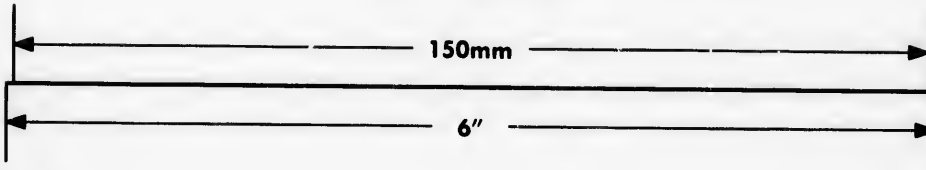
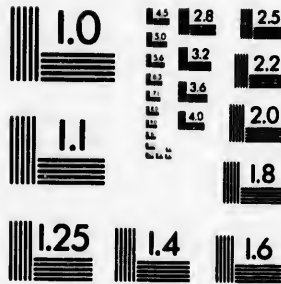
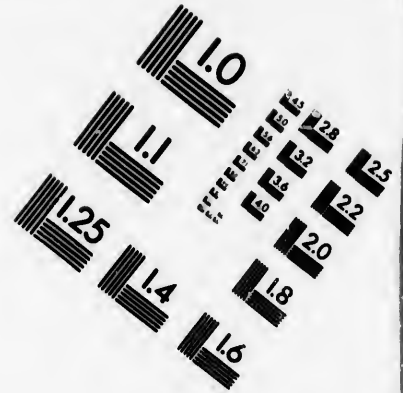
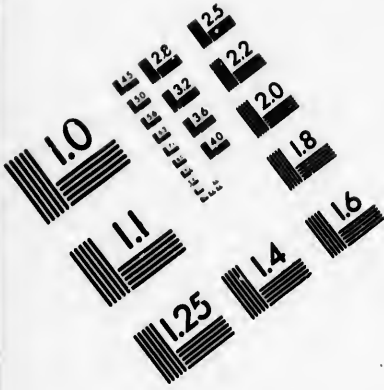


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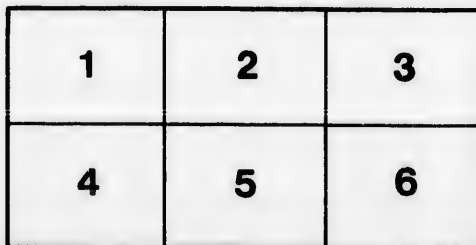
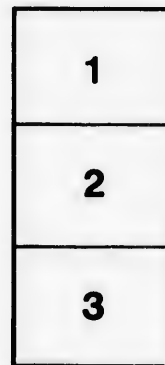
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PREFACE.

The following work, though assuming the character of a fiction, is founded on fact.

Joseph Wilcox was well known in Upper Canada, and there are yet persons, living in that Province, who will not attribute the scenes associated with his name, entirely to imagination. At any rate, the author does not hesitate to say, that the official chicanery hinted at throughout—however petty and improbable in the opinion of others—will be acknowledged, by the candid and honest-hearted Canadian—whatever be his political creed—to fall short of the reality.

Though at the period of the following narrative, Upper Canada was in early infancy, official depravity might be traced like the links in a chain, from the Capitol to the most remote parts of the Colony. Neither was the tyrannic arm of her embryo government to be resisted with impunity. He who refused, even to echo the political sentiments of the ruling power—however absurd, ungenerous, or unjust—especially, if he had claims to talent or rank—became at once, a target for every official aspirant to shoot at. Against such an one the assassin was encouraged to whet his dagger; and having immolated his victim

at the shrine of corruption, he appeased the law by aspiring—"God save the King!"

Incidents acted apart, have, indeed, been brought in juxta-position. The high colors of the reality, nevertheless, have been partially hidden, rather than fully exposed, lest the descriptions should appear unnatural, and even absurd, to the reader unacquainted with the petty and criminal resorts of a Colonial Government—Colonial officials, and their satellites.

"I do declare upon an affidavit,
 Romances I never read like those I've seen;
 Nor if unto the world I ever gave it,
 Would some believe that such a tale had been;
 But such intent I never had or have it,
 Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
 Especially when they would look like lies;
 I therefore deal in generalities."

If any reader should be so imaginative as to identify himself, with either of the characters in the Victims of Tyranny; and so uncharitable as to attribute personal feeling to the author—to such an one, it will not, perhaps, be amiss to apologize, by assuring him that authors generally form fictitious out of real characters. As every man, therefore, in this day of literary effusion, is liable to be portrayed, and exposed to public view, it would be well for him whose natural propensities are evil, to adopt as his motto, the following words of the Latin poet:

"Hic murus æneus esto
 Nil conscire sibi, nulla palescere culpa."

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THE VICTIMS OF TYRANNY.

CHAPTER I.

"This way the chamois leapt : her nimble feet
Have baffled me."—MANFRED.

"Then like an ass, he went upon his way,
And what was strange, never looked behind."—BYRON.

Joseph Wilcox, the son of an Irish Baron, emigrated to Upper Canada, in eighteen hundred and nine.

The seeds of political dissension had already been scattered through that Colony, and the people had begun to look with a jealous eye towards their rulers; while the latter, determined to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the property and liberty of the former, deemed it politic to attach to the Government all, who could in any way enhance their power.

Joseph Wilcox, therefore, had no sooner become known as the son of a nobleman than he was thought a desirable person to fix to their interest, and a year had scarcely elapsed, after leaving his native land

(not having yet numbered his twenty-second year.) when he was appointed to the sheriffalty of the populous and extensive district annexed to York*—the capital town of the Province.

The family estate having been entailed on his eldest brother, and the recent death of his father having rendered precarious his pecuniary resources, this unexpected boon was received with gratitude, and he entered upon the duties of his office with a desire to accomplish them in a manner which would not only reflect honor on himself, but the Government of which he was now an officer.

About the middle of July, 1811, while returning from a tour of duty, and within two miles of his home, a female passed suddenly before him, and entered a pine wood, which, with a thick undergrowth, skirted, for a considerable distance, one side of the eastern road to the Capital.

Her evident desire to avoid observation, excited his curiosity, and he impulsively attempted a pursuit; but having proceeded some two or three rods, he was compelled to retrace a path which his horse had made through almost impervious shrubbery.

He had scarcely issued from the thicket, when he observed in the road, a person of gigantic size, mounted on a small and well turned horse, exhibiting a striking contrast.

*Now the City of Toronto.

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Mutually struck with the appearance of each other, Mr. Wilcox and the stranger simultaneously reined up. The latter with that feeling which leads our kind to await the danger they would flee—the former with that invincible curiosity one feels, to assure himself of the reality of that, which suddenly and imperfectly strikes his perceptions.

The stranger's eyes protruded from their sockets, and his cheeks seemed inflated. His nose, the bridge of which was much depressed, had an enormous rotundity at its end. His chin was broad and prominent; and his mouth with a conceited compression of the lips, shrank, as it were, within his face. His forehead was completely enveloped in a white hat, the rim of which overshadowed a pair of huge shoulders, and in forward extent might almost have claimed an equality with an abdomen of no ordinary dimensions, while a long and broad coat-skirt dangled in the rear of either leg.

The most part of the wood mentioned, (known as Darwin Forest, from the name of its original proprietor, the Honorable John Darwin,) was generally believed to be impenetrable; yet the road by it, having been the scene of robberies and murders, it was suspected by some, to harbor a band of highway-men.

The stranger had heard the floating rumor, and in answer to his anxious and frequent inquiries as he approached the wood, every succeeding hostess had told a tale more horrible, till nothing but Darwin Forest, and its insatiable banditti, was presented to his mind.

His imagination, therefore, thus wrought up, he was proceeding cautiously along, when the crackling of the bushes attracted his eyes in the direction of the young Sheriff.

The clattering of horses' hoofs now broke the spell, and a horseman coming in sight, was recognized by Mr. Wilcox, as the principal servant of an acquaintance.

While, however, the tasselled cap and laced riding jacket of the Sheriff, together with the bear-skin holsters fixed to his saddle bow, and the small sword hanging by his side, gave him just such an appearance as the mind of the stranger pictured the chief of banditti; the livery of the servant was, in his estimation, the badge of a common bandit: nor did he longer indulge a doubt even, that he had encountered that class of men, when the latter stopped suddenly before him.

He betrayed the strongest symptoms of terror, as he was scrutinized with curiosity by the servant, who at length addressing him, said:

"I was brought up in Connecticut, myself. I'm now livin' with Captin Carleton in York, and folks call me Sam Johnson. You're a Dominie, I recking by your beaver?"

Johnson was about five feet eight inches in stature, and rather thick set. His features were short and irregular, but humor and vivacity beamed from his eyes, and gave him an agreeable expression while a

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smile ever playing on his lips when he spoke in good nature, won for him the confidence of all.

The aspect, therefore, now exhibited by him, excited a hope in the breast of the stranger, who, anxious, at any rate, to conciliate, pronounced himself a Physician.

"Do you carry on your trade hereabouts, Dock?" enquired Sam Johnson.

"I practice medicine in the vicinity of the Niagara Falls;" answered the Doctor.

"Follered the business long there?"

"Since the year 1789."

"You wa'n't old when you went there, I conclude?"

"Twenty-five," answered the physician.

"Accordin' to my calcutation then, Doc, you're jest forty-seven?"

"Forty-seven," repeated the Doctor.

"Got a wife and young folks?"

"I have a wife and seven children."

"Pick up a pretty good livin for 'em?"

"My knowledge, thank God! has procured for them the necessaries of life;" responded the Doctor, entirely forgetting, at the moment, his imaginary perils, and his face glowing with professional pride.

"What may I call your name Doc?" inquired the Yankee.

"Bluster," answered our Esculapius, promptly.

"Goin fur east?"

"As far as Kingston."

"Goin to see your old folks?"

"No—I am going to attend the races there.

"Do you dabble much in sich consarns?"

"I make a recreation of horse-racing, when I get fatigued with professional business."

"It generally pays expenses, I recking?" said Johnson inquiringly, and with emphasis.

This question renewed the terrors of Bluster. He thought the only object of the servant in thus catechizing him, could be to ascertain the length of his purse; and the young sheriff's horse, becoming restive at the moment, and moving towards him, he imagined he saw the hand of death extended. Wheeling suddenly about, therefore, he lay himself close to his horse's neck, and bolted off, with the velocity of the winged Pegasus, while his coat skirts wafted aloft by the combined assistance of speed and wind, rendered the nag and his appendages, a proper caricature of that fabulous animal.

Mr. Wilcox and Johnson proceeded to their respective homes; and though the encounter with Doctor Bluster had diverted the mind of the former from the female who had crossed his path, he had not forgotten her.

It seems to have been designed that woman should display her natural propensities; for however assiduously she may study to deceive, a glance of the eye, or a motion of the body, often betrays the most hidden

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Mr. Wilcox had but a momentary view of the female introduced to the reader. Yet neither her graceful movements, nor modest and tastefully adjusted attire, escaped his observation. He could not harbor a suspicion detrimental to her character.

Her entering an unfrequented wood, however, unattended, cast a shade of mystery over her; and she became, at length, an object of such mingled interest and curiosity to the young sheriff, that he resolved, on retiring to his bed, to penetrate, if possible, the recesses of the pinery the next morning.

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CHAPTER II.

"When the day serves before black corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light."--SHAK.

"Sometimes to fairy land I rove."--MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Wilcox rose at day-break, and equipping himself for hunting, left his house, to prosecute his purpose of the preceding night.

On approaching the place where he supposed the female had entered the wood, he looked for traces to guide him to his enterprize. After examining the ground for some distance around, however, without finding any mark to direct him, he turned into the wood and proceeded with little difficulty some three or four rods, through an undergrowth of pine. But now the hemlock, cedar, and juniper, thickly matted together, offered an insurmountable barrier to his progress. Yet he still hoped to find an opening to the forest, and after spending two or three more hours in a search for that purpose, he espied a bush which had evidently yielded to a hand. He pressed it aside. He pressed another and another. He reached an open path.-- The traces of the axe were visible. He stepped rapidly forward, and, at length arrived at a point from which several paths diverged. He followed that which

appeared to lead the most directly to the centre of the forest, but which, by a long and circuitous route, brought him back to the diverging point. He tried another and another. He paused to deliberate. A hare hopped into the path before him. He fired, and the report of his fusee was followed by the sharp bark of a dog. Thus assured that he was not far from a human habitation, picking up his game, (for the shot had taken effect,) he began with increased energy to examine the defile in the direction of the dog.

At length, observing a shrub from which some half-broken branches hung, he approached it, and overcame the last obstacle to the fortunate success of his enterprise. He entered a passage, almost obscured by bows, closely interwoven overhead, and in the course of ten minutes reached an open ground of some five acres in a high state of cultivation.

On a slight elevation, and in a central part of this ground, stood a cottage, nearly covered with the grape and honey-suckle intermingled; and in front of which there was a flower garden enclosed by a neat pale fence.

After gazing several moments in admiration, at the wildly picturesque scene before him, he walked hastily up the green that extended from the garden to the defile and raised the latch of the gate as strains of music met his ear. He hesitated on his steps, and the notes of the harp now rose and fell with such exquisite modulations, that he almost fancied himself in a fairy land.

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The music abruptly ceased. He turned the gate on its hinges and entered the garden. A spaniel, however, suddenly issuing from a cluster of lilacs, advanced upon him, and appeared determined to prevent farther intrusion.

He was industriously parrying the attacks of this canine sentinel with his gun, when the door of the cottage was opened, and a middle aged female appeared, who, having with difficulty quieted the dog, inquired in agitation of the young Sheriff—"What has brought you to these grounds? and for what purpose do you approach this cottage?"

Mr. Wilcox took the hare from his hunting pocket, and exhibiting it to the lady, in turn said—"This will, perhaps, answer the first part of your inquiry; and I trust thirst will be considered a sufficient excuse for intruding on your solitude."

This ready reply appeared to dissipate the lady's apprehensions, and she courteously invited in the young Sheriff. After preceding him through a narrow passage, she introduced him into a neatly furnished room and withdrew.

Amongst various paintings and designs of silk embroidery that hung round the room, there was one which particularly excited his curiosity. This was a landscape, and evidently a representation of Darwin Forest. For while the paths which the young adventurer had just traversed, with their various windings and impediments, were perfectly delineated, the cot-

tage and its grounds were so completely depicted, that the most insignificant flower of the garden in front, seemed to have been noticed by the eye of the artist.

An image over which was embroidered in small and neat Roman letters, "The self-exiled daughter," represented a female whose countenance was wrapped in gloom, sitting at a window of the cottage. This at once developed to the romantic mind of Mr. Wilcox, the mystery that enwrapped the female who had excited him to his enterprize; and he no longer doubted that he had discovered the place of her refuge.

His eyes were fixed on the image, when the lady re-entered.

A cloud overshadowed her brow as she observed the intent interest with which he was viewing the landscape; but then endeavoring to assume an indifferent aspect, she invited him to partake of the refreshments which were presented by an aged female servant.

The sympathies of Mr. Wilcox, heightened by a vivid imagination, had become so much absorbed in the exile, that he had not noticed their entrance. On hearing therefore the invitation, he turned abruptly and in embarrassment from the picture, and bowing in silence took the offertory.

Having recovered his presence of mind, and exchanged some common-place remarks with the lady, lest a longer intrusion should excite a suspicion of his object, he proposed to take his leave.

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"Sir," said the lady with a look of deep concern—
"I have one favor to ask before you leave."

Mr. Wilcox bowed in silence, and she continued :
"I beg that you will forget this cottage, and the path
that leads to it. At any rate, that you will keep the
discovery you have made, within the precincts of your
own breast."

"I can never forget the romantic cottage of the
forest, nor the enchanting sounds of its harp; and
while I promise never to discover it to any, I confess
a desire to fathom the mystery that involves it."

"If to flee misery, to which tyranny would consign
us, be mysterious, then there is mystery associated
with this solitude."

"I cannot but infer, from the discoveries which I
have this day made, that my secrecy is important to
some or one of the inmates of this cottage; but be as-
sured, lady, that if I cannot alleviate I will never ag-
gravate the afflictions of its inhabitants."

"There is but one source to which we can look
with hope for true consolation;" said the lady, in re-
ply to the concluding words of the young Sheriff.

"We can, to be sure, only hope for a happy issue
out of affliction, through the Divine Power. Yet
we should not reject temporal assistance; for God has
ever effected his purposes on earth, through human
means."

"This refuge verifies your assertion: yet as seclu-
sion could only have been the object, in choosing a

spot so inaccessible, human interference could not promote, while every intrusion would render more precarious the peace now enjoyed by its inhabitants."

"The visits of a friend, however, when tempered with prudence, might improve their condition," said the young Sheriff, with an embarrassed manner.

"I understand," returned the lady plainly, as the blood rushed to her cheeks; "I understand you, sir; and if you persist I shall only acquiesce, because I cannot prevent."

"Pardon me, madam. I have presumed too much on your hospitality. Be assured, however, that the house grounds of Darwin Forest will remain with me a profound secret," rejoined Mr. Wilcox; and then bowing to the lady, he suddenly departed.

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CHAPTER III.

"And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical ;
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos ;
All kinds of dress except the ecclesiastical,
All people as their fancies hit may choose ;
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy—
Therefore take heed, ye free-thinkers, I charge ye."

BYRON.

"Though seen, invisible—though felt, unknown,
All that exist, exist in him alone."—MONTGOMERY.

"What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen or an angel sings."—SCOTT.

"The daughter of Toscar was there ; her voice was like the
harp ; when the distant sound comes in the evening, on the
soft rustling breeze of the vale !"—OSCIAN.

"For I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honorable husband."—SHAKESPEARE.

Some three or four weeks after the forest enterprise,
Mr. Wilcox received an invitation to an evening party
at Darwin House.

This mansion was near the forest bearing the same
name, and midway between the highway and the beautiful
bay of York.

Its late proprietor having died without issue, about three years previous, left his princely fortune to his wife. The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Darwin had spent twenty years of conjugal happiness. Yet, espoused at an early age, the deceased was in the prime of life when his wife was bereaved of his society. Her grief was proportionate with the sincere and devoted love she had borne towards her husband. Society without him had no claims for his widow ; and Darwin House, once the gayest rendezvous of the capital, was now closed. Nor had Mrs. Darwin been known to be without the precincts of her pleasure grounds, after this bereavement, save in a close carriage. The numerous cards, however, which had been periodically left at her residence, as tokens of the esteem in which she was held by those whose names were engraven on them, were proofs that her amiable disposition and affable manners, had firmly ingratiated her with the distinguished circle in which she had formerly moved.

The invitations, (in which the ladies were requested to appear in masks and fancy dresses.) had no sooner been distributed, than there were various conjectures as to the cause of this sudden change at Darwin House. A few, (for there are some in every society, who put an evil construction on the best acts of their neighbors,) insinuated that the lady wanted another husband, and was thus intending to pave the way to the accomplishment of her desire. The more charitable, however, thought she had fallen on this as the most easy

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mode of acknowledging the respect shown her, during her seclusion.

At any rate, all were delighted with the prospect that Darwin House was again to be opened, anticipating the gaiety that had formerly characterized its entertainments.

Mr. Wilcox had not a personal acquaintance with the Honorable Mrs. Darwin. Nor had he, to his knowledge, ever seen her; but having, soon after his arrival in the Province, paid his respects to her, by leaving his card at her dwelling, he was not surprised on finding himself amongst those who were selected to become her guests.

The spacious drawing-room of Darwin House was already crowded when he entered. Sir Anthony Aberthenot, commandant of the garrison, and Mr. Whifler, Rector of York, were in earnest conversation near the door. Mr. Wilcox passed the compliments of the evening with these gentlemen, and then attempted to proceed, but was arrested by the hand of the clergyman.

Mr. Whifler was a native of Scotland, and a minister of the Kirk, previous to his embarkation for America. Soon after arriving in Upper Canada, however, he applied to the Bishop of Quebec for orders in the Church of England. Owing to the scarcity of Church ministers in the Province at that period, they were readily obtained; and a vacancy having been caused by the death of the Rector of York, the reverend gen-

tleman was translated from the pulpit of the Kirk at Kingston, to that of the Church at the capital.

"Mr. Wilcox," said the parson, with a mingled expression of humor and sarcasm, Mrs. Darwin is, in common with her female guests, disguised. You will therefore, be unable to distinguish the lady of the house; and I beg that you will stop and aid me in an endeavor to convert Sir Anthony; for he has just proclaimed himself an infidel."

"An infidel!" replied the Sheriff, smiling as he spoke at what he considered the divine's jest. "I could not credit that so constant and devout an attendant of the church as Sir Anthony would avow himself an infidel, had I been told it by any other than a minister of the gospel."

The divine relaxed a little.

"He did not, to be sure," said he, "plainly say that he was an infidel; but he avowed principles the consequences of which can not be misunderstood."

"Are you sure, Mr. Whifler, that your inference is not uncharitable?" inquired the young Sheriff, who began to suspect the divine of being at least half in earnest.

"If to infer that a man who reprobates free-will as a doctrine incompatible with the attributes of Deity is an infidel, be uncharitable, then I am so," replied the parson with zealous emphasis.

