with the cry.
Along Superior's far-off shore, and Huron's inland sea,
The very winds that murmur by breathe naught but Liberty!
And old Quebec, queen of the north, sees battle's pomp again,
And Montreal sends forth in arms, her lion-hearted men!
And Kingston hears the alarum-call and sends the freemen forth—
Till echoing to the heavens on high, it wakens all the north;
And Western Venice, fair St. John, arises at the call,
Prepared for freedom or for death—to triumph or to fall!
And louder grows the warring sound, and borne upon the breeze
The din of conflict rolls along above yon fretting seas—
These blazing spars and bellowing guns are warring o'er the deep,
And over every hill and vale St. George's hirelings sweep!
But in the shock with freedom's sons their powers they defy
Like dust before the thunder storm, they falter, turn and fly.
The meteor cross is in the dust, the flag of war is furl'd,
And Freedom's God forevermore defends the Western World!"

"Bravo! bravo!" resounded from all sides, as Ferrars concluded reading those lines. St. George had been leaning against the desk, his head resting on his hand; as he heard this burst of applause a deep blush suffused his face.

"Oh, these toys," said the person who had accompanied St. George and Ferrars on entering, "may pass with the young and enthusiastic, but our time is too precious to have it occupied with poetical trifles—we have realities to deal with. Now, although Mr. Papineau's plan of swearing those present is a very good one, yet there are some things of too important a nature to be discussed now, I would therefore move that the meeting adjourn, but that the chiefs of the fraternity remain."

After a short debate this motion was put and carried, and St. George rose to depart. In the crowd that were endeavoring to make their way out, he was shoved rudely against the partition of the dark passage; he placed his hand on what appeared to be a concealed spring, for a small door opened noiselessly to the pressure. In total darkness he entered—all was silent. For some time he listened, and at length a gurgling sound like the pouring out of some warm liquid, fell upon his ear, and at the same moment a faint appearance of light became discernible through a chink in the partition at the opposite side of the room. He advanced silently, and placed his eye against the aperture. He looked long and earnestly, nor was his attention arrested from what he saw within, until he was aroused by the entrance of a person with a candle. This person, in seeing St. George, uttered a cry of alarm, dropped the light, but seizing the latter by the throat, grasped him firmly, and at the same time making him sensible that he held a sharp weapon to his breast.

CHAPTER XIV.

BASE COIN AND FORGED NOTES.

"He knows our secret—let him die the death!"—MASSINGER.

"MOVE not, or you die!" cried his captor; "ho! lights there! quick!" In a few minutes two men entered from the room in which the consultation had been held. One was Papineau, the other Ferrars. "Ha!" exclaimed the latter, "a spy!"

"He dies!" cried Papineau, drawing a dagger, "better one man die than ten thousand be betrayed!"

"Not so!" cried Ferrars, recognizing St. George, "but he must become one of the chiefs of the fraternity, since he has now learnt our secret!"

"Who is he?" cried Papineau, bringing the light up to his face.

"He is one of our number, consequently there is no danger. But St. George," he added, "this was a rash step!—Had any one entered the passage from that room into which you were peering so incautiously, you would have been stabbed before there would have been time for an explanation!"

The young man stood unabashed. "I made the discovery by accident," he said; "I was not endeavoring to pry into secrets with which you did not wish to entrust me. Do you doubt my truth in the cause?"

"Not at all," replied Ferrars, with a sneer, which it seemed he could not lay aside, "all I doubt is the propriety of

making a chief of the movement, one so young and inexperienced, *maugre* his being a poet and a philosopher."

"Well, there is no help for it now," said Papineau, "he must either die or take the oath."

"Possibly," said St. George, "you may imagine, since I have no alternative but to take the oath or die, that I will do so readily through fear. You are mistaken; I will not take the oath. I promise on my honor not to reveal what I have seen, but I will not bind myself to secrecy by any other oath!"

"*Par Dieu!*" cried Papineau, plunging his hand in his bosom, "but you shall!"

"Stop!" exclaimed Ferrars, calmly, as he waved him back, "St. George, you misunderstand us! We wish to elevate you to a rank superior to a mere member of the fraternity, and a new oath is imposed on all those who take that step—you as well as the rest will have to take it. St. George, we have staked our lives on a desperate game, we cannot risk the stake by submitting to any romantic folly such as this. You have discovered a great secret connected with our safety, and therefore it is necessary that we make you ours, so that you will be mutually interested with us in keeping it secret."

"And what are the obligations to be imposed on a person, taking the rank of one of the chiefs of the conspiracy?"

"Come in the room where they are sitting deliberating, and you will hear the oath."

On saying this, Ferrars led the way into the room which they had left, St. George walking next to him and Papineau bringing up the rear.

On entering, Ferrars advanced to the table at the head of the room. Five or six men were sitting around engaged in conversation, which was carried on in a low and earnest tone.

These were the leaders of the conspiracy. After whispering for some time with the President, the latter said: "Will you, Mr. Ferrars, become guarantee for his good faith and caution?"

"I will," returned Ferrars.

"That will not do," said the man who had first met St. George and his companion at the door, and whom we shall call Fergusson. "This person is unknown to us, and we are going to impart to him matters, which if divulged, would jeopardize our heads—yes, our heads—that is the word—and for Mr. Ferrars to go bail for his truth—why, it will be poor satisfaction, if he betrays us, to revenge ourselves on Mr. Ferrars. He is young, too—he may be imprudent, if not treacherous—No! I will never consent to his being made acquainted with secrets of such great importance."

"But he knows the principal secret, already," urged Ferrars.

"Very well—let him die then!"

"Yes, and bring suspicion at once on each of us!"

"You are a very clever man, no doubt," continued Ferrars, "but do you not see, sir, that the steps which would be taken to discover this murder might lead to the discovery of the whole plot."

"Oh, you are afraid of a little blood—I beg pardon for having frightened you—but I really think you mistook your business when you joined us."

A strange dark smile flitted over the pale face of Ferrars, and he sneered bitterly, as he replied—

"You are wrong, Mr. Fergusson, I do not fear a little blood when I have a motive in shedding it, as you will find to your satisfaction ere many days go by. But in this case it will lead to no good result; and as regards my having mistaken my profession, you will be pleased to remember, Mr. Fergus-

son, that in this Fraternity, I occupy a position superior to yours."

"Aye, thanks to the fools who made it so!" muttered Fergusson.

"Nevertheless, he is right," said the President, "and as I also am averse to bloodshed, I agree with Mr. Ferrars, that this man, now that he has discovered our secret, should be enrolled as one of the chiefs. However, I wish to take your votes." He did so, and Fergusson's was the only dissenting voice, so that St. George was elected.

The latter was then made to approach the table. All the chiefs stood up uncovered, each with his right hand placed upon his heart. St. George stood in the same attitude, his left hand grasping the Bible. He then repeated after the President, a solemn oath, in which he renounced monarchy and the British connection, pledging himself to have no other aim or interest save the independence of the colonies, and binding himself to obey the commands of the chiefs of the Society, and to be true to the cause with his life.

When he had finished, the President said in a deep voice, which rang through the room—

"And for the traitor that is false—may earth deny him shelter and heaven its rest!"

The simultaneous response, "Amen!" followed, and St. George was conducted to his seat and enrolled as the junior chief of the Fraternity.

"This being over," said the President, "let us again return to the business which we were discussing. You all agree with me, gentlemen, that every thing must be done at one blow. There must be no pause—no time given them to avert it. Sir John Colborne and Sir Francis Head must be seized—Montreal, Toronto and Quebec must be taken—and all Canada rise to arms in one day. All our arrangements

must be made so that these things will be effected simultaneously. Were we to attempt any *one* separately, the *whole* would be endangered. They must be carried into effect at one and the same time."

"At one and the same time!" repeated the chiefs.

"Well then, Papineau, I think you said you would effect the capture of Sir John Colborne?"

"I will."

"Well, name the time?"

"Go on with the other arrangements, and I will think of a day."

"McKenzie, you are chief of the Republicans of Upper Canada. Will they rise at a moment's notice?"

"They will."

"Are they sufficient to take the city of Montreal?"

"Amply sufficient."

"You then undertake to capture Montreal."

McKenzie nodded his head.

"Gentlemen," said the President doubtfully, "we should pause ere undertaking a great amount of responsibility. The result of any member taking upon himself to perform more than he can do, would be total destruction to all."

"We must only do our best," said Ferrars; "if we fail, why we cannot help it."

"But I will not fail—I, William Lyon McKenzie, undertake to place Montreal in the hands of the Republicans and in one month from this—or I will be past caring for the result."

"How many effective men can you call upon at a short notice?"

"Three thousand," returned McKenzie.

"Quite enough, if well commanded and led on with prudence. Now to seize Sir Francis Head. Will no one undertake that."

The members looked at each other doubtfully—it was a

dangerous undertaking—one that involved almost certain death. Sir Francis Head was in Upper Canada, surrounded by troops, and the idea of capturing him, terrified the boldest.

"What, will no one undertake it," said the President; "then let us cast lots. Are you agreed?"

The chiefs bowed their heads in silence.

"We must exclude those, of course, who have undertaken to perform other services. Papineau, McKenzie, Ferrars and myself. There remains three, Nelson, Fergusson and St. George—before deciding gentlemen, you will swear individually, that which ever of you the lot falls on he will effect his purpose, if it can be done."

The necessary oath was taken, and the names written on a slip of paper and thrown in a hat. The President put his hand in—the first name drawn was that of St. George.

"Mr. St. George is the person who will have to perform this duty," said the President—"and now I think our arrangements are nearly completed. This is the 5th day of October; on this day month, which will be the 5th day of November, every thing must be done at one blow. On that day, you, Papineau, will capture Colburne, surround him with your 18,000 armed Canadians, and hold him as a hostage to guarantee the safety of the Provisional Government. On that day St. George will do the same with Head——but, stop,—before calculating on this, do you think, Mr. St. George, you can do it and that we are not expecting too much?"

"If it can be done," replied St. George, who was slightly pale and agitated, "I will do it. If not, I can only fall in the attempt."

"Good! Well, on the same day, McKenzie will surprise Montreal, and surround the Parliament Building with Anglo-Saxon troops. Ferrars and myself will be prepared to have there assembled Republican Representatives, who will declare

the colonies free, sovereign and independent—and this will all be effected in one day!"

A low murmur of applause filled the room—the President resumed: "If then we shall have to fight for our freedom we shall occupy the strongest ground—and volunteers will flock in from the States by thousands."

"And Toronto and Quebec?" asked Nelson.

"Will rise on that day. The chiefs who represent the Republicans in those cities are absent to-night, but they will not be absent from the post when required. An outbreak will take place in both places simultaneously, and if rightly managed, this day month the Republican flag will wave from Lake Superior to Anticosta?"

"But previous to any demonstration," suggested Ferrars, "ought we not to have another meeting of the chiefs, so as to prevent any misunderstanding?"

"Yes," said the President, "we will meet at the hour of eleven, three nights after this, in the same place, when every thing will be arranged for the final blow."

"Brother in high treason," said Ferrars, sneeringly to Fergusson, who was much agitated, "you look pale. Perhaps you do not like an undefined danger—and would face blood more boldly. You do not yet know the nature of the duty you will have to perform."

"Whatever it may be, young man, I shall perform it without flinching," answered Fergusson.

"His duty," said the President, "has not yet been selected; it will depend on chance—and he will at any time be ready to obey the commands of his superiors whenever called upon."

"Who are my superiors?" asked Fergusson.

"Myself," said the President, "Rodolphe, Ferrars, and Papineau."

"I shall be ready," replied Fergusson doggedly; "but I don't like the idea of being left to be ordered about by this one and that, without any definite duty being assigned."

"Well, the next question is money," said the President—"guards will have to be corrupted—means of speedy transit employed—and a hundred other things will be found necessary which will require money. Gentlemen, here is an order, certified by me, which, on being presented to the Treasurer in the next room, you will each receive £1000. If you do not find that sufficient, draw on me for more."

"A thousand will suffice for St. George, and a like sum for Papineau," said McKenzie, "but I shall require £4000; keeping 3000 men under arms, I can tell you is no cheap job."

"I thought," said St. George, "that you observed this evening that money was sadly wanting—it seems plenty enough now, however."

"Oh," said Ferrars, "it would not do to tell all hands we had money; "they would all be claiming remuneration. Besides, it lulls suspicion—and it would hardly do, that the source whence this money is derived should be known."

"Well, gentlemen, it is understood that we meet here three nights from this. In the meantime we had better disperse as quietly as possible. I must now busy myself in calling together the materials to form a Provisional Government."

"Remember," said Fergusson, "you promised me the office of Attorney General."

"Before this day month," muttered Ferrars, *sotto voce*, "you shall be Attorney General to His Satannic Majesty—but I am morally sure not of Canada!"

CHAPTER XV.

FERRARS HORSEWHIPPED.

"An oath—an oath! I have an oath in Heaven."—SHAKSPEARE.

"I WONDER," thought Ferrars, as he pursued his way homeward, lost in deep thought, "if any one of the many with whom I am associated, have the penetration to fathom the intentions of Edmund Ferrars? I doubt it—as old Louis XI. used to say, if I thought the hat I wear knew the secrets in the head it covers, I would throw it in the fire. I hold them all between my fingers—fools that they are—do they think I am working for their benefit. No!—the aristocracy look down on the middling classes—the middle class treat with disdain the lower order—and even the very lower order look down with contempt on the poor penniless boy, who, friendless and houseless, is spurned from door to door. Such was I; when a pauper—an orphan—a newsboy, I received insult and ill treatment from these very men with whom I am now connected; are they such fools as to suppose that a few years' change, a slight alteration in my circumstances—would drown forever the bitter scorn and brutal usage I have received at their hands! They are terribly mistaken! The newsboy disgusted with harsh treatment, left his native land; he endured unheard of suffering—but he traveled—he became acquainted with men—with literature, with science—with distant lands. He returned a man—a different being from that which he had been; he was now respected—feared—followed—because unknown. He obtains the secrets of cabi-

nets—the secrets of hearts; he mingled with the highest and the lowest—quietly, unobtrusively—he observed the wretchedness springing from the present organization of society—he learned the causes of discontent rankling deep in the hearts of the people—every thing that could subserve his great purpose was grasped at—he became a peasant, an aristocrat, a demagogue, a philosopher, a Catholic, a Protestant, as occasion required—but nothing was too low for him to stoop to—nothing too high for his reach, if necessary, in forwarding his great aim. Insidiously and quietly he accumulated the inflammable materials—without exciting suspicion he placed the incendiary torch in the hands of those whom he selected to fire the pile. He kept himself in the back-ground—he made them the agents to inflict his vengeance, and the implements to effect their own destruction. His chief enemies he caused to be his chief tools in carrying out his revenge—so that the spirit and feelings of the boy remain, even when form, features, circumstances, all, are changed. Do they dream that the boy could bury the iron in his heart forever, and that it would rankle no longer in the heart of the man! Fools! They do not know me now, but I know *them*, and dearly shall they purchase the knowledge of my identity. There is that Fergusson, who, not content with making me lead a dog's life while with him as his postboy, made the second attempt to ruin me with that libel case. But I will not revenge myself—oh, no!" he added, laughing aloud, "I will not avenge myself—I will make him do it for me—I will make him the minister of my vengeance on himself! And then there is that pliable fool, St. George, the poet—the dreamer. I humor him, because he also will make a very useful tool—he will become an implement in my hands which I have long wanted—I will make him the scape-grace of my failures, if ever I do fail—therefore it is necessary I should make much of him."

At this moment he became sensible that he was overheard, for in the abstracted state of his mind, his thoughts had gradually formed themselves into words, which were uttered aloud. In the obscurity he now observed a person walking behind him, who must have heard the latter part of his soliloquy.

"Possibly he does not know me," muttered Ferrars, with a suppressed imprecation on his own imprudence; "but it is necessary I should know *him;* and once I fix my eye on him, he will find it contains the fabled properties of those in the basalisks."

So thinking, he stepped to one side, and concealed himself in the adjoining thicket. The listener passed, walking slowly, his head resting on his breast, and with a dejected look. It was George Gerard.

"Ah!" said Ferrars, drawing a long breath, "something may turn up to silence you. I am fertile in expedients. Let me see: is not this St. George's rival? Ah, yes, I will make something of it." He came forth from his concealment, and again renewed his walk. "It is time, though," he continued, "to think of taking some step with regard to Fergusson. He has had the length of his tether. In a few days' time they will strike the first blow for independence. Some unforeseen event may elevate him beyond my reach. I may fall, I may be imprisoned, I may be prevented in many ways from consummating my long-dreamed of wishes. All may be betrayed. Stop. How would it do to give information of him to the authorities, and make the proof of his treason so clear and damning, that nothing could save him from the gallows? O, no, no! that would betray every thing; and, in ruining him, I should betray my own intentions prematurely. He would, in turn, reveal every thing, and I would no longer be the master-spirit of Canada."

He was aroused from his reverie by being run against by a

horseman, who brushed him in passing so rudely as to nearly dislocate his shoulder. Involuntarily he uttered an exclamation at once of anger and pain.

Instantly the horseman drew up. He was an elderly man, in a military undress, and was evidently intoxicated.

"What 's that you say, sir?" he cried, in a harsh, sharp voice, and with the tone of one used to command; "do you dare to speak to me so, sir? Who are you?"

"You run against me, sir," replied Ferrars, in his usual soft tone; "and not giving one notice of your approach or time to get out of your way, I was much hurt, and perhaps spoke angrily."

"Who are you, sir?" cried the horseman, in a fiercer tone than before. "Some rascally soldier in colored clothes. You can't deceive me, sir."

"Your penetration is very great, sir," replied Ferrars, dryly, "but unfortunately for it, in this instance, you are mistaken. However, I do not see the justice of first putting a man's arm out of joint, and then giving harsh language by way of apology."

"You insolent rascal, do you know who I am? Do you dare to speak to me so? What regiment and company do you belong to, sir? Your commanding officer shall know of this."

"You are either mad or drunk," answered Ferrars. "I am not a soldier."

"You lie, sir!" cried the other, grasping his riding-whip. "You are a deserter, or you are out without leave."

"I tell you I am not," answered the civilian. "Go home and go to bed till you sleep off your carouse."

"What, do you give me the lie and tell me I am drunk in the same breath?" cried the officer, raising his whip and

striking Ferrars violently over the head. "I will teach you manners, sir!"

The young man's face assumed the pallor of death, and his hand sought his bosom instinctively, as if searching for a weapon. At the same moment the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and a man rode up beside the officer. It was his servant.

"No, not now," muttered Ferrars to himself, as if making a violent effort to control his passions, and he turned to depart.

"What kept you?" thundered the officer of his servant, as he approached. "Look here, is not that fellow a deserter?"

The man glanced for a moment at the dress and appearance of Ferrars, and, seeing that his master was intoxicated, assured him that he was not.

"Ah, very well," muttered the officer, setting spurs to his horse; and in a few minutes they were lost in the obscurity.

Ferrars wiped the sweat from his forehead. He was deadly pale, but his feelings were those of exultation. "I have conquered my nature," he said to himself; "I find I can control my feelings under the most trying circumstances; I have long schooled them; I have long tutored my passions to submit to my will, and this great triumph proves that my efforts have not been in vain. Had my passions mastered me, I would, probably, have shot him: his servant would have come up in time to surprise me in the very act; he would have caught me red-handed in the actual murder. I could not have proved the provocation; I should have been hanged, and all my plans would have fallen to the ground. But now," he added slowly, clenching his teeth, while a deadly and terrible expression crossed his countenance, "Now is he mine. Others shall avenge me."

The day had just dawned; and, as he thought thus, a Canadian, wearing a red cap, met him. The man was going to his work, for he held the implements of his trade in his hands. Ferrars stopped him, and made a scarcely perceptible sign. The man responded to it. Ferrars made another, and the Canadian replied, by saying:—

"You are one of the chiefs of the Fraternity."

"I am," said Ferrars; "and require your immediate service."

"Well, I suppose I must obey," answered the man; "but I have little time to spare."

"Rest assured you must obey. Attend. A man, followed by a servant, both mounted, passed here within these last few minutes. This man was swarthy, thick set, and spoke with a nasal intonation. He rode a black pony. Follow him till he stops, and bring me intelligence of his name and residence at six o'clock this evening. You will find me at No. 301 Notre Dame street. Remember your oath; be faithful, and I will reward you well."

"O!" said the man, joyously, "there is no need of this trouble. I met him; I know him. It was Colonel Moodie."

"Colonel Moodie," repeated Ferrars. "Are you sure?"

"Sure. I know him well."

"Ah, that will do. Be secret, be diligent, be faithful. Adieu."

"Adieu, monsieur."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FORGED LETTER.

"There are some shrewd contents in your Jame paper,
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheeks."—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE evening following the one on which transpired the events related in the last chapter, the rain came down in torrents, the roads were wet and muddy, while, ever and anon, a flash of lightning, followed by low rumbling thunder, would light the gloom. St. George wrapped in a heavy overcoat, was walking rapidly towards a little cottage in the vicinity of the city.

"The heavens are propitious," thought he, "she will not keep her appointment." Then his thoughts wandered, and the next reflection that arose in his mind was the query, "how in Heaven's name am I to make a prisoner of the Governor of Upper Canada? It all seems like a dream. How suddenly I have been transformed from being an useless atom to take an active and important part in the great drama of life. What a transition! and how unexpected!" As chance would have it, he was here confronted by Gerard, who was hurrying towards the city.

"Ah, Mr. Gerard, how do you do?" said St. George, in an indifferent tone, and without feeling the least embarrassment. The other colored up to the forehead, and returned his salutation in a voice so husky as to be scarcely understood.

"A very wet evening."

"Very, and very unpleasant to any one who has to attend an assignation."

As he ventured this, he colored still more deeply, but seemed determined to come to an explanation. St. George stared at him, and replied in an indifferent manner, "I do not understand you, sir."

"Oh, Mr. St. George, there is no need of any circumlocution," said the other, making a desperate effort, "I think we understand each other well, you have an appointment this evening with Miss Hereford ?"

"Well, sir," said St. George, with freezing coldness.

"You are carrying on a deception, sir, that is shameful," cried Gerard, becoming irritated at the *sang froid* of his rival, "you think, perhaps, that I am not aware of it, but I know you, sir—I have heard your own confession, and I tell you your conduct is cruel and unmanly."

"Ah, indeed!" said a third party, who at that moment approached the spot, mounted and muffled in a horseman's cloak. He had overheard the last remark. "I was not aware before, Mr. St. George," said he, "that you were a Catholic. This is your father confessor, I presume. Well, it strikes me, he has selected a very unpleasant time to preach you a sermon on morality, as the rain is likely to quench all the fire of his eloquence," and he laughed sneeringly.

"Who are you, sir," cried Gerard, turning fiercely towards him, "and what right have you to interfere in a question that does not concern you ?"

Ferrars, for it was he, made no reply, save a very significant glance towards St. George.

"Mr. Gerard," said the latter, "although I consider you guilty of gross impertinence, yet say what you have to say, and be as brief as possible, for I don't like standing in the wet."

"I have only to say this," answered the other, fiercely, "you are trifling most foully with the feelings of a person in whom I am deeply interested, and I wish to tell you candidly, that should any thing befall to cause her one sigh for your treatment, I will avenge it, though I follow you to the ends of the earth, and purchase that vengeance with my life."

"Very romantic, indeed," sneered Ferrars, "it will no doubt weigh fearfully on Mr. St. George's spirits, and be a check over him to take care how he acts over young damsels in whom you are interested. But where is your lance—where is Rosinante, where is Sancho Panza?"

"Who the devil are you?" exclaimed Gerard, "oh, ho, I know you now," he continued, as if endeavoring to recollect what he knew of him, while Ferrars became pale as death; "I know you now; you are the person who walks the streets at daylight, muttering to himself."

"What!" exclaimed Ferrars, recovering his calmness.

"Meddle not in affairs you have no interest in," said Gerard, turning haughtily to St. George, as if for his answer.

"Good!" thought Ferrars, he does not remember what I said, or perhaps he is cautious, and does not wish to put me on my guard, by letting me know the extent of his information."

Apparently St. George had formed a project in his mind, for without evincing any anger, at the words of his rival, he advanced towards him with a conciliatory manner.

"Gerard," he said, "you are under a mistake, I am not interested in the person you refer to, nor she in me."

"Then why do you lead her to suppose so?"

"I lead her to suppose any thing else but that—I have never expressed any interest in her farther than that of a casual acquaintance—and no doubt she is well aware of this."

"But you have interviews with her."

"May we not have interviews without love or marriage being in the question? We have business of a very different nature."

"Fool!" muttered Ferrars, "he is trying to act the hypocrite, and he will fail. What folly!"

"Then you do not care for her?" said Gerard, his eyes sparkling, "there is nothing between you?"

"Certainly not," answered St. George; "it would be folly in me to think of it, since her affections are set on another person."

"Another person!"

"I am sure of it."

"Oh, no, no, you are mistaken!"

"Not I—I have had proof of it."

"Who?"

"Oh, you may guess—he is not far away."

Gerard's eyes were fairly radiant with joy. He held out his hand to St. George, and exclaimed—

"Are you really telling me truth? pledge me your honor."

"Are I telling you the truth? pledge you my honor," said St. George, haughtily.

"Oh, pardon me—but if you knew how deeply this subject concerns me, you will not be surprised at my emotion. There is yet hope," he added, as if speaking to himself, but immediately afterwards exclaimed, "but, no—no—she will not believe me! she will think I have invented this to obtain an object."

"Tell her I said so."

"Oh, she will not believe me—she would think I was speaking blasphemy." A sudden twinge contracted St. George's face. "But," continued Gerard, "write me a letter as if accidentally, and make use of these sentiments."

"Write it yourself, and use my name."

"You authorize me to?"

"I do, since you express so ardent a desire."

Ferrars was looking on, with a puzzled look, but with his eternal sneer on his lip.

"Well," he cried, "if this is not showing the white feather, I don't know what is! St. George are you mad?"

"No!" he answered sternly, "I know what I am doing," at the same time he frowned at Ferrars, as if giving him to understand that he would explain the mystery when an opportunity occurred.

Gerard appeared highly gratified, and after expressing a wish that they might hereafter be friends, he left them.

"If this is not cowardice, what is it?" said Ferrars, as soon as the latter was out of hearing, "why, St. George, what have you done?"

"Rid myself an acquaintance I was tired of."

"Poh! not at all!" answered his companion; "if she loves you, do you think she will believe it! No! she will spurn the idea—she will deny its truth, she will show the forged letter to you—and *when she does*, mark me, St. George, *secure* it, *and give it to me*."

"Give it to you?"

"Yes. Will you promise?"

"Why should I give it to you, when you have no interest in it?"

"I will tell you. My life is in the hands of that Gerard—he knows of our secrets; obtain that forged letter and *his* life will be in our hands—at least, it will serve as a powerful check over him."

"Oh, I see, but you mistake, she will not show it.

"Tush! I never mistake. Will you do it?"

"Oh," he replied laughing, "I suppose I am bound to obey you."

"You are; but to return your favor I will give you advice with regard to the service you have to perform in Upper Canada, which will be of much use to you."