"If such, however, be the only ground on which you found Sir Anthony's infidelity, you may with as

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much propriety apply the epithet—infidel, to me; for I unhesitatingly acknowledge myself a predestinarian.”

“There are some verses in scripture which may be used with a semblance of plausibility to establish your doctrine, I grant,” said Mr. Whisler. “Yet it appears plain to me, that few, if any, allude to an eternal state. Pharaoh was raised up that God might show his almighty power, by the destruction of this vessel of wrath. The purpose was accomplished when the prince, with all his host, was overwhelmed in the Red Sea. As Paul was predestinated to preach the gospel, so was Judas to be both the disciple and betrayer of our Saviour. If, however, we believe the gospel, we must admit that the latter might have repented and attained salvation, while the former might have fallen from grace, and been eternally lost. The fore-knowledge of God cannot be doubted. But what necessity for sacrificing his own Son as a mean of our salvation, if by an irresistible decree, our destiny was fixed? Is it not at variance with common sense to suppose, that an omnipotent and omniscient being could be so inconsistent as to inflict the pangs of death on himself, to destroy that which by his own irreversible decree he had established for ever?”

“The necessity of our Saviour suffering on the cross for our sins, is a mystery which cannot be fathomed by the human mind—since it appears reasonable that an omnipotent being might have effected his purpose without a propitiatory sacrifice. Yet if our

salvation depends upon our own free-will, there can not, at any rate, be more necessity for a Saviour, than if it depended on an immutable decree. For if we have our souls at our own disposal, (and free-will implies it,) what advantage can a mediator be?"

The theological logomachy had been thus far conducted with apparent good humor; but Mr. Whifler, finding that the young Sheriff was determined to dispute the prerogative of his pastor to dictate to his conscience; could no longer keep up a semblance of moderation.

"Your argument would not only make God the author of sin, but the chief of murderers," said the divine, vehemently. "If they be correct, He caused the blood of Christ, His only begotten Son, to be shed without a purpose."

After a short pause the parson added emphatically: "You have never read the bible, Mr. Wilcox!"

"I have read the bible, Mr. Whifler," retorted the Sheriff, as his lip curled slightly in contempt at the clergyman's reflection. "I have indeed read the bible; but until I had read the scriptures in course, I was a firm believer of the doctrine you now advocate. I have used no argument to prove God the author of sin; nor can his dispensations be sinful or erroneous, though many of them are mysterious to the finite mind of man. My reflections, however, founded on a comparison of the attributes of Deity with

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"Our boasted reason, then, is merely instinct," rejoined the parson, warmly.

"I admit that the faculty we call reason, appears to me only as a superior kind of instinct. For if God established our destiny before we were born, He must have constituted us with organs which would inevitably lead to it. And this granted, what is reason but instinct, and what is instinct but the power of God?"

"To grant such a hypothesis, would be to acknowledge God a despot, and man a mere machine."

"To deny it, would be, at any rate, I conceive, to derogate the omnipotency and omniscency of God."

"That He possesses both attributes, cannot be doubted; but that He is a tyrant, I deny."

"That He is a tyrant, has not yet been asserted."

"This, however, is an inference to be drawn from your language, Mr. Wilcox, since you have positively alleged, that he has ordained whatever has or will come to pass."

"Could tyranny be ascribed to a mechanic, for fabricating a piece of mechanism in such a manner that it would inevitably work its own destruction at the very moment the object for which it was intended should be accomplished?" asked Mr. Wilcox.

"A man and a piece of mechanism, are very different, Mr. Wilcox," replied the parson, crustily.—

"But we would look on a father, who should chastise

his son for disobedience to a command to do an impossibility, a barbarian. How, then, can we help attributing tyranny to an omnipotent God, who has created any portion of mankind expressly for destruction? as must be the case if he has predestinated all things."

"As man could not create his fellow, the conduct of a father towards his son cannot, with propriety, be compared with that of God towards his creatures; and to render even an analogy between the power of our Creator over man, and that of the mechanic over his art perfect—it would first be necessary to suppose the latter an entirely independent being."

"Do you then believe that God descends to meddle with the mechanic's chisel?" asked Whifler contemptuously. "I infer so, at any rate, from your language."

"If our destiny is pre-ordained, every act of our lives is necessary to bring it about," answered Mr. Wilcox.

"If our destiny is fixed by an immutable decree, such a conclusion is to be sure inevitable. The Almighty would not have predestinated the end without the means. But the end has not yet been proved."

"I require no better a basis to establish my doctrine on, than your own admissions," said Mr. Wilcox confidently.

"To what admissions do you allude?" inquired the parson with a look of perfect security.

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"I think that in the course of our conversation you have admitted the omnipotency and omniscency of God," said the Sheriff.

"I have—and God grant that I may never become such a sceptic as to derogate attributes so essential to Deity."

"Can a being destitute of one of these attributes, possess the other?" asked Mr. Wilcox.

"They are inseparable," answered the divine.

"Must not unlimited fore-knowledge, then, be the consequence of omnipotency?"

"Certainly. He who is omnipotent, cannot but know all things, present, past and future."

"If God then possesses unlimited fore-knowledge, did he not foresee the destiny of every soul that has been, and will be born?"

"Most assuredly," answered the parson, without the least hesitation.

"If his fore-knowledge, then, is the consequence of his almighty power, must he not have pre-destinated what he fore-knew?"

Mr. Whifler dropped the argument—resorted to his snuff-box, and, while he facilitated a nasal inhalation, by a forward flexure of his body, he endeavored to hide the displeasure which he felt, behind a smile.

Colonel Aberthenot had listened with intent interest to the argument, and it was no sooner finished than he exclaimed—"Capital! Capital! Upon my word, Wilcox, you have proved an admirable champion."

Then addressing Mr. Whifler, he continued—"Come Parson, come, rally your forces, or make an unconditional surrender, by acknowledging yourself a convert to our doctrine.

The divine remained silent, and Mr. Wilcox, willing to avoid further argument upon doctrines, both of which he thought were fraught with mystery, directed his steps to a sofa occupied by two ladies; and the other gentlemen soon after separated, to seek enjoyment in other parts of the room.

"My extensive acquaintance with the ladies of York, has encouraged me to approach the occupants of this sofa," said Mr. Wilcox, having bowed to the ladies.

"Our disguise, at any rate, renders an apology superfluous," returned one of the ladies.

"Few, perhaps, would require one under such circumstances, but I thought it not amiss to anticipate the requisitions of the most punctilious," rejoined the Sheriff.

"Especially, as any mark of complaisance, however ill-timed, could not fail to flatter our sex, you should have added," said the lady, ironically.

"Woman can best judge the heart of woman," retorted the young Sheriff; but were I to hazard an opinion, it would be tempered with more charity."

"I fear, nevertheless, that it would redound but little to the honor of my sex."

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"A just criterion, indeed!" said the lady, with ironical emphasis.

"Your misapprehension of my meaning has made you severe."

"You should adapt your language to the comprehension of those you address."

"I thought it simple enough," said Mr. Wilcox, slightly piqued at the lady's studied perversion of his words.

"I shall not dispute that point," retorted the lady, provokingly; and then she suddenly left the sofa.

The well directed discourse of the remaining lady soon enlisted the mind of Mr. Wilcox; and he had some time been engaged in a pleasant conversation, when the pianoforte attracted the attention of the whole assemblage.

The lady who had abruptly left the sofa, was seated at the instrument. The notes of the piano and the voice of the performer, were now blended with almost magical skill. Now the full and mellow tones of the lady's voice were only heard—now the instrument.

The music ceased, and a general burst of admiration followed. The lady again applied her fingers to the keys, and played a dirge. A breathless interest pervaded the party. She paused, and the honorable Mr. Carleton, with evident agitation, said:

"If I were superstitious, I should believe that my daughter had left her celestial habitation, to partici-

pate with her early friends, in the amusements of the evening."

Carleton was a native of New-England, and joined the British standard, at the commencement of that struggle which terminated in the Independence of the United States of America. Before the close of the Revolution, he obtained a company, and his regiment being disbanded in Upper Canada, he received an appointment under the Colonial Government; and, at length, rose to the Secretaryship of the Province.

A convulsive movement of the lady's frame, followed the Secretary's remark; but appearing again to compose herself, she struck up a lively air.

Her momentary agitation, however, was perceived by the keen eye of Carleton, and strengthened his suspicions. He approached Mr. Wilcox, and taking his arm, hurried him into a withdrawing room; and after ranging the apartment cautiously with his eyes, addressed the young Sheriff in a wary voice.

"You have, doubtless, heard of the misfortune that befel me about two years ago?" said the Secretary, inquiringly.

"I have heard that you buried Mrs. Carleton and a lovely daughter, a short time before my arrival in the Province," answered the Sheriff.

"Mrs. Carleton has been nearly three years in her grave; but I meant only to allude to my daughter," rejoined Carleton. "This girl, who is supposed to be mouldering in her tomb, eloped to avoid marriage,

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about two years ago; and the body of a female found on the lake shore, a week after her elopement, was believed to be hers. I even thought that I recognized, in the distorted features of the corpse, my child, and had it, as such, interred in my family cemetery. My heart, however, has often since misgven me, and I now believe that my daughter is alive, and under this roof, in the disguise enjoined by Mrs. Darwin on her female guests."

"In certitude respecting the fate of a beloved daughter, might, indeed, lead the imagination of the parent, to identify her with those to whom she had borne but a slight resemblance," said Mr. Wilcox.

"Beloved daughter!" repeated the Secretary, with stifled passion:—"Beloved daughter!—such fond expressions ceased when her mother died. She is unworthy of them; for she has ever been to me a disobedient and wayward child. Twice have her suitors bestowed honors on others, that they would gladly have conferred on her. I proposed her marriage with a third, and would have enforced it, had she not eloped. The person whom I chose for her husband, is amongst Mrs. Darwin's guests; and if all be as I suspect, Caroline Carleton shall this night become the wife of William Cranmore."

"Cranmore!" repeated Mr. Wilcox, in surprise.

"Cranmore, said the Secretary.

William Cranmore was above the ordinary stature; and while his frame indicated muscular power, there was an utter destitution of grace.

His features were coarse and irregular, and his general physiognomy indicated stupidity, while a half-concealed expression, betrayed a dark and malignant soul.

Though there was nothing of ambition depicted in his countenance, he was an anxious aspirant. Conscious, however, that he possessed neither mental nor physical endowments to recommend him, he had sordidly, and with great success, devoted himself to the accumulation of wealth, which he thought as sure, if not as rapid a means of preferment. He was a stranger to the delicate affections of the soul, but he was delighted with the idea of an alliance with the daughter of Carleton; for with it would be associated both wealth and honor.

"You cannot be serious, I think," said the young Sheriff, after silence of several moments.

"Why not?" questioned the Secretary, in a voice of displeasure; and knitting his brow as he spoke.

"Because, by enforcing your daughter's union with such a man, you would effect her ruin, if she be a lady of the ordinary feelings of delicacy," replied Mr. Wilcox, plainly.

"He is a Barrister," rejoined the Secretary emphatically.

"Yes—and justly nicknamed by his brethren of the bar, Jumbleheaded Willie," sur-rejoined the Sheriff.

"As he is a Barrister, however, the alliance would not be considered dishonorable, while, I trust, it would

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"I fear, sir, that you would be actuated by a desire of revenge to injure the happiness of your child," said Mr. Wilcox, not entirely able to conceal the indignation he felt.

"Partly so, I admit. I desire to punish her. But I would provide for her; and while Cranmore's covetous disposition would secure her from penury, my interest with the Government would insure him such rank as would make the connexion respectable."

"How unnatural!" exclaimed young Wilcox.

"Unnatural!" repeated the Secretary, as he eyed the Sheriff, in passion.

"He is an unnatural father who could premeditatedly and irretrievably blast the happiness of a child," said Mr. Wilcox, pointedly; and Cranmore is not worthy the appellation of man, even, if he could accept of Miss Carleton's hand, under such circumstances.

"Cranmore is not a romantic boy, that he would be deterred from an honorable alliance, because he cannot be assured that the heart of my daughter is unalterably fixed on him," retorted Carleton, disdainfully.

"No man who has seen forty years, knows too well the fluctuations of a woman's heart."

"The authority you would exercise over Miss Carleton's affections, could not, at any rate, tend to the improvement of her heart."

"Whatever your opinion may be, Mr. Wilcox, my purpose is fixed; and if I apprehend Caroline this night, she shall become the wife of William Cranmore before I sleep," vociferated the angry Secretary.

"If you were assured, even, that Miss Carleton is among Mrs. Darwin's guests, a sense of decorum should prevent a thought of apprehending her to-night," said Mr. Wilcox.

"If you had detected a murderer within the drawing room of Darwin house, would you allow the rules of etiquette to preponderate duty to your country?" interrogated Carleton.

"An attempt to enforce the law against a criminal at any time and place, would not only be pardonable, but incumbent on every member of society."

"Are not, then, the laws of nature as binding as those of human institutions? Are not the laws which are inherent, to be obeyed, while those founded on them claim implicit obedience?" asked the infuriated Secretary. "My daughter is under this roof," continued he, "and must I not claim her, lest I should encroach on the fastidious rules of society?"

"The disguise worn by the ladies would, at any rate, prevent you from designating your daughter with certainty," answered young Wilcox; "and I indeed think, Mr. Carleton, that on reflection, you would not attempt to divest any of her mask, merely upon suspicion."

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"Wilcox," growled the Secretary through fixed teeth—"Wilcox, this is a trick of which I was intended to be the dupe. My sister has long connived at Caroline's efforts to baffle my intention, and depend on it, this girl shall not escape through any puctillios on my part. With your assistance," added he, imperatively, "I expect to effect my purpose."

On having his suspicions awakened, Careton, (aware that he would meet with a strenuous opposition from Mrs. Darwin, should he alone attempt the capture of Caroline,) at once conceived the expedient of engaging the Sheriff in his behalf, thinking that such precaution would give his conduct the semblance of a legal procedure, and make Caroline an easy captive. Convinced, however, by the conversation, which had now passed, that Mr. Wilcox would not become a *willing* tool to his purpose, he determined to use his high official situation as a coercive mean.

"I must decline rendering my aid, Mr. Carleton," said Mr. Wilcox, briefly; and with suppressed indignation.

"I ask not your assistance as a favor," growled the Secretary, as he looked at the young Sheriff with overbearing insolence. "I demand it!"

"By what right do you demand?"

"By that which makes you a public servant."

"As an officer of Government, I shall ever be ready to do my duty; but be assured that I can never become a base instrument in the hands of any man."

This retort so inflamed the Secretary, that he was unable, for several moments, to command his voice. At length he spoke in a low, deep tone.

"Wilcox, do you know my power? Do you know that a word from me to his Excellency, would deprive you of the office you now refuse to use for my benefit?"

"I doubt the power of which you boast. At any rate, I can only consult my interest when it does not interfere with my honor: and could I believe that my office was held by so base a tenure, I would throw my commission in the face of him who gave it," retorted the Sheriff, and then he left the Secretary.

Carleton had no sooner made known his object in leading Mr. Wilcox from the company, than many things recurred to the latter, to convince him, not only that the suspicion of the former was well founded, but that the female who had excited him to his forest enterprise, the self-exiled daughter and Miss Carleton were the same. On returning to the drawing room, therefore, he immediately sought the lady whom he left on the sofa, and apprised her of the Secretary's intention.

The lady did not mistake the feeling that caused the communication.

"I anticipated as much," said she to Mr. Wilcox, and your benevolence evinced by this information, entitles you to my fullest confidence. My brother has suspected aright. Estranged from her friends for

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more than two years, to avoid a marriage that would have been more horrible than the approach of death, Miss Carlton persuaded me to this plan of meeting them. confident that her supposed decease, together with the disguise she wears, in common with my female guests, would forbid suspicion.

"Having once, however, heard the Secretary express himself in a way that I thought indicated doubt, respecting the fate of his daughter, I was not so sanguine of her safety. I therefore closely observed him—heard his remark on the lady at the piano—nor did he unobserved, lead you from the room. Pardon me for then suspecting that you had revealed a secret which you had promised to keep inviolate, and had thus given the Secretary a clew to his discovery.

"With this impression, I discouraged my niece's desire to return immediately to the forest cottage—believing that it would be better to depend on a secret closet in my house, for a retreat, than fly to a home which, instead of a refuge, might prove a snare."

The surprise and chagrin of the Secretary, at the Sheriff's independant resistance, incapacitated him, for some minutes, from deciding on the course he should take. On partially collecting himself, however, he determined to attempt alone, the immediate discovery and capture of his daughter, and with this view, returned to the drawing room. But a strict search with his eyes convinced him that the suspected lady was no longer there; and calling Cranmore, he cast a look

Sheriff, and

CHAPTER IV.

But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear.
Thy name--thy human name--to every eye,
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers,
And festering in the infamy of years.—BYRON.

I know not, though I think that I could guess,
That which would send you hence.—WERNER.

Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse.—SHAKESPEARE.

The Secretary had not dreamt of such a residence as the forest cottage, but believing that Darwin house was Caroline's only place of refuge, thought, with the additional strength of his household servants, he might effect her capture after the breaking up of the party. Thus impressed, therefore, he entered his carriage, accompanied by the Barrister; and on arriving at his own house, despatched Sam Johnson to witness, and bring immediate intelligence, of the dispersion of the company at Darwin house, while the other servants were commanded to be in readiness to proceed at a moment's notice.

The patience of Carlton was almost exhausted, when Johnson re-appeared.

"What kept you so long?" asked the secretary, in an impatient voice.

"Captin Carleton's orders," answered Sam, promptly.

"How dare you answer me so?"

"I'm never afeared to tell the truth, Captin."

"Has the company broken up?"

"Sartin."

"How long since?"

"Jest as long as it would take a feller, if he rid like all nater, to come from there here."

"Tell the servants that they must attend me without delay," said the Secretary, and then he waved his hand impatiently for Johnson to depart.

The servant made a movement, as if he intended to obey his master, but suddenly hesitating, he said:—

"I'm at your sarvice, Captin; but I conje:er there'll be considerable lost time in a tramp to Darwin house to-night."

"Why lost time?" interrogated Carleton.

"The truth on't is Captin, I see somethin to-night that was amazin queer."

"What did you see?" asked the Secretary in hurried words.

"Well, Captin, after I started to Darwin-house, I took it into my head to go into a scooner at the wharf, (as it wa'n't but a lettle out on my way,) to bid a friend I knowed was goin to Nigara in'er, good bye."

"What did you see there?"

"What do you guess I see, Captin?" enquired Johnson in turn, as he looked significantly into his master's face.

"What did you see?" interrogated Carleton, sharply.

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"A pair a young folks."

"In the schooner?"

"No mistake Captin."

"Well—what of them?"

"Nothin—only they looked to me jest as though they wur clearin out to get spliced."

The Secretary had already indulged a suspicion, that the feeling exhibited by Mr. Wilcox in the withdrawing room of Darwin-house, was more ardent than mere sympathy for a stranger could naturally have elicited. The intimations of Sam Johnson, therefore, at once alarmed him.

"Who were they?" asked the Secretary, catching his breath as he spoke.

"That's the devil on't," returned the servant.

"Did you not know them?"

"Can't exactly say, Captin."

"Scoundrel, you can!" vociferated the angry and anxious Carleton.

"You're pretty bould, Captin! Howsomever, I recking you calculate on my good nater some," retorted Sam Johnson.

"Who are those persons to whom you have alluded?" said the Secretary peremptorily.

"I couldn't find that out, Captin."

"Why not?"

"Because I a'n't as sassy as some folks."

"Were they strangers?" interrogated Carleton furiously.

"I conclude not. They seemed pretty cozey any how;" answered Johnson, and as he spoke smiled placidly at his master.

"Strangers to you I mean;" thundered the secretary.

"Can't say, Captain."

"Why not, prevaricating villain?"

"You don't ort to get so riled, Captain!"

"Answer my question, Sir!"

"Which on 'em?"

"Tell me who those persons to whom you have aluded are, or by heavens, you shall repent your prevarication!"

"What I can't do I can't do, Captin."

"Of what stature was the gentleman?" enquired the secretary, his eager curiosity still leading him.

"Pretty fair;" answered the servant.

"What do you call a fair stature?"

"Any where from five foot ten to six foot two."

"Which would suit this gentleman?"

"Neither on 'em."

"Six feet, do you think?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"You can describe his face?"

"I can't describe what I never see."

"Tantalizing scoundrel!—why did you not see?"

"Because I like to be civil to every body's folks captain."

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"Why then, did you not see his face?"

"Because I wa'nt sassy enough to pull the kiverin off on't."

"Was he masked?" enquired the Secretary in hurried words.

"I guess."

"Was the lady also masked?"

"I recking."

"How long since the vessel sailed?"

"Between one and two hours I calculate."

"Why did you not let me know this before?" asked the Secretary in disappointment, and in a voice of thunder.

"Because I had to see the folks clear out from Darwin-house."

"Fool!—what did I send you for?"

"To see the folks clear out from Darwin-house," answered the servant.

"Damned pest! Had I not another object in view?"

"I concluded you wanted to catch Miss Carry; but my part on the business was to see the folks clear out."

"Although you knew, that my object was, to capture Miss Carleton, after seeing her embarked to elope, you thought it proper to proceed to Darwin-house, instead of returning to inform me of her elopement, ha?"

"I thought it right to do my part on the business up
Captin."

"And thus thwart the very purpose for which you
were sent!" cried Carleton through fixed teeth.

"You don't ort to git out a sorts Captin, when you
know I acted acordin to orders."

"Have you no judgment to exercise?"

"Sometimes Captin," answered Sam.

"Why, then, did you not exercise it on this occa-
sion?"

"Because, I wa'nt doin business on my own hook."

"How is the wind?" asked Carleton, frantically.

"Agin 'em;" readily replied the servant.

"How long has it been so?" enquired the master
with comparative moderaton.

"I ruther guess they han't had a fair wind since
they got out o' the harbour Captin;" replied Johnson
and then he winked significantly at his master.

The Secretary, not doubting that Miss Carleton and
young Wilcox were the fugitives to whom Johnson
alluded, was now encouraged with a hope of arriving
at Niagara in time to prevent the object of their
flight.

He therefore not only determined to pursue them
but to take Cranmore and the Rev. Mr. Whifler
with him, in order to effect a union between Caroline
and the former, as soon as she might be apprehended.

He informed Cranmore of his intention, and the
ordering Johnson to get four horses in readiness for
the journey, proceeded to the house of Mr. Whifler.

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CHAPTER V.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool ;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood, on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time ;
And like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

The swiftest hearts have posted you by land
And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble —CYMBELINE.

In the course of an hour, the three gentlemen were
stride their saddles.

Cranmore complained of the length of his stirrups.
Johnson shortened their straps, and the Barrister's
feet were nearly elevated to the pommel of the saddle,
while his nose approximated to the convexity of
the neck of an animal that seemed ludicrously proud
of his burden.

It was two hours after midnight, and the moon,
which had shone with more than ordinary resplendence,
having nearly finished her course, now by her
dim light, gave a phantastic appearance to the objects
about, and so heightened the incongruity of the
Barrister, as the prancing of his high-mettled steed,
gave Sam Johnson a side view of him, that the
Barrister's wonted smile well nigh assumed the character
of a laugh.

Instead of pursuing the principal high way, the Secretary led the travellers into that which wound along the bank of lake Ontario. This he did with the hope that after day-break, he might get a sight of the vessel, containing the fugitives, and thus partially relieve the suspense he was suffering. Nor was he disappointed. Day had no sooner dawned, than his watchful eye descried a sail.

He checked the gait of his horse, and turning partly round on his saddle interrogated his servant.

“Do you see that sail Sam?”

“I conclude I do;” answered Johnson, as he nodded significantly at his master;—“and the winds hard agin ’em yit Captin.”

“Do you believe that to be the vessel that contains the runaways?”

“There’s no two idees about it Captin; for she’s made jest the headway she had ort considerin the winds hard agin ’er.

“We may yet reach Niagara first then;” answered the Secretary in a voice that signified gratification.

“If the wind don’t shift we’ll stand a good chance—that’s a fact Captin. Howsomer, I’ve got an idee some how or other, that Providence will look out for the *Gall*.”

“Peace sir!” exclaimed Carleton in sudden passion.

“That’s my idee too Captin.”

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"Scoundrel!—what do you mean?" cried the Secretary, still checking his horse till Johnson rode up to him.

"Peace Captin;" answered the servant. It would do my heart good to see Captin Carleton livin at peace with every body's folks. Accordin to my idees, this eternal snarlin ant the thing that's right."

"Continue!" said Carleton, as he looked at his servant in significant rage.

"I'll do any thing to sarve you Captin—that's to say—any thing that my conscience wont grumble at."

"Proceed!"

"Don't push me Captin. I ha'nt the gift o' the gab like some folks. But I'll accommodate you jist as soon as natur will let me."

"By heavens I will no longer be patient!" cried the infuriated Secretary, while he gazed in determined hatred on his servant, and turned the switch end of his riding whip into his hand.

"Hold Captin!—I tell you I aint as quick as some folks with the tongue; and there a'nt no use in quarrelin' with natur."

"Sam!"

"That's my name Captin;" interrupted Johnson.

"Damn and blast your insolence!" vociferated Carleton, and he struck as he spoke at the head of the servant, with the butt of his riding whip.

Johnson intercepted the blow with his hand; and Messrs. Whifler and Cranmore being but a short dis.

tance ahead could not help indulging their risible faculties. The Barrister, however, in the act of laughing, had, (as he was wont,) thrown his head back and extended his jaws to their utmost. The Secretary perceiving this jolity forgot his servant, and spurring his horse suddenly forward, jammed the butt of his riding whip into Cranmore's throat. Then seeming perfectly appeased, he joined the parson in a hearty laugh at the Barristers expense.

As soon as Cranmore could speak, he expressed his disapprobation of the act, and even intimated a serious issue.

"Indeed Mr. Carleton," concluded he, "you cannot expect so gross an insult to pass unnoticed."

The Secretary aware that the Barrister's sordid disposition, would never permit him to quarrel, seriously, with power, treated the indirect threat with silent contempt. Cranmore settled into sullen thought, and the whole party increasing their speed, soon dismounted at the door of a small inn near the mouth of the river Credit.

Being refreshed they resumed their journey. The Barrister however, not feeling in a mood to relish the society of his compeers, rode some paces behind them, and Sam Johnson by degrees getting familiarly near him, said abruptly, though in sympathetic tone;—"Squire Cranmore, I take it 'taint no fool on a business to have a riding whip rammed down a feller's throat!"

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"It was the grossest insult I ever received, and I doubt indeed, if I shall be able to overlook it;" replied the Barrister, as his countenance betrayed deep malignancy.

"It chocked considerably, I recking?"

"I was very much strangled;" answered Cranmore briefly.

"It was beginnin to act the pap pretty soon—that's fact."

"I wish I had never seen him or his daughter, Johnson;" returned the Barrister with passionate emphasis.

"I guess you'd gin Sally the preference now Squire, she wan't a sarvent gall?"

"Sally is undoubtedly a very fine girl;" said Cranmore as he colored with embarrassment.

"She's a tip top gall squire—no mistake, and her tin aint to he sneezed at nuther."

"Her fortune!" repeated the Barrister in wonder.

"You make as though you're desperate ignorant squire!" Said Johnson accompanying his words with wink and smile.

"I assure you Sam—I know nothing of Sally's fortune."

"I snum, I never see a better face put on!"

"I indeed know nothing of it; nor can I believe that has a fortune."

“ Well Squire at fust I concluded you'd be the one to know't ; but when I come to think on't you're jest the last she'd tell on't.”

“ Why do you think I would be the last ?” enquired Cranmore.

“ Because, she telled me that no man should marry 'er for 'er fortin ; and you know, squire, you're on pretty good terms with the gall.”

“ Why did she let it be known at all, then ?” inquired the barrister in confusion, at Johnson's intimation.

“ She never telled any body's folks on't as I know on.”

“ How, then, do you know it ?” asked Cranmore.

“ Wills tell considerable stories sometimes, Squire.”

“ Did you, then, see a will in Sally's favour ?”

“ I tell you, Squire, the gall an't to be sneezed at,” replied Johnson with strong emphasis.

“ Who made the will ?”

“ Sally had a grand-pap as well as any body's folks.”

“ Did you read the will ?”

“ I've considerable curiosity about sich things, I tell you, Squire.”

“ But how did you get the will to read, if Sally is averse to have it known that she has a fortune ?”

“ Sally's a leafle careless with 'er papers, Squire.”

“ Does she not know that you have read the will ?”

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"She intimated to you, nevertheless, that she has a fortune in expectancy?"

"Not by a long chalk."

"Did she not tell you that no man should marry her for her fortune?"

"Sartin."

"Was not this, then, an intimation that she had a fortune?"

"Sartinly not. We wur talkin about marryin as is natteral to boys and galls when they git together; and she jest dropped 'er idee consarnin' it."

"I imagine, however, that her fortune is not large," said the barrister inquisitively.

"Fifty thousand pounds starlin' will tell the story, anyhow."

"But that is an immense fortune, Sam!" rejoined Cranmore, as he looked with increased surprise at the servant.

"I've hearn say howsomever, that it an't considered a desperate fortin in Scotland; and she's a Scotch gall, you know, Squire," rejoined Sam Johnson, as he returned the barrister's look with an air of perfect candour.

"It is not, indeed, thought a large fortune in Scotland," said Cranmore.

"There's no mistake in Sally—that's a fact," said Sam, as he smiled significantly in the barrister's face.

"But if Sally has this immense fortune, Sam, why does she act in her present capacity?"

"The devil on't is, Squire, some folks can't git their fortins till an old aunt kicks the bucket."

"Would not this old aunt support her, however?"

"Can't say as to that part on't. Howsomever, I've hearn Sally say she'd ruther live by the sweat on 'er brow, than be beholden to any old snarlin critter."

"If her fortune depends on an aunt, who knowingly allows her to follow her present vocation—depend upon it Sam—she will never get a farthing."

"There's one thing sartin, Squire—if 'er fortin was willed by 'er grand-pap to 'er aunt, for the old critter's life only—and after that, by the will, the hull on't's to Sally, the old consarn ha'nt it in 'er power to nig the gall out on't."

"The aunt, however, may live as long as the niece"

"Life's unsartin, that's a fact. But when folks git to be between eighty and ninety, they seem to me considerably nearer the grave than a young bloomin gall like Sally."

"Very true, Sam; but why did she not remain in Scotland if her prospect of inheriting a fortune is so speedy?"

"It was, sartinly, a considerable undertakin for a gall that never handled a dustin cloth, till she went into Captin Carleton's sarvice, to quit 'er country with sich prospects. Howsomever, I conclude it was considerably easier, than to act the sarvant among acquaintance folks."

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"A better reason could not be given, Sam; and I think you have an excellent chance to make your fortune," said the barrister with forced facetiousness.

"You don't or't to run on folks Squire," retorted Sam with feigned captiousness.

"I had no such intention, I assure you, Sam."

"I know what I know as well as any body's folks; and 'ta'nt natteral to think that a poor devil like Sam Johnson would stand a chance with any gall, by the side o' Squire Cranmore."

"Depend on it, Sam, I have no claim on Sally," said Cranmore with evident embarrassment.

"I snum, Squire!—I never see the beat," returned Johnson, as he smiled significantly in the barrister's face.

Cranmore blushed deeply.

"I understand you not, Johnson."

"I ha'nt forgot all I've seed, Squire. And between me and you, I'm considerably mistaken, if you would'nt make a leetle better job on't after all, than you would with Miss Carry."

"I care very little either for Miss Carleton or her father," said Cranmore, as his face clouded with passion.

"I've had a considerable chance to larn somethin about both on 'em."

"I don't doubt; and I suspect that you have not found Miss Carleton all that she is represented to be?"

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

"A very proper principle. Candidly, however, Sam," said the Barrister, familiarly—"does Miss Carleton possess so amiable a disposition as she has credit for?"

"The galls is all dreadful nice, till they get a feller fixed so he'll stay fixed. Howsomer, if they come by their nater honestly, they don't ort to be blamed as I knows on."

Johnson accompanied his words with a significant wink and nod; and Cranmore extended his jaws in mirth.

"If Miss Carleton takes after her father, she must be a perfect vixen," said the Barrister at length.

"There's considerale in the breed o' folks as well as cattle, Squire; and the best way on findin out the nater on a gall is to larn the nater on'er old folks."

"How would you compare the natures of the two girls?" enquired the Barrister with diffidence

"'Tn't my business to speak agin Miss Carry, Squire, and Sally I haint only one thing agin, any how."

"What one thing then have you against Sally?"

"Why, she acts ginerally as though she feels considerably bigger than the rest on Captin Carleton's hired folks. The gall, howsomer, hadn't ort to be blamed for't as I know on; for it's considerable hard I conclude, for folks to act the sarvent clean out, that ha'nt been brought up to't."

"How does she shew this disposition?" enquired Cranmore with evident interest.

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"She's got a sort on a toppin walk, and bein a pretty snug built gall, you know, Squire, it makes folks that a'nt jest so mad."

"Nature is to be blamed more for that than the girl," said Cranmore. "Have you any thing else to allege against her?"

"The other sarvents complain on one thing more; but accordin to my mind 'ta'nt much agin 'er."

"What is it?"

"She's mighty highflown when she talks. That, howsomever, is a failin, that always goes hand in hand with larnin; and she's a well larnt gall—that's a fact."

The Barrister's curiosity being fully satisfied, he left the servant and joined the gentlemen travellers.

"I was beginning to fear that you had become so enamoured of my servant, that I should have no more of your society, during the journey," said the Secretary jeeringly to Cranmore, as he rode up.

"He appears to be a very honest, simple-hearted fellow, and I must confess his Yankee dialect has been rather amusing to me," returned the Barrister.

"The term—simple-hearted, is as inapplicable to Sam Johnson, as it is to the devil," rejoined Carleton.

"You are very severe, Mr. Carleton."

"Depend on it, Cranmore, Sam Johnson never speaks, nor acts without a purpose."

"He belongs certainly to a very juggling nation, and I can never forgive the knavery practiced on me by a Yankee a few years ago," said the Barrister. "The

villain put into my hands, for collection, a promissory note against a merchant of Kingston, whom I knew to be wealthy. When I demanded the usual fee, he told me that he had unfortunately lost his pocket book, and thought I would not only be willing to undertake the collection of a demand, upon which I could not fail making my costs, without a fee, but would probably not refuse to accommodate him with ten pounds on the credit of it, to meet the expenses of his homeward journey."

"A very plausible story;" interrupted Carleton.

"He indeed managed very cunningly," continued Cranmore. "Believing myself secured by the possession of the note, and thinking that liberality to him, might bring more business from his country, I readily furnished him with the amount he desired. In a few days I issued a writ. The defendant entered an appearance. I continued proceedings, and on the trial at Nisi Prius, the note was proved a forgery by the very person, whose name was subscribed thereto as a witness. Thus I lost, not only the ten pounds, which I had lent my client, but the disbursements and labour of conducting his suit."

"As good a yankee trick as I ever heard of," said the Secretary.

"It is the climax of yankee tricks," said Mr. Whifler. "But what became of your client. Mr. Cranmore?"

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"Johnson v ticut by my years ago, en his hands, wit as practicable "Sam strictly for his trouble. as a reason, th and was therefo ing a copy of t

"I have never heard from him," answered the Barrister.

"You have certainly good cause, for calling the yankees a juggling nation, if your client is a fair specimen of his countrymen," rejoined the parson.

"I have scarcely been able to bear the sight of a yankee since," said Cranmore. But I must confess that Sam Johnson's apparent honest-heartedness, had nearly retrieved the character of his nation, in my estimation."

"I have not learned by experience the character of the Yankees: because, believing them to be a nation of knaves and demagogues, I have always avoided intercourse with them," said the Divine, and then addressing the Secretary, he continued:—"I must say Mr. Carleton, that it surprises me much, that you keep in your service that fellow Sam Johnson, who seems to take pride in treating every thing like rank and distinction with contempt."

"Johnson was brought up in the State of Connecticut by my brother, who, on his death bed, three years ago, entrusted a number of valuable papers to his hands, with an injunction to deliver them as soon as practicable to me," said the Secretary in reply.—"Sam strictly complied, and I offered him a reward for his trouble. He rejected my liberality, alledging, as a reason, that he was one of my brothers legatees, and was therefore already remunerated. On examining a copy of the will which he had brought with him,

I found his assertion not only to be correct, but that the bequest was intended as a reward for his faithfulness; and I offered him his present situation in my household. He does not affect that humility, which in the British dominions is considered essential in a servant, (but under which treachery is too often concealed,) and his propensity to wrangle has often well-nigh separated us. Upon reflection however, convinced that I could not find any one to supply his place, (for I never knew him to omit a duty.) I have thought it more convenient, to endure his peculiarities, than to do without him."

"He comes then very properly, I think, under the denomination of a necessary evil," said the Parson facetiously, and then he loaded his uostrils with maca. boy.

"A good deal so;" said Carleton. "His incorrigible familiarity is a continual annoyance, while I cannot conveniently dispense with his integrity. He is romantically honest; nor do I believe that the strongest inducement could influence him to wrong his conscience. If justice dictates, however—beware of the *simple-hearted* Johnson!"

The conversation ceased; and the gentlemen travellers were soon wrapped in various meditations, while the mind of Sam Johnson was busily employed in devising plans, to bring to nought the diabolical designs of the Secretary, and the sordid aspirations of the Barrister.

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The travellers arrived at Stony Creek about three o'clock in the afternoon. Before entering the pass, however, that unites at this place the principal road with that which they had travelled, the Secretary had the vexation of seeing the designated schooner sailing in a direct course to her destined port.

The Parson and Barrister felt a strong desire to while away an hour or two in the pleasures of a repast. But Carleton would not assent to their wishes; and fresh horses being procured, Sam Johnson was dispatched to order dinner eight miles onward, while the gentlemen proceeded at a travelling gait.

A sign surmounted a high post planted at the side of the road, and immediately in front of the Inn at which the travellers were to dine. It was of an oval form, and various steel embossments ornamented its orbicular surface. Near its upper edge the words "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," were painted in large roman letters. Near its under was the name of the proprietor of the house, and a Masonic device filled up its centre.

The gentlemen on their arrival found a plentiful board spread in the dining room; and Sam Johnson being informed by the hostess that his dinner was also ready, after taking, (what he denominated,) a brandy ulip proceeded to the kitchen apartments.

The landlady was herself a native of New England and Johnson no sooner seated himself at his table than

she attempted to gratify her curiosity, by questioning him respecting the degree of her gentlemen guests.

"Great folks, I guess," said the hostess.

"One on 'em I recking," returned Sam Johnson.

"Which on the three is the greatest?" enquired the landlady.

"The biggest on 'em, I conclude."

"Is he a considerable high man?"

"He's higher than most folks any how."

"As high as the Govenor?"

"A nation higher I guess," answered Sam Johnson.

"One o' the great folks from Britain, I conjecter then?"

"He's from Great Britain, that's a fact."

"One o' the Great Lords?"

"He's as big as any o' the King's folks, and I've hearn say, they're the biggest folks in England."

"King's folks!" repeated the landlady in wonder, and then dropping her chin upon her neck, she stared over her spectacles at Johnson.

"I've hearn say he's as big as any o' the King's sons," said the servant.

"Dont say!—King's son!" exclaimed the hostess.

"Well I vow, he do'nt seem to have no more pride than nothin atal."

"He ha'nt none o' your stiff-starched, marchant-clark pride."

"I've always hearn say that rail great folks is the plainest folks,—but that's for marchants clarks—con-

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sarn the proud pups," said the landlady.

"There's none o' your pup about him."

"I dur-say he's a nice man to common folks?" said the hostess enquiringly.

"I do'nt know nothin agin him in that way—but some folks call 'im jumble-headed Willie."

"I'll warnt howsomever, after all, he knows as much as any on 'em?" said the landlady, while she looked inquisitively at the servant.

"He knows considerable more than some folks any how, I calculate," replied Johnson pointedly.

"I should'nt wonder if, after all, he's a pretty considerable smart man?"

"Accordin to my idee he's a considerable man," said Johnson.

"I'll warnt—and I guess the great folks in Canada's got that story agoin about 'im, jest because he treats common folks, as though they're somebody.—For you know that goverment folks do'nt like to see common folks treated any how atal."

"The goverment folks o' Canada make a considerable swell among common folks—that's a fact."

"I recking they do'nt feel so crank howsomever by the side on a King's son," cried the landlady with triumphant emphasis.

"Some on 'em look pretty sneakin when great folks from Britain come among 'em. No mistake said Johnson, and then he winked significantly at the hostess.

"Thy're afeared their mean cheatin' capers will git found out, I calculate," spoke the landlady, in a sharp voice.

"I should'nt wonder—for the Government folks has got a considerable nack at cheatin' accordin' to folkses stories."

"They nixed my old man out on as pretty a piece a land as ever you see, jest to gin it to some o' their favorite pups."

"Why don't you complain to the King consarnin' t'?" interrogated Johnson.

"I telled my old man he sartinly had ort; but he says there aint no use in't. For the Canada great folks has got sich a thunderin' nack at liin', they'd lie 'im out on't in the eend; and he aint dreadfully tickled with the king's honesty, nuther—for he concludes it's a bad sign when folks keep cheatin' and liin' hired help."

"Accordin' to the ginerel idee, howsomever, the King's a pretty honest-hearted old chap," said Sam Johnson.

"I dur-say he is too; and if he could git holt on the right eend o' folkses stories, folks would'nt be etarnally beggin' for their own, I calculate!"

"It wouldn't be a killin' matter any how, to gab a leettle with Jumble-headed Willie, consarnin' your land."

"I should'nt wonder if providence haint sent 'im to our house to right us."

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"Providence ginerally brings things out right in the end," said Johnson.

"Do you raily think he'd have any thing to do with sich an old body's consarns?" enquired the landlady.