"By Jupiter! I wish you would, for I am, I confess, at my wits ends."

"Very well, will you be disengaged this evening?"

"I will—the latter part of it," replied St. George.

"Then come and see me at No. 10 Notre Dame Street, I will await you, and have a bottle of wine ready—which we shall discuss, while discussing Sir Francis' head. But it's d——d uncomfortable standing here—so, good-bye, till then," and Ferrars rode off.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FALSE OATH.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens to menace so?
Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part I have walked about the streets,
Baring my bosom to the thunder storm.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"AND so, Mary, you were fool enough to come out, such an evening as this," said St. George, on entering the cottage, and beholding Mary Hereford, her glossy ringlets dripping with wet, and her face pale with anxiety.

"Venture to come out, Lewis," she repeated, "certainly. Did you not make me promise—and did you not say that if I neglected, you would fancy I did not love you?"

"You are a foolish girl, Mary, to believe all I say," replied the young man, regarding her fondly but sorrowfully—"this was a very imprudent step, for you were unwell before."

"I have not been well for these few days past—but how could I disappoint you. My own comfort was but of trifling consequence when it threatened to annoy you."

St. George ground his teeth. "Mary!" he exclaimed, "I am unworthy of you! Would to heaven I had never seen you!"

The young girl raised her eyes tremblingly and fearfully to her lover's face; it wore an expression that terrified her; it was the despair of the Fallen Angel.

"Oh, Lewis!" she cried, "do not look so; you frighten me!"

"I wish my looks had done so when we first met," he answered, moodily.

"And why do you regret our having met. My life has been an Elysium, since our love commenced. True, it was a feverish delirium of joy, but it was still happiness. Perhaps you love me no longer!"

She gazed at him earnestly, but he did not answer.

"Oh, Lewis," she exclaimed, clasping his hand, "speak! Do you no longer love me!"

"I love you, dearest," he answered. At that moment a heavy peal of thunder rolled cracking and crashing through the skies, and the sheeted lightning illumined the windows.

Mary made an exclamation of extreme terror, and clung to her lover's side. His own face wore a troubled expression.

"I love you, Mary," he cried, "and that is what distracts me. I have won your affections—I have prevented you from making better matches——"

"Oh! St. George!"

"Mark me! I have prevented you from looking elsewhere—in fine, fooled you—and I am unable to gratify our wishes by marrying you now. I am poor, Mary, I may not be in a position to claim your hand for many, many years. You will regret our acquaintance—you will feel disappointed—you will experience that 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' you will attach the blame to me———"

"Stop, Lewis!" she exclaimed, "do you still love me?—will you always love me?"

"I do, I will—as heaven is over us!" he replied.

Another crash of thunder shook the building. St. George turned pale, but recovering himself he muttered—"tush! fool! to dream of supernatural interference in so paltry an affair."

"Then," exclaimed Mary, "so long as you love me I shall remain happy; fear not my feeling disappointed. I will wait

patiently for years, content with the assurance of your love, in the hope that at length circumstances may permit our union."

Again the building trembled with the thunder. Mary shuddered. "Oh!" she cried, "I do wrong to be here—I was forbidden this house; come, Lewis, let us go."

"What, not in the rain?"

"Yes, yes, I will not stay any longer," she answered; "I have kept my appointment, and that is sufficient."

"Mary," said St. George, changing the subject, "Gerard appears to be much attached to you."

"I am sorry for it," she replied, coldly, "for I esteem him very much."

"But do not love him?"

"Love him Lewis, how you talk!" she replied.

A pang of jealousy shot to St. George's heart, as she expressed this regard, and he muttered between his teeth—

"He is deserving of esteem, no doubt. You will soon know how deserving."

"Come, Lewis," she cried, getting up, and going towards the door, "it is getting very dark; let us go."

Ere she had time to open it, a heavy step was heard outside, the door flew back, and an officer attended by three soldiers, entered.

Mary started back, affrighted, and clung to her lover's side.

"Allow none to leave this house," cried the officer to his men, "till the search is over. Arms and ammunition supplied by the Americans for the use of the rebels, are in this building, and we must not cease searching till we find them."

"But, sir," said St. George, addressing him, "your command cannot extend to us, as we do not belong to the house, and were just on the point of leaving it when you entered."

"I tell you it does, sir," replied the officer, harshly; "you must remain where you are till the search is over. Who knows but if you are allowed to leave you may not go to a house where arms really *are* concealed, and give them the alarm."

"Well, sir," cried St. George, "admitting that I may be a rebel, which is as far from being the case as that you are one, yet it does not refer to this lady. She, at all events, is not a conspirator—you will permit *her* to pass?"

"I will permit no one," said the officer; "she could give the alarm as well as you. Johnston, allow no one to go out at that door."

"No one, sir."

"Your conduct is arbitrary and unjustifiable," cried St. George, "and in defiance of the privileges of every British subject."

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed the officer, with a sneer; "well, look ye here, youngster, if you want to show off before the young lady, I will soon show you off—for if you do not keep quiet, instead of preaching the rights of British subjects, I shall have you sent off to head-quarters, between a file of the guard, with your arms tied behind you."

"You dare not!" exclaimed St. George, his frame trembling with emotion. "I am a British freeman against whom no charge has been preferred, and you dare not play off your little brief authority by such a gross violation of the rights of Englishmen—or if you did you should rue it to the longest hour you lived!"

The officer turned on his heel, as if it were not worth his while to reply; the men were busily engaged searching the house, the master of which offered no resistance, but sat quietly at the fire smoking. The officer then addressed some familiar remark to Mary, at the same time, chucking her under the chin. She shrank back and clasped St. George's

arm. On the latter the effect was electric. His head swam, a flash of light rushed through his brain, and seizing the officer by the breast, he hurled him back against the opposite wall.

The latter rose slowly, he was livid with rage. "Resistance to His Majesty's troops in performing their duty," he gasped—"well, I will settle the matter my own way. Here, sergeant," he roared, "seize that fellow and tie him. Stop," he added, recovering his temper, "have you found any thing to create suspicion?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"Strange," he muttered—"a letter, signed by one Fergusson, was found, in which this house was named as one of the depots for the rebels arms. Never mind—seize that mutineer. I will not send him to head-quarters, for his punishment there, will not be so mortifying as that which I shall inflict because this will be in the presence of his mistress. Tie him up, and give him three dozen, with your belt."

"You are a paltry scoundrel!" cried St. George, taking a chair which he smashed, and then grasped one of the stoutest pieces—"and I may have it in my power to return this yet!"

"You hear that!" roared the officer, "he threatens treason—he has some plot in his head! tie him up!"

St. George watched his chance. With one blow he stretched the sergeant; at the second, the man standing at the door, and grasping Mary tightly round the waist with his left hand, he cleared, at one bound, the space between him and the entrance, and in the next moment they stood in the open air. Crying on the remaining man to follow him, the officer rushed out, but it was too late. The obscurity was so great that nothing could be distinguished at five yards distance, and with an imprecation of deep passion and disappointment, the officer returned to the cottage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POWER.

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ST. GEORGE, after accompanying Mary home, where she arrived wet and wretched, immediately set out for the city. He found Ferrars awaiting him, at the appointed place. This man was sitting at the table, on which stood a decanter of wine and tumblers, the room being lit up by two candles. Every thing around him denoted comfort if not luxury; but his countenance wore a weary and discontented expression. His elbow rested on the table, and his hand supported his head. "Toil—toil," he muttered, "there is no rest, no pause—once embarked on the stream of ambition or revenge, and we are no longer our own. Thought, happiness, time, rest, physical strength and mental strength must be devoted to the cause—we have no longer control over them, and there is no longer rest. Is the object to be obtained worth the struggle? Ah, it is now too late to make that inquiry. Once embarked and there is no longer an opportunity of withdrawing. Ha! St. George," he said to the latter, on entering, "you are punctual."

"I was afraid I would be late," replied the other; "I was

detained by a scoundrel, whose arbitrary conduct was so outrageous to the rights of British subjects, that you will hardly believe it."

"British *subject*," repeated Ferrars, sneering, "what an abject term—did you ever study the meaning of it? However, what do you allude to? Some piece of insolence on the part of those upstart officials who

> ——————'Dressed in a little brief authority,
> Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep?'

"Exactly,—I will tell you." And St. George related the scene in the cottage.

Ferrars listened attentively. "Ah," said he, when the latter had concluded,—"I am glad of it, heartily glad of it."

"Glad of it!" cried St. George starting from his chair;—"then I suppose you would have felt still better pleased if I had received the chastisement which the scoundrel threatened?"

"Probably I would," returned Ferrars, coolly. St. George made a movement of impatience. "Stop!" cried the other, "I will tell you why. Hitherto you have been a mere automaton. You have no private wrong to avenge; public wrongs are not keenly felt by individuals, unless they apply to themselves. You acted with us, but without feeling yourself personally interested—you had no feeling of your own to gratify—and you would never have been worth much. You would have been always temporizing—always for half-way measures. In fact you might have proved the Bertram of the plot. But now your gall has been stirred—now you feel yourself personally aggrieved—and hence you will act with more energy and settled purpose than hitherto. He found no arms?" he asked.

"No, I believe not," returned St. George.

"Strange. And yet arms were concealed there. I wonder where he obtained his information?"

"Stop a moment, I think I can tell you," said St. George, pausing—"let me see—it was obtained by the discovery of a letter written by Fergusson to some friend."

"Ha, good!" muttered Ferrars—"you don't remember who to?"

"Yes, I think—one Rodolphe."

"Good, again," cried Ferrars, evidently gratified. "Well, now describe this officer to me, so that we may know him again."

"He was an elderly man, with grizzled hair, swarthy complexion, thick set, and apparently very strong. He spoke with a choleric, hasty tone, and through his nose."

"Ah, Moodie, again," said Ferrars. "Well, and how do you purpose avenging yourself?"

"Well, had his orders been carried into effect, I should have killed him on the spot. But as they were not, I shall wait patiently till an opportunity occurs."

"Pshaw? And was it his fault that his intentions were not carried into effect? Have you to thank him for that? Is he less deserving of punishment because circumstances enabled you to escape from the degradation to which he intended subjecting you?"

"I could not well take any step there; Mary's presence and my inability to exact vengeance and escape, prevented me doing any thing then. But not the less will I remember him."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Obtain a meeting, and kill him!"

Edmund Ferrars laughed aloud. "Colonel Moodie give you a meeting! You are mad!"

"I shall force him. Suppose I meet him suddenly, offer him a pistol, and say, 'Now, you scoundrel, although you do not deserve it, I will give you a chance for your life. Take one of these pistols, and defend yourself—for if you do not, it will not prevent me from shooting you like a dog!'"

"All very good, supposing a chance to do all this offers. But to meet him in a lonely place by himself, where there is no possibility of interference, you may wait ten years, and wait in vain. Then admitting the probability of this meeting taking place—perhaps, he may be the best shot—he may shoot *you*—and then the revenge is on *his* side. Your pistol may hang fire—you may lose your flint—he may shoot you while your arrangements are pending—pah! pah! 'tis a poor method of revenge, even if you meet him! Well! throwing all these chances in favor of your plan; allow you meet him in a forest—that you shoot him—well, what follows. Colonel Moodie is murdered—he was last seen with one St. George—that St. George, it was well known bore him a grudge—he had threatened vengeance at such a cottage on such a night—he borrowed Mr. So-and-so's pistols—and hired Mr. Thingabob's horse—a pistol is found in the murdered man's hand—that pistol is traced to the owner—from the owner to the borrower—the latter is arrested—he has no defence—he cannot prove an *alibi*—he can only urge that it was a fairly fought duel—this cannot be proved—nor would the law recognize the defence if it were—one link being thus discovered, all the chain would gradually be followed out, until our whole conspiracy would stand revealed, and by your imprudent method of revenge, you would not only lose your own life, and the lives of hundreds of your associates, but destroy forever the independence of Canada."

"And what would your plan be?" said St. George.

"Ah, that is another affair. You see, not having your

feelings on the subject, and not being enraged against him as you are, I can speak more calmly. How I would act in your place I cannot tell, because I am not placed in it; but I think I would await him some night when he is returning home, drunk—having first taken every precaution to prevent a discovery of the murder, and there take ample revenge."

"You recommend me to assassinate him?" said St. George, with a shudder.

Ferrars sneered. "The idea frightens you," he said; "well, I shall not attempt to overcome your scruples—knowing that when a repugnance to shed blood arises from physical organization, it is useless to endeavor to overcome it. In this case, too, perhaps, the provocation was not sufficient as to deserve punishment with death. But, mark me! human life is at some moments of very trifling consequence. Do you think, if a discovery of our plot were in danger of taking place, I would hesitate at the idea of sacrificing a man's life to prevent it? No! certainly not."

"You would do that on the plea that by sacrificing the life of one man you would thereby save the lives of a thousand."

"Exactly. Well, then, you mean to imply, that if this would justify assassination, private revenge would not. Well, you are a philosopher—a metaphysician—and may ground your doctrine on some solid basis. I am only a poor observer of nature, and only know this—that the whole animated creation, seen and unseen, are actuated by the spirit of vengeance. From the lowest reptile up to God, the principle is carried out. The Deity Himself revenges himself on his enemies. Witness the fallen angels! shall man alone be exempt and not indulge in a feeling so universal, so natural!"

"I would not descend to murder to gratify my hostile feelings against this man! Oh, no, no!"

"As you like. But would you have any objection that another should do it for you—some friend, for instance!"

"I would not instigate him—I would not employ another to do for me that which I was afraid to do for myself. That would be still worse."

"But I am powerful—my power is unlimited. I hold the scales of life and death of nearly half a million. I have a regard for you, St. George—and *I* will avenge you!"

"You!"

"Yes! before four and twenty hours Moodie shall have ceased to live. You do not believe me?"

St. George looked at his strange companion, and shuddered; there was something in his pale thoughtful face, and a concentrated fire in his hollow eye which imposed an awe on him that he could not shake off.

"You doubt my power," said the latter, "I tell you it is unlimited. I know every thing; I forestall every thing. I will tell you the principal things that trouble your mind now?"

St. George smiled incredulously.

"You are thinking, first, how you are to capture Sir Francis Head; secondly, how to rid yourself of your acquaintance. Miss Hereford."

The young man started, as if with surprise.

"The next thing that concerns you is the manner in which you can revenge yourself on this officer, and also on Gerard, whom you hate as well. Is it not so?"

"Tush! this is the result of chance, and may be accounted for quite easily," replied St. George.

"True," said Ferrars; "but are there not many things which you cannot account for? For instance, the apparition last night in the graveyard?"

St. George sprang from his seat.

"You know that?" he exclaimed. "Ferrars, in God's name, how have you learned this?"

"O, I cannot impart the source of my information," he replied; "but I can assure you that it is very varied. I have many familiars in my employ, and there is nothing escapes my knowledge; because, St. George, there is no intelligence, however trifling, that may not be of use to a politician."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Ferrars spoke hurriedly, as if to conclude before the intruder entered. "Will you believe in my power, if my prediction respecting Moodie is verified?"

"Certainly not. Perhaps you may contemplate killing him yourself."

"O no," he answered, with a sneer; "I do no such imprudent things. I may not leave this room for the next twenty-four hours; yet my arm is long. Will you believe?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, Fergusson is getting impatient, for I suppose it is him. Come in," he said aloud; and the person he had named entered.

"Now, St. George, I have some private business with Mr. Fergusson," said Ferrars, "and, as ours is almost concluded, I will take it as a favor if you withdraw. I promised you assistance in carrying out your exploit. I will tell you what you must do: Withdraw all the troops from Upper Canada."

"Withdraw all the troops from Upper Canada! And how the devil am I to do this?" exclaimed St. George, looking bewildered.

Ferrars smiled. "You will immediately mingle with some of the dragoons stationed here. Among them are many members of the Fraternity. As soon as you find one, and you

recognize him by his answering your sign, whisper to him these words. [Here he spoke low.] Then give him this dispatch, and command him to lose not a moment in delivering it to Sir Francis Head;" and he handed St. George a sealed letter.

"But," said St. George, hesitatingly, as he took the dispatch, "suppose he delivers it to his commanding officer, and betrays us; suppose he refuses to obey me at all?"

"In the first event, the document would betray nothing; in the second, he would undergo a punishment worse than death. Are you satisfied?"

"I suppose I must," answered St. George, rising. "Shall I offer him any reward?"

"No! *command* him to obey; he dare not refuse you. I will see you tomorrow night at the meeting. Adieu."

Quiet and unassuming as this man was on their first acquaintance, there was now something about him which imposed command and even awe; and St. George, bidding him adieu, rose and retired.

CHAPTER XIX.

REVENGE.

"I could discern, methought, the assassin's eye,
And gladiator's heart."—WERNER.

"AND now, Mr. Fergusson," said Ferrars, turning to his companion, "I am ready to enter into business with you. I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

"O never mind," replied Fergusson, with a patronizing air. "Only get through with it as fast as you can, as my time is valuable. For this reason, I think it would have been as well if you had called on me, instead of sending for me to attend you."

"I believe it is not customary for superiors to wait on their inferiors with their commands."

"Superiors," repeated Fergusson, uneasily, as he shifted his position in his chair. "I do not understand you."

"I believe it was understood at our last meeting, Mr. Fergusson, that, in the event of any emergency, then unforeseen, arising, you were one of those who, being unemployed otherwise, was to be charged with the duty. That is, your duty was to await further commands, in case your services were required."

"Yes, I believe something of that sort was said. Well, has any emergency arisen wherein I am wanted?"

"A very great—a terrible one."

"Ah! what is it? can it be remedied?"

"Perhaps; but you must be prompt."

"Me?"

"Yes. You must, tomorrow morning, at daylight, be on

the road to Toronto, where the governor at present is. You will take three men with you on whom you can rely. Mark me."

"Yes, well," said Fergusson, assuming a defiant air, as if he would say—I will listen to you, but not obey you.

"You will see an officer pass, accompanied by two men, and a third man bound. That officer's name is Colonel Moodie. Do you know him?"

"I know him. He is one of my best friends. Well?"

"You will shoot him through the heart!"

Fergusson became speechless with surprise; his hands rested powerless on the table, and he gazed on Ferrars with a vacant, bewildered stare, as if he could not remove his eyes.

"You will, on no account," continued Ferrars, "permit this Colonel Moodie to reach Toronto. Your own life will pay the forfeiture of your neglect. Do you mark me? You will die by the most unheard of torture, should he escape you."

"I deny your right to command me," said Fergusson, recovering his speech. "I will do nothing of the sort. You command me to commit murder. Well, I refuse. The Fraternity will justify my conduct. What motive can there be in murdering this officer?"

A smile of withering contempt arose to the young man's face; it was one of fiendish triumph and exultation.

"You refuse," he said, haughtily; "you question the necessity of executing my commands. Are you aware that, if I chose to do it, I could force you to have but one alternative—to obey my orders or suffer the penalty provided by the Fraternity in case of refusal—death. But I will not act so peremptorily. I will tell you why you must do this service."

"It is useless, I will not do it, at any rate, till the chiefs meet; let them decide between us."

Ferrars smiled, and went on, without heeding him. "You require to know why this man's death is necessary, the answer is contained in three words: we are betrayed!"

Fergusson started and turned pale.

"This man," pursued Ferrars, "has been placed in possession of all the facts relating to our plot. He is aware of every step we have taken—he knows the names of all the chief conspirators, and tomorrow he departs to lay before the Governor the extent of his information.

Fergusson's teeth chattered, while Ferrars went on, as if enjoying the other's agony; "But thank heaven, this information is oral—he has no documents, he is the sole depository of the damning secret, and with his death, the secret is destroyed, and we are saved. If he reaches Toronto, we are lost—lost forever. But he must never reach Toronto!"

"The emergency is terrible!" exclaimed Fergusson, resting his head on his hand; "he must not indeed be allowed to arrive at Toronto. But how am I to know that this is true?" he added quickly, raising his head.

"You will know to your cost, when you are arrested for high treason—when you feel the hangman's rope about your neck. What will be your reflection when you remember that your own incredulity brought you to the gallows?"

Fergusson shuddered. "Damn the Fraternity!" he muttered involuntarily. Ferrars smiled, with suppressed exultation.

"He must be prevented from reaching Toronto," he added, "but why do you select me?—it is an important business, why not go yourself?"

"I select you for two reasons," said Ferrars coolly; "first, I have every confidence in you, and secondly, you are the cause which led to our being betrayed!"

"Me!" echoed Fergusson, springing to his feet.

"Yes!" answered the other. "You gave the first intelligence. Your imprudence, or your voluntary purpose, I know not which, has been the cause of our having been betrayed."

"What mean you!—explain yourself!—how?"

"Your letter to Rodolphe has fallen into the hands of the Loyalists."

Fergusson clasped his hands, while his face became livid—"And you have seen it?" he cried.

"I have!" replied Ferrars calmly, and watching the effects of his words.

"I am ruined—I am ruined!" groaned Fergusson; "ah, now I see, why you select me on so fearful an expedition; it is owing to the manner in which I spoke of you in that letter. Is that not the reason?"

"No," replied Ferrars, with the utmost calmness, "I select you merely because you have been left at my disposal. and because, you being the person to whom the blame of this will be attached, you should be the person selected to remedy it."

"Left at your disposal—how?" inquired Fergusson, trembling from head to foot.

Ferrars rose slowly, and went to a desk on the other side of the room. He unlocked it, and took out a sheet of paper, which he unfolded. "Here our different duties are assigned," he said, as he returned to the table. "Mr. St. George to capture Sir Francis Head; Mr. Papineau to make prisoner of Sir John Colburne; Mr. Fergusson to be ready to obey the commands of Mr. Ferrars, whenever called upon so to do. See," he continued, handing the paper to his crestfallen companion, "read for yourself, that is the genuine signature of the President, is it not?"

"Oh, yes, it is his," replied Fergusson, glancing at it, "but Mr. Ferrars, I wish to explain why I referred to you in the manner I did in that letter. I am under obligations to

this Rodolphe, and when he wrote to me seeking for information concerning you, I could not do less than give it."

Our readers will remember that Ferrars had never seen this letter, nor had he the slightest idea as to its contents.

"True," he said, "but why did Rodolphe express a curiosity about me ?"

"Because he hates you."

"Why ?"

"He is jealous of your power. So are all the chiefs.—They say you are the devil, and forestall them in every thing."

"Ah," said Ferrars, deeply interested, "but how did you become possessed of the secrets concerning me which you made him acquainted with ?"

"Well, that one connected with the assumed name of Erleloff."

It was now Ferrar's turn to become pale. "Yes," he gasped, "well that one I learned by accident from a young man named Wentworth."

Ferrar's face was now of a leaden hue, but he still preserved the same tranquil expression. "Go on !" he said.

"This Wentworth was telling me an anecdote one day, in which I traced a resemblance between you and the principal character he spoke of. I questioned him, without exciting his suspicions, and without your name being mentioned, by coupling this story with some other reports I had heard, I concluded you had once played the part of an amateur pirate !"

"Ah !" thought Ferrars, "this was Catharine's work—well, this fellow shall be silenced soon." Then aloud—

"This is a bold charge, Mr. Fergusson, and grounded you confess on suspicion. Luckily Rodolphe never received it. But with regard to the other secret you said you had discovered, connected with my early life——"

"What other ?" said Fergusson, inquiringly.

"Ah—it's all right," said Ferrars, as if wishing to avoid its furthur discussion, for he had spoken at random, "yes—and what are Rodolphe's intentions towards me?"

"I will tell you," said Fergusson, as if trying to ingratiate himself with his terrible adversary. They intend to sacrifice you once they have obtained power. Their plan is this: they will appoint you their ambassador to Washington, for the purpose of soliciting aid from the American Government. They will amply furnish you with money and a suitable equipage, but your followers will be creatures in their employ, who will receive orders to betray you to the British on the first occasion that offers, while they themselves will give information to the government of your defenceless position, and take every means to ensure your falling into the hands of the enemy."

"And who are priory to this plot? do you know?"

"Rodolphe, Papineau, Nelson, McKenzie, and myself.—Papineau is your most bitter foe, but Rodolphe your most dangerous. He has been collecting information concerning you for a long time; an account of all the monies you have received and how expended, are kept. In fact every thing, that may hereafter appear to your disadvantage is religiously treasured up."

"Who is this Rodolphe?"

"May I trust you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I will give you a piece of intelligence that will surprise you; and I trust it will have some weight in inducing you to think more favorably of me. I do not wish to go on this expedition, and in the second place, I would sooner stick to your party than to Rodolphe's—for nothing can withstand your sleepless vigilance. You wish then to hear this man's history?"

"I do."

CHAPTER XX.

THE BROTHERS.

"Quick born of the same womb."—BYRON.

"RODOLPHE is an extraordinary man," began Fergusson, "and when you hear some of the particulars of his life, you will be astonished how I became acquainted with them. To that part there is no mystery attached—it is quite simple.—As I told you before, I once rendered him a great service; on the evening following, we congratulated each other on having got out of the scrape, over a bottle of wine. Rodolphe got rather elevated, and very communicative. I related some of the particulars of my life to him, and in return, he revealed me his whole history. Next morning I believe he regretted it, for he questioned me very closely, but I pretended ignorance, and I believe to this day he does not recollect the extent of his communications. His father, who had died while he was young, had once been in good circumstances, but had been reduced at the period of his death to absolute pauperism, so that not the slightest provision was made for young Rodolphe, and he, with his younger brother, were left utterly destitute. At this time he was about nine years of age, and the other orphan nearly four. William, the elder, had received the rudiments of education, but the other, of course, had not even this advantage. As we shall not have occasion to refer again to him, I shall just say that a few years after the death of his father, I took him into my employ, but he

turned out a sad scoundrel—robbed me, and ran away, and since then I have never heard of him."

At these words, a portentous frown darkened the young man's brow, but he remained silent.

Fergusson did not observe this contortion of his features, and continued: "The elder, William, had been intended for a lawyer, but long ere his father's death, he had been forced, through want of means, to give up the idea, and he soon afterwards quitted Montreal, and for many years I lost sight of him. I had myself just then entered into a commercial business, and was very little older than he was, so that we were well acquainted, and at one time were on a similar footing in society. However, so goes the world—those who are up to-day, are down tomorrow, and *vice versa.*"

"Exactly," muttered Ferrars, with a sinister expression, "those, indeed, who are up to-day will be down tomorrow—the sentiment is true."

Fergusson resumed: "William Rodolphe departed from Montreal, no one knew whither, and he was soon forgotten.—Years rolled by, nor was he again recalled to my mind, until one day about two years ago, a tall, and elegantly dressed man entered my establishment. Every thing about his person, his manners, appearance, and language, all denoted wealth, education, and taste, He asked me if I recollected him, of course I was astonished at such a question, and replied that I never had had the honor of being introduced to him, but was ready to serve him in any manner in my power. 'That is all I want you to do,' said he, going to the door, and calling a cab. He desired me to follow him, and calling one of my clerks, I left the shop in his charge, and, utterly confounded at this strange affair, went with the stranger. I confess it was very imprudent conduct on my part, but there was something about him which seemed familiar to

me, and I was drawn towards him by an irresistible attraction. The cab stopped in front of an elegant mansion; we alighted and entered. Every thing denoted the utmost wealth and luxury, and while ruminating on who the mysterious stranger could be, he led me into one of the rooms. In this apartment, at the moment we entered, a lady was reclining on a sofa, reading; at our approach she immediately retired. I only obtained one glimpse of her, but she was excessively beautiful. No sooner were we alone than this man said, 'Mr. Fergusson, my name is William Rodolphe; fortune has been lavish of her favors since I last saw you, and I have no reason to complain. I have but one step more to take, to place me on the highest round of the ladder—your aiding hand alone can place me there. Will you extend it?' I was totally bewildered, and made no answer. He continued: 'if you can, I think you will, we have been old friends—now what I require of you is that you will become security for me on a bond of £25,000, payable in six months. You are astonished, but I will show you are safe.' He got up and went to a desk, from which he took a small tin box; this he carefully unlocked, and taking out the papers it contained, he touched a spring which revealed a false bottom, from whence he took out a handful of notes and bonds, all good. 'Here,' said he, 'is security sufficient to hold you harmless. You know most of the men who have given these, and you see they are all payable previous to the time for which I wish you to become bound. They amount to £31,000, which will leave you a clear gainer of £6,000 should I make default in payment of the bond, as I intend to make these negotiable and leave them in your hands, as a pledge. What say you?—Is not £6,000 something for which you should make a trifling risk?—it is not every day you make that. Look at the documents, are they not good—are not the parties able to re-

deem, in time?—are they not good security?' I examined them; they were given by some of the strongest firms and men of the best credit in the city, there could be no doubt as to that, and I saw no danger in doing as he desired. 'But,' I asked, 'why not endorse these over to the holder of your bond?' 'I am paying him a higher per centage than they are paying me,' he answered, 'and this creditor of mine would not hear of such a thing, unless at a fearful discount on the paper, which he would affect to look upon as a risk.—Do you consent?' In a mad moment I became his security, and gave him a power over me forever."

"How did that give him a power over you?" asked Ferrars, putting his hand to his head, "Ha! I see—I see! gloriously done! by Jupiter!"

"Villainously done, by hell!" cried Fergusson in an excited tone, "but hear me out. I will lay bare his secrets, and thus have revenge on him. No sooner had I signed the instrument, then he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud. 'Why do you laugh?' asked I, trembling all over at some undefined apprehension. 'I will tell you,' he replied; 'I was told some time since that Roderick Fergusson, a merchant of Montreal, possessed secrets belonging to the *Lodge of Chasseurs*, or the *Canadian League*, and the question then was to get this Roderick Fergusson in our power. Of course William Rodolphe was the man selected to do this, and he has done it! 'How am I now in your power more than before?' I cried. 'Because,' he answered, 'in six months you will be called upon to pay £25,000 with the interest, which you can meet, and you will become bankrupt.' 'But,' I cried, 'I hold your notes for more than the amount.' 'Produce them,' he said, sneering, 'and you will be arrested as a swindler! They are forgeries!—all forgeries!' I sprang from my seat, in agony; I again glanced at the notes, but no man could de-

tect the imposition—they appeared the genuine signatures. 'Now Fergusson,' said Rodolphe, 'sit quiet, and listen.—We want your aid, your influence, your wealth, to assist us in the plot which we are engaged in; I do not want your money, I do not want you to pay my debts—mark that. I only want to have such a check over you that, for your own interest's sake, you will be true to our cause. Now, you must join us, and take the oath of the League—if you do this, I will give you back your bond—if not, I will not pay a dollar of it, the holder will come down upon you for payment, and you will have to pay it, or be arrested for forgery; should you attempt to raise money on the security I have given you. You can take your choice—you have six minutes to consider.' 'Six *months*!' I cried, springing up. 'Look at the instrument,' said he, holding it up; 'you see it is six minutes,' and so it was. I had read, in my excitement, the word 'minutes' months. He took out his gold repeater, glanced at it, and said, 'ere the hand revolves round the dial twice more, you will be responsible for the sum of £25,000; avoid this, come with me to the League—take the oath, and I will give you back your signature! What could I do?—I had no option. Of course I consented, and thus it was I first became a member of your damnable Fraternity."

"Well," said Ferrars, "go on—how did this calm, calculating man ever so far commit himself as to reveal to you such secrets of his past life?"

"We became great friends, after that," continued Fergusson. "I done him a great many little services, and he became attached to me—at least, he pretended to be so. At length, a great emergency arose, in which the League's safety was fearfully endangered. Its existence depended on my firmness, as I was the only evidence called up. All eyes were directed at me, and every member of the Fraternity

trembled with anxiety. I acquitted myself to Rodolphe's satisfaction; he was in ecstasies at my conduct—every thing was saved through my ingenuity in baffling the counsel who cross-questioned me. That night I went home with Rodolphe, and we celebrated our deliverance over some excellent wine. Bottle followed bottle, until he became very much excited. Finding him very communicative, I ventured a hint regarding the lady I had seen, the first day I had been there. 'Ah,' said he, 'that is my wife—to her I owe every thing. She brought me £30,000, although at the time of our marriage I was not worth thirty pence.'

"'Then,' I cried, 'how could you have induced one so rich to ally herself with one so far her inferior as regarded wealth. Perhaps there were some other disqualifications attached to her?'

"'None,' he answered—'none! She was beautiful, and was courted and adored by the young, the wealthy and the fashionable in all directions. I had fifty rivals, all of them of the highest rank in the land—yet I was only a poor musician, without money and without a friend.'

"'I must say it was an extraordinary circumstance,' I answered, 'may I ask how you accomplished it? Perhaps she fell madly in love with you, and disregarded all consequences?'

"'She *was* in love with me,' he said, with a sinister smile—but not by her own good will. All earth combined could not have prevented her marrying me—she was infatuated. Ha! they thought they were dealing with a harmless simpleton—but I have shown them,' he added fiercely, 'who was the dupe—it was not William Rodolphe.'

"'But how did you accomplish it, if she did not fall in love with you of her own free will?' I asked, for my curiosity was now thoroughly aroused.

"'By pursuing a certain course,' said he, 'the result was inevitable—she could not do otherwise than love me.'

"'Then you mean,' I hinted, 'that you used a charm of some sort?'

"Suddenly he appeared to recollect himself, and changed the subject. 'Let us talk no more of that,' he said, 'for I believe I have gone too far. I only know this, that, had it not been for my marrying her, I should still have been a wanderer over the wide world, and not the leader in the movement for Canadian Independence.'

"'I dare say,' I suggested, 'but that some strange scenes occurred in your life?'

"'You may well say so,' he answered; 'I have been on the point of despair an hundred times. I was driven to great straits when I left Montreal. I was forced, in fact to work my passage to Jamaica, as a cabin boy. I remained a short time there, and turned my education to account by keeping a school. But such a life did not suit my energetic spirit; I longed for excitement—for power—for wealth. Having formed a liking for the sea, I again took to it, and followed that pursuit for some years. It was a stirring life, there was adventure, variety in it, and for that reason I liked it. We once or twice were brought in contact with a pirate who haunted these waters; on one of those occasions the scene was terrific. Our vessel was captured, and every man but myself, slaughtered. I shall never forget that night; I escaped by the merest miracle. I killed three of the pirates with my own hand, but I was hurled over by the pirate captain, one of the most desperate-looking scoundrels I ever saw; I fancy I can see him yet; he wore a blue frock, and had a silk handkerchief tied around his red hair. I was picked up by a vessel bound for New Orleans, where I arrived without money or clothes. There I was taken sick with the fever,

and so near death was I, that I was placed in the dead cart, when some person, more humane than the others, observed that I was still warm about the region of the heart. I recovered, but found myself penniless in a strange land. It was then I was first compelled by the very necessity of doing something to support existence, to call to my aid that cunning which nature has endowed me with, and I then first resorted to measures which I should never have adopted under any other circumstances. I became one of a professed gang of swindlers. We adopted all disguises—all appearances. At one hour of the day you might find one of our number in the dress of a merchant—another in the uniform of an officer—while at night you would find them in the gambling hells, winning immense sums by the aid of loaded dice, and transparent cards, &c. Some even did not scruple at murder—for if any one, not belonging to the gang, happened to win largely, he was sure to be waylaid, on his way home, murdered and robbed. I did not discover this till afterwards, and, as soon as I did, I left them. I generally acted the man of fashion, as from my appearance and education I could go through with that character best. By managing affairs with much caution, and by first appearing at public balls, and such places, I contrived to pass myself off as an European tourist, immensely rich and unmarried. And by this means I had the *entre* into many of the most fashionable families. But I was not happy—I lived as though I were walking on a volcano, and was in momentary expectation of an explosion. When I found out that the men with whom I was associated did not scruple even at murder, I became more anxious than ever to leave them—but I was afraid. They were very powerful; they had spies everywhere; and their ramifications extended even across the Atlantic, and existed in Paris and London. At length the opportunity occurred. A young man of wealth, who mistook me for the German Baron I palmed

myself off for, made a proposal that I should accompany him to Europe, as he was desirous of making a tour there. I readily consented, and showed to the Society that I had an object in view in accompanying him, as he was very rich. They, of course, thought it a good dodge, and consented that I should stick to him. I was then initiated into all the secret signs, slang, and passwords, whereby I might recognize any brothers in the European cities I should meet—for this Freemasonry of the swell mob, exists on both continents—after which I went to Europe. There it was that a French philosopher put me in possession of a secret, which at once and forever armed me with power and wealth. By its agency, I obtained my wife and her fortune, and by its agency, I am now revolutionizing Canada.'"

"And did he tell you what this secret was?" asked Ferrars, as Fergusson paused here.

"No; I was afraid to press him farther," replied the latter; "I was already overwhelmed with the weighty secrets he had imparted, and had no wish to penetrate any farther. He was very drunk, and I think forgot all about it, next day; because I remember his questioning me very closely—but my stupidity on the subject satisfied him, that I knew nothing."

"Just so," said Ferrars, who was rather pale, and who was gazing into Fergusson's eyes with a very searching expression. "Now I want to know one thing—did he mention, in the course of his travels, of having ever got any trace of his brother?"

"No," answered Fergusson, "he did not allude to the young scapegrace, further than by asking me if I had ever heard any thing of him. I told him no; but that I had not much doubt but that he had given the hangman trouble somewhere; for if ever the gallows was marked in one's face, it was in that young reprobates'—red Rodolphe!"

CHAPTER XXI.

FERGUSSON DOOMED.

Young Siward.—What is thy name?
Macbeth.—Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Young Siward.—No, though thou spok'st a hotter name
Than any is in Hell.—SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Fergusson said this, there was a pause, which was broken by Ferrars, who, with a significant expression, observed:—

"In return for this confidence, Mr. Fergusson, I shall directly entrust you with a secret of mine, which will somewhat surprise you. But first I want you to clearly understand that the order regarding the death of Moodie is imperative."

"But—" stammered Fergusson, at this unexpected determination on the part of Ferrars, "I understood—in fact you led me to suppose that you would select——"

"Yourself," interrupted Ferrars, sternly. "Do you not perceive the necessity of it? Let us see how it would tell before the chiefs of the Fraternity. It comes to my knowledge that our conspiracy is discovered—all our heads are in jeopardy. The person who is possessed of this horrible secret must be destroyed. I look round for an instrument to effect this purpose; Mr. Fergusson has been left at my disposal, it was through him that the Loyalists fell upon the discovery. He is, therefore, the proper agent to employ. He refuses, on the ground of my not having authority to control him. I shew him the order of the President, commanding

him to be in readiness to obey my instructions; he still refuses—Colonel Moodie is allowed to escape—the Government is alarmed—the conspiracy is crushed—the leaders are executed! Now, I would ask, what chance has Mr. Fergusson to escape the vengeance of his associates, even if he escapes their fate?"

"Then I suppose I must go," muttered the latter, as if making up his mind to a desperate enterprise.

"We will go a little further," pursued the unrelenting Ferrars; "you still refuse—well, I am compelled myself to silence Moodie. I accuse you before the chiefs for disobedience of orders in a matter so important that our lives depended on your promptness. Who will save you?—not your former associates; you dare not appeal to them. I will denounce you, and prove to them that you have betrayed their confidence. You are lost!"

"But you will not do this!" cried Fergusson, in an imploring manner, and grasping Ferrar's arm. "I will kill Moodie, I will do all you require—but do not betray me, for that would be sudden death!"

"You must execute my orders then, and that promptly—nothing else can save you. In the meantime I will tell you the secret which I promised, and you will confess how false your statement of the robbery is——"

"What?" gasped Fergusson, staring at him.

"I AM EDMUND RODOLPHE!"

CHAPTER XXII.

HENRY SIMMS.

King Richard.—Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyrrel.—Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
King Richard.—Thou sing'st sweet music, Tyrrel—hark thee, here,
Go by this token, &c.—RICHARD III.

As FERRARS, or as we shall now call him, Rodolphe, made this confession, it is impossible to describe the effect which it had upon his companion. From pale his face changed to scarlet, and then became sallow, while he stared with a stupid and petrified expression upon his remorseless persecutor, who with folded arms, and curling lip, stood before him, enjoying his embarrassment with silent but intense exultation. Fergusson stood thus for a few moments, and then without saying a word, staggered towards the door.

"You will execute my orders with the first dawn of light," said Rodolphe, as he went out; "otherwise all is lost! I will send you three men in the course of half an hour, who will accompany you. You can take as many more as you please. Good night."

Fergusson muttered some inarticulate reply, and precipitately made his escape.

"Now his last hope is swept away," thought Rodolphe, "for I will send men with him that I can depend on, who will make him do his duty. And this William Rodolphe is my brother. Ah, I must form a coalition with him—together we shall be irresistible, but it will not do for brother to act

against brother. Well, now having settled scores with Moodie, I must take steps with Mr. Fergusson. Let me see," he thought for a moment, and then rang a small bell which lay on the table. In a few moments, a middle-aged man, with a swarthy complexion, black eye-brows, and curling hair, entered the room. He was dressed in a blue cloth jacket, and trowsers of the same stuff; he wore a blue frock beneath the jacket, while a broad black belt encircled his waist.

"Simms," said Rodolphe, on his entering, "you have stuck to me faithfully a long time; I have always found you true as steel, and we have had some pretty desperate adventures together."

"Yes, sir," said Simms, laughing, "we have had some hair-breadth scrapes together—but if we were unlucky in getting into them, you used to be the devil in getting out again. Upon my soul I wish them merry times were to return."

"Why should you regret them; I think we are comfortable enough now. Are you in want of money?"

"Oh, no sir," he answered, "I cannot complain of that, you keep me well supplied."

"If you want any more always tell me, and you shall have it. Let me see—where was it, Simms, we first became acquainted?"

"In Jamaica, sir. Don't you remember the night? By the Lord Harry, I shall never forget it; it was on board the Spanish ship that you boarded——"

"Ah, there, there," said Rodolphe, holding up his hand, "don't you know, Harry, stone walls have ears. Well, Simms, since then I have found you true blue, and as cunning as old Nick, but I have now an affair in hand which will require all your wit."

"Well, sir, make me clearly understand it, and it won't be my fault if it fails. That is all I can say."

"You know that Fergusson, who just left here, and where he lives?" asked Rodolphe, fixing his eye upon him.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, listen attentively. You will proceed immediately to his residence, with two of the Fraternity that you can trust, good men and true, who will not flinch, and who will strictly obey your instructions. You understand you will remain with him till the dawn, when you and your companions will accompany him on the road to Toronto. You will station yourselves in some retired part of the road, and wait till an officer passes, accompanied by three or four men; one of them will be bound. Now mark me well!—you have just two things to attend to——"

"But, stop sir, for fear of a mistake, tell me this officer—do I know him?"

"His name is Moodie———"

"Colonel Moodie; I know him."

"You will see that Fergusson fires at and shoots him—if he does not finish him outright, you must complete the job. Do you clearly comprehend?"

"It is an ugly business, but *we* have managed worse in our time. Don't be afraid, I will attend to all that. What else?"

"The moment Fergusson and the rest of you fire," continued Rodolphe, "you will, in the confusion, unbind the prisoner, and allow him to depart; you will not speak to him, or allow others to do so, but the moment Moodie is down, lose not a moment in doing this. Can I depend on you?"

"You can, if I do not fall myself. What next?"

"Give your two companions this money, and bid them shift for themselves. Advise them to leave the country as quick as they can. You yourself will immediately return to the city—mark me, and become King's evidence against Fergusson!"

"Me. I will share his fate."

"Fear nothing. You becoming King's evidence, they will not touch. Keep all political motives to one side, and say that Fergusson paid you to aid him in a certain business which he would not explain to you, and that it was not till he fired at Moodie, that you knew the nature of it, and that then, disgusted, you made all the haste in your power to make amends for your own share in the transaction. Fergusson will not dispute your evidence, and you will be acquitted."

"You are a deep one, Mr. Ferrars," said the man, in a familiar tone; "but this is a dangerous game."

"And one that you will be well paid for," replied Rodolphe. "Simms," he continued, "you know me, you know my resources. I swear to you, on my soul, that even supposing you are imprisoned, even supposing you are condemned to die, I will effect your escape. Do you think I cannot?"

"I know you can, but Captain Ferrars, I have a great many secrets of yours."

"And you think I want to get rid of you, by having you hanged? You are mad—I could not do without you. I might have rid myself of you long ago, but that I could not dispense with your services—I should never get another like you. When you were left in the *Harpsy*, did I desert you then? I might have left you to a miserable fate—did I do so? No! I returned and saved you. Why should I do it now? And besides, could you not reveal every thing you know concerning me, in prison as well as now? Suppose you found I was playing you false, could you not ruin me, even if you were sentenced to death?"

"It's all true," said Simms; "I am a fool to suspect. But suppose Fergusson, in revenge, reveals every thing relating to the plot, and how Moodie met with his death?"

"He will not do it, I tell you. The Fraternity will induce him to keep quiet, in the hope that they will effect his liberation. Under this hope he will go to the gallows."

"I see—I see. You are devilish deep. Any thing else?"

"Nothing. Here, take this money. What men will you take?"

"Hunt and Mathers."

"Stop, I will write a note to Fergusson, showing that you are authorized to accompany him. You must be careful not to lose it, and, as soon as you let him read it, throw it in the fire."

When the note was written and sealed, he handed it to him, saying:—

"As soon as the thing is settled, return, and let me know the result, and then immediately give information of the murder."

"I shall remember. Good night, sir," said Simms, and he took his departure.

"Fergusson can be induced to believe we will rescue him to the last," thought Rodolphe, "and will not peach; but we could not so easily persuade that fellow, Simms, of such a thing. I wish we could, for he knows too much. However, he is devilish useful, and I suppose the time will come when I can get him out of the way. Well, now I must see Catharine about that Wentworth affair, and then change my dress. Poor Fergusson, too; he gave me some very useful information concerning my enemies."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CATHARINE.

Anselmo.—What seekest thou?
Lorenza.—Thy love—my husband's love!
Give me but this, and take my life away,
And we may be again———————
An.———————What we have been?
No! by yon heaven! Hence, frail woman, hence.—OLD PLAY.

A YOUNG female entered the room, as Simms went out, slowly and timidly, apparently as if she feared she was intruding. She appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, and, although her features were not regular, they wore an expression of spirituality, and there was a latent fire in her large black eyes, which amply supplied the want of symmetry in the features of her face. Her complexion was pale, almost transparent, and caused a strange contrast between her jet brows and dark, flashing eyes. On the whole, she was very beautiful.

On her entering, Rodolphe was leaning with his head on the table; he turned half round, but, observing who it was, he immediately resumed his original position, and muttered:—

"Well, what is it?"

"O, Edmund, why do you act so strangely?" said the young woman, in a sweet voice. "You have ate nothing all day; do you not intend to take any supper?"

"No," he answered; "I have not time."

"O," she replied, caressingly, "you will ruin yourself both

in health and prospects by these dark designs you are engaged in. A person that neither eats nor sleeps can not expect to hold out long."

"If my prospects are ruined," he answered, sternly, "it will be owing to quite a different cause, viz., your propensity to talk over my affairs to strangers."

"But, Edmund, I never talk over these things to strangers. I see too few to do so, even if I had the inclination."

"It is false!" he exclaimed passionately, as he resumed his upright position in the chair. "You have the inclination and the ability both to ruin me, and you are turning your knowledge to the best account."

"If you derive any pleasure from that belief," she replied, "you can indulge in it; yet Heaven bear me witness, I never intentionally revealed any thing relating to your affairs that could possibly injure you."

"You are no judge as to what would injure me. Perhaps something which in itself might have appeared harmless, might lead to a succession of inquiries, which would eventually result in my ruin."

"But you permit me to see no one. How can I betray you if I would? I see no one, and this loneliness I would not feel were I compensated by your love, your kindness. But this also you refuse me, and human nature cannot bear up against it. Who do I see?"

"Your brother," replied Rodolphe.

"Perhaps you will prevent his visiting me also," said she, terrified; "but surely you will not be so cruel as that. You have denied me your love; you have prevented my friends from seeing me; and now you would take from me my last and only source of consolation—you would prevent me from seeing my brother."

"Do I confine you?" said Rodolphe; "are you imprison-

ed? If you are so wretched, why do you not escape from my tyranny? why do you not return home?"

The young woman burst into tears. Rodolphe became agitated, and began pacing the floor.

"It is because I have no home," she replied, "and I delude myself with the hope that I may yet win your affections back. From day to day and from night to night I indulge in this dream; and for this reason I do every thing in my power that I think gratifies you. You tell me to remain in the house, and neither visit my friends or correspond with them. I obey you. You tell me to receive no one. I do your bidding. My brother alone am I permitted to see, because he knew of my fate since the dreadful night my parents were slain; and now you deny even him to me! Well, I shall not feel that as a calamity, Edmund, if you give me your love. Do this, and the world has no other charm for me. Be to me what you were when I first knew you, and I ask for no greater happiness. But you are suspicious of me; you are suspicious of your very shadow. You are mixed up in so many dark plots, that you fancy the very winds will betray you. But surely by this time you might have been assured of my fidelity. Have I ever in the slightest instance betrayed any thing?"

"Yes," interrupted Rodolphe; "but luckily you do not know much."

"O, Edmund," she answered, weeping, "you know how false this accusation is. I would expose my heart's blood, but not its secrets. All I ask is your confidence, your love. Good Heavens, is it not strange that men will afflict themselves without a reason, or with imaginary evils! We might be as happy as the day is long if you only possessed a thousandth portion of that love I bear for you. What have I not sacrificed for you?—parents, friends, society, happiness, every

thing; and, in return for this, you deny me the only boon I seek—your love. What have I done, that you deny me even the caresses of a husband?"

"There are enough of toiling, unhappy reptiles in this world of misery," answered Rodolphe, sternly, "without our adding to the number. You are a fool! Do you not see that, at this moment, my mind is agitated by matters of absorbing interest, and that I cannot find time to devote to the fooleries that occupy the fools who own this damned world!"

"It is not an unhappy world," said Catharine; "it is a glorious world. We make ourselves unhappy by our own wicked passions, discontent, and ingratitude. God has given us all the materials of happiness, and we spurn them aside. What prevents us from being happy? Why your mistaking the attributes of happiness, and throwing aside the substance to grasp at the shadow."

"Ah," said he, sneering, "you have been studying moral philosophy. Well, I wish you much joy of the study; but, as it does not exactly suit my taste, I can dispense with essays on the subject. Catharine, I have business to transact. May I beg of you to withdraw for a few moments. When it is over, I shall join you within. Good night."

The young woman arose and withdrew, weeping.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RODOLPHE THE ELDER.

"I might have known there was but one
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."—MARMION.

On her retiring, Rodolphe went to a trunk in one corner of the room, muttering to himself, as he opened it. "I do not think she would willingly betray me," he thought; "but she might do it through incautiousness. However, thank heaven, she does not know much—the extent of her information, would not do me serious harm, even if she revealed it." On opening the trunk, which contained clothes of various descriptions, he paused, then went to the door through which Simms had retired, locked it, and then proceeding to the other one, by which his wife went out, secured it also and returned to the trunk. Lifting the heavy curls of his black hair, and smoothing it behind his ears, he put on a light colored wig, then a large pair of brown whiskers and moustaches, and rubbing some preparation to his eyebrows, which changed their black hue, to one much lighter, he stood before a mirror, and scarcely recognized himself, so effectual was the transformation. He next put on a blue frock, similar to the one which Simms wore; and over it a round blue cloth jacket, strapping it round the waist with a black belt. Then, taking a pair of very small pistols from the trunk, he loaded and placed them in a concealed pocket of his jacket. In another pocket, he placed the document which he had read to Fergusson. On these arrangements being completed, he locked the

trunk, and again examining himself in the mirror, put on a glazed hat, such as are worn by seamen, and left the room.

Let us follow St. George. On leaving Rodolphe's house, and descending into the street, he felt irresolute and bewildered. His situation was novel, and would have been embarrassing to one of older experience. The lights were lit up along the street—the shop-windows were illuminated—the busy population hurried to and fro, each occupied with his own individual concerns—and looking along that obscure and dimly lit-up street, the youthful conspirator, knew not where to go or what to do. He began to repent of his connecting himself in so terrible an enterprise. But, nerving himself with the reflection, that it was now too late to think of retracting, he walked on, his mind deeply agitated with regard to what step he should first take.

"Well," he muttered, "I know something of Ferrars, now—I have a check over him he little dreams of. But troubles are accumulating," he thought—"first, Mary has, by exposing herself this evening, taken a fearful cold which may injure her, and for which she may thank me. In the second place, I am sorry I gave Gerard permission to write that letter—it will appear very contemptible on my part, and she will demand an explanation. If she does not, if she believes it, and falls out with me, so much the better—I shall be rid of her. Then, I must take steps with that insolent officer; by ——! he shall not escape with impunity. As for Ferrars' story of supernatural vengeance—that is all stuff—he wishes to impose on those who are weak enough to believe him, that he possesses something mysterious, &c., all of which I have now penetrated. Yet, it was strange how he became possessed of the secret concerning that extraordinary appearance which I saw in the grave-yard? And then to make matters still worse, there is this expedition to Upper Canada, to be

commenced to-night—and how?—heaven only knows. True, I am relieved by my connection with the Fraternity, from one embarrassment which I previously experienced—the want of money. It will enable me to make my mother's condition much more comfortable—but yet, good heavens! at what a risk I do it! I am sorry I identified myself in this conspiracy!" he muttered aloud.

"Never regret a step you have once taken," whispered a voice close beside him, which caused his heart to bound to his mouth, as the phrase is—"and never," added the voice, "speak of conspiracies aloud in the open street."

St. George sprang round to gaze upon the speaker; a man of prepossessing appearance stood before him. He was rather above the middle height—thin, and with a pale complexion. There was a quiet serenity on his features which bespoke tranquillity of mind—at the same time it evidenced the truth of the saying, that the deepest waters have the calmest surface. The lower part of his face was shrouded in the collar of his coat which was turned up, and his drooping palmetto hat concealed the upper part. "Never regret a step that has once been taken," said this person, in a whisper to St. George, "look ahead—never behind you—your eyes were placed in front for this purpose. You last left Ferrars' house—did you not?" he added, speaking rapidly.