"As to that, I can't exactly say. Howsomever, I guess he's naterally ruther vartuous."

"Come—come—none on your playin' on me," cried the hostess, in sudden anger.

"You need'nt be afear'd; for if you never git played on till I'm a party consarned, you won't be played on to etarnity, I guess," retorted Johnson, as he viewed the hostess' in feigned anger.

"You wouldn't be so bold, I guess, if my old man was to hum," squeaked the landlady.

"Ain't he to hum?"

"You knowed he wa'nt or you would'nt been puttin on my modesty."

"There's no two ways about it, I haint teched your modesty."

"I snum! I never see sich a sassy man."

"You're out a sorts, I recking?"

"Han't I a right to be out a sorts?"

"Not as I know on, for I han't done nothin' to put you out a sorts."

"You ha'nt?"

"I ha'nt."

"You're desperat innocent," said the hostess, sneeringly.

"If every body's folks was so, they would'nt calculate on bein played on."

"Dogs on your clack," said the landlady, as she rose from her seat with a nervous jerk.

"I never see the beat. I can't say nothin' without puttin' you in a fret."

"You had ort to know that I'm a decent woman!"

"If I wa'n't so foxy, you don't ort to blame me, any how; for nater's nater."

If you a'nt makin tracks pretty considerable quick, I miss my guess," fumed the hostess, as she flew towards a passage leading to the dining-room.

"Where goin'?" ejaculated Sam Johnson.

"To see your betters," answered the landlady, as she stopped and wheeled suddenly on her heel.

"Goin' to have a talk with Jumble-headed Willie, about the land?"

"You a'nt so sartin," said the hostess in reply, as she made a side movement of her head at the servant.

"It can't be for nothin' else, as I know on."

"Land or no land, I guess he won't let folks be trod on by hired help."

"You seem to be pintin at me," said Johnson.

"Had'nt I ort? you snip!" vociferated the hostess.

"Not as I know on. Anyhow, I don't like to be on bad terms with any body's folks, and if your'e willin' we'll stop the fuss."

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"I guessed I'd bring you to your reckonins," said the landlady triumphantly, and then she returned to her chair.

"Reckonins or no reckonins, if you're goin' to see Jumble-headed Willie about your land, you had ort to be about it, for I've done up my eatin', and we'll be jogin' as soon as I can git the hoses to the door."

"Do you raily think he'll take notice on't?" asked the reconciled landlady.

"If you make a complaint, I'll war'nt he'll gin you a hearin' answered Johnson.

"Will he think on't afterwards, howsomever?—that's the business. For our Canada big folks will listen jest as though they'd like to do the thing that's right; but there's an eend on't."

"If I know any thing on 'is nater, he never forgits sich things."

"I'll gin 'im a try, then—that's a fact," said the hostess, decisively.

"If you're detarmined to try 'im, and if you want your eend well sarved, you'd best be pretty carful to treat 'im *civill*."

"I recking I know how to treat folks *civill*," said the hostess, with an air of dignity.

"King's folks, howsomever, don't consider it *civill* to be treated like common great folks."

"You Can't be no more than *civill* to any bydy's folks, as I know on," said the landlady.

"But King's sons is called your highnice," persisted Sam Johnson, "and when you want anything out on'em, you've got to kneel, and take holt on and kiss their hands when you ax for't."

"I can do the hull on't, I guess," said the old landlady; and she stretched up her neck in pride as she spoke.

"You'd best be about it, then, or you'll lose your chance."

The hostess, though pale with the idea of facing Royalty, unhesitatingly proceeded to the dining room. She approached the barrister with precipitation. Then, falling on her knees, she seized and kissed his hand; but her extreme agitation prevented utterance.

Johnson, however, having followed close on her steps was now *vis-a-vis* with her, and perceiving her embarrassment, winked encouragingly at her. The act of the servant had the desired effect; and the landlady giving Cranmore the address of Royalty, began to recapitulate her grievances.

Confounded at the procedure, the barrister was fixed to his seat, as his eyes moved alternately, and in quick succession towards the spectators of the scene, as if he would enquire its cause.

Carleton burst into a paroxysm of laughter, and the parson's dignity was much overcome.

The hostess rose from her knees, but still in her embarrassment, unconsciously retaining the barrister's hand, he, in the act of suddenly springing from his

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chair, lost his equilibrium, and falling to the floor, drew her on to him.

Sam Johnson readily assisted the landlady to regain her feet, and Cranmore recovered his with comparative agility.

The hostess wiped the perspiration from her brow with the sleeve of her gown, and looked vengeance over her spectacles at the Yankee, who, bowing low and with provoking gravity, retired.

Then Cranmore seeming suddenly to bethink himself of the farcical part he had acted, strode from the room without paying his bill ; but the secretary being unusually good-natured, made the landlady a liberal compensation, and the travellers resumed their journey.

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CHAPTER VI.

By'r lakin, I can go no farther, Sir,
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth—rights and meanders ! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.—SHAKESPEARE.

Doctor, your service is for this time, ended ;
Take your own way.—CYMBELINE.

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness : I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care.—THE TEMPEST.

Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss within,
Said he, don't let us make ourselves absurd
In public by a scene, nor raise a din,
For then the chief and only satisfaction
Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction.—BUFFO.

The travellers arrived at Niagara the next morning
as day was dawning. The parson and barrister dis-
mounted at an inn ; but the secretary, attended by his
servant, proceeded to the harbour, in order to gain
information of the fugitives.

The packet in which they had embarked lay at the
wharf ; and Carleton giving his bridle to Sam Johnson
went aboard. Here he was informed by the master of
the vessel that the persons of whom he was supposed to
be in pursuit, had crossed to Youngstown the prece-
ding night, with the intention of proceeding this mor-
ning with the post to Buffalo. On further inquiry, the
Secretary ascertained that it was past the hour that the
stage usually left Youngstown, and he returned to his

fellow travellers, with the determination of continuing his journey immediately after breakfast.

Johnson was directed to procure fresh horses, and the Secretary being seated at the breakfast table, declared his intention to Cranmore and Whifler. The Barrister suggested the necessity of a short repose.—Carleton flew into a passion; and Cranmore retreating from the table, stepped out of the Inn as the servant was fastening the halters of newly procured horses to posts in front.

“Sam,” said the Barrister in passion—“Sam, you may return one of those horses to his owner, for I intend not to proceed.”

“You’re a leetle out a sorts, I guess, Squire.”

“Depend on it, Johnson—I proceed no further till I have had a refreshing sleep; and I am very much surprised that Mr. Whifler can so tamely submit to the Secretary’s imposition.

“The Captin you know, Squire, is considerable powerful, and the Dominie’s looking a leetle ahead.”

“Mr. Whifler may do as he pleases, but I am resolved to proceed no further till I have refreshed myself with sleep.”

“I know as well as any body’s folks, Squire, that taint no fool on a business for a feller to keep ’is eyes open two nights runnin. Howsomever, I’d indulge ’im.”

“Why would you indulge him in so unreasonable a requisition?”

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"Because, if you go along with us, you'll have a chance to see the Captin considerably used I guess.

Cranmore had not forgotten the unceremoneous insertion of the riding whip into his throat, and his face now brightened with the hope of revenge.

"Have you a project in view, Johnson?" inquired he.

"I sometimes look a considerable distance ahead, Squire," replied the servant.

The Barrister's resolution was shaken.

"Have you any objection to let me know your project?" asked he of Johnson.

"It's a pretty long one, Squire, if I carry it clean out, and I ha'nt time now to tell't. Howsomever, I miss my guess if some folks don't wish they'd never see me."

Having secured the horses, Johnson proceeded to the apartment in which his table was spread, and the Barrister, influenced into a complianee with the Secretary's will, returned to the breakfast table of the gentlemen.

The laws of the State of New-York required no marriage license—no publishing of banns. A Justice of the Peace could there tie the indissoluble knot; and the Secretary thought it necessary, in order to achieve the object of his journey, to be in Buffalo as soon as the stage in which the fugitives had set out from Youngstown. This his intention, therefore, he hoped to effect, by re-lays with which he did not doubt his

official authority in the Province would readily furnish him, and he determined to continue his journey on the Canada side of the Niagara River.

The morning repast being finished, the travellers again set out.

Few could travel the road leading from the town of Niagara to the grand fall of water bearing the same name, indifferent spectators.

The scenery gives an unceasing and untiring action to the mind, until it becomes fixed, as it were, on the greatest of natural curiosities—the Falls of Niagara.

“I won't describe ; description is my forte,
 But every fool describes in these bright days,
 His wondrous journey to some Foreign Court,
 And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—
 Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport ;
 While nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
 Resigns herself with exemplary patience
 To guide books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.”

The minds of the travellers were, perhaps, too much engrossed with the matters which had grown out of the journey to them individually, to enjoy fully the landscape over which they were now driving.—Whatever their meditations, however, an interruption was now caused

They had travelled with speed for some nine miles, and were entering a copse near the village of Stamford, when loud and angry voices issued from the opposite side.

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They soon perceived a group of men and horses.— The gentlemen passed through the crowd, but Sam Johnson recognizing Doctor Bluster, (whose stentorian voice sounded far above that of any other,) paused.

From the language of our Esculapius, it appeared that he had been a principal actor in a horse-race, and had been accused of disingenuous conduct by his competitor.

He now seemed determined to force his way through the throng to his short and thick-set competitor, who, with less noise, was laboring to release himself from the friendly guardianship of two men, who, while they applied physical force to retain him, were exercising their reasoning powers, in order to convince him of the danger of a rencounter with one so incomparably above his stature.

The Physician became furious. Now he would loudly inveigh against the mob for impeding his vengeance on the man who had dared to impeach his honor. Now he would fix his teeth—stamp, and bring his fists in violent collision.

At length, however, the little horse-racer tore himself from his anxious friends, and began to shove through the crowd. Bluster, (whose horse was patiently awaiting him in the road,) perceiving the approach of his antagonist, threw himself astride his saddle, and set off, but not without having resigned one of his memorable coat skirts into the hands of his little competitor.

He passed the gentlemen travellers, and Cranmore's horse beginning to contest his speed, the Barrister's feet slipped from the stirrups. He seized the pommel of his saddle, but the girth broke, and he fell violently to the ground.

The Physician drew bridle and dismounted. Then tearing Cranmore's sleeve to his shoulder, he tied a bandage above his elbow, and inserted his lancet.

The immoderate exercise of the Barrister had so heated his blood, that the venous fluid rushed with the impetuosity of a torrent through the orifice. The Physician, nevertheless, anon shoved his thumb along the vein to increase its fluency; and the Secretary and Parson on riding up, were met by a scientific-like glance of our Esculapius, while he continued the friction.

The pallid and enfeebled appearance of the Barrister, assured Carleton that he could proceed no farther; and the object of the journey thus partially thwarted, the Secretary became exasperated, and brought his riding whip suddenly across the physiognomy of Doctor Bluster. The Physician fled. Carleton pursued him a horseback, and he scrambled over a fence by the way-side.

The Parson, bewildered by the scene, did not think of relieving the Barrister, and the venous fluid was still streaming with unabated force, when Sam Johnson rode up.

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The servant alighted, and loosing the bandage, bound up the wound. Then, (Carleton having returned from his pursuit,) Cranmore was conveyed to a farm-house at hand, while the Physician viewed him wistfully from an adjacent field.

But the travellers no sooner entered the door with their burden, than he re-scrambled the fence—bound-ed into the saddle, and put his horse again to his speed.

The Barrister's clinical arrangements being soon made, the other travellers continued their journey, and arrived at Waterloo ferry about four o'clock in the afternoon.

For the iracible, there is seldom an absence of vexatious causes. The Secretary here met with another disappointment. The wind had risen suddenly, and to a height unusual at this season. Indeed, the fury of the wind and waves was such, that it would have been impossible for the ferry boat to weather them.

Thus compelled, therefore, to submit to a delay, he was anxiously contemplating the storm from the porch of the ferry-house, when Johnson returned from the stables.

The mind of man is so constituted, that, in trouble, it will seek for relief even where there is no prospect of finding it; and the Secretary now endeavored to elicit consolation from his servant.

"Sam," said he, familiarly, "do you think this storm will soon abate?"

"It may, Captin—for the wind's jest like a waspish man—up and down agin before you can say Jack Robinson."

This reply flattered the Secretary's wish, and he rejoined, good naturedly—"I fear, however, that the present storm may prove an exception."

"That may be, too, Captin. My grammar says, there's exceptions to all general rules; and there mout be somethin more particular in this'n than the general run on 'em."

"Something more particular?" repeated the Secretary, as he eyed his servant suspiciously.

"Yes, Captin—Providence mout a blowed it up for a sartin purpose."

"For what purpose do you think?" enquired Carleton, in an impatient manner and voice.

"Why, Captin, 'taint Providence's nater to be run over rough-shod, and he might a thinked he'd gin folks a leetle idee on 'im."

"You talk like a fool!" vociferated the Secretary.

"Crazy folks, Captin, generally think the hull world crazy; and I shouldn't wonder if we're all on us a leetle too apt to think other folks like ourselves," retorted Johnson.

"Sam!" ejaculated the Secretary.

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

"Sam, will you continue this?"

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"With all my heart, Captin. Howsomever, if you aint in a great hurry, I'll go in and take a brandy julep fust."

"Damn your insolence! Are you determined to wear out my patience?" cried the Secretary.

"Don't git riled at me, Captin, and you may be sartin that I'll go on jest as soon as I wash the dust out o' my throat with a brandy julep."

Carleton looked at his servant in silence, several moments, and then said, in a half conciliating manner, "Sam, why will you not forbear to harrass me with this propensity?"

"Why, Captin, 'tant sich an easy business for a feller to git rid on an old practice. I got into the habit on't travellin' with Squire Carleton, in Connecticut. He used tō be eternally travellin', and as eternally swiggin' brandy juleps. He considered them complete to wash the dust out on a feller's gullet. So I took to 'em too—found 'em rail throat-washes—and I've follered 'em considerable snug ever sence.— You don't ort to deprive me on 'em, Captin, I snum!"

Carleton again contemplated Johnson, as if in doubt how to construe this perversion of his language.

At length he said—"Sam, I perceive your incorrigible propensity will yet separate us."

"'Tan't sich a desperate thing to take a brandy julep, Captin."

"Blast your juleps!" thundered the Secretary.—
"Trouble me no more with them!"

"I must have my juleps, Captin."

"No more of them!" fumed Carleton.

"I'd like to please you Captin, but I can't gin up my juleps."

The Secretary looked steadfastly and viciously in the face of Johnson for an instant. Then turning on his heel, he hastened into the ferry-house, as if to avoid a collision that his heart dictated.

Whifler no sooner ascertained the impracticability of crossing the river, than he reclined on a sofa, and Carleton found him in a sound sleep. Wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, by his disappointment, he felt himself mocked by the repose of the Parson, and retreated again to the porch.

At length the wind abated. The Divine and Johnson, (for the latter had also resigned himself to the arms of Morpheus, on a bench in the bar-room,) were roused, and the traveller's resumed their journey.

Being safely landed at Black Rock, a vehicle for their conveyance to Buffalo, was readily procured, and they arrived at the only Inn in this (then) small village, about night-fall.

The Secretary submitted the discovery of the fugitives to his servant, who undertook with alacrity, and in the course of twenty minutes returned with a smiling face to his master and told him that he had got information of them.

"Indeed!—already?" ejaculated the Secretary.

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"No mistake;" said Johnson, winking, as he spoke, at his master.

"Where are they?" enquired Carleton, in a nervous voice.

"At their tylets, up stairs."

"Married?" enquired the Secretary, catching his breath as he spoke.

"I recking not, for the chamber gall says they haint been out yit."

"At their toilets then, as preparatory to their wedding."

"I should'nt wonder."

"I have not a doubt of it," said the Secretary—"and we must at once, take measures to prevent the last step."

"They can't git out without our knowin' it, any how, Captin, if we've a mind to stop in the hall, for they've got to come down stairs."

"We will await them there," said the Secretary, and fixing his eyes on the servant with a pointed expression he added:—"I intend to seize Miss Carleton at all hazards, and expect your support!"

"I'm at your sarvice Captin," said Johnson, and Carleton fancying his daughter within his grasp, proceeded with an elastic step to the hall, followed by his servant. Nor had they been long there when the fugitives began to descend the stairs.

"Look out Captin," said Sam in a wary voice.—

"They're comin."

"Who?"

"The young folks. There they be."

"Where?" interrogated Carleton in fury, as sudden suspicion of his servants deception, seized his mind.

"Comin down stairs. Don't you see 'em Captin?"

"Villain!—damned, deceiving villain!" cried the Secretary as he stamped in frantic passion. "Are these Miss Carleton and Mr. Wilcox?"

"Not by a long chalk. Them's the young folks howsomever, we've been follerin," answered Johnson.

"Where are Miss Carleton and Mr. Wilcox?"

"To hum I recking."

"Have you then dared to deceive me thus?"

"I ha'nt deceived you, as I know on Captin."

"You have not deceived me scoundrel!"

"Not as I know on."

"Did you not tell me that Mr. Wilcox had embarked for Niagara with Miss Carleton?"

"I guess not Captin."

"Did you not intimate that my daughter had eloped?"

"Not as I know on Captin."

"Villain!—Did you not tell me?" interrogated Carleton—"did you not tell me that a lady and gentleman had, in disguise, embarked for Niagara?—and did you not intimate that Miss Carleton and Mr. Wilcox were the persons?"

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"I had'nt nothin to say about Miss Carry or Squire Wilcox, as I know on."

"Scoundrel!—Did you not know the object of this journey?"

"I made a rough guess at it, Captin."

"Why did you allow me to make it then?"

"I thought you had ort to know your own business best."

"Sam," said the Secretary, in a voice that betrayed mingled feelings of injured confidence and malignant passion; "Sam I have heretofore overlooked your waggery, because I believed that you intended to keep it within the bounds of honesty. In this instance however, you have abused—egregiously abused my confidence, and I cannot forgive you."

Johnson could not help compassionating his master's feelings though he did not regret the cause of them.

"Its rather a hard sentence, Captin," said he, unwilling to aggravate further.

The sympathetic disposition he evinced however, seemed to enhance rather than quell his master's passion.

"You deserve a much more severe one," said the Secretary, as he glared wrathfully at Johnson.

"That's accordin to your idees, Captin," retorted the servant. But every body's folks ha'nt the same kind on a conscience; and conscience is a considerable thing, Captin,—that's a fact."

"The villain!" growled Carleton.

"I and you split there, Captin ; for I raily think, if it wa'nt for him, some folks would be devils out and out."

"Scoundrel!—what do you mean?"

"Conscience, Captin."

"I mean you then," thundered the Secretary," and I tell you once for all, that you must either abandon my service or your waggery."

"As to quitten your sarvice Captin—jest as you say—not as I care. But as to the waggery part on't—if folks act so that they had ort to be waggged at, they dont ort to blame folks for waggin."

"I'll break your waggish jaws!" cried the exasperated Carleton, in the act of clenching his fists.

"You've forgot, Captin, that we're on Republican ground. Folks can't here as in Canada, cut a feller's throat and get clear on hangin by cryin out God Save the King, like all nater. But we're making sich a tartation fuss, the folks is all a laughin at us."

The Secretary's mind was so completely engrossed, that he had not noticed a group that had issued from the bar-room to listen to the dialogue ; but now turning his eyes towards the mirthful crowd, he suddenly retired.

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CHAPTER VII.

Her charming figure and romantic history,
Became a kind of fashionable mystery.—BYRON.

Oh ! she was good, as she was fair ;
None—none on earth above her !
As pure in thought as angels are !
To know her was to love her.—ROGERS.

And yet I find a comfort in
The thought, that these things are the work of Fate.

MARINO FALIERO.

Carleton and Cranmore had no sooner turned their backs on the Hoñ. Mrs. Darwin and her company, than the lady, thinking it imprudent for her niece to remain longer under her roof, determined to propose to her an immediate return to the forest cottage.

She freely opened her mind to the young Sheriff.

“I shall advise Miss Carleton to return to the cottage at once,” said she ; “for the violent disposition, and almost unlimited power of her father, render her situation here perilous. Indeed,” added the lady, “I should not be surprised to see my house beset by armed soldiers in less than an hour.”

“It appears to me that the Secretary could scarcely so far lose sight of the dignity that ought to be associated with his rank, as to demean it by so disgraceful

procedure," said Mr. Wilcox, in turn. "Should I, however, in this respect, misapprehend, I conceive that the Governor, (to whom, of course, it would be necessary to apply for this armed force,) would not descend so much as to become a dupe for such a purpose."

"You are mistaken, both as regards the character of his Excellency, and that of the Secretary," rejoined the Honorable Mrs. Darwin. "The latter is the real Governor of Upper Canada, while the former is content with the title alone. Sir Francis is the slave of his interest—Carleton of his passions. The Secretary commands for their gratification, and the Governor is his obsequious executioner."

Mr. Wilcox did not sur-rejoin; and Mrs. Darwin repeated her apprehensions for the safety of Miss Carleton, as if she desired the support of his approbation. This he no longer withheld; and his diffident proposal to accompany the young exile to the forest cottage, being readily acceded to by the lady, he followed her to a distant and retired apartment, where he was introduced to the afflicted daughter of Carleton.