"Who are you?" inquired St. George, recovering from his surprise, "and what right have you to inquire."

The stranger replied not but made a sign, which the young man recognized, and responded to. The stranger then made another, which denoted him to be the third chief of the Fraternity.

"Your rank?" asked he of St. George.

"The youngest," replied the latter.

"Ah—well," resumed the stranger; "and you are seek-

ing assistance in carrying out your duty. You want to find a light horseman to carry Ferrars' despatch to Upper Canada?"

St. George started. "How do you know this?" he cried; "you must have been listening."

The stranger laughed. "That is no matter," he replied, "so long as I serve you—will you accept my aid?"

"Certainly, and be very grateful; for I confess, that being but a novice at this kind of thing, I am at fault."

"All right—follow me, then."

The stranger led the way rapidly through several streets, St. George following—his mind busy in endeavoring to guess who his strange guide could be. At length he turned down a dark lane. In front of a two-story house, brightly lit up, they stopped. While his hand was on the handle of the door, but before opening it, the stranger whispered to his companion—"be cautious—you say you are young at the business, therefore make no signs to any one, and above all avoid getting into a quarrel. Pocket any thing rather than raise a row—for I tell you, beforehand, that if you do, assuredly I will desert you." On saying this, he opened the door, and they entered a dark porch, which they passed through, and arrived at a second door. On opening this, they entered a large room, brightly lit up, and containing a strange and varied assemblage. They were all differently occupied. Some were dancing to the strains of a black fiddler, who sat in one corner—others were busily engaged in discussing brandy punch, some were talking, not a few smoking, and three or four couple, with eager eyes and anxious countenances, were seated at the tables, on one side of the room, earnestly shuffling those little pieces of painted pasteboard, which were invented (if I mistake not) to amuse the deranged mind of one of the dukes of Orleans. It was a description of

one of those houses so common in all towns, and which serve as the resort of the lower orders, when their labors of the day are over, as well as the distinct and several species of gambler, drunkard, loafer, &c. &c.,—representatives of each genus being here congregated. Interspersed, here and there, amid the various groups, were infantry soldiers, in their red jackets and white trowsers, artillerymen in their blue uniforms, twirling their loaded canes, troopers, with high boots and jingling spurs—in fact, each branch of the service had here its representative.

On entering this strange scene, St. George felt confused and did not advance further than the door, where he stood as if wishing to avoid observation, while his companion walked on to the other end of the room, and called for a bottle of wine, at the same time entering into conversation with a soldier, whom he had probably recognized as a member of the Fraternity.

Meantime, St. George stood scanning the scene before him and feeling disgusted at the mad revelry going on around. Probably his countenance betrayed this feeling of contempt, for he had not stood there many moments when a young girl, gaudily attired, and very handsome, but at the same time with that expression which is conveyed in the French word, *Abandonnemênt*—approached him, with an air of reckless gayety. St. George, deceived by her appearance, was about treating her advances most deferentially, but her first remark, which was an inquiry, with respect to why he stood there in the shade, was coupled with a request, couched in language so different from what he had anticipated hearing that he felt shocked and disgusted. Reprobate as he was, in many points, strange to say he had never before been in a house of this description, and was therefore unacquainted with their usages. We will admit that this did not arise from a sense of moral

principle or any thing of the kind, but merely from the fact that he had a mortal disgust to such sort of places, so that his avoiding them, may be attributed more to his fears than to his virtue. Gambling houses of every variety he had been in the habit of resorting to, but the description of den under review, he had shunned most religiously.

The request made by his fair companion was that he would 'treat her.' He was about to reply, when the stranger, who, had acted as his guide, again rejoined him, and, touching him on the shoulder, said :—

"Why did you not follow me, as I told you? What possessed you to stick yourself over here? We have business to transact, which will occupy some time; and, before going into it, we will crack a bottle of wine together. Come," and he turned towards the table on which the wine stood.

"Ain't you going to dance?" asked a dark-eyed brunette, planting herself in his path.

"Go to the devil!" he answered, speaking in the same phraseology in which she had addressed him, and applying an epithet to her, which we do not care to transfer to our pages.

"See here!" cried St. George's fair tormentor, as he was moving away, "are you going to leave me in that mean manner without treating me?"

St. George was about to comply, when his companion prevented him, by telling the lady to go to the place where Richard III. recommended his rival to go, when he stabbed him in the tower, and the locale of which Philosopher Whiston supposed to be in the comets; at the same time whispering :—

"Speak to them in their own language, or they will soon find out you are one of the uninitiated, and impose upon you."

They now seated themselves at a side-table, on which was placed two tumblers and a bottle of wine. The stranger poured out some of the liquor, and, pushing St. George's tumbler towards him, observed :—

"We have not time to use glasses, and therefore we shall content ourselves with larger vessels, and we shall finish all the quicker. Well, I have found you already, what you required so badly, a messenger for your dispatch. How long would you have stood in the street, like a stuck pig, thinking over it, before you would have been able to fall upon this expeditious method ?"

"Probably a long time," answered St. George ; "and I feel extremely grateful."

"That is a sentiment which is seldom evinced, my young friend, though often expressed ; and I would wager sixpence that the very first request I make of you will be refused," said the stranger.

"That depends on the nature of it. Perhaps I cannot do it."

"You can tell me what expedition your friend Ferrars was preparing for this evening when you left him ?"

"I really cannot," answered St. George. "I do not believe he intended going out. At all events he did not make me his confidante."

"Who did you leave with him ?"

"I should like," said St. George, "before answering these questions, to know who is my interrogator ?"

"I am one of the chiefs of the Fraternity, and I presume that is sufficient information," replied the stranger.

"Yet, strange to say, I did not see you among the chiefs."

"Easily accounted for, because I was not among the chiefs. But, I say," he continued, glancing at a man who was intently observing them, and who had but recently entered, "do you

see how earnestly that fellow with the red whiskers and blue jacket is observing us? Do you know him?"

St. George's eye followed the direction indicated by his companion's glance, until it rested upon a man who sat at the opposite table, dressed in sailor's costume, and with a very piratical cast of countenance. This person appeared to be observing them.

"No," said St. George, in answer to his companion's query, "I cannot recollect ever having seen him."

"Then, by H——n, I have!" muttered the stranger, in a rather agitated tone, "and under circumstances I shall never forget. However, I shall know more of him ere he leaves this room. In the mean time speak low, and do not let him see that we notice him. Returning to our subject, was it not Fergusson that you left with Ferrars? Come, don't let the decanter stand idle; help yourself."

St. George had partaken pretty freely of wine with Ferrars. By this time he was becoming rather elevated, and he replied without hesitation:—

"Yes, it was Fergusson."

"You have no idea as to the business he had with him?"

"None whatever."

The stranger bit his lip, then said abruptly:—

"Let me have the dispatch; it is time it was sent off. Meantime," he continued, as St. George handed him the letter, "what is your plan with regard to the capture of Sir Francis Head?"

"I must confess frankly," answered the other, "that as yet I have found none. But Ferrars, whose resources are inexhaustible, has promised to aid me."

"Ah, Ferrars," said the stranger, taking a whole bunch of seals from his pocket, and comparing them, one by one, with the impression on the wax. At length he selected one which

seemed to suit, and, laying it on the table, he returned the others to his pocket. He then deliberately held the letter to the candle, placing the wax almost in contact with the flame, as if he would melt it gradually.

"Hold!" exclaimed St. George; "what are you going to do? You are not going to open the letter?"

"As soon as the wax melts," returned the stranger, coolly, without changing his position.

"Not for your life!" exclaimed St. George, grasping his arm. "That was entrusted to me, and I will not allow its contents to be revealed to you or any man."

"You are a fool!" cried the stranger, desisting for a moment; "don't you see that we are taking into consideration the best method of carrying into effect your project of seizing Head? Well, to aid this purpose Ferrars wrote this letter: what it contains you know not; it nearly concerns you, and yet you are ignorant of its contents. You do not know Ferrars as I do. You put implicit confidence in what he tells you, and yet he is one of those men that you can place no dependence on; in fact, he would sell his best friend the moment it suited his purpose. In this very forged letter he may be not only selling you but the whole Fraternity."

As the stranger spoke thus, the man opposite leaned forward over the table, as if anxious to catch every word. The most intense interest glowed in his eyes. St. George replied:—

"While Ferrars is true to me I will be true to him. That letter was confided to me, and shall not be opened by a stranger."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "since reason will not convince you, perhaps right will; and I claim the right to open it. As one of the chiefs of the Fraternity, and one su-

perior both to you and Ferrars, I take it upon myself to see that no foul play is intended in this document."

"Yes, but how am I to know that?" said St. George.

"I have already made known to you my rank; for your further satisfaction I will tell you my name: I am William Rodolphe. Are you now satisfied?"

"I suppose I must be so," answered St. George, pouring down a tumbler of wine, "since you are my superior; and I do not see, after all, what harm there can be in your reading it."

"Shallow-brained fool!" cried the man who had been watching them, as he rushed forward and snatched the letter out of the hand of Rodolphe. "Is that your discretion?" and he tossed the dispatch into the fire-place.

For a moment they were both struck dumb with surprise; but Rodolphe, recovering himself instantaneously, sprang to his feet, and, grasping the sailor by the throat, demanded an explanation.

CHAPTER XXV.

GERARD'S VOW.

"God in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder chief."—LADY OF THE LAKE.

"MY DEAR MARY: Conscious that our acquaintance must eventually terminate in disappointment to you, I deem it my duty to state candidly, before the affair has gone too far, that it is utterly out of my power at present to realize those expectations which I fear you have been led to entertain. I cannot marry now—probably I never shall; therefore it is better that further communication between us should cease. You have done nothing to change my opinion of you, and this determination on my part does not arise from any thing you have done at which I am displeased. I frankly confess I do not love you, and my feelings merely amount to strong friendship—nothing more. Besides, I am actuated in taking this step by a sense of justice due another person, who, I am assured, looks upon you with deep regard and love worthy a warm return. He is in every respect calculated to make you happy, and in no one particular am I. Therefore, whatever may be the sacrifice to myself, I am determined on relinquishing all claims which our long acquaintance might enable me to urge; and, wishing every blessing and happiness to be yours, I remain Your attached friend,

L. ST. G."

Such was the letter which Mary Hereford had received on

the morning after Gerard's interview with St. George. On first reading it, she saw the words but could not comprehend their meaning, till, at length, the full purport which they intended to convey bursting on her mind, she grew sick at heart, her strength deserted her, and, with a convulsive sigh, she fell back in her seat in a faint. During the subsequent six or eight hours, no pen can describe the mental agony which she endured. A sense of being deserted, a desolation of every thing she had held sacred, fell on her soul, withering and chill. Her thoughts were a chaos and incoherent.—Scarcely a definite idea remained in her mind; she knew that she was alive and that St. George was false; and consciousness of any thing else she possessed not. In this state of half stupor she remained for a long period, till at length, a flood of tears coming to her relief, she wept herself into tranquillity. It was not till then that reflection came to her aid. And what was the result of her first reflection? Alas! for the trusting confidence of woman's heart. Pierced, desolated, betrayed, crushed, and blighted, it still will cherish the truth of the betrayer, and yearn towards the desolater and spoiler even with its last throb. St. George had been wronged—he wrote it not; some vile calumniator had belied him, so that he might no longer be estimable in her eyes.

"Why should he write me thus?" she exclaimed. "Why did he not tell me so when I last saw him? Did I not ask him if he sought for a pretence to break off our engagement, and did he not in reply assure me of his unalterable love? No! he has been wronged, and I think I can tell by whom."

Her parents were out, and she was at this moment alone. There was a knock at the door, and Gerard entered the room. On catching a glimpse of her pallid face, so great was the change which a few hours had wrought on it, that he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and asked her if she was ill.

She replied that she was far from being well, having caught a heavy cold; while she said this, she made up her mind how to act, and not to make the slightest allusion to the letter, but wait and see if he referred to it first, for it was on him that her suspicions fell.

For some time they both remained silent. She felt too agitated to trust her voice, and he scarcely knew how to make a beginning.

At length he spoke, in a low, earnest voice, but with much embarrassment, "I am glad, Mary, another opportunity is afforded me, of again speaking to you on a subject which is of dearer interest to me than life itself." She made a movement of impatience. "Mary!" he cried, deeply agitated, "the wretch who is pleading on his knees for life, is not satisfied at being once repulsed; he repeats his prayers and entreaties till the gate of hope is forever shut on him. He will not be denied to the last—till he feels there is no longer room for hope. So with me. You have once rejected me; were mine an ordinary love, my pride would come to my aid, and prevent me from renewing a suit which had been once spurned. But it is not an ordinary love—I would submit to every indignity, every humiliation—if by doing so, I could expect to find any favor in your eyes. I love you dearer than every thing this world can afford beside; you are the only being in the world, that I can truly say I love, and for you I would die an hundred deaths! My God! what have I done, that you should spurn me from you. There is no damning stigma attached to my name—I am your equal—I possess all the mental and physical qualifications essential to manhood. I love you devotedly—why, for a mere caprice, would you reject my advances? If I was an intruder, if that you loved another, or another had a regard for you, I could account for your cruel conduct, but such is not the case."

"How do you know such is not the case?" asked Mary in a faltering tone.

"Because," he replied, "report only coupled my name with one rival—that was Lewis St. George. I have discovered how foolish I was ever to have supposed that he was my rival, since he has himself assured me to the contrary; therefore, I presume I have no one to contend with."

"It is untrue," she cried, her face becoming still more blanched; "Lewis St. George never told you this!"

"Ah! I feared so!" exclaimed Gerard, clasping his hands; "then you love him! I have long suspected it! Unfortunate girl! your affections are misplaced—he does not return your love!"

"What mean you!" faltered Mary, terribly agitated, "you do not mean to say that *he* told you so!"

"I do, indeed!" he said slowly; "I had the acknowledgment from his own lips. He told me that he regarded you in the light of a friend—nothing more."

"The words in the letter!" she murmured, rising and walking to the window, though hardly able to support herself, "and you tell me he said this?"

"I do—and more than this—which, I will not shock you by repeating."

"It is untrue," she cried; "I will never believe it!—it is gross calumny; St. George never would be so unprincipled. Oh! no! no! he never said so!"

"I assure you, Mary, as I hope for salvation, that he gave me to understand all this. Nay, he told me he himself intended to undeceive you. It is strange that he has not written or spoke to you on the subject."

"Ha!" she exclaimed, a gleam of hope lighting up her eyes; "then you know of the letter which I received?"

"I know that he intended writing you on the subject," he

answered evasively, "and if he has done so, it is only what I expected he would do, when I last saw him."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I see it all; I verily believe he never saw that infamous letter, which it seems you knew of, ere I told you I had received it."

"I tell you why I knew of it, he talked of its being sent to you."

"And do you believe he wrote it?"

"What else can I believe," replied Gerard uneasily, "was not his signature to it?"

"His signature," said Mary in bitter scorn; "pretty subterfuge. I ask if you believe he wrote it?"

"I did not see him write it," he answered, "but if his signature is to it, there is but one belief can be formed on the subject."

Mary's lip curled with indignation, and she exclaimed, "but one more question—Gerard, did you not see that letter?"

The young man paused, his color went and came, but he replied in a firm voice, "Mary, I am incapable of resorting to a falsehood, I confess I saw it."

"Confess, also," she added, with flashing eyes, "that you wrote it?"

Gerard leaned against the mantel-piece, his emotion was visible, but without hesitation he replied, "I did. But hear me," he cried, as she was about to interrupt him, "do not imagine that this is a paltry forgery for the purpose of prejudicing one person and elevating another in his stead. I wrote it—but, mark me, at *his* suggestion. The sentiments contained in that letter were those which he expressed to me, and on urging him to make you acquainted with them, he said, "tell her yourself, I will confirm every thing you say!"

"Miserable subterfuge!" exclaimed she, "I believe not a

word of it. The first statement you have made, you confess to have been false, and I have no doubt but the rest is all a tissue of falsehood, also!"

"I swear by my hopes of Heaven, I am speaking the truth!"

"When one descends to forgery," she answered, "they will not hesitate at falsehood and perjury."

"But you accuse me unjustly," he cried, "do not form an opinion until you ask St. George himself if I am speaking the truth or not. He will decide."

"St. George! He would crush you to the earth if you dared insinuate that he was guilty of such dastardly conduct! Call upon *him*, indeed, to back your base falsehoods! I should like to see that!"

Gerard laughed scornfully. "And if," he cried, "St. George dares to deny what I have stated, it is I that will crush him to the earth! Yes, I will make him confess the truth of what I say on his knees."

"Once having resorted to such measures as these," she said, her resentment, which was always short-lived, giving way, "I am not surprised, Gerard, that you find it necessary to uphold your first falsehood by a series of misrepresentations. Your worthless threats pass for nothing. You would not utter them in his presence."

Gerard's lip curled in mockery. "We shall see," he said, sternly, "if I fear this terrible St. George. Nay, rather, he shall be taught to fear me. But, Mary," he added, "supposing your bitter charges to be true, what induced me to resort to such steps—my love for you—that love for you that would have driven me to have taken *any* steps whereby I might have obtained that which I desire more than earth or heaven—your love."

"I have before given you my answer," she replied in a

faint voice, for the intense excitement which she had undergone, had left her weak, and dispirited; your further attentions are useless. Even were what you have stated true—had St. George really told you what you have repeated, it does not follow that because I ceased to love *him*, I would necessarily love *you*. I never could have regarded you in in any other light than that of a friend, and now less than ever."

"Were my statements regarding St. George, true," repeated Gerard, "but I tell you, Mary, they *are* true—as God is my witness, they are essentially the truth."

"Be it so," she answered, "that would not alter my feelings towards you."

"Then you must love this man devotedly?"

She made no answer, but leaning her head on her hand, which was resting on the window, wept bitterly.

"You would not love me, or any other, supposing you were to discover him to be false?" he repeated.

"Love another!" she said, as if speaking to herself; "I would not survive such a discovery, far less love again!"

Gerard regarded her for a moment with feelings of mingled pity and love—unutterable, soul-absorbing love. A strange, stern expression rested on his countenance. He knit his arched brows, and spoke through his shut teeth—

"Farewell then, Mary, I will see you not again. Since expressing my love displeases you, I will utter it no more—henceforth, it shall be buried in my inmost soul. As you were my first, so you will be my only love—and I will adore your memory forever. I resign you to this man, but," he added with withering emphasis, "if he should betray you—if your heart's love should have been lavished in vain—should my fears be realized—I pledge myself before the Immaculate

God to avenge the atrocious deed, with a punishment that will be worse than death."

And with this fearful vow trembling on his pallid lips, he cast one long, soul-enkindled gaze—a gaze expressive of boundless affection, on the weeping girl before him, turned and rushed from the cottage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE POLITICIANS.

"But I remember when the fight was done —
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd, &c."—
SHAKSPEARE, HENRY IV.

Our scene changes. In a well-furnished apartment, of a large and elegant house, three or four officers, and a civilian are sitting round a table, which is well supplied with brandy, hot water, sugar, cigars, and all the other *et ceteras* essential to the conviviality of the assembled guests. At the head of the table, deeply engaged in discussing a political question, sits our old friend, Colonel Moodie, who, having a certain standard, beyond the boundaries of which he never transgressed, he, at no time, indulged in his potations further than that uniform length—which consisted in a happy medium. At the same time, if he never passed beyond the boundary, he never failed to come up to it—and if he could not be properly termed drunk, neither could he, at any time in the twenty-four hours, be called sober. Moodie possessed all the characteristics of the reckless, but honorable, British soldier of the old school. Courageous to a degree approaching recklessness—forgiving to a fault—with that quick sense of honor, so peculiar to his class—generous, warm-hearted and candid, he possessed many estimable traits of character. His virtues were inherent in the man—his faults were those of the school in which he had been brought up. He was haughty, that came from his connection with the aristocracy;

he was a *bon vivant*, and drank hard—that was a failing which no man could avoid falling into, who had spent his life in the society in which Moodie had passed his. These were exclusively his only bad points. His physical courage was proverbial. He had once ridden his horse down the declivity leading from the upper town of Quebec to the lower, called "Break-neck stairs"—a feat which no man had ever performed previously, and which, we venture to say, no man will ever perform again. Many anecdotes are related of him, indicative of his natural daring. We have only room for one. This was related to the author by one of Moodie's brother officers, who was present on the occasion, and repeated it, word for word. After the peace of 1815 was concluded with America, many of the American officers were invited across the lines to dine—or, in professional language, "mess," with the British. On one occasion, a ferocious-looking Southerner, standing six feet, and sporting a pair of moustaches, which the Prophet-warrior of Mecca might have envied, expressed his grief and disappointment that no opportunity of meeting the celebrated "Britisher" had presented itself during the war. "I have heard tell of you, Colonel Moodie," said the Major, "they say you are as brave as a lion—and by G—d, I am as brave as Julius Cæsar, and I am most damnation sorry we never had a chance of meeting." The Colonel took a pinch of snuff, and with the most studied politeness, replied—"I should regret exceedingly, any thing on our part leading to a disappointment to our guests, and, therefore, sir, I shall be most happy to gratify your very amusing request, by affording you the meeting which a perverse fate has hitherto denied you!"—"Oh, Jerusalem! no! no!" said the Yankee—"that was only in war time—here we're all friends,"—the latter part of his explanation was drowned in the simultaneous peal of laughter that resounded from all

sides of the table, at the expense of the poor Southerner, who "was as brave as Julius Cæsar."

On this occasion, Moodie was talking to his companions, in great good humor, a feeling in which they all seemed to participate, for they were all laughing and talking together.

"And you think, then, Seaward," said the Colonel to a handsome young lieutenant sitting opposite to him, "that these seditious papers, and inflammatory pamphlets will produce no rebellion. Take my word for it they will! Yankee money, and yankee agents are busy now, through all parts of Canada, spreading their infernal principles—and I am surprised that the governor should sleep over it in the manner he does."

"Oh, I don't know sir," said the Lieutenant,—"but these things generally end in nothing. The louder a dog barks the less chance of his biting. If every thing was quiet now, and we were not apprehensive of any thing taking place, then, perhaps, some deep plot might suddenly come to light. But these fellows would never talk so loudly, and threaten death and destruction in the manner in which they are doing, if any thing serious was contemplated."

"And how do you know," said Moodie, "but that something of the sort *is* brewing. We can't gather their secret intentions from their threats. The most villainous plots may at this moment, be under weigh, and we not the wiser. I tell you there are dangerous men amongst these rebels. I know some of them."

"And therefaw, Cawlnel Moodie, we might awgue that you waw holding treathonable intercourth with these odiuth people," lisped a pale faced exquisite in an ensign's uniform, who laughed heartily at what he conceived to be his own wit.

"A charge, my young friend, which will never be preferred against *you*," said the Colonel.

"Why tho?" said the exquisite.

"I do not think they would attach sufficient importance to your services to care greatly which side you were on."

"Unless," said Seaward, "the rebels wished to introduce the latest fashions among their forces, in which case you might stand a chance of being appointed to the office of General of the Fashions."

"And I thould like no better offith," said the Honorable Guy Plantagenet de Valence, playing with his watch chain, while a scarcely perceptible sneer flitted across his face—"although," he added, "I muth confeth that I would prefaw occupying that offith in the Britith servith, rather than in the Rebel—they are such a vulgaw sett, you know."

"They are, indeed," said Captain Satin, whose dress and manners indicated even a greater degree of affectation than the Ensign's—"they are a vulgar low life sett; I don't think, really, that you would find a single gentleman among the whole of them."

"I rathaw fanthy not," lisped the Honorable Guy de Valence.

"Gentlemen or not," said Moodie, "they have clever men amongst them—demagogues, I mean, who have the ability of raising the devil in the people, once they go to work with a will. There's that fellow who prints the—the—paper there, what's his name——"

"M'Kenzie?"

"Yes—that fellow will become a Colonial Cobbett—that is, Cobbett on a small scale; and there is another fellow—let me see—his name is Ferrars; that fellow, unless he is checked in time, will do mischief. You see, I have the whole of them fast—so that if they commence any disturbance, we can lay our hands on the ringleaders first."

"Dear me, how wondawful!" lisped the Ensign, "and

how in the wawld, dear Cawnel Moodie, did you get so much infawmation, if I may presume to athk ?"

'Oh, very simply," said the Colonel, who now, thanks to the good liquor which he was imbibing, had become very communicative—I have an old servant, a serjeant in the poor old 104th, who has got into their secrets, somehow, and gets hold of all their seditious publications. He sometimes points out the ringleaders to me, as they pass, so that I know a good many of them. By the bye, I met one of them the other morning, when I was returning from Satin's quarters, and being a little elevated, I took upon myself to give the fellow a taste of my horsewhip. I confess, I am not much afraid of any mischief *he* will do, for the fellow was as arrant a coward as ever I met, and took to his heels as fast as he could. I pretended to take him for a soldier out without leave. I dare say the rebel scamp was returning from some midnight plot."

"Very likely," drawled the Ensign,—"and which one of them was thith ?"

"I think it was Ferrars, a sanctified looking rogue, but a great coward. However, you being but newly arrived, and only now on your way to join your regiment in upper Canada, you cannot know much about the different characters."

"Not much, I confess," answered the exquisite—"and it strikes me ath very strange that you would trouble yourself with such low-life cattle. Why don't you do as they did with the chartists in England ?—send two or three regiments of Dragoons among them, and cut them to piethes ?"

"Oh, that doesn't do here," said Seaward, laughing; "and as long as they havn't taken any active steps, we cannot become the aggressors. I wish they would—it would be fine fun teaching those editors, merchants, and tinkers, how to fight."

"But it would be so very annoying," drawled Captain Satin, "to be forced to engage with such riff raff, and ragamuffins!"

"You forget," said Moodie, "that our friend Latour, here, is a merchant."

"Yes—but he is of good family, and his arms are very ancient," drawled Satin.

"And he has a very pretty daughter," said Moodie.

"With an income of £10,000 per annum," added Satin.

"And to crown the whole," continued the Colonel, "he is loyal to the mast-head, and would not be a rebel for the world."

"I don't know about that," pursued Satin, "money has great weight with Mr. Latour, and I rather think he would sooner resign his loyalty than his pounds, shillings and pence."

"You wrong me," said the person spoken of, a middle-aged man, with whitish hair, a sharp nose, and a face which appeared, from its reddish hue, to have undergone the change produced by saltpetre when applied to animal matter—"you wrong me," he said; "I have a regard for my wealth, no doubt; it is only reasonable to suppose I should have, for I have earned it by a long course of industry and economy—but sooner than see such rascals as that Fergusson and the rest of them who talk about Republicanism at the head of affairs, I would resign it——" he was going to say "all," but qualified it by saying, "a great deal of it."

"Well, it would be a trying moment," said Satin, "to choose between your money-bags and your loyalty—you were never put to the trial."

"In enumerating Latour's claims to our friendship," said Moodie, "we forgot one essential qualification—in my opinion the best of any."

"What is that?" drawled Satin.

"He keeps excellent champagne."

'And so, sir, this is your first visit to America," observed Seaward to the young Honorable, "you cannot yet have formed an opinion of it?"