Beloved by all who knew her, Caroline's beauty and accomplishments had often been a welcome theme of conversation, while she was thought to be mouldering into dust. Nor were the afflictions to which her supposed untimely fate was attributed, forgotten, though they were never directly mentioned.

The young Sheriff had two or three times been an auditor of such conversations; but there always ap-

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peared such a mysterious cautiousness connected with them, that while his curiosity was excited, his good breeding would not admit of an attempt to satisfy it.

The scene, however, which had now passed, together with the developement of Mrs. Darwin, was sufficient to elucidate the cloud which had heretofore seemed to lower over her fate.

It was now evident to Mr. Wilcox, too, that the official influence of her father had protected him from the censure which his barbarity deserved.

Miss Carleton could, indeed, with propriety, be called beautiful. The expression of her countenance was both amiable and intellectual; and her features were of the most perfect symmetry.

Mr. Wilcox had imaged her—but she was now divested of her disguise, and her forehead of just proportions and pure whiteness, admirably contrasting with the auburn ringlets which hung in rich profusion over her temples—her nose of perfect Grecian mould—her delicately tinted cheeks—her rosy lips—her resplendent hazel eyes, which seemed to bid defiance to the melancholy that lurked about them—her tall and well proportioned figure—all conspired to mock his imagination.

Nature has been bountiful indeed, to Miss Carleton, thought he. Nor could he wonder that she had been an object of universal admiration; while he could not but execrate, in his heart, the father who could be so destitute of paternal feelings, as, for a moment, to think

of consigning such exquisite loveliness to the embraces of such a man as Cranmore.

Though Mrs. Darwin had never hesitated to render her niece assistance, in order to thwart the designs of the Secretary, she had ever avoided an expression of feelings which could tend to engender disrespect in the heart of Caroline towards her father. Nor could this amiable and afflicted girl accuse herself of having once cherished a thought repugnant to the affection which a child should bear for a parent, while she was continually endeavoring to palliate, in her mind, the determined tyranny her father desired to exercise over her.

Mrs. Darwin briefly related the object of the young Sheriff's visit, and Miss Carleton having acknowledged his politeness, prepared, with a full heart, to depart.

Her aunt embraced her, and promised to visit the forest cottage the next morning, at an early hour.

Then extending her hand to Mr. Wilcox, and looking him steadfastly in the eyes, as if she would have him fully understand the value of the charge, entrusted to his care, she told him that she should expect to see him in his place at supper.

The Mansion, bearing the name of Darwin House, was not remarkable for the style of its architecture.— It was however a spacious building, and its roof projecting in front and at the ends, supported by large pillars formed a piazza which gave it an air of richness and comfort. The lands contiguous and known as its

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pleasure grounds, had been only partially subjected to the hand of art, and presented a variegated and romantic scenery.

In addition to the various roads and paths which had been laid out through these grounds so as to exhibit a tasteful association of art and nature by their late proprietor, a defile had been cut by the direction of his widowed lady, (for the security and convenience of Miss Carleton,) leading direct from a back garden to a small gate opening into the high way, opposite the entrance to the forest.

Through this passage the young couple wended their way in silence. Having, however, crossed the road, and entered the forest path, the mind of Mr. Wilcox recurred vividly to the feeling with which he had before traversed it, and he alluded to the enterprize which led to his discovery of the cottage.

Caroline caught at this opportunity of satisfying a curiosity she had indulged since the unwelcome visit of the Sheriff.

"You have indeed once before threaded this path, and I have often since questioned in my mind, whether your appearance at my house of refuge was the result of accident or excited curiosity." said she to Mr. Wilcox.

"It was the result of both, answered the young Sheriff. Accident gave me a view of a female entering the wood. My curiosity was excited. I did not once doubt she had penetrated its recesses. I pursued

her steps in faith, and discovered the Forest Cottage."

"Was your pursuit immediate?" enquired Miss Carleton. Mrs. Darwin preceded you but a few minutes."

"No—a night intervened. I commenced my enterprise at day break, and though Mrs. Darwin must have entered the path while I was in search of it amidst the open shrubbery that borders the wood, I did not see her till I arrived at the cottage. I searched long for an entrance, but was not once discouraged by a doubting reflection."

"Your visit may then be attributed to an instinctive pursuit of the female of whom you had a sight."

"I would by no means deride such an idea, Miss Carleton."

"Nor would I. I believe that many of the best and most important acts of our lives cannot be accounted for in any other way."

"Few, however, would admit the principle I think. Man is tenacious of his reasoning faculties."

"Few perhaps have suffered sufficiently in the furnace of affliction to realize so humiliating a truth," said Miss Carleton.

"My afflictions have as yet only existed in my imagination."

"As long however as your mind embraced them they had the effect of reality."

"True—the phantom chastises the heart and leads to meditation on that power, which must be the ultimate resort of the truly afflicted, and to which all our

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"Perhaps I make my own experience too much the test of my opinions," said Caroline. "At any rate I am constrained to think that this belief can only be conceived by intense reflection upon our own conduct and designs, in comparison with the attributes and dispensations of the Deity, to which nothing tends so much as affliction."

"We have frequent proofs of this in our intercourse with the world," said Mr. Wilcox.

"Yes—we find those, who have been driven by suffering, to reflection, ready to acknowledge the unerring hand of God alike in their blessings and afflictions; while those whose worldly enjoyments have been uninterrupted are generally pertinacious in ascribing their every comfort to a dexterous exercise of an independent power within themselves."

"The several opinions are naturally deduced from their causes too," said Mr. Wilcox.

"Certainly—yet there must be a right and a wrong."

"Of course. But which the right and which the wrong opinion, are questions still dependent on the peculiar dispositions and circumstances of individuals."

"All questions, nevertheless, are susceptible of proof," said Caroline.

"Undoubtedly—yet I trust you will admit that there are many not subservient to it."

"All mankind cannot think alike. It should not, therefore, be so much our object to make Proselytes to our opinions, as to be well persuaded ourselves of the truth of them. Every question is thus far not only susceptible of, but subservient to proof."

"Very true—and those who ground their opinions of the attributes of Deity upon that experience which affliction has furnished, have the most perfect assurance of the correctness of their tenets."

"Yes, and such have also a more perfect assurance of salvation in the word of God. If we believe the gospel, we must look on the afflicted as the only true children of God."

"He chastiseth whom he loveth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," quoted Mr. Wilcox.

"Who, then, so likely to conceive correct opinions of His attributes?" questioned Caroline.

"None," answered the young Sheriff. "God would not leave His children to grope in the dark; and such language from the lips of our immaculate Saviour, can neither fail to give consolation to the afflicted, nor to inspire their souls with a devotional feeling."

"Did I not believe that my trials were ordered by the giver of all good for my spiritual benefit, I am sure that I should sink under them. My heart would indeed have no resource for relief."

"I, perhaps, as yet, comparatively know little of your troubles. Nevertheless, I have learned enough

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"My trials are not imaginary," said Miss Carleton ;
"and, alas! my father's misguided affection is the
cause of them."

"Fathers do not always judge aright for the welfare
of their children."

"Mine has, at any rate, I think, misjudged."

"It would be unnatural for a father, intentionally to
injure the happiness of his own child," said Mr. Wil-
cox.

"Certainly—and I sometimes feel that He to whom
I alone look for perfect consolation, frowns upon me
for disobedience to commands, a compliance with
which would be more horrible than death," said Caro-
line, with strong emotion.

"Depend upon it, Miss Carleton, God does not
frown on disobedience so well tempered with affection
and charity," returned Mr. Wilcox, in sympathy.

"In order to comply with my father's commands,
it would be necessary indeed, to make vows that I
could not fulfil," rejoined Miss Carleton ; "for I could
never love or honor the man whom he would have me
promise to love, honor and obey. I must, therefore,
either invoke God to witness a falsehood of the black-
est hue, or resist the designs of my earthly father."

"If disobedience to the commands of your earthly
father be the alternative of your duty to your heavenly
father—be assured, Miss Carleton, that you are not only

justifiable in your course, but that you are performing an imperative obligation to your own conscience."

"So I must believe, and so I have at length partially consoled myself. Yet the ties of nature are so strong that my heart can not be entirely freed from the conflict."

The heart under affliction, is prone to seek relief by communicating its sorrows; and Caroline would not have hesitated to relate her's more minutely. The young Sheriff, too, would gladly have heard from her own lips, their entire history; but he feared a confidence elicited by farther remarks from him, might, at more reflecting moments, prove a source of regret to her. He, therefore, suffered the conversation to drop, and soon took a leave of the young exile, at her cottage door.

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CHAPTER VIII.

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; I wish men to be free

As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.

BYRON.

Not thou,

Nor I alone, are injured and abused,
Contemn'd and trampled on, but the whole people
Groan with the strong conception of their wrongs.

MARINO FALIERO.

Mr. Wilcox having retraced his steps to Darwin House, and supper being announced, chance again brought him in contiguity with Mr. Whifler, who seemed gratified at the prospect of another opportunity to draw the Sheriff into an argument.

The political sentiments of Mr. Wilcox were believed to be decidedly liberal, and they had sometime been the theme of the sycophantic office-seekers who infested the Capitol, while many of them hoped, sooner or later, to supercede him as sheriff.

Conscious of the rectitude of his own heart, the young Sheriff did not hesitate to give to his political



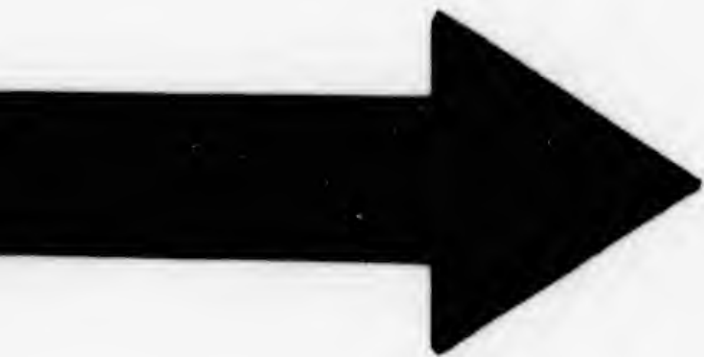
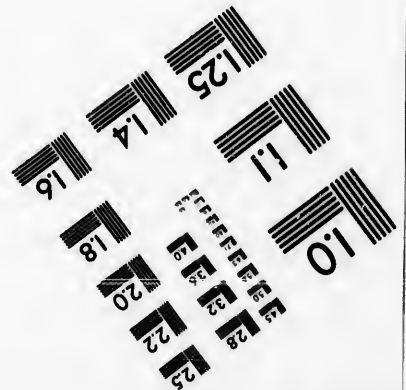
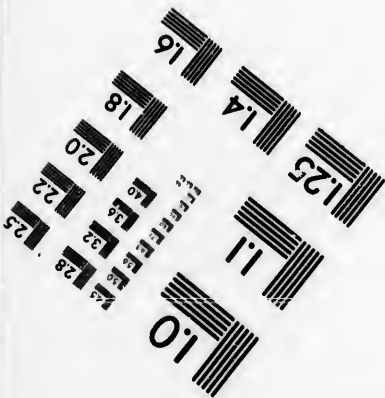
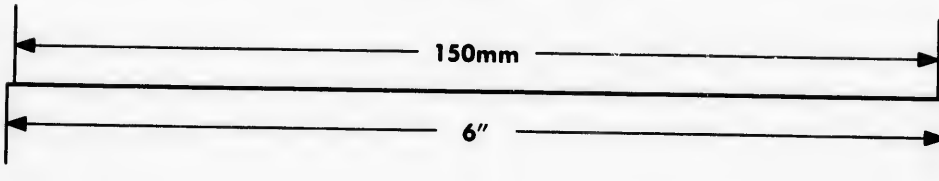
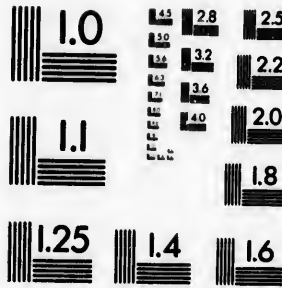
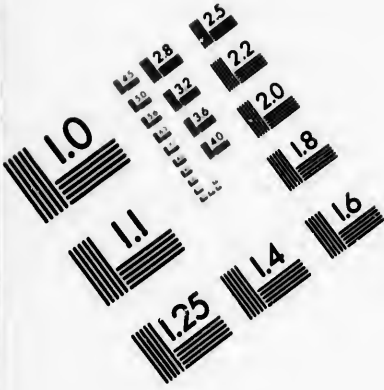


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opinions a candid expression, while his magnanimity left him without the source of suspicion even, against those who sought opportunities to ensnare him.

The boldness with which he combatted the religious creed of the dogmatical priest, at once stamped an indelible prejudice against him on the mind of the parson, who had since been concocting a plan for his official downfall.

The Divine knew that he could not better effect his object than by promoting the professed opinions of the minions of Government, that the Sheriff was disaffected. He, therefore, determined, before separating with him, to lead him into a discussion that would tend to this purpose. Nor was it long before he addressed Mr. Wilcox on the subject of the political news of the day; and at length—using the official cant of the Province—he pronounced the oppositionists of Government measures a band of rebels.

Though the young Sheriff had not as yet attached himself to either political party, he had not been a superficial observer during his residence in Upper Canada; and believing that the people had grounds for complaint, unhesitatingly expressed his disapprobation of the epithet used by the Divine.

“Rebel,” said he, “is a term which, when applied to a people complaining of measures, and not of Government, appears to me entirely inapplicable.”

“Government and Government measures are synonymous in the minds of demagogues,” returned the

Parson; “at measures of the Govern-

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Parson ; " and while they profess to aim their daggers at measures, they would sheath them in the very vitals of the Government."

" Could I think that your opinion was founded on a correct basis, I should still oppose the use of an epithet which must inevitably prove impolitic," rejoined Mr. Wilcox.

" It cannot be impolitic to assure a villain that we know him," said the Parson angrily.

" Yet, before we reproach any one as such, we should be sure that he is not an honest man."

" No honest man can set himself up against a government founded on equitable principles."

" Bad measures, however, may emanate from governments founded on the strongest principles of justice; and no honest man can calmly see the constitution of his country perverted."

" The regicide," said the Divine, with pointed emphasis, " has never failed to wipe his stain upon the hands of justice."

" Nor the minions of tyranny ostensibly to invoke her," retorted the young Sheriff.

" I really regret," said the Parson, and he accompanied his words with a malignant smile—" I really regret, Wilcox, that you can seriously advocate so bad a cause."

" I must, also, in turn, regret that you can lend your voice to vindicate a system that must eventually prove destructive to the Government, which you profess to

support. For I unfeignedly believe that there is no surer a way of making rebels than by the use of opprobrious epithets against those who offer opposition to government measures."

"Loyalty, however, so easily displaced, could only hold a place on the superficies of the heart," said the Parson.

"Loyalty, I conceive, has nothing to do with the political questions which agitate our colonies."

"I am then, also, to understand that it is your opinion, that colonists owe no allegiance to Kings," said the Rev. Mr. Whisler, with eager gratification.

"You have misapprehended me, Mr. Whisler."

"If I have drawn a wrong inference, I beg that you will explain, for I must say that your words led me to the idea of our political independence."

"Loyalty, then, has no connection with our political controversies," replied Mr. Deane, promptly—"because their object is to keep inviolate the constitution which has been given to us by our sovereign. And though the people of Upper Canada should inveigh, or even rebel against the mal-administration of their Government, they might still feel all the loyalty due from a subject to his Prince."

"A strange doctrine, indeed!" ejaculated the Deane in suppressed passion—"and I should not hesitate to suspect the loyalty of any man who could concede to it."

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"Your suspicion, then, could only be founded on the unconscious error, that you have just attributed to the liberals—that Government and Government measures are synonymous. In order, therefore, to take a right view of the subject, it will be necessary, to separate our constitution from the grievances, which are the result of mal-administration."

"But the grievances of which the people complain are mere bug-bears of their imaginations," said the Parson.

"Then, why not dissolve the brain phantom? For if the people's grievances are imaginary, the Government can suffer no injury by granting their claims."

"A people like a child can be spoiled by indulgence. Grant them all they ask—they will still be dissatisfied."

"Indulgence implies a boon—justice demands a right," said Mr. Wilcox pointedly.

"Perhaps, too, expediency would dictate a refusal."

"The denial of justice cannot, under any circumstance, be expedient."

"Your strict ideas of justice will answer very well in theory, Mr. Wilcox; but the man who would practice on them, could not be a statesman."

"Statesman and villain must, then, of course, be synonymous," said the young Sheriff, hastily.

"Policy, Mr. Wilcox, is a very necessary ingredient in a statesman's composition," said the Parson in measured words.

"That which would tend to inflame a people against their Government, cannot at any rate, be good policy."

"I trust, nevertheless, that you will admit that it would be impolitic to accede to the wishes of a people who have shown signs of disaffection, however, just their demands."

"Before I could admit a doctrine, apparently so subversive of every ostensible principle, upon which political institutions are founded, I would know the ground on which it is based."

"It is based upon the principle of self-defence," said the Parson. "For a single concession weakens the Government, inasmuch as it gives confidence to the disaffected, and causes dissatisfaction to its adherents."

"Such policy, then, ought to be met by the bayonets of the people," said Mr. Wilcox decisively.

"If your expression is in allusion to the misunderstanding between the Canadian people and their Government, I regret your imprudence, Mr. Wilcox!"

"There ought to be no imprudence in the expression of an honest opinion. Especially as I have not espoused the cause of any party."

"I must have grossly misunderstood the tenor of our discourse, if you have not intended to espouse the cause of the radicals," said the Divine sarcastically, and with evident chagrin at the avowal of Mr. Wilcox.

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"Well, then, to what sort of a government would your abstract principle lead?" enquired the Parson in a contemptuous manner.

"To such an one, I hope, as would maintain that for which all governments ought to have been established—the happiness of the nation at large."

"It would be a Republic, I presume?" said Whiffler enquiringly.

"No—it should be so constituted as to join the honesty of a republic with the strength of a monarchy," answered the Sheriff.

"Does not the Government of England do this?"

"Not perfectly."

"In what does it fail?"

"In the independence of its constituent parts, upon which the equilibrium of the whole depends."

"The equilibrium of the British Government has stood the test of centuries. Nor has its stability ever before to my knowledge, been questioned."

"Nevertheless, it is liable to be injured," said Mr. Wilcox.

"How?"

"By the influence of that prerogative which places every office in the realm at the disposal of the King."

"I imagine that I do not fully comprehend your idea, Mr. Wilcox."

"More plainly then:—This prerogative is an indirect bribe glittering in the hand of the King, to tempt the integrity of the subject. For while the represen-

tative is bound by his oath to maintain the constitutional privileges of his constituents, he knows that his only prospect of official preferment depends on a submissive acquiescence in the most arbitrary desires of the King. Thus the people are liable to be enslaved by the very persons chosen to guard their liberties."

"For my part," said the Parson, "I think that the stream of office and honor cannot flow from a fountain more pure than the Prince. Indeed, I should be very sorry to see the Lords or Commons clothed with such a prerogative—for I doubt not that an aristocracy would be the result of it in the one, and a democracy in the other."

"Neither branch of the Government should be invested with such power," said Mr. Wilcox.

"You would place this power in the hands of the people?" said the Divine eagerly and inquiringly.

"No—no officer should receive his appointment directly from the people."

"How, then, are you going to remedy the evil of which you complain?"

"By having office emanate equally from the monarchical and democratical branches of the Government."

"Such a system could not last long, Mr. Wilcox.—The King and Commons would seldom agree upon the man and anarchy would be the consequence."

"The appointment, however, should not be immediate from these branches, but should be made through

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a body constituted for the purpose. The collision, therefore, of which you have spoken could never take place."

"You would then have a fourth branch of Government?"

"There should be a body which I would denominate the house of mediators," replied the Sheriff.—

"One-third of whom should be appointed by the King—one-third elected by the house of Commons, and the remainder elected by the persons so appointed and chosen. The mediators should have the exclusive power of appointing all officers of Government, while the King and Commons should have equally the privilege of nomination. This house should also be constituted the only court for the trial of impeachments in the realm, and should have an equal voice with the King, Lords and commons, on any constitutional amendment."

The Parson was silent for several moments, and appeared to be reflecting on the Government theory thus partially developed.

At length he rejoined: "You might have added, Mr. Wilcox, that the King should be a mere puppet, to be gazed at by the nation; for he would no longer have a controlling influence over those who would acknowledge him as their sovereign."

"The King would still be the highest executive as well as legislative officer in the realm, and should possess every prerogative which the sovereign of Great

Britain now does, save that of making civil appointments."

"For my part," said the Parson, "I prefer an old system that has worked well, to experimenting on a new one, and should be very sorry to see an attempt made to change the British Government."

"The conflicting interests of the British people are so powerful, that an innovation of the kind, could only be the result of a subversion of the existing government," said the Sheriff. "You could not, therefore, more than I, regret an attempt that would inevitably be followed by all the calamities of a civil war. The situation of the British North American Colonies, however, is different. Their prejudices are weaker—their interests less conflicting. The body of the people would be favorable to a change, and nothing but the Royal will would be wanting to effect it without an opposing struggle."

"No one doubts that the King could give the Colonies their independence; and the innovation which you suggest, would virtually have no other end," said Whisler.

"On the contrary—it would serve to strengthen the connexion between the Colonies and the mother country. Among the greatest grievances complained of, in this Colony, (and, indeed, it is the root from which all others spring,) is that of undue preferment. The most lucrative and honorable offices are in the hands of three or four families, while the petty ones

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are filled, on their recommendations, by those who always stand ready to acknowledge their gratitude, by becoming instruments of oppression. The Governor, generally a stranger in the land, either becomes the dupe, tool or victim of this upstart aristocracy. If he be subservient to their designs—whether through corruption or ignorance, he contracts the hatred of the people. If he possesses too much discrimination to become a dupe, and too much integrity to become a tool, he gains the good will of the latter, but he falls a victim to the fabrications of the former.

“He is represented to his Sovereign as a person whose principles are dangerous to British interests in the Colony, and as consequently unfit to represent his Majesty. As this body is the only medium through which the Royal ear can be effectually reached, the Governor is soon superseded—called home, and disgraced, for having resisted corruption. The people, thus doomed to see their privileges trampled on, become discontented. They complain. Their grievances are augmented instead of being redressed, and they appeal to arms. Introduce the system which I have suggested, office would then emanate from a source that would embrace every interest of the country.—The representatives of the people would be no longer seduced from their duty, by a bribe in the hands of the Executive. Wholesome laws would result from the Parliamentary deliberations, and the happiness of the people would be consolidated with the strength of the government.”

"It appears to me, Mr. Wilcox," said the Divine, "that a vivid imagination, and not sober reason, has led you to your conclusion. I can see no reason why this house of mediators which you would make the centre of national happiness, might not be corrupted. At first, perhaps, (for a new broom sweeps clean,) its course might give general satisfaction. But in time it would, no doubt, assume a standard of action which would render its appointments as objectionable to the nation at large, as if they emanated from the Executive."

"I perceive," returned Wilcox, that you have received the mere outline of my theory as the entire machine, and have taken for granted, that the members of the House of Mediators would, like the Peers, not only hold their seats for life, but leave them to their posterity. Even if such were the case, this house would still have the effect of destroying the Executive influence over the Parliamentary deliberations. It would at least insure the equilibrium of the Government. Well aware, however, that all institutions, by being placed without the reach of investigation and amendment, naturally incline to corruption, I should provide for the lasting integrity of the House of Mediators, by making it quadrenial. Not only so—the country should be divided into mediatorial districts, and no person should represent a district of which he was not a resident."

"Now allow me to inquire," said Mr. Whifler,

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"why would you have this House of Mediators supersede that of the Peers, as a court for the trial of impeachments?"

"The House of Lords would have a peculiar interest to support. The House of Mediators a national one."

"Why not give your Mediators the exclusive right of amending and improving the Constitution, or place this power in the joint hands of the King, Lords, and Commons?"

"Because, by giving this power to either to the exclusion of the other, the equilibrium of the Government would be destroyed. If this were a prerogative of the Mediators, they might enhance their own power at the expense of the other constituent branches.— If the right belonged to the King jointly with the Lords and Commons, the house of Mediators might be abolished by the undue influence of the Executive; for the Sovereign, in such case, would still hold a bribe as an offertory for the Peoples liberties."

"May I now flatter myself, Mr. Wilcox, that I have heard a full developement of your Government scheme, and its consequent advantages?" enquired the Parson, as his lip curled contemptuously.

"No," replied the young Sheriff. It would require a series of sittings like the present, to detail my theory and the advantages which might result from a practical Government of the kind. I have endeavored to gratify the curiosity you have evinced, by explaining

its leading features, from which your own reflections, if not perverted by prejudice may deduce the rest."

The argument was carried through with rapidity and spirit. The Parson to be sure, once or twice, lost sight of his sacred calling and indulged in angry emphasis; but the forbearance and gentlemanly demeanor of the young Sheriff, made amends for this to the company, and the novelty of the ground taken by him excited the interest of all.

The palm of victory was unanimously awarded to him. Nor did Sir Anthony Aberthenot hesitate to express in unequivocal terms, his admiration of the government theory, while he good naturedly rallied the Parson on his unfortunate success, in attempting to support both his religious and political creeds.

Whifler became exasperated at the Knight.

"Really Sir Anthony," said he, "I hope I shall not have the mortification of finding disaffection in our army as well as in the bosom of our Colonial Government!"

"Sir Anthony fixed his eyes on the divine in momentary anger, and then he said in a voice almost subdued to a whisper:—"Disaffection!—upon my word a clerical robe is a very convenient screen."

"I must confess," persisted the Parson, "that I have but little patience with scepticks, either in religion or politics, and I extremely regret that I have found them combined in a Colonel in His Majesty's service, bearing the honor of Knighthood."

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"You mean, Mr. Whifler, that you have no patience with those who do not think exactly with yourself on these subjects," retorted the Knight, nodding his head significantly at the Divine as he spoke.

"Society Sir Anthony fixes a standard of right and wrong with regard to all subjects that come under general observation; and as that opinion, which is established by the sense of community is less liable to error, than that which is the result of individual deliberation, it is our duty to acquiesce in the general sentiment."

"Be kind enough, Parson, to explain how this general sentiment is to be attained."

The Divine hesitated and the Knight in the interim took wine with a lady.

Having quaffed the sparkling beverage he renewed his application:—Come Parson be kind enough to tell me how we are to get at this general sentiment.

"How would it be got at, but by a mutual intercourse of opinions?" interrogated the Divine crustily at length.

"I know of no other way, and I am inclined to think, too, that these opinions are the result of individual deliberations," returned Sir Anthony.

Mr. Whifler now appeared more desirous of discussing the supper than continuing the argument, but the Knight was unwilling to let it drop.

"Come Mr. Whifler, what do you think?" enquired Colonel Aberthenot.

"I think we ought to reflect, before we give our support to sentiments which are not in accordance with the views of our religious and political systems. At any rate, Sir Anthony, if we be in official confidence," replied the Parson in suppressed rage.

"Who is to tell us when we have reflected sufficiently?"

"Society at large."

"Of whom must this Society at large, be composed?"

"Of the most respectable inhabitants of our country."

"Who are the most respectable inhabitants of our country?"

"Those whose loyal hearts entitle them to respect," answered the Parson with strong emphasis.

"How are we to judge of the loyalty of the heart?"

"By the utterance of the lips and the deeds of the body."

"And who is to decide whether the utterance and deeds be loyal?"

"Society at large," answered the Reverend Mr. Whifler.

"Suppose that the opinions of a majority of those who compose this society at large, should be religiously and politically at variance with yours, would you feel yourself bound to acquiesce in them?"

"I wish you to bear in mind, Sir Anthony, that I mean the respectable part of community, when I speak of Society at large."

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"Certainly, Mr. Whifler," said the Knight facetiously—"I do understand you so:—and further I understand that this respectable part of community, is made up of those who believe just as you do."

"I mean plainly, that no respectable man will set himself up in opposition to the religious and political institutions established amongst us," returned the Parson passionately.

"Excuse me Mr. Whifler," rejoined the Knight;—
But I can not forbear saying that you have reminded me of a reply that I received from a lad, whom I judge had about reached his teens, while standing at the Bar of the Parliament House one day, soon after my arrival in the Province. The noted and respected Mr. O' Cleary took the floor and displayed such boldness and eloquence, and with all such political discrimination—he was speaking on a question of popular rights that although I believed the speaker could be no other than the reputed Barrister. I could not forbear assuring myself at once.

"My son, said I to the lad, can you tell me the name of the gentleman now speaking? Gentleman—Sir! exclaimed the boy, Gentleman! he is no gentleman! Dont you perceive that he is speaking in favor of the people?"

The Parson smiled in joy, and said:—"A noble boy, and a pattern for his seniors."

"Why—because he repeated what he had heard a silly father utter?" interrogated Sir Anthony.

"Because he displayed in childhood loyal feelings, of which many, who have been pampered to old age by their King, are destitute," answered the Parson.

"Of which loyal feelings, however, you would nevertheless maintain, the man who makes a political absurdity of the Constitution of his country, can claim full possession," rejoined the Knight.

"A loyal heart cannot fail to promote the object of our Constitution. But radicalism is indeed making fearful inroads amongst us under the specious garb of reform," said Whifler.

The Knight again took wine with a lady, and then enquired:—Will you be so kind Mr. Whifler, as to give your definition of a radical?"

"Mr. O'Cleary is a perfect sample of radicals," replied the Divine while he smiled maliciously.

"Indeed! Upon my word, Mr. Whifler you make me quite in love with radicalism."

"I think you were in love with it before, Sir Anthony."

"Why should I not have been then?"

"Because an officer of your rank, at anyrate, should never lose sight of his duty to his King."

"This is the very reason why I would be a radical, if your definition be correct. The political doctrine supported by Mr. O'Cleary—I have frequently since the time of which I have spoken been an auditor of him—is just such as would, if heeded by the government, prolong the power of the British King in the

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Colonies ; while that promoted by his opponents, (if not effectually resisted,) must eventually, in my opinion, bring about its annihilation, if the People have a proper sense of their Constitutional rights."

"Mr. O'Cleary, like all other radicals, is a disseminator of rebellious principles, and a man who would rejoice to see the Government of Upper Canada subverted," said the Parson pointedly.

"Your reason for this opinion, if you please, Mr. Whifler."

"The reason is plain, Sir Anthony. The reports and journals of the House of Assembly shew it—nay his daily walk, as it were, proves it. He is a decided opposer of every measure of Government, while he unblushingly encourages the people in the most seditious clamors."

"I will trouble you to answer another question," said the Knight. "Does not Mr. O'Cleary belong to one branch of the government?"

"He does," answered the Divine.

"The government of Upper Canada, as well as that of Great Britain, is composed of Monarchy—Aristocracy and Democracy—is it not?"

"The only difference between the government of Great Britain and that of Upper Canada, is that the Monarch presides here by his representative."

"Well—both governments are composed of such constituents, are they not?"

"They are," answered Whifler.

"Mr. O'Cleary then is a member of the democratical branch of the Upper Canada government—is he not?"

"He is."

"Can any man's course be seditious or rebellious towards the King, without being so towards the whole government?" enquired the Knight.

"By no means. The Sovereign is politically blended with the government."

"Are not these different materials of government intended as checks on each other?"

"Certainly," answered the Parson.

"And their joint objects, I trust you will admit, is to promote alikethe political welfare of every class in our community?"

"That is undoubtedly the object of our mixed government," replied the Reverend Mr. Whifler.

"Mr. O'Cleary then must be a loyal subject, as well as an honest representative of the people," said Colonel Aberthenot. As he belongs to the democratical branch of the government, he is bound to support democratical principles in order to maintain the political balance. This is the object the people had, or at any rate ought to have had, in view when they elected him. The equilibrium of the British form of government, so much boasted of by all Englishmen, could not be maintained in any other way. For if either the democratical or aristocratical branch yields to the monarchical, the composition which is intended

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to insure equal rights, becomes at once a political absurdity. The equilibrium of the fabric would be thus destroyed. If, too, the people's representatives are to be subservient to the will of the Prince, the aristocratic branch of the government is equally bound, of course, to be so, and thus you perceive, while the constitution of the country would hold out the idea of freedom, the King would be virtually, as absolute as the Sultan of Turkey or the Czar of Russia."

"In truth," continued the Knight, "every British Government is founded on the principles of Freedom, and he who lives under it has a right to feel that he has a voice in directing its affairs through his representative. Nor should such as assert opinions in favor of popular rights be denounced as enemies to their Government. I believe indeed that the truly loyal subject is more apt to express disapprobation of Government measures than the traitor at heart. The murderer, Mr. Whifler, never exposes his design to his intended victim."

"You have admirably advocated the cause of radicalism, Sir Anthony," said the Parson as his breast heaved with passion—"You have too, perfectly identified yourself with the radical, and I beg you will therefore excuse me, if I decline the honor of continuing the argument."

"Certainly," returned the Knight, as he inclined his body obsequiously towards the angry Parson:—"Certainly, Mr. Whifler, for I doubt not that your loyalty has been already much shocked."

The Divine, regardless of the supper before him, drawing forth his snuff-box, regaled his alfactory nerves; and his dogmas being no longer the subject of argument, the company enjoyed an hour of rational amusements, and dispersed.

CHAPTER IX.

He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under presentation of that, he shoots his wit.—As You Like It.

Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel.
SHAKESPEARE.

So is the bargain.—As You Like It.

The chagrin of the Secretary on returning from the tavern hall was increased by the reflection, that he had been drawn from a pursuit that might have proved more fortunate. He refused food—nor did he indulge in the refreshment of sleep, till his frame was entirely exhausted by fatigue and passion:—and after retiring to his bed even, the excitement of his mind admitted neither of a long nor a quiet repose.

Johnson had gone early to his bed; but he was yet sleeping soundly when his master thundered at his door. He rose unwillingly, and the Secretary ordered him to procure a vehicle for the conveyance of the travellers to Black Rock.

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"Immediately," answered Carleton.

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"To tell the truth, Captin, I was so consarned tired and sleepy last night, I couldn't eat more than half a supper any how, and I recking we'd best take breakfast before we start."

"We will breakfast at Waterloo!" said the Secretary peremptorily.

"If you say so Captin, it must be so. Howsomever, I'd a leetle ruther you'd gin in; for I'm consarned hongry—that's a fact."

Johnson's apparent unwillingness to leave Buffalo without his morning repast, made the Secretary good natured; and so triflingly vindictive was this man's disposition, that he even evinced a lively gratification at this opportunity of retaliating on his servant.

"My only refreshment since our arrival," said he, "has been sleep, -and little of that. Having, therefore, both eaten and slept more than I, you are doubtless as well able to travel a few miles before breakfast."

"Johnson marked the exultation exhibited on the countenance of his master. He felt it keenly, too; and at once formed the resolution of making the Secretary rue his humor, before the homeward journey should be finished: nor did he feel inclined to overlook it for the present.

"There's some difference in folks, natterally, about eatin, Captin," said the servant pointedly. "Then agin' folks, that aint natterally different, may be differently sarcumstanced."

"Circumstances have allowed you refreshment at

any rate. You have, therefore, in this respect, the advantage: and every man's nature will enable him to endure hunger for the time it would take to travel three miles."

"You haint my idee, Captin."

"No matter, Sam," said Carleton, still in tantalizing mood—"no matter—the sooner you get a conveyance, the sooner we shall be enabled to indulge our stomachs."

"I like to see folks have right idee, howsomever; and I recking I can make it out that you've got considerably the advantage on me, both in eatin and sleepin," persisted Johnson.

The Secretary remained silent, and the servant continued:—

"You see, Captin, you're all agog about gittin the gall married to Squire Cranmore; and folks that's got great consarns on their minds, don't think as much on eatin and sleepin as them that ha'nt. Then agin you feel considerably worked because folks has got a rig on you for follerin a strange gall for your own, and sich things, I conclude, drive away sleep and appetite. Then there's another thing that folks say is desperate hard on both on 'em, and if it's sich a complaint as folks tell on, it had ort to be. Howsomever," added Johnson, "it's a disease some folks don't take, and I shouldn't wonder if you was proof agin it, Captin."

"Name it sir!" vociferated Carleton in sudden passion.

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"It's a guilty conscience, Captin; and if it's as cruel a complaint as folks tell on, and if you've got it, I pity you from the bottom o' my heart; for accordin to stories, it don't only gnaw on a feller's vitals in this world, but it hangs on to 'im in tother."

"Sam!"

"Captin!" interrupted the servant.

"Sam, obey my orders or leave my service!" thundered the Secretary.

Johnson smiled placidly in his master's face.—
"We aint goin to part yit, Captin," said he; and then bowing obsequiously, he retired to execute the command.

In the course of twenty minutes an open wagon was before the door of the Inn; and Johnson having assisted the Secretary and Parson to their seats, regaled his stomach with a brandy julep, and seated himself beside the driver.

He had not forgotten his resolution, while he flattered himself that he had at least the semblance of a cause for indulging his disposition to tantalize his master. The travellers having got under way, therefore, he began a narration to the driver of the conduct of Carleton towards his daughter; and before arriving at Black Rock, finished a faithful outline of the story associated with Miss Carleton.

The relation was made, however, with ingenious irony; and while it completely exposed the Secretary it could not have been repeated to his detriment.

Knowing well that an attempt to check his servant would be like adding fuel to fire, he submitted in silence. Nevertheless, he could have endured downright abuse better than the allusive vituperations of Johnson.

The travellers having reached Black Rock, lighted from the wagon to the ferry boat. The Secretary seated himself on a bench next the bow, and faced the stern of the boat. The Parson took a seat in front of the steersman, and Sam Johnson braced himself in the bow.

The boatmen began to ply their oars, and the servant to recapitulate the story he had told to the driver. Carleton could no longer endure, and twisting himself partially round on his seat, looked furiously at Johnson, who in turn gazed in feigned surprise at his master.

"Not another word of that tale, Sam!" commanded the Secretary in a deep growling voice.

"I thought you was proud on't, Captin; for you keep fullerin up the business when you know folks know't."

"Sam, this conduct must be no longer persisted in!" cried Carleton while in the act of throwing his right leg over the bench in order to face his servant.

"I'm glad on't—for there's no two ways about it, Captin, the gall's been enough plagued—and I snuff I never hearn any thing that gin me sich joy."

"Did I not tell you that there must be no more of this?"

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"Sartin—and you ha'nt an idee Captin, how glad I be. The idee on bein married to sich a humbly critter as Squire Cranmore's enough punishment for any body's folks, and I raily think the gall hadn't ort to be follered up no longer."

The Secretary fixed his eyes more pointedly at Johnson, while his countenance bespoke some desperate design.

"I'm as glad on't as though I was the gall 'erself," continued the servant. "For to tell the truth I always liked Miss Carry, and I never felt so desperate bad, as I did for her, when I thought you was in right-down earnest about splicin 'er to the humbly Squire. Howsomever, Captin, I calculated that your nater would flunk out in the eend."

Carleton continued to look steadfastly and in malignant determination at Johnson; but he spoke not, and Sam persisted.

"I tell you, Captin, it's no fool on a business for a father right up and down to ruin his daughter; and I recking it's desperate few that wouldn't flunk out in the eend—nater aint to be sneezed at!—that's a fact."

The Secretary sprang at his servant with the ferocity of a tiger. A struggle ensued; but the attack was made with such sudden impetuosity, that its object could not be prevented. Johnson perceiving that immersion was inevitable, unless self-preservation should make it his master's interest to desist, seized him by the collar. The exasperated Carleton persisted; how-

ever, and forcing his servant overboard, was drawn after him.

The rencounter was the scene of a moment. The belligerents sank. The Parson was fixed to his seat, and the boatmen rested on their oars in astonishment. They rose ; and the Secretary was buoyed by his servant, who after freeing his mouth and nose of some superfluous liquid, interrogated :—" Can you swim, Captin ?"

" No, Sam,—my life depends on you," answered the affrighted Secretary in hurried words.

The current had already separated them some distance from the boat, but the boatmen having collected themselves, began to ply towards them.

" Well, Captin, alone and without my clothes I'm a rail duck in the water," rejoined Johnson, " and if you keep cool I recking I can hold you up till the boat gets along. Howsomever, my clothes don't take up a leetle water ; and 'taint the easiest thing in nater."

The Secretary's terror was increased by the concluding intimation of his servant, and he moved convulsively.

" Captin !—Captin !" ejaculated Johnson, " you've got to keep cool ; for there's considerable difference between land and water—and if you squirm, I'll have to let you go—that's a fact."

" You shall have the privilege of naming your reward for my preservation, Sam," cried the humble Carleton.

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"If I'll hold on, will you let the gall pick for 'erself, Captin?" interrogated Sam peremptorily.

The Secretary hesitated to reply; and the servant, as he relaxed his hold of his master's arm, added:—
"There aint much time to think o'nt Captin, for the boats nighin us."

"I will not again interfere with Miss Carleton's affections," cried Carleton, in hurried words, and Johnson again tightened his grasp.

The ferry-boat approached them. Sam delivered his charge to the boatmen, and then scrambled in himself: and the travellers being landed on the Canada shore, the Secretary sought his valice in order to change his clothes, while Johnson resorted to the bar, in order to counteract the deleterious effects of the aqueous conflict by a brandy julip.

CHAPTER X.

Man's a strange animal and makes strange use

Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce .

Some new experiment to show his parts :

This is the age of oddities let loose,

When different talents find their different marts ;

You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your
Labor, there's a sure market for imposture.

BYRON.

The travellers having breakfasted, once more mounted their horses.

When the Reverend Mr. Whifler was requested to
in this excursion, the name of Wilcox was not

mentioned to him, nor did he even suspect that the Secretary had associated in his mind the supposed elopement of Miss Carleton with the young Sheriff.— On hearing the contention of the preceding evening between the Secretary and his servant therefore, not only suspecting that the latter was wrongfully accused, but that he might himself be suffering in the estimation of the former for insincerity, he determined to take advantage of the first opportunity to speak with Carleton on the subject.