"No," said the exquisite, "had I not had a lettaw of introduction for Colonel Moodie here, I don't know how I should have amused myself to-night—my companion, Fitzcharles, having left yesterday for those uppaw regions of Canada, as you call them."

"What, Lord Adolphus Fitzcharles—did he come out with you too," asked Seaward.

"Yus."

"I say," observed Moodie, "do you see when the conversation turned upon Latour, how quick Seaward endeavored to shift it? From the father he was afraid it would turn to the daughter—and I think he would sooner face five hundred of those terrible rebels, than endure any bantering on that subject. Gentlemen, I propose the health of Miss Latour."

"Very remawkable!" observed the ensign, when the glasses had been emptied—"now I don't see what objecthion he can have to be bantawed on that subjecth—I left, I think, two countetheth and one dutheth almoth on the verge of thuithide when I left England on account of my absence—and I don't mind being bantawed on the subject in the least."

"There is an inconceivable distance, sir, between my feelings on such a subject and yours," said Seaward, eyeing him sternly.

"Ah, perhapth tho," drawled the Hon. Guy de Valence, sipping his wine, composedly.

At this moment the Colonel's servant entered.

"Colonel Moodie," he said, "there is a man below, who

insists on seeing you; he won't take no for an answer, and says he must see yourself alone."

"Oh, it may be some rascally rebel," drawled Satin, "they do not like you; I really think you had better not go—tell him that it is an unreasonable hour, and to call in the morning."

"It *is* an unseasonable hour," said Moodie, "and it strikes me I heard the cock crow a while ago. What o'clock is it, John?"

"It is nearly daylight, sir."

"That shows how fast the enemy goes, gentlemen, when we are pleasantly engaged. And what kind of looking fellow is this man?" asked Moodie.

"He looks like a sailor, sir," answered the servant.

"I thought it was some blackguard," said Satin, "don't go down, Moodie—he may have some design in view."

"Pshaw!" answered the Colonel, "since you have excited my fears on the subject, I must see him. John, show him into the next room, and tell him I will join him presently."

CHAPTER XXVII.

RODOLPHE THE CABIN BOY.

"You wear the form of man, yet you may be
The devil."—BYRON: DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

WE must now return to the latter part of Chapter XXIV. and take up the narrative at the point we dropped it at.

"Insolent scoundrel!" cried Rodolphe the elder, as he grasped the throat of the strange individual, who had so unceremoniously snatched the document out of his hand—"I am glad you have given me a plea to inquire into this mystery which surrounds you, as I intended to do it without one. Villain! we have met before."

"We have!—and a pretty place you chose for an explanation—to wit—a brothel," returned the other coolly—"let go my throat, and come with me to some private place and I will answer all your queries, unless you take it into your head to make some which do not apply to your particular affairs—in which case, you will find I can keep my own counsel."

Rodolphe was astounded at this calmness, but recovering himself, he cried—"No! rascal! I will unmask you here! I know you!"

"And I know *you*," replied the other, laughing, with an expression of countenance that seemed familiar to St. George. "I know you, also, William Rodolphe," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper, "William Rodolphe, the cabin boy—William Rodolphe, the pedagogue—Rodolphe, the fiddler—Rodolphe, the man of fortune and pleasure—Rodolphe, the conspirator!"

"Gracious heaven!" cried the other, staggering back.

"Ah," resumed the stranger, "will you now grant me a private interview?—will you unmask me here? Take care I do not unmask *you?*"

Rodolphe's countenance for a moment or two underwent a variety of changes, but mastering his surprise, he exclaimed,

"What do you possibly mean by this incoherent language? Unmask me?—what is there about me to unmask?"

"What you would not wish me to speak aloud here, William Rodolphe," answered the other, "and, therefore, if you wish to hold any further conference you will do it in some more retired place than this."

"First tell me," cried Rodolphe, "what interest you could have in destroying that paper!"

"That would be to give up my advantage," said the other with a sneer; "I have penetrated your secret, and you would have me to expose mine. No, no—I occupy the strongest position and will not give it up so foolishly as that."

"You heard me tell my name to this young man, I suppose."

"Oh, it was unnecessary that I should hear you tell your name, for I knew you well. You did not tell this young man," he added in a lower tone of voice, "how a certain musician captivated an heiress, and thereby acquired his present wealth."

Rodolphe struck his hand on the table. "Strange!" he muttered, "how came he possessed of this! But," he added, "remember I know a secret of yours, sir, that would bring you to the gallows."

"And I can safely reply, 'Hail! Brother!'" returned the other unabashed—"you forget that I also hold a secret of yours, that would bring you to the gallows."

"It is false!" cried Rodolphe.

"You are third chief of the conspiracy?"

"What conspiracy!"

"You seem very anxious that the listeners should know; if you persist, I have no objection to inform them. But, enough of this trifling," he continued, "your knowledge, by no means serves to counterbalance mine. You merely knew this regarding me; that you once met a person answering my description on board a pirate vessel, while you were in some menial capacity on board the captured ship. You neither know my name, who I am, whence I came, nor where I am going; whereas, on the other hand, William Rodolphe, I am acquainted with the most minute particular relating to your past life. We, by no means, stand upon an equal footing with regard to our respective amount of information."

Rodolphe paused—then turned to the master of the house, and ordering some wine, asked for a private room for himself and his friends. Then turning again to his strange companion, he asked, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to St. George—"Do we admit this youth into our confidence?"

"He has proved himself already to-night a fool, beyond all doubt," said the stranger, "and I think we had better dispense with his company."

"As you please," remarked St. George, drily; "but, as I already have discovered as much as I wish to know, I am quite indifferent whether I obtain more of your confidence or not."

"What do you mean?" asked the stranger, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"That fool, as you are pleased to term me, as I am, I have penetrated *your* secret."

The stranger started, as if an adder had bitten him.

"You?" he cried.

"Certainly. I would, indeed, be a fool not to recognize you."

"St. George," said the stranger, "you have more sense than I gave you credit for. It was your resigning that dispatch that caused you to sink in my estimation."

"I had no distinct advice with regard to that dispatch, and therefore conceived I was justified in allowing it to be perused by one of the chiefs. But," he added, whispering in his companion's ear, "it is useless to conceal any thing from me, as I know all that took place this evening."

"How! *all?*"

"Every word, and whence you had your information concerning this man."

"The devil!" exclaimed the stranger, biting his lip. "O, then, in that case, St. George, we must remain sworn friends. Fool that I am!" he muttered, "to have spoken so loudly. But it was rather mean conduct on your part to have listened."

"I could not help doing so. This man was loitering round the door when I came out, and, if *I* had not stood in the entrance, *he* would. Decide which would have made the best listener for you?"

"Ha! very well; I am glad I know this," he muttered. "But time is pressing, and we have both of us much to do to-night yet. St. George," he added, abruptly, "can you sustain an assumed part well?"

"I never tried, therefore can not tell."

"I know you have the nerve," pursued the other; "but do you possess the powers of imitation?"

St. George answered in the affirmative. But Rodolphe, who had been regarding them for some time in amazement, now grew impatient.

"Time is passing," he said; "are you ready?"

"Come on," cried the stranger, leading the way into the next room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS SAILOR.

On arriving there and locking the door, the stranger remarked :—

"Let us now get through with this nonsensical affair as fast as possible, as my time is precious. Your secret regarding me is worthless——"

"Worthless!" interrupted Rodolphe. "You may think lightly of it; but I see no joke in a halter and gibbet."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the other, "let us put the whole matter in as clear a light as possible. I come in here by accident; I recognize you. I am aware of all the particulars of your life; how I became possessed of this information is of no consequence. You are about dispatching away a letter, in which I would have been compromised had it reached its destination. I destroy it. You fly into a passion, threaten me with exposure, attempt to strangle me; and in self-defence I retort, and threaten *you* with exposure. Then you require an explanation. Well, I have none to give you further than this, that it is you who are in my power; I am not in the slightest manner in yours. I have already told you that I am acquainted with every event of your life. You are by accident possessed of one solitary fact regarding me. That fact you can turn to no advantage, because at daylight you might hunt the city, aye, all Canada over, and you would not be able to find me."

"But suppose I should arrest you now?" said Rodolphe.

"You have not the means," returned the other, with a sneer, "and you scarcely possess the requisite degree of physical strength yourself to enable you to carry such a project into effect."

"Ha!" exclaimed Rodolphe, who was a very strong man, "perhaps not; but you forget there are two of us."

"Yes," said the stranger; "but possibly you are not aware that, if it came to that, your new ally would desert you."

"He dare not!" exclaimed Rodolphe. "He is one of the Fraternity, and sworn to obey."

"And what proof has he that *you* are one of the Fraternity?"

"That is known to himself; but you cannot expect me to explain the process to you."

"You can refer the question to himself," said the stranger, drily.

"Admitting it, then," said Rodolphe, drawing himself up proudly, "possibly I might be a match for both of you, although I cannot believe a chief of the Fraternity could, on such an occasion as this, desert his superior."

"This affair does not relate to the business of the Fraternity," observed St. George, dryly; "it is wholly a private quarrel, and therefore you will not depend on my assistance. I now look upon you as Mr. Rodolphe merely, not as a chief of the Fraternity."

"You see your ally has deserted you," remarked the stranger, placing his hand in his pocket, and drawing from thence a pair of pistols, "while I am provided with a pair of little allies here who never desert me, and never miss fire."

"I do not want to arrest you," said Rodolphe; "from the first I did not intend any thing of the kind. Rest assured, if I intended such a step, neither the appearance of your pistols

nor the treachery of this man would have deterred me. With regard to you, sir," he continued, addressing St. George, "I shall bring your conduct before the chiefs, at their next meeting, and we shall see if they will justify it."

"Do not forget to state the case correctly," observed St. George. "Tell them that you had engaged, at a house of infamy, in a private brawl with a private individual, and then, in your capacity of chief, called upon me for assistance. My answer to all this will be very explicit: in the first place, I did not recognize you in that capacity; and in the second, by attempting to molest this man we might have risked a discovery of the whole plot. Do you perceive how foolish your position will be?"

"Well, well," said Rodolphe, impatiently, "we will let that pass. I have just three questions to ask of you," he continued, addressing the stranger. "The first is, How did you ascertain that a conspiracy existed? The second, How did you learn those particulars relating to me? and the third, What position do you yourself occupy in this great drama?"

"O," said the stranger, with a sneer, "we are not sufficiently acquainted yet for me to give you so much of my confidence as this; besides it would be revealing the source of my power. Suffice that I know almost every thing that transpires. I can now tell you the desire in your heart next to the triumph of your party."

"Ha! I doubt that very much."

"Well, next to the success of your enterprise, you are desirous of the downfall of one of the men associated with you in the conspiracy."

"Ha! by ———!" cried Rodolphe, startled, "you are an extraordinary man."

"So say my enemies," remarked the stranger, enjoying his triumph.

"Well," continued Rodolphe, "and this associate's name?"

"Is Edmund Ferrars. Ha! Have I probed your thoughts?"

"O," exclaimed Rodolphe, recovering from the surprise into which the last observation had thrown him, "perhaps you heard me caution this young man against Ferrars, and gathered from that that he was my enemy."

"Yes, but you did not tell this young man that, together with three of the other chiefs, you intended to send him ambassador to Washington, with instructions to his followers to betray him to the British."

"Fiend of hell!" exclaimed Rodolphe, "where did you learn this, and who are you?"

"You will know by and bye," said the stranger. "In the mean time I will do you a service."

"You have room, for you can ruin me; and your silence alone is of the most paramount service."

"Ha! I thought you would discover that you were more in my power than I in yours. But listen: I know this Edmund Ferrars; I know every secret of his breast."

"You do?" cried Rodolphe, with sparkling eyes, and in eager accents.

"I do; and, in return for one favor which I am about to ask of you, will reveal much to you of his intentions."

"Name it," cried Rodolphe, highly excited; "if within my power, I will grant it."

"It is," said the stranger, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that you explain to me the process whereby you won the heiress."

"Eternal powers!" gasped Rodolphe; "and you know that?"

"I know every thing," replied the stranger, "except this process, and that you will teach me."

"And what proof have I of your good faith?" asked Rodolphe, partly recovering himself.

"The consciousness that you are completely at my mercy, and *must* confide in me."

"And on these conditions you promise to aid me in the ruin of Ferrars?"

"One of you will be ruined in the contest," replied the stranger, sneering; "whether it will be Ferrars, or whether it will be yourself, I cannot predict, but I know his secret soul, and possessing this knowledge, I cannot but be of service to you."

"And St. George?"

"Must be true to us," said the stranger, "he has himself a deep stake in it. But my time has expired. I have business of importance on hand; it is now nine o'clock, and we must depart—that is St. George and myself. Where can I find you tomorrow, about ten?"

"At Clarke's coffee-room. I will await you the whole morning, but are your affairs so pressing that you cannot continue this conversation?"

"I cannot possibly," returned the stranger; "before morning I must accomplish much. Come St. George, I shall require your assistance," as he spoke he opened the door of the room, and the trio again entered the apartment to which they had first been admitted.

Scarce had they done so, when they were surrounded by several villainous-looking men, who scowled upon them with menacing countenances, and prevented their further egress.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ROW.

WHILE the conference had been going on within, a consultation of a very different nature had been held in the front room. Several ragged, and ill-looking desperadoes had assembled themselves in a little knot at one side of the apartment and discussed the matter over.

"Who the divil are these gints, that are after keeping thimselves so mighty sacret?" said one.

"Be Gob, sorra a bit of me knows," said another, "but its an illigant fine purse it was that one of them was after pulling out to pay for the hate."

"Faix and your right, Pat Murphy, and its myself that wuld like to have hoult of that same gintleman beyant, in a turf bog of Ireland."

"Arrah, you fool, is it in Ireland ye wants him?—and isn't it as good, and a d——d sight better, to have him here? Just keep aisy till they goes, and sure can't some of the boys follow him and relieve him of that same purse?"

"Whist now, Tim Desmond," said another, "sure would you be after getting the poor innocent childher in the same scrape that ye war in yourself, when ye had to take Frinch lave of Dublin? Lave the mark of the halter's round your neck since."

"Bad luck to me sowl if it is, for I covered it round wid a collar of goold. The divil thank you, Pat Murphy, if I was after getting clear of that scrape—for ye shared the goold

with the parson, and left me to share the rope wid the hangman, you dirty spalpeen!"

"Stop, stop!" interrupted a fourth, a middle sized man, with a carbuncled face, and long lank hair, who appeared to be either a Yankee or a Colonist; "You will never get on that way. I tell you what, if you try to rob them your way, you'll come by the wust, and before morning you'll find yourselves hard and fast in the stone jug. I'll put you up to a dodge, though. Them fellers inside has got some damnation secret between them, and what's better they got money.—Now, look y'ere, when they comes out of that ar room, stop them, and don't let them go a darned step further, till they pays for their secret. We'll tell 'em we knows it, and unless they comes down with the tin, we'll blow the gaff on 'em.—Do you twig the dodge?"

"Be Gob, and the idea is divilish convainent; sure and if they refuse us the money, they'll be after trating us all round, before litting us expose thim."

"And if they doesn't, Pat Murphy, then be the Piper of Leinster, we'll give them such a damnable basting that we'll have the vally of our money out of their carkases, be Gob! and that same's somethin' at all events! Whist ye divils! there after coming now."

And as he spoke the door of the inner room opened, and the stranger entered, followed by St. George and the elder Rodolphe.

"See, y'ere, gents," said the original concocter of their method of operations; "you must pay your footing. Does you see we wur listenin' at the door thar unbeknowns to you, and got hold of all your great secrets—so, you see, unless you plank down the tin right quick we'll inform of your doings and give you a d——d smart chance of a threshin' into the bargain."

Rodolphe looked at his unknown companion uneasily, and was about to take some money from his pocket, when, with a glance, the stranger checked him, fearing perhaps that such a step would lead to suspicion, and addressing himself to the man who confronted him—

"Come down with the tin, old fellow," he said, adopting the phraseology of these men with the utmost facility,—"where do you think, you blasted fool, I could get tin? do you think I can make it? Get out of the way, or I'll teach you a new way of clearing the road."

"Oh that be d———d!" cried one of the Irishmen springing before him, another confronting Rodolphe, and a third, St. George. The latter whose blood was boiling, motioned to the stranger to make use of his pistol, but the latter, shaking his head, threw himself into a boxing attitude, and warding off his antagonist's first blow, returned it with such interest, as to lay the burly Hibernian full length on the floor. Meanwhile St. George had not fared so well, for being a novice in the noble art of self-defence, he could not avoid receiving a blow in the chest, which sent him staggering back over the table. Instantly recovering his equilibrium however, he grappled with his enemy, and they rolled together to the floor. Rodolphe had also grappled with his antagonist and being very powerful, had soon mastered him, but he was borne down by numbers, and the man, who as we have no other way of distinguishing him, we shall call the Knight of the lank hair, was raising a bottle, which he grasped by the neck, over Rodolphe's head, and which would have ended his mortal career, when the latter made an almost imperceptible sign. In a moment, two of his adversaries shrank back—the hand that held the bottle was seized by a powerful grasp, and two or three of those, who had before been looking on calmly, as if such a scene was of ordinary occurrence, including the

soldier previously referred to, rushed to the rescue, and all of the assaulters that remained refractory were pummeled to their hearts' content.

Panting with exhaustion, his clothes torn and covered with dust, St. George arose, and burning with indignation rushed amid those who still maintained the conflict. In a few moments the house was cleared, and our trio were left masters of the field

Adjusting their disordered clothes, and throwing down some money to the friends who had come to the rescue, they left the house; the stranger regretting that the row had ended so soon, as he never enjoyed himself any better than when exercising the pugilistic art.

CHAPTER XXX.

MOODIE BETRAYED.

——"Since Time
Has changed his slow scythe for the two-edged sword,
And is about to take, instead of sand,
The dust of sepulchres to fill his hour-glass,
Go not *thou* forth tomorrow, &c."—DOGE OF VENICE.

OUR scene shifts again to the house of Colonel Moodie.—Asking his guests to excuse his absence for a few moments, he followed his servant into the next room.

A man was standing with folded arms, in the centre of the apartment. He was about the medium height, and his face was shrouded in the collar of his jacket, and by the sombre light of the solitary candle, the appearance of this man was strange, if not suspicious. A mingled expression of fear, sorrow, and mystery, was blent in his countenance, and he seemed to be in a state of dreadful agitation.

"Well, sir," said Moodie, sharply, for he was irritated at being disturbed, "what is your business, that you call upon me at this unseasonable hour?"

The man glanced towards the servant.

"Ah, I understand," said Moodie; "Johnston, leave the room." The man sat the candle down on the side table and obeyed. The mysterious visitor locked the door, but left the key in it.

"You are cautious," said the Colonel, "you act as if you intended to assassinate me instead of imparting news."

"I came to assassinate you, Colonel Moodie," said the man in a low tone.

"Ha!" cried the veteran, "by ——! you are going about it in a masterly manner!" Then added in a harsh tone, "Have done this trifling, sir, and tell me if you have business with me or not, or I shall shortly think you are a madman."

"Colonel Moodie," said the other, in a low, faltering voice, can I trust you? I am going to risk my life."

"You will not only risk, but lose your life, by attempting mine," said Moodie.

"It is not that; I am going to place my life in your hands—I am going to risk mine to save yours. Can I trust you—can you protect me?"

"I do not understand you," said the Colonel; "protect you against whom?"

"My foes—those I am going to betray, and their name is legion."

"Ah, I see, I see," said Moodie, becoming interested, "go on!"

"Colonel Moodie," said the man, in a low voice, and looking around fearfully; "you once did me a good turn, I never forgot it! I am now going to repay it, by saving your life.—Mark me—leave this city within an hour, and place the Atlantic between you and Canada."

"For what?"

"You have enemies—you will be assassinated."

"Pshaw man! that very circumstance would cause me to remain; but what is about to happen?"

"I cannot, dare not tell you that. I have told you already, that will risk my life—but I have done my duty by you, and I can do no more, I must now think of myself. I tell you that twenty-four hours after this, your life will not be safe in

Canada. It will not be worth sixpence's purchase—so I give you fair warning to take steps in time."

"Ha!" exclaimed Moodie, now very much agitated—"and you think to get off this way. You first tell me enough to excite my suspicions and curiosity, and then leave me to discover the rest the best way I can. I can easily conceive the whole of it now—but I want further particulars. That some villainous plot will break out tomorrow, I can readily see—and that, having made myself obnoxious to the rebels, I am one of the victims they have marked out for assassination, I can also perceive—and your object in telling me to fly and save myself in time, is also obvious. But, my good friend, I want to find out what this plot is—where and when it will break out, and who are the ringleaders. My object is not to save myself, but to save the honor of the King's arms, by smothering the rebellion in the head. If I am doomed to die, God's will be done—I shall die in defence of the flag which I have fought under for thirty years—and you have mistaken your man if you suppose, that I would end my career as a fugitive flying from an unseen and imaginary danger. No! I will die as I have lived, a loyal subject, and a fearless soldier."

"Then God have mercy on you," said the stranger, as he was about to leave the apartment, "for you will never see a second sunrise. I have warned you—I have done my duty—I can do no more."

"Stop! You have not done your duty, sir," said Moodie sternly. "It is plain you are an accomplice in this vile plot. Your duty towards me, I do not thank you for—you owe me none; but your duty towards your King you must fulfill—or by Heaven, instead of your announcing *my* death sentence, you are pronouncing your own! You must confide all to me, and trust to the clemency of the King. You will entitle

yourself to the thanks of every loyal British subject, and will be performing your duty towards your God, your King, and your fellow-countrymen!"

"By selling my companions!—no! never!" said the man, although in a hesitating voice.

"Then you have warned me in vain," said Moodie—"and have sacrificed your own life for nothing. For I will detain you in close confinement for the next twenty-four hours, and if any convulsion takes place, I will hang you up at the door-post. So choose between being your country's saviour and benefactor, and entitling yourself to its reward, or of dying an ignominious death."

"But I dare not," said the man in a fearful voice—"I would be torn in pieces. I have warned you—I can do no more. Hang me if you like."

"What have you to fear," cried the Colonel, walking the floor hurriedly—"I will protect you with my life."

"You will find it hard to protect your own—you have scarcely any troops here."

"I will have troops enough before forty-eight hours," answered the Colonel; "the rebels will not get you unless they cut through five thousand bayonets. So fear nothing."

"You will have to get them soon, then," said the man, "for before ten o'clock of the day which is now dawning, the Rebels will have every road guarded."

"Ha!" cried Moodie—"it is well I know this much itself—then I will set out directly. And what are their plans?"

"Oh! what am I doing," cried the man, wringing his hands—"I am selling my country, and selling my soul."

"You are saving your country—you will receive honors, wealth, thanks—every thing—but reveal to me the nature of the plot."

Again the man glanced round fearfully; he drew close to

the officer. "Before the day which is now dawning closes," he said, "not Montreal alone, but all Canada will be in the hands of the Republicans. At four o'clock this evening, sir, John Colburne, who is now in Toronto, will be assassinated—nothing can save him."

"I will save him, by the Lord!" cried Moodie—"if horse-flesh can be found to stand it! What else?"

"They will strike everywhere simultaneously—except here. Hundreds will be assassinated at the same moment that the Governor is doomed to die. You are one of the marked victims."

"And they will not rise now in Montreal?"

"Not for three days. They are sure of Montreal, and will wait till, owing to the disturbances in other places, the few troops that are here, are withdrawn."

"Good," said the Colonel—"I shall have time to warn the Governor, without being forced to any delay in giving the alarm here. If we succeed in crushing them there, it will be an easy matter to do so here afterwards. But," he added, "what proof have I of all this?"

The man handed him a paper. "There is a plan of their operations," he said—"You see it is signed by the President of the Fraternity. The handwriting is genuine."

"It is," said Moodie, perusing it—"I know his writing. What a deep-laid, hell-devised conspiracy; all their different duties assigned too!—and on you devolved the task of assassinating me—eh?"

"It did, sir," said the man—"and owing to that circumstance the plot has been betrayed. Had any other duty fallen to my lot, I would have fulfilled it—but when it came to your murder, I had but one alternative—either to slay my benefactor, or warn him of his danger, and betray my companions.

I have chosen the latter—Heaven knows if I have done right or wrong!"

"There can be no question, man!" cried Moodie—"but I must lose no time. You must accompany me to Toronto. First, as a pledge of your truth; and second, to identify the rebel ringleaders."

"I should be sorry to be left behind—my death would be certain. My only safety now, is in clinging to you."

"Fear not," said the Colonel, leaving the room—"remain here, till I return—I must give orders about the journey, for the day is breaking. You must be bound, and remain a prisoner until the Governor's pleasure is known." So saying, he left the room, locking the door after him.

A dark, bitter smile, crossed the informer's face. "Shallow-brained fool!"—he muttered—"Your doom is sealed! Haughty, arrogant upstart, you will not again raise your whip to the face of your betters! What short-sighted, mole-eyed things men are, too! Now this numskull fancies he has immortalized himself—that he has fallen upon a discovery that will send his name down to the most distant posterity!—at the very moment he is digging his own grave! I have a great forte for making men dig their own graves; there is Fergusson. This man of the horse-whip and he will fall together. He is already sensible who I am—the despised footboy, that he spurned from his table. Moodie must learn this secret also, in his last moments. Gerard! your turn will come—you overheard me the other night—I saw you—I told you then my eye was like the basilisks—and by the soul of Machævelli, I said not so in vain!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

"But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."—BYRON.

IT was the following morning—St. George was hurrying home to his mother's cottage to make arrangements for a journey. He was haggard, and pale, his eyes were bloodshot and his whole appearance clearly told that he had not slept the preceding night. His thoughts were wandering and confused, and he felt oppressed by that sense of drowsiness and lassitude which one always experiences when they have not slept for many hours. Still, although they would ever and anon become involved, his thoughts were busy. They were running on the expedition in which Ferrars, or rather Rodolphe, was engaged—when he came in front of the dwelling occupied by Mary Hereford. The current of his reflections then changed. "I suppose," he muttered, "it will be my luck to meet her, just at the moment I would most wish to avoid her. Well, if so, I will take a short method with her. I will take a step that will dissolve this ill-fated connection forever. I am getting reckless. I see the whole world composed of villains, murderers and cheats—why should I hold out as a solitary exception? I had my dreams once—dreams of poetic grandeur and beauty, but they afforded me no happiness, they were the source of misery—but there is something glorious in the idea of power, of wealth, of fame. I thought I was dead to ambition—that nothing could arouse

my energies—I was mistaken. Is it not worth struggling for, to sway mankind at will, to have the means of gratifying every desire, to crush your enemies, and exert a monarch's power—to electrify audiences by your eloquence, and to have your name immortalized as a patriot! Yes—yes—there is that which is worth battling for—and those fine, those poetic feelings are the cause of our wretchedness. And yet I don't know," he added, sighing—"I am sometimes almost sick of the struggle, I wish I was at rest forever! But this kind of life has excitement, and therein is its charm. Without excitement, and existence would be a burthen. Ha! she is here!"