They had ridden some four or five miles when a prospect of effecting this intention opened.

Since landing on the Canada shore the Secretary had been brooding in sullen silence on the disappointments and mortifications which his journey had caused. Now, however, he addressed Whifler, and alluding to the conduct of his servant, declared his intention of dismissing him from his service as soon as he should arrive at York.

“Johnson’s conduct has been such as no master ought tamely endure,” said the Divine in reply:— “Nor do I think that his ordinary familiarities would have been borne so long by any other. Nevertheless I believe him to be free of the deception you have attributed to him on this occasion.”

“He cannot be vindicated,” said the Secretary sternly. “This journey is the consequence of a flagrant fraud.”

“I only judge from analogy,” said the Parson, keeping his real object in view.

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"Sam has intentionally misled me. He did not, to be sure, absolutely say that Miss Carleton had eloped with Wilcox; but he made statements from which he knew I would so infer. You know not Sam Johnson as well as I, and I am sure you can shew no circumstance, which would even tend, to satisfy me of his innocence in this matter."

"There is certainly a great deal to be learned of individual acts from the general character of the actor. From what I now know however, to have been an omission on your part, at the time you requested me to accompany you, I judge Samuel innocent of the charge you now allege against him.

"An omission," repeated the Secretary. Explain Mr. Whisler."

Mr. Wilcox's name was not mentioned to me at that time."

"It must have been," said Carleton.

"I beg leave to say, Mr. Carleton, that it was not. Had it been, this journey would not have been made."

The Secretary looked steadfastly and in surprise at the Divine.

"Had you associated Mr. Wilcox with the supposedelopement," said the Parson, "I should have informed you that he did not leave Darwin House till the party awoke up, and thus undecieved with regard to him, a moments reflection would have convinced you of the fallacy of your entire impression."

"Yet this does not exonerate my servant."

“Not entirely, Sir, but it is presumptive evidence in his favor.”

“Sam is a wily scoundrel,” vociferated the Secretary, “and I am on this occasion his dupe.”

“At any rate,” said Whifler, caring more for his own exoneration than the servant’s; “at any rate, Mr. Carleton, I think you have confided more in his integrity, than his conduct, so far as I have observed, ought to warrant.”

“I have never before suffered from his waggery,” said the Secretary, “nor do I believe that he would have made me the subject of it, on any other occasion. He has ever evinced opposition to my intentions with regard to my daughter. Yet notwithstanding all that has passed, I have that confidence in his integrity, that I would trust untold gold to his care. Indeed, I would not hesitate, at this moment, to confide to him the execution of any command that he would absolutely promise to obey, though it should be the capture of Miss Carleton.”

“The Parson bowed in acquiescence, nor did any thing worthy of relation occur till the travellers reached the farm house at which they had left the Barrister. Here the gentlemen remained astride their saddles, while Johnson, in obedience to his master’s command, visited the patient.

The pale and emaciated visage of Cranmore, contrasted so strongly with its former sturdiness, that the servant’s apprehensions for his recovery were seriously excited on entering his room.

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Johnson gazed in amazement and sympathy at the Barrister, but spoke not, and the latter at length said in a sepulchral voice:—"Well, Sam, I suppose you are thus far on your return from Buffalo."

"Yes, Squire," returned Johnson; and the Captain's sent me in for you."

The Barrister rejoined ironically and with some exhibition of anger:—"You may present my compliments to Mr. Carleton, and say that I am much obliged by his kind attention, but that I am entirely unable to proceed with him."

"You seem to be considerable sick, Squire—that's a fact."

"I have not strength to turn myself."

"You must a been considerably more hurt than we had an idee on."

"I was not in the least hurt by the fall. Loss of blood is all that ails me. That rascally quack left scarcely a drop of blood in my veins."

"How in nater did you come to let the Dock bleed you so, if you wa'nt hurt none, Squire?"

"Why, I was stunned by the fall for an instant—and only an instant; but before I recovered he opened the vein, and becoming faint when I saw the blood, I was unable to resist him."

"The Captin's done one good job in his life time then, any how, Squire."

"What was that?" enquired Cranmore.

"He gin the Dock a floggin."

"Did he?" said the Barrister - and then he opened his meagre jaws to their utmost in mirth."

"No mistake, Squire. Didn't you see 'im?"

"I did not—but the fellow richly deserved it."

"You was too fur gone then, to see what was goin on, I conclude?"

"I know nothing that occurred after I saw the stream of blood," replied Cranmore; and then he again extended his jaws in a noiseless laugh.

"You seem considerable jolly, too, for sick folks, Squire."

"I really rejoice to hear that the fellow got punished. I hope that the Secretary flogged him roundly."

"He let 'im have it considerable snug acrost his face with tother end on 'is ridin whip—I tell you, Squire."

"What do you mean by the other end of the whip, Sam?"

"The end he didn't ramm down your throat, you know Squire."

The Barrister's countenance suddenly clouded over. He rejoined not; and Johnson bowing good morning, withdrew.

Carleton on hearing of Cranmore's debility, without evincing sympathy, disappointment or surprise, spurred his horse to a canter; and the Divine also began to press forward, but was arrested by the voice of the servant, who had throughout the journey been watching for an opportunity of conversation with him.

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The Parson turned on his saddle and Johnson put his hand respectfully to his hat.

"What would you Samuel?" enquired the Divine.

"Nothin Dominie—only I should a liked you to see the sick Squire."

"I should have liked to see him, too, and I regret that I did not," rejoined the Parson.

"It wouldn't a been treatin the Captin with respect, howsomever, to leave 'im alone in the road?" said the servant significantly and enquiringly.

"We should always avoid what would excite suspicion even, of want of respect for our superiors, Samuel," said the Divine in reply and with reproving emphasis.

"Folks has got to be pretty careful with the Captin, too, Dominie; for he aint slow at keepin up his dignity—that's a fact."

"His rank entitles him to respect," said Mr. Whifler pointedly and in subdued anger.

"Sartin—but the Captin sometimes cheats bigger folks than 'imself out on't; for accordin to my idee, he aint the biggest in nater."

"Mr. Carleton certainly has his superiors. Yet this does not by any means discharge us of our duty to him as our superior; and allow me Samuel to take this opportunity to give you a word of advice."

"Obedience to masters is not only inculcated by all christian societies, but it is commanded by holy writ. Besides believe me—you cannot better consult your

own worldly interest, than by giving strict submission to the will of your superiors."

"Scripter idee had ort, howsomever, Dominie, to be carried clean out."

"Certainly—our obedience to the will of our worldly superiors, ought, of course, to be consistent with our duty to the Almighty."

"That's the idee—and we don't ort to let the Cap-
tin cheat the Almighty out on our sarvice."

The Divine's countenance fell in mingled anger and mortification.

"Mankind are indeed prone to reverence the creature rather than the creator," said he with solemn emphasis after a short pause.

"And the devil on't is, Dominie, them that had ort to larn folks better is desperately wantin themselves!"

"Samuel—you are really insolent!" said the Reverend Mr. Whifer in measured words. "I have, indeed," continued he, "witnessed your entire conduct during this journey, with regret; and I advise you, for your own sake, to check your propensity to insult your superiors."

"I'm a leetle outlandish in my way sometimes I know, Dominie, and feelin a leetle out a sorts at the Cap-
tin for follerin up Miss Carry all the time, I reckon I sometimes talk to folks as I don't ort."

"I am happy Samuel to find you so far open to conviction; and now allow me to advise you farther.—
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marriage as he pleases, and you as a serving member of his household, have no right to interfere with his arrangements. If your sympathies are excited in favor of Miss Carleton, you are not only bound as the servant of her father to subdue them, but to render your master assistance even, if he requires it, in order to make her subject to his will."

"I can't say nothin agin your reasonin Dominie.— But, I snum! the idee on seein sich a pretty gall hitched to sich a consarned humbly critter as Squire Cranmore, is ruther tough."

"True," said the Parson—"and it is unaccountable to me, that the Secretary should be so desirous of uniting his daughter in marriage with such a man, when her charms and station would command the hand of the first and most accomplished. So he desires, however; and it is not your right nor mine to oppose."

"I know I've been a leetle sassy to the Captin; but can't help feelin for the gall—and that's the reason on't."

"I plainly perceive, Samuel, that your sympathies are entirely interfered with your duties; and I believe that you are now not only convinced of your error, but that you will consent to make a proper apology to your master for your conduct towards him during this journey."

"I'm afeared it would be makin bad matters worse to knuckle to the Captin, Dominie."

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"If you have done your master wrong, I cannot think that an apology would do harm."

"The Captin is ruther queer under any sarcumstances; but when he finds folks afeared on 'im, there's no eend to his sass. Ta'nt in my nater to take sass, and jest as soon as I begined to knuckle to'im, he'd think on the duckin business, and considerable many things besides, and begin to sass. I'd have to sass back, and instead on making friends, we'd have another fuss. I ha'nt no objections as I know on, to be on friendly tarms with the Captin, but it would be a leetle better for some body's elses folks to do the business for us."

"If you really feel sorry for your conduct Samuel, and desire to be forgiven by your master, I will willingly intercede for you."

"I'm always willin to do the thing that's right, Dominie."

"Do you not think it would be right to apologise to the Secretary?"

"When I wrong any body's folks I'm willin to ask pardon—that's a fact."

"Are you not convinced that you have behaved yourself improperly towards your master?"

"I'm a pretty sassy chap sometimes, Dominie, said Johnson as he winked significantly at the Parson."

"Shall I then undertake to heal the breach?"

"Sartin—but if you git along snug'y with it, you have to plaster it well with soft soap, I guess."

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The Parson smiled condescendingly at the servant's figure, and said facetiously :—"If you appoint me the physician, you must allow me to form the prescription."

"You may doctor the breach according to your own ideas, Dominic."

"Very well—and be assured that I will apply the most healing remedies of my art," said the Divine, still in facetious mood. "But seriously Samuel," continued he, "there will be some responsibility attending the undertaking, and I therefore hope that your future obedience will prove the sincerity of your present professions."

"I'm no backout Dominic."

The Parson's vanity was a more powerful incentive than benevolence for Johnson. He thought he had gained an ascendancy over the servant's mind, and drawing a comparison between the Secretary and himself, attributed his success to his own superior knowledge of human nature ; while he exulted with the idea that Carleton had at least, discrimination enough to appreciate the devotion he had thus an opportunity of exhibiting for his interest and honor.

Johnson unwilling to be more explicit, fell back, and the Parson increasing his speed, soon overtook the Secretary. He lost no time in appraising Carleton of the professed penitence of the servant. But the Secretary turned a deaf ear to the information, believing that all was intended as a trick, and that Whifler had himself in turn become Johnson's dupe.

The Divine was disappointed and vexed at his ill success, but too much the courtier to persist, even in a better cause, when there might be danger of giving offence to a man of rank and power. He therefore soon dropped the subject.

However, before the travellers arrived at Niagara, at which place this day's journey terminated, he had the satisfaction of believing that the ready obedience and nice attentions of the servant were not overlooked by the master, while they demonstrated the sincerity of the part he had undertaken to perform.

CHAPTER XI.

A fair good evening to my fairer hostess
And worthy—what's your name my friend?—WERNER.

Hostess I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified.

SHAKSPEARE.

The travellers left Niagara the next morning after breakfast, intending to make the tavern whose sign bore the motto, "Dum vivimus vivamus," their dining house.

When within three or four miles of this Inn, therefore, Sam Johnson was sent forward to order dinner, and the landlady was in the bar-room when he entered.

"How do Miss Vivamus?" cried Sam at the top of his voice, as he bowed low to the old woman.

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"Back agin?" questioned the landlady, as she looked in mingled astonishment and ire at her visitor.

"Sartin—and we want another dinner."

"You'll git none here I recking," cried the landlady.

"You seem to be a leetle snappish Miss Vivamus!"

"You'd best be makin tracks I guess," said the hostess, as she shook her head in significant anger at Johnson.

"You had ort to know your own business best Miss Vivamus; but I recking the Captin and Dominio will be considerably put out if dinner aint gittin along when they come."

"What's become o' your King's Son? you lyin pup!" fumed the Landlady.

"We left Jumble-headed Willie behind," replied Sam Johnson.

"Great King's son, I guess," sneered the old woman.

"He's as big a man as any o' the King's sons—any how."

"Tryin to make a fool on me agin?"

"When nater's done up a job, Miss Vivamus, I recking I aint so consarned mean as to try to git the name on't."

"You'd like to see my old man, I conclude?" said the landlady, as fire flashed from her eyes at the servant.

"I ha'nt no objection to make Dum's acquaintance, as I know on."

The landlady suddenly withdrew, and in the course

of five minutes returned, accompanied by a person whom she triumphantly introduced to Johnson as her husband:

"How do, Mr. Vivamus," said Sam, as he bowed to the publican.

"There, husband!" exclaimed the hostess—"you see it don't take long to find out his sassy nater!"

The landlord had too often been the subject of his wife's irascibility, to yield a ready compliance to her belligerent desire.

"My name is'n't Vivamus," said he, with a manner and voice entirely at variance with his wife's chivalrous disposition.

"What's the name on your sign for then?" interrogated Johnson.

"Jest to make fools ax questions," interposed the landlady, spitefully.

"You've bothered your old man considerably about it then, I conclude," retorted Sam.

"There, husband! you can't see, can you, how folks git sassed?"

The landlord really thought the repartee of the servant justifiable. Desirous, nevertheless, of avoiding the reprehension of his wife, he expressed disapprobation, in moderate terms, and Johnson indirectly vindicated himself.

"If folks don't sass me, they won't git sassed—but 'tan't in my nater to be sassed for nothin," said the servant to the landlord. Then turning to the landlady

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he added—"Howsomever, Miss Vivamus, we've forgot the dinner."

"Keep hangin on to the name, you snip!" fumed the old woman.

"Why don't you gin me your rail name then?"

"You ha'n't axed for't yit."

"I've hinted considerable broad, howsomever."

"I a'n't ashamed on't, any how."

"It looks as though you an't proud on't, howsomever, when you're so consarned shy about tellin on't."

"If I was my old man, I'd tell you on't, and gin you a tannin to keep you in mind on't as long as nater's in you," vociferated the revengeful landlady.

The unbounded good nature exhibited on Johnson's countenance, notwithstanding the belligerent desire of the landlady, excited the publican's sympathies in his behalf; and the landlord determined to obviate one source of this dispute between his wife and the servant.

"My name," said he, "is Legget; and I don't know that I have any reason to be ashamed of it; for I never heard of any of the name being hanged."

"Now that's *civill*, Mr. Leggit; and as one good turn desarnes another, I aint ashamed to tell you that my name's Sam Johnson. Howsomever, I can't come up to you, as I know on, about the hangin part on't; for it ruther runs in my mind, folks by the name has been hanged."

"I'll war'nt!" cried Mrs. Legget, in triumph—"and more on 'em had ort to be, I calculate."

"When I git into a hangin scrape, you'll have a chance to call my name Legg-it," retorted Johnson, as he winked and smiled at the landlady.

"There—I knowed it! You're beginin to play on our name. But my old man will consider it all right—no mistake—for he seems desperately taken with your clack," fumed Mrs. Legget; and then she glared wrathfully over her spectacles, at her husband.

"The nater o' your old man seems to be *civill*, Miss Leggit—that's a fact."

"He han't no ginger in 'im—that's the story."

"His old woman's got enough on't for both, any how. But after all, I guess a considerable part on't's make believe—for I ha'nt done nothin to raise your dander; as I know on."

"You ha'nt done nothin to raise my dander!" repeated Mrs. Legget, sneeringly.

"Not as I know on. Any how, we've forgot the dinner; and if you're a goin to git it, it's time you was about it, and if you a'nt, their's an eend on't."

"I a'nt, then," said the landlady decisively.

"There's an eend o'nt then."

"Wife," said the landlord, with mingled good nature and avarice, (for Mr. Legget did not lose sight of the profit that would accrue on furnishing the travellers with their dinner)—wife, we shouldn't send the gentlemen away without their dinners,"

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"How desperate good natered you be!" squeaked Mrs. Legget, in a tone of extreme exasperation.

The Secretary and Parson, at this moment, drove to the door, and Johnson, observing them through the window, said to the landlady:—

"The Captin and Dominie's got along, but I recking there a'nt no use in their gittin off o' their hosses; for there's no dinner for 'em."

The publican looked out, and recognizing Carleton, turned suddenly pale. Then turning to Mrs. Legget, he said, in an agitated voice—"Wife, you've ruined your old man!"

"How's that?" interrogated Mrs. Legget, in alarm.

"The second best man in the Province is at our door, and you've no dinner for him," answered the landlord.

Mrs. Legget flew to the culinary apartment, and Johnson stepping out, received the bridles from the gentlemen, and proceeded to the stable. Mr. Legget showed the Secretary and Parson in. Then following the servant he apologized in an ample manner for the pertinacity of his wife. Johnson allayed the apprehensions of the publican, by assuring him that the conduct of his wife should not be exposed to the Secretary, and on returning to the bar-room was not under the necessity of paying for his accustomed brandy julip.

Mrs. Legget toiled vigorously to retrieve the time she had lost, and succeeded beyond the anticipations either of Johnson or her husband.

The publican was called to serve at the table of the gentlemen, and the servant was summoned to the kitchen.

"Well, Miss Leggit," said Johnson, as he seated himself before a dish of smoking sausages:—"Well, Miss Leggit this is doin' up business in short order; and the dinner looks pretty temptin' too."

"Taste on't," ejaculated the hostess, spitefully.

"I'll war'nt I'll do that Miss Leggit for my appetite's a caution to any body's folks."

"Eat then, and be a budgin, for I shant cry when you go, I guess."

"It will be jest as well and a leetle better if you dont; for Mr. Leggit mout be put out about it, and I wont think nothin' on't, if you dont."

"Somethin' new I conclude?"

"Love's as old as nater itself."

"What be you gabbin' about?" interrogated the old hostess, as she glared in indignation over her spectacles at Sam Johnson.

"About your cryin'," answered the servant.

"Well, what on't?"

"If I was in your place Miss Leggit, I would'nt do it."

"Why? Mr. Sass box?"

"Nothin'—only it would make your old man feel bad."

"What would he feel bad for?" asked the hostess, and then she breathed audibly in passion.

"I reckon your old man

The landlady, seizing a book from Johnson's shelf, said, "I reckon myself!"

"I reckon you're a good one, Miss Leggit?" cried Johnson, with a look at the hostess, with a look at the hostess.

"You've got to be a good one, the landlady."

"It's my business, my folks and you."

"You've got to be a good one, said the hostess."

"I reckon you're a good one, get so put out."

"According to you—that's the way."

"I reckon you're a good one, old and out a s."

"I aint a good one, You're beg."

"You're beggin' me, ha'nt you thought."

"Ha'nt you thought, One o' two."

"I ha'nt my share, You ha'nt your share, when I'm playin'."

"I recking you would'nt feel desperate crank to see your old man whinin after a young gall."

The landlady sprang frantically from her chair, and seizing a broom shook the stick threateningly over Johnson's head, as she voicefrated:—"I'm here myself!"

"I recking you'll let me do up my eatin, Miss Leggit?" cried Johnson, as he looked into the face of the hostess, with a feigned aspect of innocence.

"You've got to be desperate civill, if I do," said the landlady, looking vengeance at the servant.

"It's my calculation to be civill to every body's folks and under all sarcumstances, Miss Leggit."

"You've got a queer way o' shewin on't any how," said the hostess as she returned to her seat.

"I recking I'm a leetle outlandish or folks would'nt get so put outat my ways."

"Accordin to my notion you're a nasty, sneakin pup—that's the story!"

"I recking howsoever, your notion's considerable old and out a sorts, Miss Leggit."

"I aint a goin to be played on agin—I calculate!"

"You're beginin the old story agin, and you know ha'nt thinked on sich a thing."

"Ha'nt you been doin it all the time?"

"One o' two things is sartin, Miss Leggit—I ha'nt I ha'nt my senses."

"You ha'nt your senses then, for I recking I know when I'm played on."

“You had ort to—that’s a fact.”

“It takes me, I guess,” said the old landlady emphatically.

“You sartinly had ort to know your own feelins.—But accordin to my idee, folks that play on, had ort to know their feelins as well as them that’s played on.”

“Your sass is à caution any how !” said the landlady, with forced resignation.

“You’ve got that idee jest because you’ll have folks playin on you whether or no, and ’taint saying much for your gallish days nuther, Miss Leggit. Howsomever, I’ve done up my eatin, and you may now call my name Legg-it,” said Sam. Then rising from his seat he bowed low to his hostess and retired.

“Sich a critter ! Sich a critter ! exclaimed the landlady as the door closed after the servant.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XII.

O, stay, Slave, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.—SHAKESPEARE.

The cubless Tiger in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock ;
The Ocean when its yeasty war is waging
Is awful to the vessel near the rock :
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging—
Their fury being spent by its own shock,—
Than the stern, single, deep and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.—BYRON.