As he said this, he observed the form of Mary Hereford gliding among the fruit trees which shaded the avenue. From their branches the birds were pouring forth a flood of melody, while the fragrance from the rose-trees and flowers which surrounded them impregnated the morning breeze that fanned his fevered brow. Over the whole scene the sun was pouring down a flood of light, and every thing around, animate and inanimate, seemed radiant and vocal with beauty and with joy.

With an exclamation of surprise and gladness, Mary caught a sight of her lover and rushed towards him; but her expression changed to one of concern and apprehension when she looked at his wan and haggard face.

"Oh, Lewis," she exclaimed, "what has happened, that you look so wretched?"

"I might reply, Mary, by asking you the same question," he said, "for you look ten years older than when I last saw you."

"This is really paying each other compliments with a witness," said Mary, smiling; "but actually, St. George, you are looking wretched. You must be unwell."

"And, actually, Mary, *you* are looking wretched—you look very ill, indeed."

"I have been fretting a good deal, lately," she answered; "I know I am ungrateful to do so—but sometimes things will happen when a person cannot help getting low-spirited. But it is very wrong."

"And what has happened, now?" asked St. George.

Mary was debating in her own mind whether to speak to her lover regarding the letter she had received or not. She concluded that she would not, fearing lest it would annoy him, and involve him in difficulty, and, perhaps, danger, with Gerard. She replied:

"One source of our troubles is that we are about to be rendered houseless—we are to be deprived of our home."

"Rendered houseless!" cried St. George—"what do you mean?"

"Why," she replied, "a rich merchant in the city holds a mortgage over my father's property—it has fallen due, and he now threatens to foreclose it unless the amount is immediately paid."

"Do you know the amount?" asked St. George.

"Three hundred pounds."

"Ah, well—I will redeem it," he said, abstractedly.

"You!" she cried in astonishment; "I thought you were poor."

"Poor?" repeated he; "so I am. But what induced you to think so?"

"You said so in that letter——" suddenly she recollected herself—stammered—blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"Ah, then, you received a letter?" he asked—for he was anxious to obtain it.

"Great heavens! is it possible you knew of it!" she cried.

"Have you it with you?" he asked, without attending to her exclamation.

Pale, speechless, and trembling, she replied not, but silently taking it from her bosom she handed it to him. He glanced at it hurriedly, then crumpling it in his pocket, he repeated her question:

"Knew of it," he said; "why, do you not think that it would be better for us to do as therein recommended, than keep up an acquaintance that cannot but end unhappily?"

Her only answer was a look—a look at once of upbraiding—of grief—of tenderness—so touching that it would have melted a heart of stone—but apparently his mind was made up, and he was proof to her sighs and tears.

"You may think this determination of mine strange, Mary," he said; "but not when you reflect on it. I asked you but one proof of your love—you refused me. Was not that sufficient to show me that it would be better for both of us to part? I made but one poor request—asked but one proof—you spurned the idea. Well, I did not upbraid you—I did not blame you—I merely said, since it is so, Mary, since you deny me this,—let us part. It is evident you have no confidence in me—and there can be no love without confidence. I cannot understand your feelings, for if you were as much attached as you affect to be, you would not hesitate. There can be no doubts, no cold calculations, where there is true genuine love; and since I feel assured of this, I would rather that our ill-fated friendship ended here. I accuse you of nothing. You have not been false to me; you have not deceived me in any way. I merely made a request—you refused it. You had the right to do so; at the same time you will admit that I have the right of feeling piqued. You have been guilty of no fault, but your love is too cold—too suspicious for me!"

"And you still demand this proof?" exclaimed the agonized girl, clasping her lover's hand; "you think me cold and suspicious unless I grant it?"

"Certainly," said he; "aye, grant it, and then I will believe you all my fondest hopes could desire."

"And nothing will satisfy your doubts—nothing will convince you of my affection but that?"

"Nothing. All other proof is merely words—words—that will be more."

"Ask my life—I will lay it down for you—ask any thing—"

"Pshaw!" he cried, "there it comes back to the old thing again! 'Ask any thing else but that.' But I am determined *not* to ask any thing else, and since you refuse that, let this end this foolery. I do not press you for this proof—I am willing we should part friends. If you give it voluntary, well and good—it will lay aside all my doubts forever—but if not, be it so—let us part friends."

"Oh, no, no!" she faltered, trembling violently from head to foot; "do not say that—do not speak of parting—I will do all you wish—you shall never have it in your power to accuse me of want of affection." Her voice faltered, but overcoming her emotion, she went on; "and to show you how different I am from you, and how far I am from suspicion, I exact no pledge or promise, but trust solely to your love and to your honor."

She trusted to a broken reed; and so will it be found by all placed in her circumstances—by all who give way as she did! The woman that places her reliance in man's honor, in cases like this, is lost. Let her trust in his fears—trust in the brother or father's avenging pistol—trust to the sense of his own interests—but never to his love! For love departs with the gratification of the object. And yet there is no pity for

frail woman! Man, heartless, selfish man, gives way to every excess—plunges in every species of iniquity—dyes his soul black in hyprocrisy and guilt—and there is sympathy for *him!* he was led into it by bad example—he could not resist the strong temptation—and he gave way. But he repents—he is sorry for it—the tears of mockery and dissimulation are on his unblushing cheeks, and he is pardoned—he is pitied! But woman, with a mind less strong than man's to resist temptation—with passions stronger than man's to prompt her to sin—let her but once fall, and she is crushed to the dust forever! No pitying heart distills its tear-drop for her! no redeeming arm is stretched forth to save her. Man is cold, selfish, calculating, suspicious; hence his ability to resist temptation; woman, passionate, loving, trusting, confident; and hence her warm and unsuspicious nature is betrayed. They are God's ministering angels. It is woman that first bends over the helpless infant's cradle, and nourishes the child, that man would leave to perish. It is woman, that last lifts the dying head, bathes the parched lip, and shuts the sightless eye, when sickness and contagion have driven all others from the expiring wretch's bed! And this gentle creature is unpitied; while vile man is forgiven! Their mock contrition passes current, but woman falls to rise no more! And does *she* not repent, does she not mourn in tears of blood over her fault; does she not feel the writhing scorn of the heartless, jeering world; is she callous to the sense that she is deserted, spurned, despised, insulted, even by those whom she still loves, and who are bound to *nourish*, love and sustain her, against this crushing load of sorrow! Does she not seek refuge from the mocking friends around her, in madness and in suicide? Attest it ye crushed and riven hearts that have drank the bitter cup of infamy and shame!

In answer to her last remark, St. George replied, "Mary,

it would be unjust to exact this proof without giving you assurance of fidelity on my side also."

"I ask none," she faltered, bending her beautiful eyes on his; "I love you too much to distrust. Oh, that you had the same confidence in me!"

The young man knelt beside her; he grasped her hand—and, in the sight of heaven, and in the most solemn language, swore unalterable—eternal attachment.

He was sincere for the moment, he believed he could love her forever—and actually intended acting up to his promise. But alas, for human resolutions! they are letters traced in sand! Mary's scruples were set at rest, and again she experienced a delirium of happiness.

They had been seated, thus, on a shaded bank by the road-side, for upwards of an hour, their cheeks pressed together, and their arms entwined around each other's necks, enjoying that elysium that can be experienced but once in a life-time—

> "It was that hour when words are vain,
> That hour twice felt by none;
> When loving hearts that once were twain
> Just feel they are but one."

Suddenly they were aroused from their glorious dream—a man, with a face as pallid as a spectre from the grave—his lip bloodless, and his frame quivering with emotion, stood before them. It was Gerard.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEATH AND HEREAFTER.

"Die! damned dog!"—SHAKSPEARE: OTHELLO.

It is early morning. The mist is curling upwards from the valleys and floating over the fragrant meadows, in blue fantastic wreaths. The dew is yet sparkling on the leaves of the tall trees that skirt the road-side, and the gorgeous sun is throwing a flood of light upon the spires and domes of the receding city, over which is towering high the tapering shafts of the Notre Dame Cathedral. Mounted on a heavy-chested and powerful black horse, from whose polished bits the foam is falling in snow-flakes, Colonel Moodie is riding at a hard gallop. Yet from his impatient expression of countenance, it is evident he thinks the gallant steed he is bestriding, moving but at a snail's pace. His face is anxious and pale—the result of his not having slept the preceding night—but there is firmness and resolution stamped upon his compressed lip and his contracted brows. Beside him, sitting on a chestnut mare, with a bobtail, and hagged mane, there rides a man, dressed in seaman's costume, his hands pinioned and his hat slouched over his eyes. Two dragoons, armed to the teeth, brings up the rear, and the whole cavalcade moves on at a very rapid pace.

Colonel Moodie had been conversing to the prisoner on his side—he had been gathering further particulars relating to the conspiracy; at length they ceased speaking, and at this

moment there was a dead pause. After riding some time in silence, it was broken by the captive, who remarked—

"Colonel Moodie, forgive my freedom in disturbing the current of your reflections, but I suppose we must talk of something, unless we wish the time to hang very heavy on our hands—but I was going to ask you a question."

"Talk as much as you like," said Moodie—"as you say we shall get over the road all the quicker. What is it?"

"Do you believe in presentiments of death?"

"Presentiments," repeated the officer. "What a strange question! No—certainly not."

"Well, I don't know," resumed his companion, musing—"some very remarkable things have been related. Of course," he continued, as if speaking to himself, or giving utterance to his spontaneous thoughts, without addressing any particular listener—"when any thing unaccountable takes place it is set down to coincidence. Sceptics tell us that if supernatural evidence were permitted at all, it would only be in cases where the Deity had some great end in view; and, that the idea of revelation with regard to the death of a friend, or any paltry event about to take place, is too absurd. It may be so, but still I will not the less believe that the spirit has a foreknowledge of things about to be. It has an empire of its own, as it were, and takes cognizance of the future."

"By Jove!" cried the Colonel, astonished at this man's language, "you reason strongly for one in your condition."

"I have read some," answered the prisoner, "and I have observed a great deal—and from all my observations I am more and more impressed with the belief that we have an instinctive knowledge of what is about to be. I have often felt confident that something had occurred, of which I had no previous knowledge, and upon inquiry, discovered that it had actually taken place."

"I understand your meaning," said the Colonel; "I have known brother officers, on the eve of battle, declare that they had a presentiment of approaching death. Some of them, as they anticipated, fell in the conflict, while others escaped untouched."

"That is the way," said the prisoner, "yet such a presentiment must cause a person to feel very wretched."

"I don't see that," replied the Colonel; "a man must die at some period, and cannot find death at a better time than when doing his duty."

"Yes—the pomp of battle—the roar of fire-arms—the stirring roll of the drums—the fife's invigorating strains—the mad excitement of conflict—the earthquake shout of victory—all these things, no doubt, divest the King of Terrors of his sting. But," said the prisoner, lowering his voice, "to die, like a beggar, at the road-side—neither in the pomp of battle, or the performance of a gallant exploit—to be thrown there like a dog, fly-blown and putrid—hogs smelling round your neglected corse—your friends ignorant of your fate—and neither the voice of honor or affection lamenting over your untimely doom—oh! there is something awful in that!"

The officer remained silent.

"And then," resumed the captive, "the undying spirit—where is it? As Byron says, "here we are—and *there* we go—but where?"—that is the mystery. Heavens! it is horrible to contemplate! Just imagine! Here we are, in the strength of manhood's power, with a long vista of happiness in expectation—and death the last thing in our thoughts, and before the sun sets, we may be senseless—powerless—the thinking, spiritual part—aye! where is it?—let metaphysicians and theologists decide! It never struck me that the human soul is bereft of consciousness even for a moment. It may accompany the body to the grave until the morning of

the resurrection. To deny that the same power which connected so mysteriously the soul and the living body, was competent to connect it with the *same body* when *dead*, would be absurd !"

What induced this man to talk in this strain? Was he speaking against time? Was he trying to prevent the officer's attention from wandering to other subjects? or was he trying to impress upon him some horrible belief that would really make death appear terrible? It is difficult to answer these queries—but he continued speaking, without intermission;—

"We know not," he resumed, "what constitutes life or death—it is all a mystery. It is that very mystery which appals us—we know not whither we go? One thing we know—the soul has the power of thought and consciousness in an animate tabernacle—why not in an inanimate one? Does the soul cease to exist when the body ceases to exert its muscular functions?—no one would defend such a doctrine for a moment. It has often struck me as being fearfully horrible to contemplate? What is the soul? Is it consciousness of being?—Is it the knowledge within us that we exist?—Is that the soul? It is admitted that the soul cannot cease to exist—not even for a moment—then the consciousness that we exist, never leaves us—and though we were laying dead in that ditch by the road-side, the soul would remain with that powerless corpse—that putrid mass."

The officer shuddered—the mysterious, thrilling tone, in which this man was speaking—the terrible belief that he was giving utterance to, and a certain undefined but chilling fear, weighed heavily upon his spirits, and he remained silent, apparently paying no attention to the speaker. The latter resumed—

"Yes—were I now to fall from the horse I ride, and break

my neck, my body might be powerless, the faculty of speech would be gone, but I believe that I should know all that could take place with regard to that body, because it is unreasonable to suppose, that the fall would suspend the functions of my soul as well as my body. I believe that I should see it tumbled into the ditch—that I would see you pass on and leave me—that I would feel a sense of my loneliness—that the dark night would come on and find me lying here a helpless mass—that thus day and night would succeed each other, and I still conscious of it, until my body mouldered away piecemeal, and mingled again with the dust from whence it sprang. Is not this a horrible thought!"

The Colonel felt a sensation of vague terror creeping over him that he could not shake off, but with an effort, he said,—

"Tush! man—you are talking nonsense. The soul goes direct to heaven or to hell!"

"Then the day of judgment is a mockery," said this mysterious being, with a covert sneer. "If men are judged at the moment of death, and then receive their final doom, why are they recalled, it may be six thousand years after, to be judged again. No—no—'as death leaves us judgment finds us.'"

The officer answered not—more sombre grew his thoughts, more depressed his spirits. After a short silence, the prisoner slowly repeated some lines from Byron, as if to beguile the time.

"The under habitants of earth. Are they
But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
The ashes of a thousand ages spread
Wherever man has trodden or may tread—
Or do they in their silent cities dwell,
Each in his uncommunicative cell?
Or have they their own language—*and a sense*
Of breathless being," &c., &c."

Another silence followed; it was again broken by this man suddenly exclaiming, "Would not the idea of lying in that ditch alarm you, Colonel Moodie—to lie there during the long dark night alone, but conscious—dead, yet sensible?"

"I tell you, I fear not death when my duty calls me," answered the officer, "you have quoted Byron, I will quote Shakspeare—

> 'Cowards die many times before their death,
> The valiant never taste of death but once!'

But what causes you to make such a strange inquiry?"

"Because," said the man, with fearful emphasis, "it will be *your* fate!"

"Ha!" cried the officer coolly, the idea at once flashing to his mind that he had been betrayed, "you are a seer, then—a soothsayer?"

"I am—my predictions never fail to be verified."

"And did not your second sight witness *your* body lying within a few feet of mine, dog!" thundered Moodie, drawing his sword, and checking his horse with his other hand.

"No!" said the stranger calmly, "I am reserved for a different fate. I am Edmund Ferrars! Ha, Moodie, where is your horsewhip now!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIMMS AND HIS SATELLITE.

"Have mercy Jesus—soft, I did but dream!"—RICHARD III.

WE must again take up the back parts of our narrative.—Just before daylight, on the morning in question, Simms, who had remained in the house all night, arose, and went into Fergusson's sleeping apartments. The first gray light of dawn was peering through the closed blinds, and by its aid, he saw the object of his search extended on the bed. Fergusson was laying on his back—his breathing was heavy and laborious, his face was almost livid; large drops of sweat stood like beads upon his forehead, his hands were clutching the bed-clothes convulsively, and his articulation was broken and husky, as if he was being strangled. Suddenly he held up both hands as if to shut out some horrible vision—and then uttering an appalling yell, he fell back, shuddering and pale. Anon, he muttered, "Oh, you are covered with blood! —begone!—I did not do it!—oh! oh! I did not shed your blood—I did not hire others to do it!" then again his mutterings became incoherent, the name of 'Ferrars' was pronounced and at this juncture, Simms shook him by the shoulder—

"Wake, sir!" he cried, "you have some dreadful dream!" Fergusson opened his eyes with a ghastly stare; at the sight of Simms, he trembled, and shrieked: "are you the hangman!" he faltered, Simms smiled—a dark sinister smile; "Not I," he said, "you have not yet been introduced to that worthy functionary." At length the whole sense of his

position bursting upon him, he fell back exhausted, exclaiming—

"Oh, thank God, 'twas but a dream!—but such a dream!"

"Come, sir," said Simms, evincing very little curiosity to hear it; "it is time."

"Oh, I have had a fearful, fearful dream," said Fergusson, rising, I thought," he said, in that free tone which a person uses on first waking, "that I was struggling with death just as you woke me. I was crying out for assistance, and Ferrars was standing by, and could have saved me—but I thought instead of his doing so, that he folded his arms, and laughed and mocked me in my distress. Ah, how like a devil he looked, with his infernal sneer on his curled lip!"

"And what crimes did you dream you had committed?" asked Simms.

"Crime!" repeated Fergusson, turning pale, "why, was I muttering aloud?"

"Oh, no," said Simms, "I merely asked."

"Bah! dreams are all nonsense," cried the other, hastening to put on his clothes, "let us not lose time, the day is dawning."

"And it will be the last day we shall be at freedom," said Simms, "if Moodie passes before we are on the road. We shall all hang together, and as I have no wish to risk such a fate by any unnecessary delay, I would suggest the necessity of your adjusting your toilet, on the road. Are you ready?"

"Fergusson took down a carbine that hung at one side of the room, examined the priming, and then replied in the affirmative, and they quitted the room together. In the front apartment two men were awaiting them, and without further delay the whole party left the house.

"You have no papers about you that would betray the

plot," asked Simms, when they had proceeded a little distance, "in case you were to fall?"

"Why!" cried Fergusson, in alarmed accents, "do you apprehend any thing of that kind taking place?"

"Hard to say," returned Simms, "a person should be prepared for every thing. I have known many a smart fellow, go out in the morning full of hope and thinking of every thing but death, who was carried back in the evening cold enough."

"But do you think they will resist?—do you think he will have troops with him? If so, we are lost every way!"

"What did Ferrars tell you?"

"That he would be accompanied by three men, I think he said."

"Then be sure he will have no more; Ferrars is never wrong."

"And how does he get his information?"

"He deals with the devil," answered Simms briefly, and relapsing into silence.

After an hour's smart walk, they stopped. They were then in a retired part of the road, about four miles from the city. "How will this spot do?" asked Fergusson, looking round.

"Too near the city," said Simms, "besides it is not sheltered enough. It is very calm, they might hear the report of the fire-arms. Let us go on for a couple of miles."

"Perhaps he may overtake us before we are concealed."

"Even so, we must turn round and fire, and then each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost! But we can hear the sound of the horse's feet a long way this morning, and that will give us warning in time."

Again there was a silence of some minutes. It was bro-

ken by Fergusson, who observed, "how delightful the trees smell, the very air is fragrant."

"It will smell of blood shortly," said Simms, recklessly, "a smell that I have been tolerably acquainted with in my time, but lately I have been out of practice."

Fergusson shuddered.

"Hush!" cried Mathews, stopping and putting his hand to his ear, "I hear the sound of horse's feet."

They all paused and listened. You could hear their hearts throbbing, during that awful pause.

"I hear it," said Simms, calmly, "they are approaching fast. Let us make our preparations. Mr. Fergusson, you and I will station ourselves here; you and your companion Mathews, will proceed about ten yards further on, and conceal yourselves effectually, so that if we miss him, he will not escape you. Of all things, beware of making a mistake; it may not be our man—if it is not, for Heaven's sake do not fire, till you hear the report of Mr. Fergusson's gun——"

"I will not fire first," cried Fergusson, interrupting him.

"Did Mr. Ferrars order you to do so?" asked Simms, calmly.

"That's nothing——"

"It is every thing. I have received *my* orders—they were to wait until you had fired, so, if you neglect yours, I shall disobey mine, and Moodie will escape."

"And we shall hang!"

Nearer and nearer sounded the approaching horsemen; the sweat started from Fergusson's face, and he trembled all over.

"We have not time for foolery," said Simms, "away, you two, and conceal yourselves a few yards further on. Wait till you hear us fire; if he does not fall, then fire you—if he still sticks to his horse, rush out, and despatch him with

the butts of your pieces! Villains! fail not! you shall hang like dogs, if he escapes!"

"Fear nothing," muttered the two men, hurrying on.

"Now, Fergusson," resumed Simms, "they are close at hand; we have no time to throw away. Are you still determined to disobey your orders?"

The other remained silent—he was violently agitated.—"Because if you are," continued Simms, "I am resolved on performing *mine*. I was commanded to remain with you—to see as I valued my own life, that Moodie did not pass, but not to fire till you had fired first."

"I see the demon's hand in this arrangement," muttered Fergusson, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Now," continued Simms, "Moodie will escape unless you fire first—and as I am determined that he shall not escape, I am determined that you *shall* fire first—for, by the Lord!" he added, lowering his voice to a whisper—"I will do my duty, even if I have to shoot you first, and Moodie afterwards!"

"Shoot me!"

"Yes—you see I have no choice. What do you fear, fool—if he escapes, you die—you can only die in this case, and it will not make matters better if you reserve your fire. Into the woods with you!" he exclaimed, grasping his companion's arm, and springing off the road—"here they come!"

As he spoke, a slight whirl of dust became visible, at some distance, and in the next moment a turn in the road brought the cavalcade to view—Moodie's black horse leading, and the rest following in the manner before described.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MURDER.

"For time at last sits all things even—
There never yet was human power,
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."—MAZEPPA.

SCARCELY had the assassins concealed themselves in the adjoining thicket, when the officer and his companion came in front of the spot. At this moment the officer reined in his panting steed, exclaiming:

"You are no true prophet, or you would have seen your own corpse bearing mine company. Villain—I have forestalled you!"

"No!" cried the prisoner—"I was reserved for a different fate. Do you not know me? I am Edmund Ferrars. Ha! Moodie—where is your horsewhip now?"—and driving the spurs with which his heels were armed into his horse's sides, and grasping the reins in his teeth, he bounded forward a few yards in advance of his guards, and reined his horse back with the whole weight of his body. At the same instant a flame burst from the adjoining brushwood, there was a sharp, crackling report, and a bullet went crashing through the gallant Moodie's brain. Grasping his sabre, like Charles the XIIth of Sweden, as if, like him, revenge had been the last thought of his heart, he sprang up to his full height in the stirrups, and then, without a groan, fell heavy and dead, over his plunging horse's shoulder.

"Treachery! we are betrayed;"—shouted the two troopers in a breath, as if actuated by the same motive of revenging themselves on the traitor, they spurred forward towards Rodolphe. Ere they reached him, a man sprang from the thicket, and cutting the cord that bound his arms, set him at liberty. Wheeling his horse round in the direction of the city, he gave Simms but one glance, and burying his spurs in the reeking flanks of his steed, in a moment he disappeared round the turn of the road. Simms did not escape so easily. Rushing up to him, one of the troopers would have struck him down with his sabre, when he exclaimed:

"Do not slay me—I surrender myself your prisoner. I did not commit the murder."

"And do you know who did?" cried the trooper, allowing his sabre's point to fall.

"I do."

"Then you will become king's evidence," said the dragoon, hastily dismounting, and binding his arms with the cord which Rodolphe had thrown down.

Meantime, the latter slackened his headlong speed. He had left the scene of the murder far behind him—he knew that the dragoons, being encumbered by Simms, and the dead body, could not ride fast enough to overtake him, and, checking his horse, he dismounted. Removing the false whiskers, and glazed hat, he set them down on the road, and taking the cloth cap which he usually wore, from his pocket, he stripped himself of his jacket and shirt, exposing beneath his ordinary dress, and rolling all up together, he threw them beneath the bridge which spanned a little brook crossing the road. Then drawing forth a pistol, he led his panting steed to the bank of the stream, and as she was in the act of bending down to drink, he placed the muzzle in her ear, and shot her dead—her body falling in the gurgling stream with a sullen

splash. He then bent down, and washing the ochre from his eyebrows, returned to the road again; seating himself on the bridge, he quietly reloaded his pistols, which, placing in his pocket, he resumed his journey towards the city.

"I need not fear much, even did they overtake me," thought Rodolphe—"for I hardly think they would recognize me now. I am once more the quiet, unpretending Mr. Ferrars, whom every body knows, and no body suspects. Ha! Moodie! so you and I are quits—the score is settled. If Divines tell true, you are now pleading your case against me at the bar of God—well, I shall answer your charges on the final day of reckoning—if there is such a day—of which I am extremely doubtful. I can plead in return that your complaint only amounts to this—that I overpaid you—I gave in return the bullet of a carbine for the blow of a horsewhip—and till then we are quits. Now, let me think—what have I to do to-day? damn it! I should not have thrown away that old jacket and hat, for I was to have carried on the deception with Monsieur William Rodolphe. Stop now—there is first St. George's expedition to attend to, then Gerard, and that precious brother-in-law of mine, who knows too much—then this other brother—then there is a meeting of the chiefs tomorrow night—I have some enemies there. I must take steps with them—well, the road is long and bloody, but the goal must be won. First President—then King of Cana——Good morning, Lieutenant Seaward."

"Ha! how do you do, Mr. Ferrars," said the officer, he had named, who, in the abstraction of his thoughts had approached him without being observed. He was riding a beautiful English thoroughbred.

"This is a lovely morning," continued the subaltern—"did you meet any one upon the road?"

"No," replied Rodolphe, turning slightly pale, "I was not

much further, I merely came out for a morning walk, and have just turned about. What kind of person do you allude to?" "Oh, it was a young ensign, on his way to join his regiment," answered Seaward—"his name was de Valence; he left me about two hours ago, and I forgot to give him a letter of introduction which he asked of Colonel Moodie. I can send it after him by mail. By the bye," he added, laughing, "if you want to see an amusing scene, quicken your pace a little—and I dare say you will find them at it yet. It was a quarrel between two rivals."

"Ha, who were they? I wonder if I know them?"

"I know one of them," said the Lieutenant, "he was threatening the other with death and destruction, for having, as I understood it, deprived him of his mistress. I think his name is Gerard—I know him by sight at all events, for I have met him on two or three occasions."

"Ah," said Rodolphe, an idea of hellish atrocity, flashing to his mind—"yes, I know the parties—young Wentworth was the rival. Was the fair lady in dispute herself present?"

"Yes—young Wentworth as you call him—his face I did not see—his back was turned towards me, but I should not like to be in his shoes, for I heard that fiend devil, Gerard, while his eyes flashed fire, threaten him with all the tortures of death and extermination if he persisted in his object. But, I must be moving on—if you walk smart, you may see the end of it yourself—for they were at it, when I left. Good morning."

"Good morning," returned the conspirator, bowing, and hurrying forward at an increased pace. Scarce had the officer disappeared, when he was again confronted by another person.

"Ha!" thought Rodolphe, starting, "can any one speak

the truth by accident—then, perhaps, it *was* Wentworth and *not* St. George."

As he thus thought, Edward Wentworth approached him and stopped.

"Ha, Edward, I am glad to see you," said Rodolphe smiling blandly; "what brings you out so early?"

"And I am glad to see *you*," answered the young man, without replying to his query—"I have been looking for you all the morning."

"Aye—for what purpose?"

"To tell you, you are a scoundrel—at all events that you are acting very like one!"—and as he spoke, the blood rushed to his temples, and suffused his whole face, while the veins on his right hand swelled with passion, as he clenched it convulsively.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GERARD THE MURDERER.

"If in mind or heart
I e'er deliberated such a thought,
But rather strove to trample back to hell
Such thoughts—if e'er they gleamed a moment through
The irritation of my oppressed spirit,
May heaven be shut forever from my hopes,
And from my eyes."—WERNER.

WHEN we again look for Rodolphe he is on his homeward road. A person was approaching him from the opposite direction. This man was agitated and pale, and his whole appearance denoted intense internal suffering.

"It is Gerard," thought Rodolphe—"this does not turn out happily; I am sorry I have met him so soon, but never mind, I must make the best of a bad bargain. I do not know him—I never saw him but once before—yet I must speak to him—I must find some pretence."

By this time the young man had come up; he was about passing Rodolphe without noticing him, when the latter said, with a smiling countenance;

"How do you do, Mr. Gerard—you do not look well."

"Sir!" said the young man, as if surprised at this familiarity, and not caring to converse with any one.

"Pardon this freedom," continued Rodolphe, in a still more insinuating tone—"but Mr. Gerard, I really cannot conceal a certain fact which has come to my knowledge from you—I

sympathize with you, and will not be an accomplice in such a piece of villainy."

"I do not understand you, sir, you speak in riddles."

"I will read them. You this morning interrupted a tete-a-tete between Miss Hereford and Mr. St. George?"

He had now touched a chord which aroused all his companion's interest and attention. This was what he wanted.

"Well, sir," said Gerard.

"And you recollect, what took place the other evening in the storm—I mean you remember that this Mr. St. George told you."

"I remember but too well," said the young man bitterly.

"And you find it difficult to reconcile his words yesterday evening with his actions to-day—do you not?"

"Assuredly," replied the other, his whole soul's attention aroused by these strange words.

"Well," continued the other, sinking his voice to a whisper, and approaching very close to Gerard, "I will unravel it for you—I will unvial the whole secret—I am privy to his villainous intentions, and dare not conceal them."

"I will remain your debtor forever," cried the young man, very much excited; "but what mean you?"

"Will you pledge your honor to keep it secret?"

"Oh! no, I will not do this, because I intend to make use of the information," returned Gerard.

"I mean that you will not involve my name in it?"

"Yes—I promise this."

"Well," continued Rodolphe, "the revelation I am about to make is so astounding that you will not believe it, unless substantiated. Now I have writings at home that will do this, and as I have business in the city of the utmost importance, I cannot now wait. Here is my address, will you call on me at six this evening?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Gerard, his impatient spirit ill brooking this delay, "can you not tell me all now?"

"You will not believe me without vouchers. But I tell you what,—I will pass this road in the course of an hour and a half on my way back; if you are not particularly engaged, and as the morning is very fine, if you choose to stroll about here till I return, I will bring the documents with me, and explain every thing."

"I will do so gladly, and be eternally indebted to you," answered Gerard, stooping down and picking up a ring that lay at his feet; "but for Heaven's sake do not be long!"

"I will not; do not stray far from this spot. Ha! that is a pretty bauble, I wonder who lost it? put it in your pocket and advertise it—it will find an owner, never fear." So saying, and bidding the other adieu for a short time, he hurried on.

On leaving him, Gerard sauntered off the road into the adjoining woods. He was disposed to avoid meeting any one; his thoughts were distracted, now, more so than ever, by the strange language he had just heard. What could be the nature of the strange revelations Rodolphe was about to make? Would it restore him to hope? would it crush his hated rival? what was it? he could not possibly imagine. So he walked leisurely on, amid the tall trees, till suddenly his thoughts were arrested by the sound of voices. At first he paid no attention, thinking it villagers on the road to town. Finally his curiosity was aroused by some words that he catched, and he approached cautiously towards the high road, till he observed a group of people, some on foot, and one or two on horseback, standing together, as if their interest had all been elicited by the same powerful object. What could it be? In the distracted state of his mind, he was anxious to avoid meeting any one, as solitude soothed him, at the

same time, he felt a slight degree of curiosity, owing to a few words here and there which had fell on his ear, to ascertain what produced this gathering.

He approached closer to the group. An officer was sitting on horseback, looking down attentively at some object on the ground which he could not see for the people that surrounded it. At least he could listen.

"Does any one know him?" asked the officer.

"I do," replied one of the group; it is young Mr. Wentworth."

"Ha!" cried the officer who was no other than Seaward, I feared as much; then I have a shrewd guess as to the murderer. Is there a constable here?"

Gerard became intensely interested—so then they were looking at a dead body.

Two men replied to Seaward's query in the affirmative. "Come here then, continued the officer, as if fearing to breathe his suspicions aloud, "I think I can put you on the track."

The constable advanced to his side, but Gerard could not catch the nature of this communication. Meantime the other constable was searching the body. "What have you found?" asked Seaward.

"Here is a locket, his purse, and two slips of paper," returned the man.

"I thought so," said Seaward, "I knew he was not murdered for his money; no, no, it was for revenge."

One of the lookers on, then picked up, something off the road stained with blood.

"Here is another slip of paper, and a pistol," said the man —"the pistol has letters carved on it."

"Let me see it," returned Seaward, "I think I can tell the letters before seeing them; they are G. G."

"So they are," said the man, holding up the weapon and the paper.

"Ha!" exclaimed one of the constables, "How came *you* to know that?"

"I told you before," replied the officer, examining the paper, "that I suspected the murderer. This document proves it beyond a doubt. Here, constable, take care of it; much of the evidence depends on your producing that paper in court. Here is the murderer's name in full—George Gerard—lose no time in arresting him; he may escape."

At these words, no longer able to restrain his agonized feelings, the young man named uttered an exclamation of astonishment and horror so loud as to cause the whole group to start, and turn round. He was observed, and in the next moment dragged from his hiding-place, and brought to confront the dead body.

"It is the very murderer himself!" cried Seaward, in amazement; "how true it is that the assassin never escapes. Unfortunate man! behold your morning's work."

If Gerard was pale and ghastly when met by Rodolphe, he was ten-fold more so now, and he gazed on the whole scene with the same feeling which one experiences under the effects of some horrible dream, which they cannot shake off. At length his confidence in his innocence somewhat re-assuring him, he exclaimed, in a husky voice, and with parched lips,

"In God's name, what does this horrible mystery mean!"

The officer did not reply to his question, but observed, "how strange, that by some species of infatuation, he should hover round the body of his victim until captured! But such is always the case—the murderer never escapes. Secure him," he continued, to the constables who were now holding his arms, "and search what he possesses on his person."

"What do you mean!" exclaimed Gerard, now thoroughly

aroused to a sense of his dreadful condition. "Do you imply that *I* am the murderer of this unfortunate young man? Are you all mad—or am I? Almighty Powers! is this a fearful dream!"

The officer smiled. "It is a dreadful reality—the proof against you is damning. What have you found?" he asked, addressing the men who were searching him.

"Not much," replied they, "here is the other pistol, the fellow to the one which we found, and a ring; but there is not much else of consequence."

"Pistol!" echoed Gerard, astonished, "I possess no pistols—I carry none with me—it has been put in my pocket."

"Well, that story may go down with the Jury," said one of the constables, "but it will not do with us," and as he spoke, he passed a bandage tightly round his arms.

"Are you going to permit this horrible farce to proceed," cried the wretched man to Seaward; "you appear to be superior to those around—do you believe I am guilty of this crime?"

"Man," cried Seaward in abhorrence, "would you aggravate the offence by adding falsehood to murder?"

"Then," said Gerard, becoming calmer, "do your will—this dreadful illusion cannot last long—the Almighty will not permit such atrocious wrong. But here I protest against your proceedings, and call the God of heaven, who knows all secrets, to witness, that I am as innocent of this deed, as the child unborn."

"It may be so," said Seaward incredulously, "but circumstances are fearfully against you. First I find you and this poor young man, who is now no more, engaged in a quarrel; I hear you threaten him with punishment, if he persists in his suit; next I find him murdered, and in his pocket a note from you calling upon him to meet you here, to decide your dis-

pute; in the puddle of blood there we pick up his acceptance of the challenge, together with a pistol bearing your initials; in your pocket we find the fellow to it; it is evident he was not murdered for the sake of robbery, for his purse is still upon him. Then we find you prowling round the spot; you are dragged from your concealment, terrified, trembling, and unable to explain what you were doing there; all these things establish your guilt beyond a doubt. I am no lawyer—and when I can sum up such a connected chain of circumstantial evidence, how will it tell, do you think, when handled by the prosecuting counsel?"

For a moment Gerard was paralyzed; but recovering himself, he said, in a firm voice, yet with a face blanched white as ashes, "This does *look* against me—and its connectedness is to me unaccountable; yet for all this am I innocent—so help me the God of truth! I had no quarrel with Wentworth—I scarcely knew him—in that you are mistaken; and that part of the evidence you will be unable to produce; the note you speak of is a forgery, I never wrote it—*that* you cannot prove; the pistol I confess bears my initials, its fellow has been found in my possession—how it came there God alone knows—but it is not mine. With regard to why I was concealed, I can explain, and can produce a person to prove my explanation to be true."

"You deny writing the note," said the officer; "here is a pencil, write your name in your usual hand."

Gerard took it, and conscious of his innocence, he wrote as requested, in a hand which trembled not, and handed it to Seaward. The latter compared it with the challenge for a moment, and said sorrowfully, shaking his head,

"Alas! that will avail you nothing—it is the same handwriting."

"I will not believe it," cried Gerard, rushing to his side, to

obtain a view of the note. Still whiter became his face, as he gazed on it—for in the name which he had written, and the challenge which he had termed a forgery, the hand-writing was so similar that no perceptible difference could be observed.

"You see," said the officer, returning the document to the constable.

At this moment one of those who were standing over the body exclaimed, "He holds a piece of a black silk handkerchief in his hand—it has been torn off in the struggle."

"Ha," said Seaward, "that does not agree, for the prisoner wears a blue scarf."

"But," said the constable, "he has a black silk handkerchief in his pocket," and so saying he drew it forth.

"Is it torn?" asked Seaward.

"Yes," returned the man, adjusting the fragment to the larger portion, "and corresponds exactly with the piece that was in his hand."

"Ah, that settles the whole thing," remarked Seaward, "and does not leave the possibility of a doubt."

At this moment two other persons approached the group.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ST. GEORGE AND THE CORPSE.

"Can this be death? then what is life or death?
'Speak!' but he spake not—'answer!' but he slept;
And it is all a mystery," &c.—DON JUAN.

THE new comers were the coroner and St. George. "Ah, this has been a sad affair," said the former, after conversing for a short time with Seaward, "there remains but little for us to do; with regard to who committed the offence, there can be but one opinion. You will have to give your evidence, Mr. Seaward, with reference to the quarrel you speak of—and after that there remains but little to fill up the chain—merely one or two links. Is there any one present," he then asked, "who is acquainted with the deceased's hand-writing?"

"I am," said St. George, who was bending over the prostrate body, almost paralyzed at this appalling event.

"Then can you tell me," he continued, handing him the slip of paper, stained with blood, "if those initials of 'E. W.' are genuine."

"It is Wentworth's hand-writing," answered St. George, examining it for a moment.

"You will swear to that?"

"I will—to the best of my belief."

"That will do," said the coroner, who now formed his jury, and commenced his examination.

"Oh, Gerard!" cried St. George to the prisoner, who was

now standing calm and collected, and without appearing to take much interest in what was passing; "this is a direful act! what could have induced you to commit it! was it passion, madness, or what?"

"Mr. St. George," answered the other, coldly, "I have already affirmed my innocence—circumstances are against me, and, I am not believed. Well, you may form what opinions you please, there is one who knows—and to him I submit—I appeal from the ignorance and villainy of man to the infinite wisdom and justice of God!"

St. George shook his head, and again bent down over the body. He regarded it mournfully, his eyes filled with tears, and turning away he muttered, "Peace to his ashes! he was a man!"

"Strange," observed the coroner; "he did not die by a gun-shot wound; there is a fracture of the skull."

"Probably," suggested one of the jury, "his head was beaten in by the butt of the pistol."

"Yet the pistol was discharged."

"Yes, but he may have missed his aim, and then finished his work with the butt."

At this moment, a horseman rode up at full speed, and forced his way through the crowd to the spot where Seaward stood; his hands were covered with blood, and his whole appearance agitated. After conversing for a few moments, in a low tone with the officer, the latter burst into an exclamation of horror and incredulity—

"Murdered!" he cried, "Colonel Moodie murdered! Merciful heaven! what a fatal morning this has been!"

"What say you?" exclaimed the coroner, stopping short in his examination and gazing upon the speaker.

"Colonel Moodie has been assassinated within a mile or two of the spot where we now stand. His body has been

borne to a house by the road-side, where one of his attendants remains with it while the other came on for assistance."

"And have they any suspicion of the perpetrators of this atrocious barbarity."

"Yes," replied the dragoon, "we have captured one of the assassins."

"And have him secured?"

"We have him secured safe enough," returned the trooper.

"Then," said the coroner, "the sooner, I suppose, we attend to his case the better. As regards this one, there is nothing more to be done; Edward Wentworth has died by a fracture of the skull inflicted by George Gerard. Who takes charge of the body?"

"I will," replied St. George, who had been listening attentively to the account of Moodie's death, and wondering whether Ferrars was the party the soldier referred to as being captured.

"I think we had better go to the house where the body is at once," said Seaward, "and take every precaution that can lead to the apprehension of the murderers. Meantime," he added, addressing the constables, "you will convey this man to prison."

After a little further delay, Seaward and the coroner departed, the latter mounted on the trooper's horse, and in a short time, anxious to learn the result of the other murder, the crowd dispersed—most of them following in the direction taken by the officer and his companion. At length, St. George found himself alone with the body. His feelings were of a chaotic nature, and hard to analyze. With death in any shape, he was but little acquainted; but under such startling circumstances as the presnet, he was confounded and appalled. Wentworth had been one of his earliest friends—they had grown up together, and their friendship

had been strengthened with their years. But naturally he was cold-hearted, and the first shock over, he felt no event acutely for any length of time. It may be thought that his silent acquiescence in Moodie's assassination, but little accorded with this unwillingness to shed blood, and unfamiliarity with death; but then it must be remembered that he had fallen on the discovery by accident—that the secret had not been confided to him, and that he considered he had no right to make use of it. Again—that by attempting to save the life of this one man he would sacrifice the lives of hundreds—his own included—since the preservation of his life would have resulted in the ruin of the conspiracy. Besides all this, he was actuated by motives of personal hostility against Colonel Moodie—and although he would not have killed him himself, yet he was by no means inclined to prevent others from doing so, provided he had neither act nor part in the murder. When a person's feelings are once allowed to weigh, he will soon reconcile his conscience to any step, however vicious, and by arguments which to him appear sufficiently reasonable and conclusive. At all events he did not consider himself in the least degree culpable or accessory in Moodie's assassination.

An intense silence now reigned around—not a leaf trembled—the very winds were hushed. There lay the corpse, motionless and still; its fixed eyes gazing on the concave heavens, with a dreadful intensity of vision. St. George felt a sensation of awe, as he stood pondering over the body with folded arms and moody brow.

"There is something inexpressibly shocking in this!" he thought, "a few hours ago he was well—in health, in strength, in the prime of youthful vigor—full of hope, and death probably the last thing in his thoughts—and now there he lies, an inanimate mass—no more than the clay which

surrounds him! Where is his soul? Has it consciousness —has it ceased to exist? We may speculate, but we cannot tell. Some say it must beeither in Heaven or in hell—that it must have gone to meet its final doom. Yet how can that be its *final* doom, if a thousand or six thousand years hence, it is re-judged and re-condemned at the Resurrection. We have only one way of deciding, that is by a reference to the writings of the Apostles. There we find many passages tending to that belief, and many tending to an opposite belief —that is, that the spirit is in abeyance, as it were during the interval. They say it cannot cease to exist for a moment, yet where is it during suspended animation—where was the spirit of Lazarus during the four days he remained in the tomb, of all those who have been in trances, &c. St. Paul, in speaking of the final doom of the world, says, 'we shall not all *sleep*,' implying that those who died previous to the Resurrection, would sleep till then, while those who were alive at that period, would be changed. Again, the same writer says, 'the just shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air at his coming.' Now if they were with him previously, how could they be caught up from earth to meet him?—Then in opposition to this there is the case of Lazarus and Dives. But this was merely, I take it, intended in the light of an illustration, and not as a *description* of a scene of spiritual existence. The narrator's object was to point out the contrast existing between the two men in the world which is to come, in as strong a light as possible. There could be no greater contrast expressed than Heaven and Hell—Joy and Agony—eternal happiness and everlasting woe, and without reference to a *description* of an hereafter, he merely intended to point out how different would be the sphere of Lazarus in a future state of being from that of his rich neighbor. "But time passes," he continued, "and I must think of devising

some means of having his body conveyed home; what a shock it will be for his relatives. He left them well, and he will be brought back a corpse. I must be with Ferrars at 11 o'clock too—I had forgotten that." He again relapsed into a train of musing, "I wonder," he thought, "if he is conscious—if not, I almost envy him his quiet sleep.—Oh, Wentworth, if there was any possible means of making this evident to me, if I was satisfied on this point——." Scarce had he uttered these words, than a slight tremor shook the body before him. His eyes dilated in horror, and with a deep groan, he staggered back against a tree!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EXPEDITION TO WASHINGTON.

"I am the stirrer of the wind,
The spirit of the storm,
The hurricane I've left behind
Is yet with lightning warm."—MANFRED.

CATHARINE is setting alone, in Rodolphe's apartment, he had not been home all the preceding night, and now it was nearly 11 o'clock, and still he had not returned. Her face is pale with anxiety, and her eyes heavy with watching, for she had slept none for the last two nights.

"Oh," she thought, "why do I love this man? we love not that which returns our affection with scorn, and yet I still possess the feelings towards him which first influenced me to accept his hand. What shall I do to win him back—I have exhausted every art, I have tried every means, yet the more I humiliate myself, the more inexorable does he become!"

"I will tell you," said a person, entering the room suddenly, "provided you swear to keep my secret." She started and screamed. She had been forbidden to receive any one, and usually remained in a back apartment. On this occasion, she had ventured into the room usually occupied by her husband, and when he was out, by his satellite, Simms, in the expectation of meeting him there, and making another appeal to his withered affections. The man who now entered the chamber, was above the middle height, with a pale, thoughtful face, but apparently possessing great muscular power.—

On his sudden entrance, she uttered a suppressed shriek which was not owing more to the start it gave her, than to an extraordinary resemblance which she discovered to her husband in the person before her. She rose and was about to leave the room, when the stranger prevented her, by placing himself between her and the door. "Pardon me, madam," he said in a deep bass voice, "but from the nature of what I overheard, I am inclined to think you are suffering mental anguish. Believe 'tis no idle curiosity prompts me to inquire —and if I did not believe I could aid you, I would not ask this confidence."

"Sir!" cried Catharine Rodolphe, completely astonished, "You are an utter stranger! such words——"

"Coming from an utter stranger you would say are not only out of place, and at variance with all the rules of good breeding and politeness, but absolutely impertinent. I admit they must appear so to you, but listen to me and I will undeceive you."

"I cannot," she answered, "I have not time, even if I had the inclination."

"Lady," he continued, not heeding her interruption, "I am one who never yet witnessed human suffering, without endeavoring to alleviate it, let that anguish be in the bosom of an individual or in the bosom of a nation. I am one who would sacrifice my own life to benefit my fellow man. Hitherto I have not been unsuccessful. And at this moment I have risked all to gain all, and the issue is not yet. I have met with opposition—with many enemies, but, *save one*, I never met the enemy whom I could not overcome. But there is one, and he wears not the external garb of an enemy. The Devil is never to be so much feared as when he assumes the appearance of an angel of light. Such has this party done, and therefore is he hard to overcome. Lady, *you* have

suffered from his machinations. You are suffering agony of mind—your persecutor is this enemy I speak of—confide in me, and I will teach you how to crush him."

With her eyes wildly dilated, she uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Or how to win him back," added the stranger quickly, while he watched the effect of his words.

At this moment her face assumed the pallor of death; she heard a step on the stair-case she well knew, and she made another attempt to escape.

"One moment," said the stranger, "I have that to say which concerns your happiness. If you are not unhappy, tell me so candidly, and I shall not press my intentions, but if otherwise, allow me to be your confidant, and rest assured I will be your avenger."

Rodolphe entered. For an instant he appeared staggered, but recovering himself with the rapidity of thought, he folded his arms, and stood regarding the pair with a half sneer.—Catharine shrieked, but remained motionless, the stranger stood unabashed.

"How do you do, Mr. Ferrars?" he said calmly, "I was awaiting your return, and I confess that far from finding the time irksome, I almost regret now that you have come, since I shall lose the company of this lady."

The soul of Edmund Rodolphe writhed within him, but his brow remained calm. He replied, coldly—

"I am extremely happy that Mr. Rodolphe has been subjected to no annoying suspense on my account, and that Mrs. Ferrars so agreeably supplied my place. As I have now returned, she will be kind enough to retire," he added, darting a look towards the unhappy woman, sufficient to annihilate her, and upon which she precipitately withdrew.

"Will Mr. Rodolphe be seated?" he continued, waving

the latter towards a chair, and assuming a seat opposite to him. Both were now silent, and a pause took place, which though scarce of a second's duration, appeared to the younger Rodolphe, as an hour, so fearful was he with regard to the nature of the communication which he foresaw the other was about to make. It was the pause of two gladiators, ere the death struggle commenced, and while they still gazed on each other with eyes of maddened hatred, as if seeking to discover their weakest points of defence. It was evident from the studied politeness of both, from their calm, unruffled brows, but vigilant eyes and pale faces, that each understood the other's thoughts, and each nerved himself for the worst.

"To what fortunate circumstance am I to ascribe Mr. Rodolphe's visit?" at length asked Edmund; "is it in connection with the business of the Fraternity, or is it personal?"

"I come as third chief of the Fraternity," replied the elder Rodolphe, "and I would suggest, Mr. Ferrars, as we are alone, and as we have business of the utmost importance to transact, that we lay aside that studied and affected style of mock courtesy which if we persist in, we will never understand each other."

"I cannot lay aside my natural manner of speaking, sir," said Edmund, drily, "but I will be all attention while you relate the particular affair which you intend to communicate." He said this aloud, and then muttered to himself, "by Jove! he is almost my equal with regard to the power of smothering his feelings."

"Mr. Ferrars, are you at present engaged in any particular duty?" asked Rodolphe.

"I am, sir."

"May I inquire what it is?"

"You may, but I am not at liberty to answer; it is of a secret nature."

"But being your senior, and being about to order you on other duty, it is requisite I should be made acquainted with the business you have at present on hand, so that when it is withdrawn from you, others may carry it out."

"Sir," answered Edmund, drily, "I am going to Upper Canada."

"But for what purpose?" asked the other.

"I decline to reply, sir."

"But as your superior in the Society, I demand your answer."

"There are those who are superior to you in the Fraternity," answered Edmund; "if their commands run counter to yours, am I to obey them or you?"

"Them, assuredly—but you have not heard mine."

"I await your pleasure."

"Well, then, Mr. Ferrars," said Rodolphe the elder, dropping his voice to a low whisper—"it is necessary that for a short time you withdraw from Canada."

"Withdraw from Canada! for what!" cried Edmund Rodolphe, simulating astonishment, for he clearly saw through the artifice of the other.

"For your own good," answered William, affecting still more mystery, and sinking his voice very low—"you are suspected of the murder that took place this morning."

Edmund Rodolphe now started in earnest.

"What murder?" he cried.

The elder brother smiled quietly. "The murder of Colonel Moodie," he answered, emphatically.

Edmund drew a long breath—a mountain had been lifted from his breast, and he was again himself.

"Indeed!" said he, while a demon smile flitted over his features—"and I am accused of this deed! Thanks to my good devil!" he muttered internally, "I feared it was *Went-*

worth he referred to." Then aloud—"And why, Mr. Rodolphe, am *I* suspected in particular of causing Colonel Moodie's death ?"

"I don't know," answered the other, "but the Fraternity suspect; they are aware that Moodie was possessed of information respecting our plans—and imagine that you are one of those kind of men who would not allow such knowledge to burthen his memory long. Therefore on your account they fear suspicion alighting on you, and recommend that you instantly leave Canada."

"I am infinitely grateful to them for their kind solicitude," said Edmund, with his everlasting sneer.

"But listen," continued the elder Rodolphe, "you will not have to fly as a fugitive and murderer; the Fraternity understand the nature of the case—they appreciate your exertions in their behalf—in fact, they admit that you have saved their necks—and therefore are determined that you shall not have to upbraid them with having deserted you at your need. Hence, they will supply you with money, and endow you with power to act in their behalf and in behalf of the Republican cause in Washington, whither they wish you to proceed. Every thing that can add to your comfort—credentials setting forth that you are an authorized agent shall be given you, and nothing remains but that you set out immediately."

"I shall be *eternally* indebted to them," said Edmund with a bitter sneer, and a marked emphasis on the word '*eternally.*' "But," he added, "I regret being compelled to decline their kind offer! With regard to the murder, I will take my chance. You know," he added, fixing his cold eye on his companion's, searchingly, "you know as well as I do, how untrue the assertion is that I am Moodie's murderer."

"Rash man," said the other, "*my* belief or disbelief will not prevent the public——"

"Answer yes or no," interrupted Edmund—"do you not know that I am innocent of this crime?"

"I do not know that you are guilty," answered William, discomposed; "but how can I tell whether you are innocent. Besides, I tell you the public rumor makes you out the assassin——"

"It is false!—William Rodolphe *you know* this to be false!" said Edmund, still preserving his imperturbable calmness.

"The sum of this is," cried the elder brother, losing that control over his feelings which he had exercised so long, and which *Edmund never* lost, under any circumstances, however trying, "that you refuse to leave Canada on this mission?"

Edmund Rodolphe bowed his head; a bitter sneer curled his lip, and he looked into his companion's eyes with an expression of countenance which said as clearly as if he had spoken the words—"Have I not read your secret and your inmost soul?"

"Then it only remains with me," continued William, "to command you to execute this duty under the penalty of disobeying a chief of the Fraternity. Refuse!—and in an hour the chiefs shall be assembled and you shall be denounced before them!"

"How very solicitous the chiefs are for my safety," said Edmund, laughing his bitter laugh. "So unless I consent to go on this expedition, and thereby, indeed, excite suspicion for this crime, I shall be denounced before the august assembly of Canadian Patriots, and denounced as a traitor?"

"I have said it—and by ——! so shall it be!" replied the elder, folding his arms in turn, and eyeing his fellow conspirator, with a determined expression of countenance.

"And who are to be my judges?—Rodolphe, Fergusson, Papineau and McKenzie?"

William Rodolphe started. "Why do you name these in particular?" he cried.

"Because, William Rodolphe, you are bought and sold," replied Edmund, in a slow emphatic tone, and pausing between each word, with a deep exultation in his looks.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NAPOLEON'S FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

"O, think not, Percy,
To share with me my glory any more—
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."

SHAKS., HEN. IV.

AT these ominous words the elder brother gazed upon the other with an expression of surprise mingled with fear. "Bought and sold," he cried—"what mean you?"

"William Rodolphe," said Edmund, looking down on the carpet and paying no attention to his companion's exclamation—"do you believe in such things as familiars and imps? Because," he continued, without waiting for a reply, "I remember having read somewhere—but *where* I now really forget—of a familiar that was described as being three feet in stature and wore a complete suit of scarlet, which was the constant attendant of Napoleon. That, on one occasion, his great master in some manner offended him, and that night, while the latter was in his tent, engaged in writing, the familiar entered, and exclaimed quite testily, 'I am perfectly tired of this sort of life—I have served you long enough and now I want peace. I have tried to escape, but it is vain. If I go to France, the infernal, everlasting cry, of *Vive L'empereur* is there; if I fly to Germany, I am aroused by the roll of the *pas de charge*—if I go to Italy, the roar of your artillery is there; if I seek refuge in Spain, the eternal roll of

your maddening drums is there—if I fly to the confines of Europe, and seek an asylum in Russia, I am burned with the flames that follow in your desolating track—let me see—there is one place left yet—you have not been there—thither will I fly.' 'Where is that?' asked the Emperor. 'England.' 'Trust not to that hope,' replied the Corsican, 'ere the world is a year older you will hear the *Parisienne* in London—I will be there.' 'And where will you *not* be?' asked the poor familiar in agony. 'Here is the map,' he said, handing a map of the world to the Corsican—'for mercy's sake point me out some spot where you will *not* be.' The Emperor took the map, and with his pen pointed to a little speck in the Atlantic, near Africa. 'There,' he said, 'there is a place where I will not be—there you are safe from those annoying sounds.' 'Ha,' said the familiar, 'then to St. Helena will I hie. Farewell.' Now I ask you, if you believe in the doctrine of familiars?"

While Edmund Ferrars had been speaking, his brother gazed on him with wondering looks, as if he would discover from his eyes what he could not gather from his words—but it was all in vain—he could not understand the drift.

"What does all this tend to?" he asked.

"I merely ask you a question," returned Edmund.

"Do I believe in such nonsense?—No! certainly not."

"Ah, indeed!" said Edmund—"then I beg leave to differ with you, as I have the honor to possess one myself."

"You!"

"Yes—his last communication was that *you* were bent upon my ruin." He said these words slowly, while his eyes were fixed searchingly on his companion. The latter, who had risen, now resumed his seat. In a moment, however, he recovered himself, and answered:

"I was endeavoring to ruin you! Mr. Ferrars, I do not

understand what you have been saying for the last ten minutes, and if you wish that I should, you must condescend to explain. If it is a joke, it is one of the silliest I ever heard, and I would remind you that we have no time for trifling. The officers of justice may be here in another minute—and if so, not only you, but the whole Fraternity is lost—not only the Fraternity, but the Independence of Canada. Time passes—do you consent to my proposition?"

"Oh, not so fast, if you please," said Edmund—"I wish to prove to you that I possess a familiar. You are doubtful—well, I will convince you. He told me that you were compassing my ruin—but that, relenting, and fearing I should fall a victim to circumstantial evidence in the Moodie murder case, you were determined to do me a good turn, and therefore arranged that I should be sent on an embassy to Washington. This is very kind," he continued, with cutting irony—"but, my dear Mr. Rodolphe, did it strike you that I would thereby subject myself to a great many dangers?—for instance—that the Rebellion might break out immediately after my departure—that the honorable ambassador, with all his despatches, credentials, *et cetera*, might fall into the hands of the British, and that those documents might elevate the honorable ambassador to a still greater height—viz: that of the gallows. Did these things ever strike you, my dear Mr. Rodolphe?"

Rodolphe turned pale, he looked around uneasily—and then said—"I cannot comprehend a word of what you are saying, Mr. Ferrars. You are trifling with me."

"Not at all, my dear sir; I am trying to convince you of the existence of familiars, and that I possess one. Now this familiar informed me that I had three very warm friends in Messieurs Rodolphe, M'Kenzie and Fergusson—that these friends, anxious for my advancement, had laid their heads together, and devised a plan whereby I might be appointed Plenipoten-

tiary to the eternal world—at least, I should say—Washington. But fancying that the Ambassador elect might question the purity of their motives, they fell upon the bright idea of exciting his fears by telling him that unless he left Canada, he would be suspected of the murder of Colonel Moodie."

By this time, the elder Rodolphe's face was crimson, and he bit his nails down to the roots.

"Now," continued the remorseless Edmund—"do you wish to know really who committed the murder—do you wish to know who is at this moment charged with the crime, and is now on his way to prison? I will tell you—my familiar has just informed me—do you want his name—it is—*Roderick Fergusson!* So much for *his* share in the plot to ruin Edmund Ferrars! Do you wish to know who are his accomplices, his abettors in the murder?—*William Rodolphe* and William Lyon McKenzie!—so much for their share in the plot!"

"It is false!" echoed Rodolphe, springing to his feet, his face from being deep red, suddenly changing to ashy paleness, "it is false as hell! Neither of us abetted him, nor do I believe he committed the murder."

"He *did* commit the murder," repeated Edmund in his calm voice, "this will be proved by his accomplice Henry Simms; he *was* abetted in it by *you*, this will be proved by himself."

"Ha, ha," laughed William Rodolphe, "what a fool I am to give way to this! And *you*," he exclaimed, in a louder tone, and pointing his finger fiercely at his companion, "how know *you* all this, unless you are concerned in the murder?"

"Speak low, man—speak low," said Edmund, calmly, "we are conversing on matters of life and death. Well, I will tell you, my dear friend, how I am concerned in it.—This Colonel Moodie possessed the secret of the Confedera-

cy, he was on his way to head-quarters—had he arrived there safely, the conspiracy would not only been knocked in the head, but we would have either to have fled as vagabonds, and fugitives, or have been hanged by the public executioner! Was it right, think you, that steps were taken to prevent his arriving there ?"

"And you make this admission—you tell me you knew of this assassination, and yet charge *me* with the crime, well knowing I am innocent! I always took you for a devil, but this act outbends all the rest! But you confess this to me!"

"I confess it to you," repeated Edmund, "and I confess it to you for this reason, that your evidence will not be worth a pinch of snuff, because you yourself will be an accused party. There will be one King's evidence, that will be Simms—his evidence will be sufficient to hang you and Fergusson."

Rodolphe now became very much agitated.

"Then it seems," he said, "that this Simms is willing to prove any thing and every thing that you suggest?"

"So it seems," answered Edmund, quietly, while he watched the other's agitation with intense exultation depicted in his looks.

"You are a devil!" exclaimed the elder Rodolphe, fixing a withering look upon him.

"I am infinitely gratified at the compliment," returned Edmund, bowing, "and only regret that the means which you intended ascertaining to-night, whereby this devil might be overthrown, will now be denied you, as at the hour appointed for the interview, you will be in prison."

"D——tion! You know that, too ?"

"Certainly, my familiar conceals nothing from me," said Edmund.

"Ah," cried William, "I begin to see who this familiar is now—it is that recreant St. George !"

"But St. George did not tell me of the plot to destroy me —the Washington expedition, etcetera," answered the younger Rodolphe.

"Then you intend to denounce me?" said William, after a pause.

"Decidedly, you were about sacrificing me, am I not justified in returning the compliment?"

"And you depend on our patriotism that we will die such a death—a death brought on by the blackest villainy and confessed perjury, with our mouths shut? Do you think I will go to the scaffold and through fear of betraying the cause, not reveal that you are the instrument of our murder. That you were the instigator of the plot to assassinate Colonel Moodie, and that you suborned ruffians to swear away our lives. Do you think I will conceal any thing of what you have confessed to me?"

"Of what avail would that be?" said Edmund; "your evidence would not be taken."

"But I would cause you to seek safety in flight—I would crush the Confederacy, I would scatter you all to the winds of heaven, I would ruin your political prospects forever."

"And what good would that do you—you have too much patriotism to betray so glorious a cause, just for a private spleen," observed the younger.

"No!" exclaimed William, fiercely, "were I taken by the fortune of war—were I captured in the battle-field—no rack, no thumb-screw, no torture, no death, would cause me to betray the cause, or divulge a single comrade's name. But so sure as that this hell-forged plot is carried into effect—so sure as that I am charged with this act—so certainly will I reveal every thing I know relating to it!"

"That would be bad," observed Edmund, musing, "but I don't see the necessity of your going to the scaffold at all."

"Do you not threaten to denounce me, for the hand I had —or at least, which you say I had, in the scheme to effect your destruction?"

"That is, if you persist in *your* scheme—if you insist that I must go on this expedition, I shall insist on your going to prison. You threatened to denounce me before the chiefs of the Fraternity—I, in self-defence, threatened to denounce *you* before a legal court for Moodie's murder. If either of us persists, good-bye to the freedom of Canada! But I am ready to forgive you for past transactions, provided you consent to stick by me now, and for the future make common cause. I am willing we should be friends—it will be your fault if we remain enemies."

William Rodolphe thought for a moment; he concluded it was better to succumb to his more dexterous rival. In fact, his case was desperate, and he had only to choose between his own ruin, which would also involve the ruin of the Conspiracy, or to become friends with Ferrars.

Such was the nature of his reflections. His brother's were widely different. Had I not better make him my friend, thought he. To denounce him would be madness—it would be signing my own death warrant, and I merely used the threat to frighten him. If he remains my enemy, he will be continually thwarting me, and unscrupulous as I am when parties come between me and the goal for which I run, I should not like to dispose of *him* as I do of them. But make him my friend, and he will become a serviceable tool, and can be removed at some future period. He is a dangerous enemy, but a powerful friend. Yes, it must be so.

When therefore he asked the question, "Why should we not be friends?" William replied—

"True, why should we not? I am mad to attempt to cope with *you*, I may as well consent to follow in your wake first

as last, for you have foiled me at all points, and you are the first mortal that ever did so. Lead on, then, hereafter I follow."

"Now," cried the younger, extending his hand, which the other shook, "Canada is safe! Had we remained at variance, her independence was lost. Disunion plays the devil, and *our* disunion would have ruined not only ourselves, but all connected with the Confederacy."

"But Fergusson," suggested the elder, "we must not sacrifice him——"

Edmund laughed. "And do you suppose," he said, "that Fergusson is such a fool as to go to the scaffold unavenged upon those who deserted him. Do you think, if we deserted him, he would not betray us? Decidedly he would, and not be to blame either. Oh, no, I have promised to rescue him. He shall not die; I pledged my word to him, ere he undertook this expedition, that I would save him, if I took him from the foot of the gallows, and think you Edmund Rodolphe is unable to perform his word——"

"Edmund Rodolphe?" repeated the other, in surprise.

"Yes," said the younger, pausing, "William Rodolphe, I am your brother!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

"————I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time, and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal and such penance,
As in itself hath power on air and earth,
And spirits that do compass earth and air,
Space and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with eternity."—BYRON'S MANFRED.

SCARCE had the astonishment of the elder Rodolphe subsided, and while he was still listening to the explanation which his brother was giving him, regarding the fact of their being so closely connected, when St. George entered.

"Ha! Mons. St. George," exclaimed Edmund, "you are late, you are past your time."

"I could not help it," said the young man, who was pale and agitated, the recent murder of his friend hanging heavy on his mind, "I was detained by business of vital consequence."

"Oh, it is all right, but Monsieur Rodolphe, you will be late in keeping *your* appointment," he continued to his brother.

"Oh, to the devil with it," answered he, "I shall not keep it now, of course, but I should like much to ascertain how you discovered that secret. Was it not from St. George, here?"

"Upon my honor, no!" said Edmund and the young man, in a breath. "Then it is a mystery," cried the elder Ro-

dolphe, "and I would give a good deal to have it explained. But the fact is you know every thing."

"No, not every thing," said Edmund, "there is a secret which I do not know—it is the one which you promised to explain to the party you were to meet this evening. Now with regard to that mystery, and how I became acquainted with the fact that you made such an appointment, and so forth, I will explain it to your satisfaction, provided, you, in turn, reveal to me this secret concerning the manner in which you became possessed of your present wife."

The elder Rodolphe looked around uneasily. "That is a dangerous subject to converse on," he said, "but what puzzles me beyond measure is this, how in the name of every thing mysterious did the man with whom I was conversing last night discover a thing which I thought locked up solely in my own bosom. A thing which I do not recollect ever to have revealed to mortal man."

"Ah, that I will not undertake to explain," said Edmund; "I merely promise to solve the enigma regarding my acquaintance with your companion of last night, and this conditionally, that you, in return, satisfy my curiosity on the above point."

"But I want my curiosity satisfied on a hundred points," said the elder Rodolphe; "in the first place how did you become possessed of the knowledge that we were brothers; in the second place, why did you conceal the fact from me so long, because had I known this before, it would have neutralized all my hostility. Thirdly, how did you discover any thing relating to my interview with this man? Fourth, how did this man learn any facts relating to my past life—the one you have referred to amongst the rest? Fifth, how did you ascertain the knowledge, regarding the plot we had formed to destroy you? Sixth, by what means did you learn that this

Moodie had our secret, while the Fraternity were asleep, and dreaming of security? Lastly, how do you know that Fergusson is charged with the crime, and that Simms has betrayed him?"

At these last words, St. George started; "Fergusson arrested, and Simms betrayed him!" he exclaimed, "Ha! Rodolphe, how is this?"

"I believe I am not bound to give you an explanation on every point, which you may not clearly comprehend," said Edmund, darting a look at the young man which silenced him. "And with regard to your questions, William," he continued, turning to his brother, "I have neither time nor the ability to answer them—for the very good reason that I do not know how. I merely engaged to satisfy your doubts on one head, and instantly you overwhelm me with such a host of queries as would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to answer. Some of them I can reply to, and some I can not.—Those which I can explain to you I will, whenever an opportunity occurs—in the meantime, let us get through with what we have to do, as I have business of great consequence on hand, and cannot afford to lose much time. Come let us have this process."

"Well," said William reluctantly, "I suppose I will have to wait patiently until you choose to unmask. In the meantime, I will make you acquainted with this secret which you require, but——" and he glanced at St. George.

"All right," said Edmund, "he is already so deep in our confidence, that 'twould be folly to conceal trifles from him now."

"This secret which I am about to impart," said William in a low voice, "is no trifle—it is of the most serious nature. I learned it from a French Philosopher, whose life I had saved, and who, in recompense, taught me this science, for

which he had been offered thousands of pounds and refused. Now, both of you, will pledge me on your souls, that you will never reveal it."

"Why so?" asked St. George.

"For this reason, that the more it is known, the less benefit will it be to those who know it. I have never yet imparted it to a living being, and therefore, if ever after this I hear of its being divulged, I can easily tell that you have violated your pledge, as the information must necessarily come from you. This science is yet in its infancy—the learned man who taught it to me, saw the *effect*, but as to the *cause* he was as ignorant as you or I. But he had formed a theory, and it was this, that electricity is the messenger of the will—the mind. That the brain is the seat of the mind—and the brain is a mass of nerves, connected to other nerves with every portion of the body. Well the body is there—the mind is there—the conductors or nerves are there—but there must be a medium—a messenger—a connecting link between mind and matter. That connecting medium or messenger of the mind, is *electricity*. The mind wills that the arm shall move—with the speed of thought the electricity of the brain rushes along the nerves, carrying the impression to the muscles, which in their turn move the bone and flesh, and the arm moves. Let paralysis injure that nerve—that electrical wire—and the brain wills—the muscle, bone, and sinew is there—but the connecting nerve is paralyzed, and the electricity proceeds so far as the affected part, and no further—and the mind wills in vain. Why? Because the nerve—the road on which the mind's messenger traveled—is impassable. Mind cannot come in contact with matter—it cannot touch matter—unless it does so by a concatination or chain, link by link. Of these links, there are seven—thus—the *mind* touches the *will*, which is merely an energy of the mind

the will touches *electricity*, electricity touches *nerve*, nerve touches *muscle*, muscle touches *bone*, and bone raises *dead matter*."

"That is quite comprehensive," said St. George, who was listening with the deepest attention; "but what follows?"

"That this agent, electricity, is a universal agent, pervading all space, and that if I—mark me—if I can employ it to raise *my own arm*, I can employ it to raise *yours*."

"That does not follow," interrupted St. George, because it is impossible."

Rodolphe smiled. "Young man," he said, "the truths revealed in nature are inherent, indestructible, immutable, eternal; therefore it is not in the power of man to create or annihilate a single truth. *They exist; your* belief or disbelief, weighs not a feather; *they exist*, independent of belief or disbelief, and all we can do is to grope about in darkness and bring them to the light of day. I said that a natural consequent of the above theory consisted in the fact that I could will your muscular movements, and that once under my control, I could make you stand there motionless, or make you walk across the room. Our bodies are two pieces of mechanism constructed on the same principle, and therefore any motive power, which puts my body in motion will put yours also in motion. That common agent is electricity. You will that your hand should rise to your head, instantaneous as lightning—because it *is* lightning; the messenger conveys that message to the nerves of the arm, and the arm moves. Well, I place myself in connection with you—*I* will, mark you, that *your* arm moves; the *same* messenger leaves *my* brain, descends on similar nerves to mine, along your arm, and it moves, in consequence of *my* willing it to move."

"But this theory sounds strange," said Edmund incredu-

lously—"if true, what a glorious power it would arm one with! but have you tested it?"

"Certainly. You ask me, how I influenced a certain lady of wealth and influence, to accept the hand of an unknown adventurer? Was it not easy to will that she should love that adventurer, if he willed it."

"But the process," said Edmund impatiently, "what are the means used?"

"You are in a great hurry; this discovery cost my French friend, the philosopher, weary days of study and nights of painful thought to elicit it, and yet you would have me explain it to you in a moment. But are you satisfied with the theory?"

Edmund nodded; "And you?" he said to St. George.

The latter shook his head. "Not clearly," he answered; "I first understood you that this medium only acted on the muscles; you now say it can produce impressions on the mind?"

"Yes, you cannot tell me what the mind is, but that it is susceptible to external impressions we well know. The mind is a mystery—its messenger is not. Electricity is the vital spirit of the Universe. It exists everywhere, in every thing—in the mote, in the sunbeam, in the worlds rolling through space. Once created, it can never be annihilated; the vital principle is indestructible, and lives forever."

"Oh," cried Edmund impatiently, "let us resume this subject at some other time; at present it is no use dwelling on the theory, pass on to the practical part. I never dreamed this secret was of such absorbing interest; why, to us it will be the lever which Archimedes sighed for in vain. Can you practice on either of us, think you? That would be proof positive."

"I will try," said the elder Rodolphe, "but every one is not susceptible."

"And what are the signs, when a person is susceptible of the influence?" asked Edmund.

"These are not yet known—I tell you the thing is in its infancy; women, however, are more easily brought under the influence than males."

"Ha!" said Edmund, "that accounts for your success. Well, what are we to do?"

"Sit down, side by side," answered William, "and allow your mind to subside into a perfect state of repose. Banish thought as much as possible."

"But the more a person endeavors to banish thought," observed St. George, "the faster thoughts rush upon the mind."

"Well, banish all violent emotion—fear, expectation, &c.,—be as tranquil as you can."

"Are the effects injurious?"—"Not at all."

"As for me," said Edmund," I am a sceptic—if I believed that you could obtain any undue influence over me, I would not sit here. Why you might set me to sleep for a month, or make me sign my name to any thing. Will it render it hard for you to operate on me, owing to my unbelief?"

"By no means. Close your eyes, compose your mind, and do not speak till I command you?"

CHAPTER XL.

BIOLOGY.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE two men sat down, side by side, their hands falling heavily upon their knees, and their eyes closing as if in deep repose. Rodolphe then placed one hand on the head of St. George, and the other on that of his brother. For the space of five minutes, the whole group remained thus, till you could hear the heavy breathing of the two men, as if they were both in a profound slumber. To a stranger unacquainted with the foregoing circumstances, their appearance would remind him of some of those tales of old times, rife of necromancy and mystery. Rodolphe looked like a powerful enchanter, dooming the victims before him to sleep for a thousand years—so still, so motionless, so rigid had become their countenances, and so intent did the mighty enchanter appear in effecting his mysterious work. When five minutes had elapsed, he abandoned St. George, and placing both his hands on the head of his brother, he bent down until their breaths mingled, in which position he remained for nearly five minutes longer. Leaving him, he then turned to St. George, and pursued a similar course for nearly an equal length of time. Then bending down on one knee, he pressed the balls of his thumbs on the young man's eyebrows, and rubbed them horizontally, three or four times, immediately afterwards performing the same operation on the lids. He

then rose to his feet, and touching the young man's forehead with his extended forefinger, he exclaimed in a stern voice, and in tones of command,—

"Your eyes are closed, I now control them, and you cannot open them! You may try, but you cannot do it."

The young man made an effort, but it was ineffectual, he had no power over the muscles. He shook his head.

"Speak! is it not so?" continued Rodolphe, still keeping his forefinger extended towards him.

"I cannot open them," said St. George, smiling at this extraordinary freak of nature, "but I am fully conscious of every thing."

"Doubtless yet," said Rodolphe, making three or four passes with his hand before the other one's face, "but now you are unconscious of every thing—of where you are—of who you are, or any thing else. You cannot tell me your name."

"You are mistaken," said the young man, "I am perfectly conscious, and can tell you my name."

"Ah," muttered Rodolphe, biting his lip, "he possesses a powerful organization. I can control his muscles, but not his mind—a thing that often happens. Clasp your hands over your head," he said.

St. George did as desired. The operator made three or four passes.

"Now," he cried, "you cannot remove them—they are fast. You may try, but you cannot do it."

The young man made an exertion to unclasp them, the attempt was ineffectual, they were completely locked.

"Now," continued Rodolphe, passing his hand over St. George's ears, "you are deaf, you cannot hear a word, now you will not hear again, until I touch your ears. Do you hear any thing?"

The young man looked at him, vacantly, and with uncon-

sciousness of what he said, depicted on his countenance. He then left him, and turned to his brother.

"There is something surpassingly strange in all this," said the latter, "I think you said just now, you could control the mind of some as well as their bodies?"

Rodolphe replied not; he placed his hand on Edmund's head, and again mingled his breathing with his.

"Because," continued the latter, "if such is the case, I shall decline having any experiments made on me, and be satisfied with the results of the operation on St. George."

The elder Rodolphe sneered in the peculiar manner of his brother. That expression of face was identical in both. It was a sideling glance, with the eye-lids half closed, while the upper lip assumed a slight curl. It was such a look as Wallack, the American Tragedian, throws after Clarence, when acting Richard of Gloster.

"It is too late," he said, "you would prefer being experimented on just now to any thing else. Answer me, is it not so?"

"Yes, I have no objections," replied Edmund, becoming perfectly resigned and tranquil.

"Place your arm on that table," said Rodolphe, in a tone of command.

The other obeyed. The Biologist rubbed it down from the shoulder to the wrist, for a few seconds, and then said, "It is paralyzed from the wrist to the elbow, from the elbow to the shoulder, it is powerless and benumbed. You cannot remove it."

"No," said Edmund, in a tone neither expressive of wonder or alarm, "but of that kind of feeling, which one experiences in a dream, when every thing, however absurd and unnatural, is taken for granted."

"And now," said William Rodolphe, making some pass-

es with his hand, "you cannot move in your seat, you are chained down. Try if you can get up."

"I cannot," said Edmund, but not making any effort.—"He is highly clairvoyant," thought the elder brother; then aloud, "and now you cannot sit there! You are burning! you must get up!"

Edmund Rodolphe sprang from his chair, with fear depicted on his countenance.

"There is a serpent round your neck!" cried Rodolphe.—Edmund's eyes dilated with wild terror, he grasped his neck with both hands, as if tearing the reptile away. Then shrieking aloud, he rushed round the room, upsetting St. George, in his mad career, who gazed at him with looks of vacant wonder, not having heard the cause of his fear, and finally sprang upon the table, where, bending his head down, he went through all the movements which a person would be supposed to go through in attempting to remove a venomous reptile.

"All right!" cried William, in a voice of command. On these magic words being uttered, he stopped short in his exertions, and with a silly and confused look, as if not comprehending what had taken place, he stared at the Biologist.

"Come down here!" cried the latter. He obeyed.

"Now, see here," cried William, extending his right hand open, "do you see that tumbler, in my hand?"

Edmund gazed earnestly in vacancy, at length, as if satisfied, he answered, "Yes!"

"Do you know what it is?"

"No!"

"It is water—drink it."

Without hesitation, he seized the imaginary tumbler, and placing it to his lips, went through the motions of drinking a liquid.

"It is brandy!" suddenly exclaimed Rodolphe, "strong brandy. You are drunk!"

He immediately dropped what he conceived to be the tumbler, the tears started to his eyes, and sputtering out saliva in the manner a person would do, on making such a mistake, he exclaimed—

"I am not drunk!"

"I say you are!" returned the elder brother, pointing his finger at his forehead; "you cannot stand—your tongue is getting loose in your head, you will soon begin to speak!"

Edmund's eyes reeled wildly, he staggered against the wall, and again he cried in the pertinacious tone peculiar to a drunken man—

"I say I am not drunk."

"I say you are," repeated the elder, going up to him, and passing his hand across his forehead, "do you not know that you are?"

"I am not so drunk but that I can stand and talk," answered the other, in a thick voice.

"Oh, yes, you can talk," said William smiling, "and you will soon be loquacious enough. You are going to tell me all your secrets—you can not resist the temptation, you do not want to—but I command you, and forth they must come. Do you not feel inclined to tell me all your cunning schemes?—do you not wish to show me how well all your plots were laid?—answer?"

"Yes, listen and I will tell you; and you will have to admit, that I managed every thing devilish well. Listen——"

"Stop!" cried the operator, extending his finger towards him; "I am not going to allow you to speak so much as you please, or you would keep me all day; I want you to answer my questions, and truly. Mark me!—truly! Do you wish to know why?"

"Yes—why?"

"Your life is in danger; do you know for what?"

"No!"

"For murder, and other things. You have been arrested, you are now in prison—I am your counsel, and I wish to have you answer me the truth—your life depends on my knowing every thing."

"But," exclaimed Edmund, the sweat bursting forth from his forehead, "I shall not, in this emergency, choose another to plead for me. I always intended, should it ever come to this, to defend myself. I will be my own counsel, and require no other."

"You have abandoned this idea," said Rodolphe, sternly; "you have solicited my aid—you have asked *me* to plead your cause. Are you not aware of this?"

"Yes, I think I did," he answered hesitatingly.

"Then you must reveal every thing to me—you must conceal nothing. If you do so, you are safe—if not, you die. Are you prepared?"

"I am."

END OF VOL. I.