Now I will believe,
That there are Unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree th. Phœnix throne; one Phœnix
At this hour reigning there.—SHAKESPEARE.

Ten days had elapsed since the return of the travellers to York. Johnson was still in the service of the Secretary, nor had he as yet seen any evidence of his master's intention to break the covenant entered into during the aqueous conflict. Nevertheless he felt assured that Carleton would not be enabled to desist entirely, from the pursuit of his object. And thinking that he might be of use to Miss Carleton, in the service of her father, and believing that dissimulation for such a purpose, would, at any rate, be venial, he had endeavored to conciliate his master by an assiduous course of respect and obedience.

The Secretary had never, for a moment, abandoned the intention of capturing his daughter, nor, indeed, of marrying her to Cranmore; and the servant being now suddenly summoned before him, he said, while in the act of extending a packet to him—"Sam, this contains a thousand pounds, and with proper management will establish you comfortably in the world. You are welcome to the amount, but you must not expect my adherence to a promise that was extracted at an unguarded moment."

Johnson's wonted caution and good nature was well enough overcome; and he said, in hurried words—"I can't take your chink, Captin."

“Why?”

“I ha’nt no right to trade on the gall, as I know on, Captin,” replied Johnson.

“It is offered as a reward for saving my life,” rejoined the humbled Secretary.

“I don’t charge nothin for that.”

The Secretary viewed his servant a moment with mingled feelings of anger and mortification.

“You would do me a service by accepting it, at any rate, Sam.”

“For my part, Captin, I’ve come to the conclusion, that them that ha’nt a great deal o’ sich stuff, is the best off. I’ve obsarved the minute a feller gits considerable well to do in the world, the devil gits into ’im—and I calculate the best way o’ keepin clear o’ the critter is, to have no more chink than jest enough to git my vittles, clothes, and a brandy julip or two a day.”

“But, Sam, you will do me a kindness by accepting the money, though you should immediately bestow it on your friends,” said the proud Carleton.

“I’m afeared I’d jest be puttin the devil in ’em,” said the Captin.

“At any rate, Sam,” said the Secretary, endeavoring, as he spoke, to hide the vexation he felt—“at any rate, the connexion between us, as master and servant, must this night end. I have offered you a thousand pounds—accept or not—as you please. But you need not expect me to adhere to a promise, extorted by you

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I can't take the chink, whether or no, Captin. Howsomever, the gall's yourn; and folks differ in their idees about stickin to promises. But you don't ort to turn me out o' your sarvice jest because I happened to git a leetle too fast onct," said the servant with assumed humility.

"Once, sir! Your late course has been a series of errors!"

Well, Captin, I considered over our consarns after the duckin business—and you know I've been considerable *civill* sence."

The Secretary was some molified by this indirect apology. A moment's reflection, too, assured him of the truth of Johnson's assertion; and he began to flatter himself that this servant might yet be made a useful instrument to effect his diabolical purpose.

"Sam," thought he, "once moulded to my wishes, 's worth a dozen." Then addressing the servant, he said—"I fear your resolutions may prove but temporary."

"Try me, Captin."

"Will you promise implicit obedience, if I consent to retain you in my service?"

"Jest as fur as any sarvant had ort, Captin."

"I mean particularly with regard to my daughter?"

"I say agin, Captin, the gall's yourn, and I'm ready to sarve you. Wev'e lived together a considera

ble while; and if I've been too fast some times, it can't be helped now, as I know on. Howsomever, we a'nt a goin to part in sich a hurry, I conclude?"

Johnson's wonted smile played on his lips as he spoke; and the Secretary, forgetting the indignities he had suffered, smiled in turn.

"Well, Sam," said Carleton, "I will try you again."

The last word was yet sounding on the Secretary's lips, when the clamorous noises of men were heard at the door, and the next instant Caroline was forced into the presence of her father by two ruffians.

Her dishevelled hair and tattered clothes, together with sundry bruises and scratches on her face and hands, were alike evidences of her efforts to release herself, and the barbarity of her captors.

Sam Johnson's blood boiled in his veins, and he with difficulty dissembled the indignation he felt. But Carleton viewed the captive in apparent exultation, and inquired:—

"Do I at length behold my daughter?"

"Your afflicted daughter, Sir," returned Miss Carleton, in a calm, though firm voice.

"Are you now ready to obey my commands, Miss?" interrogated the Secretary, in an imperative manner.

"If possible," answered Caroline.

"If possible!" repeated Carleton. Your answer is conditional. Are you ready to become the wife of William Cranmore?"

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"I will have you made ready," growled the Secretary; and then he rang.

The bell was promptly obeyed by the maid; and Carleton, pointing at his daughter, said:—"Show this young lady to the apartment she formerly occupied!" Then speaking to the captors, he added:—"Attend your captive, and await my further orders at her door."

Sally, on recognizing her young mistress, fell suddenly to the floor. Miss Carleton attempted to get to her relief, but the iron grasp of the ruffians prevented. Sam Johnson, however, rendered the necessary aid, and the maid having recovered from her fainting fit, obeyed the command of her master.

The captors having departed with their prisoner, the Secretary told his servant that he intended to have Miss Carleton married the succeeding evening, and expressed a hope that the professions and promises which had just been made, would prove sincere.

Johnson replied promptly:—"You'll find me no back out, Captin."

"I indeed trust that I shall have no cause to regret this renewal of confidence," rejoined Carleton. Then writing a note to the Barrister, he delivered it to the servant, and added:—"Give this to Mr. Cranmore, and await his answer."

"You may be sartin on't Captin, if the Squire's got hum; but I'm a little dubious about that part on't."

"He arrived yesterday in good health," said the Secretary, and Johnson started on his errand.

Cranmore frowned as he read the note, and at length re-folding it, he addressed the servant—

"Sam," said he, "do you know the subject of this letter?"

"I recking I've got an idee on't Squire. The gall's nabbed any how!"

"It appears so. But is Miss Carleton resigned to her father's determination?"

"Not by a long chalk; and for my part, Squire, I don't think 'er the greatest ketch in nater nuther."

"Nor I Sam. Indeed, I scarcely know how to answer Mr. Carleton."

"Ha'nt you detarmined to marry the gall then, Squire?" enquired Johnson with an assumed air of surprise.

"Not entirely, I assure you Sam."

"I'm glad on't; for Sally's considerable bad now; and I shouldn't wonder if she got clean used up, before the consarn's eended."

"It is impossible that Sally can be so affected.—For what reason has she for expecting my hand?"

"Reason under sich sarcumstances is different from common reason, Squire. Howsomever, reason or no reason, I had to act Doctor to-night."

"Doctor!" repeated Cranmore.

"Yes, Squire, I had to act Doctor to-night."

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"Why, Squire, the Captin you know, never goes behind the bush to do up sich business. So, after he got the gall, he called in Sally to show 'er to 'er room; and when the poor critter see what was goin on, she screached like all nater, and fell as dead as a door-nail. Howsomever, after a while I got life into 'er agin."

"Does Mr. Carleton suspect the cause of the girl's feelings?" enquired the Barrister.

"Sartin—he knows it; and no mistake, he's in a desperate fuss to git things fixed between you and Miss Carry so they'll stay fixed."

Cranmore rose suddenly from his chair and strode two or three times across his room, while his countenance indicated deep thought. Then seating himself again, he stretched his legs and arms to their utmost and yawned.

These actions were considered by Sam Johnson as favorable tokens, and invigorated his hope of leading the Barrister to a speedy determination to marry the maid instead of the mistress.

"Sally's sartinly a feelin gall, Squire," said the servant.

"I believe it."

"I miss my guess, if she wouldn't make a considerable wife, too."

"I don't doubt that she would. It is a pity, however, that she has chosen so low a vocation."

"Sarcumstances alters cases, Squire; and that

won't be much thinked on I conclude, if the gall brings the chink along with 'er."

"Ay—but that I fear is doubtful."

"I recking the Captin don't doubt the sarcumstances o' the gall, any how."

"Has she confided to him her circumstances?"

"I recking not."

"He has found them out you think?"

"The Captin aints slow at smellin a rat—that's a fact."

"You think then he has smelt out her circumstances?" said the Barrister facetiously; and then he extended his jaws in mirth.

"I conjecter he knows somethin consarnin them."

"Why do you think so, though?"

"The Captin ginerally sends me to the post-office."

"And what have you learned by that?"

"That the Captin writes to Scotland and gits letters back agin."

"That is not conclusive, however."

"You'll larn the truth, Squire, after a leetle. The Captin likes chink as well as any body's folks—and as big a man as he considers 'imself, I recking he wouldn't sneeze at a gall that's got fifty thousand pounds, if she aint so desperate high in the world."

"Your insinuation really surprises me, Sam!"

"There's considerable seen Squire, that folks can't tell on, so that other folks can see it jest so," said John, and then he winked significantly at the Barrister.

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“ I ha’nt nothing to say about that part on’t, Squire. Ta’nt my business to tell tales out a doors. But there’s queer works goin on jest now, I tell you :— and you know yourself, Squire, that the Captin’s been desperate fast about gittin you spliced.”

“ He certainly appears very anxious to have me marry his daughter ; and I cannot think he desires it for any love or friendship he bears for me.”

“ It’s sartinly the queerest thing in nater—when nuther o’ you’s willin, that the Captin’s so detarmined consarnin it. Howsomever, Squire, I must be jogin hum ; and if you’re goin to send an answer to the Captin, I’ll take it.”

“ I say decidedly, that I will not marry Miss Carleton, and that will be the purport of my answer to her father’s note.”

“ Have you detarmined on what you’re goin to do ?” enquired Johnson.

“ Not exactly Sam. But thus much I will say—I prefer Sally to her mistress ; and if I marry either, the former will be my choice.”

“ Taint none o’ my business as I know on. But between me and you squire, accordin to my idee, she’d be the most suitable o’ the two ; and if you come to the conclusion to take Sally, its jest come into my mind that business mout be done up, so’s to larn the Captin, that he a’nt goin to run ridin whips down folkses throats for nothin.”

The Barrister's face blackened.

"What would you propose, Sam?" enquired he with malevolent eagerness.

"If you'll conclude to take Sally, Squire, and write the Captin that you'll be on the ground to get married, (take care that you dont say who to, howsomever,) and leave the rest o'nt to me, I'll agree to do up the consarn in grand agony."

"I fear your plot would be detected, Sam."

"I'll risk that part on't any how—and there's no two ways about it Squire, the Captin desarnes to be come over."

"Indeed does he," said the Barrister, relaxing into good nature: "And if the plot should fail, it would be no hanging matter, I suppose."

"I guess if it should, nothin worse than the throat rammin would turn out on't, any how."

"You may undertake at any rate," said the Barrister decisively; and then penning an answer to the Secretary, the servant received it, and left him to meditation on the prospect of the morrow.

Cranmore's note was concise—positive and in accordance with Sam's dictation. The Secretary now thought that nothing could interfere with the consummation of his design but the escape of his daughter, and to prevent that he determined to keep the door of her prison room continually guarded, till the marriage.

"Sam," said he, having read the answer and indulged a few moments in meditation:—"Sam it would

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not be prudent to leave the door of Miss Carleton's apartment unguarded."

"There's a lock to the door, I conclude Captin?" said Johnson with enquiring emphasis.

"Certainly."

"Aint that guard enough then?"

"Caution is wisdom, Sam," said the Secretary.

"Sartin—but how in nater is the gall a goin to get out, if the door's locked?"

"It is not probable that she would have any very ready way of escape, yet I think it well to be cautious."

"It cost considerable to git the gall, I calculate Captin?"

"More than I should like to pay for a second capture at any rate."

"The folks that's been paid for nabbin'er had ort to guard 'er door for nothin to night, Captin."

"I have dismissed them," said the Secretary in vexation at the servant's suggestion. "At any rate, I would'nt trust them."

"That's queer too, Captin, after trustin'em to ketch the gall."

"I had to trust them so far. But now having Miss Carleton in my power, I am unwilling also to give them the privilege of profitin by her ransom."

"I expect they aint the honestest folks in the world, Captin?"

"Depend on it, Sam, Mrs. Darwin would not grudge

a few hundred pounds for the liberty of her niece, and these fellows are only to be depended on as long as their hire is in expectancy. They would not hesitate to become hirelings to another, to undo what they have done for me."

"Folks that'll be hired to do dirty jobs aint much to be depended on—that's a fact, Captin."

"Well, Sam, if you will undertake it for me, I think I can trust you."

"I'm at your sarvice, Captin. Howsomever to tell the truth, I'd a leetle ruther be excused; for Miss Carry was a considerable friend, before she gin you the slip, and I don't like to git'er out a sorts with me."

This indirect opposition increased the Secretary's confidence in his servant, believing that if he had any sinister view, he would be eager to accept the office he was solicited to fill.

"If Miss Carleton is to have a gaoler, she would for the very reason you assign against officiating, prefer you to any other."

"The devil on't is, if Miss Carry's door is locked, and the hull house is locked up snug, I can't see no use in any body's folks bein at'er door."

"Some of my household servants might prove faithless," said Carleton. "Indeed I almost fear the foolish sympathies of Sally."

"Sally's an honest gall Captin!"

"True—yet she might be influenced by her sympathies to do a wrong."

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"The best folks do'n't always do the thing that's right—that's a fact."

"In order, therefore, to prevent any mishaps, I wish you to watch at the door of Miss Carleton's room to night."

"Jest as you say Captin ; but by jolly I don't like the job much. For I think considerable o' the gall, and don't want'er to get put out at me," said Johnson as he smiled placidly in his master's face.

"I shall at any rate entrust Miss Carleton to your keeping to night, and mind Sam, I will hold you responsible ! You will station yourself at her door ; and should you see or hear any thing that would lead you to suspect an attempt to escape, resist at all hazards—even at the risk of her life :—she must not escape !"

The Secretary trembled with agitation as he concluded, and waved his hand for the servant to proceed to the post assigned him for the night.

Johnson retired, and having arrived at the door of the prison room, applied his mouth to the key-hole, and addressing Miss Carleton, said ;—"Miss Carry, how do you like the idee o' my bein your turn-key ? The Captin would'nt take no for an answer any how."

"Since I am to have a gaoler, I rejoice at my father's choice; for I am sure you will not strive to increase my sorrows."

"That's honest, Miss Carry; and to be plain about

the business, I've got an idee, that I can git you out o' your scrape."

"If you have taken the trouble to think of me in that way, I feel thankful to you Sam."

"I've thinked considerable on't; and if you'll come to the conclusion to act accordin to the plan I've laid out, there wont be no mistake I guess."

"If you have been kind enough to form a plan for my benefit, I certainly cannot refuse to profit by it."

"You won't have nothin to do in the business, but jest to agree to what other folks do, Miss Carry. Howsomever, you've got to agree to't or the hull consarn will be knocked in the head.

"To what would you have me agree then ?

"For one thing Miss Carry, I want you to agree to let Squire Cranmore marry Sally.

"You don't expect an answer in the negative, I am sure Sam."

"I sartinly didn't; for I recking you would'nt cry to see the Squire hitched to any body's folks besides yourself. The devil on't is, howsomever, the captin's detarmined to have 'im spliced to you to-morrow night and there'll be considerable gineralship in gittin around 'im.

"If Sally and Mr. Cranmore, are both willing, I don't see how my father can prevent it. But such an union appears improbable to me.

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“You’ve got wrong ideas, Miss Carry. The Squire’s all over taken with the idee ’o marrying Sally; and Sally’s got a considerable notion o’ bein a lady—no mistake.”

“Has Sally consented ?

“She ha’nt been axed yet, but you need’nt to be consarned. Sally’s the gall that’ll take the Squire off o’ your hands; and if you’re willin we’ll have their business done up to-morrow night.”

“Sally, I am sure, will never consent to marry Mr. Cranmore, though he should desire it; and indeed I wish her no such misery for my sake.”

“There’s no mistake whatsoever about Sally; and if the gall thinks she’s doing big business, I don’t know as you need to be desperately consarned about it Miss Carry. The idee o’ bein a Squire’s wife won’t be no sneezin matter to Sally, I tell you.”

“I would not have you for my sake, influence Sally to take a step that she might ever afterwards regret—be assured Sam.”

“Why Miss Carry, if the gall can get along with his looks, its a pretty fair match for ’er. The Squire’s well to do in the world, and the gall’s got nothin but ’er hands to live by now.”

“These very arguments in her own mind, I fear, might actuate her to marry a man for whom she can

never have the respect and affection that a wife ought to have for a husband."

"That's their business—not ours; and if they've a mind to take each other for better for worse, we ha'n't no right, as I know on, to stand in their way by inquirin into their feelins."

"We, indeed, have no right to interfere with their affections. We should not, therefore, use our influence to persuade or dissuade."

"You may be sartin that I'll jest leave it to the gall 'erself, Miss Carry. If she's a mind to take the Squire, well and good; and if she ha'n't there's an end on't."

"If she chooses Mr. Cranmore, I have not a word to say. But if such an union be possible, how is it to be effected in my father's house to-morrow night?"

"Jest aseasy as an eel would slip through your fingers, Miss Carry, if you'll only agree to let folks do as they want to."

"I cannot consent to any intrigue, the object of which is to deceive either party."

"I ha'n't axed sich a thing, Miss Carry. I only want you to gin 'em a chance to do the business up accordin to their own ideas. For the Squire's all right, and Sally a'nt the gall that'll miss sich a chance. I know Sally as well as any body's folks."

"I would like, at any rate, to hear a development of your plot," said Miss Carleton.

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to agree to let you git married in sich rigin as you had on when he twigged you at the tea shine at Darwin House. Sally's jest about your heighth, and as to 'er shape, face, and hair, the rigin will make them all right."

"I think my consent to this part of your plot would, at any rate, be venial, if Mr. Cranmore and Sally should desire to be united. Yet I think you will fail; for my father will never consent to the disguise being worn."

"Leave that part on't to me, Miss Carry. The Captin and I've got on considerable tarms, and I can fix that, I calculate. Howsomer, when he comes to talk with you about the weddin—for I recking he'll gin you a call—you mus'nt be too crank, or you may spile the business."

"Understand, Sam, that I shall not even prevaricate with my father on the subject of my marriage. I cannot, for any purpose, indirectly admit that I would become the wife of William Cranmore."

"Your part o' the business is to say leetle or nothin when the Captin talks to you consarnin it; and my part on't is to git 'im to agree to the weddin rigin."

"I shall endeavor to be a proper pupil, Sam; but take care that you do not, for my sake, wrong your own conscience."

"I miss my guess, Miss Carry, if I don't do up my part on't without tellin a lie."

"Will you, however, effect your purpose by direct truth?"

"That's another story, Miss Carry. But I reckon I can talk to the Captin so's to bring out things accordin to my own likin, and not gin 'im a chance to accuse me o' lyin in the eend."

"You appear sanguine; but depend upon it, you will not readily lead my father into your plan."

"The Captin a'nt as slow as some folks, that's a fact. Howsomever, I've got an idee somehow, that I'll come over 'im. But I conclude, Miss Carry, you'd best take a nap; for if you don't, I'm afeard you'll be noddin to-morrow night, when you had ort to be makin tracks."

Miss Carleton, thanking the servant for his friendly hint, retired, and Johnson seated himself to mature in his mind, plans for her deliverance.

CHAPTER XIII.

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses?—CYMBELINE.

Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do it as from thyself.—SHAKESPEARE.

And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Aye! if you thought your love not cast away.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

The Secretary arose at the dawn of day, from a bed on which he had spent a restless night, and proceeded to the prison room of his daughter.

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The sound of his footsteps on the stairs, roused Johnson from a doze, and he was rubbing his eyes vigorously when his master approached him.

"Is Miss Carleton yet secure?" inquired Carleton abruptly, and in a nervous voice.

"Jest 'as safe as a thief in a mill, Captin," answered Johnson, as he continued to apply his fingers to his eyes.

"I must see her," rejoined Carleton, as he fumbled in his pocket for the key of the captive's door, and looked suspiciously at his servant.

"It's ruther arly to wake the gall, Captin."

"She must know at once, the arrangement with regard to her marriage."

"She knows that already, Captin."

"Well—how does it suit her?"

"Why, Captin; to tell the truth, the gall's desperately agin lettin folks see 'er married to the Squire."

"How does she want to be married?" interrogated Carleton.

"The truth on't is, there's been sich a tarnation fuss about the Squire, that everybody's folks knows she's been detarmined not to marry 'im; and it seems as though the gall can't face folks under sich sarcumstances."

"She shall, however; and it will be a very proper punishment for her obstinacy," said Carleton absolutely.

"Well, Captin, I've talked to the gall considerable; and it's my idee you'd best be a leetle accommodatin."

"I can't consent to her being married in a corner, Sam."

"That a'n't necessary as I know on. I conclude the weddin could be got along with if you'd let the bride wear jest sich rigin as you twigged the gall in at Darwin house, Captin."

"My daughter must not be married in disguise," said the Secretary passionately.

"Don't git out a sorts at me, Captin; for I a'n't a goin to be meddlesome in the consarn. Howsomever, I'd like to see an eend to it; and accordin to my idee, if the gall is willin to agree to sich tarms, it would be considerable better than to git into a fuss before folks."

"A fuss!" repeated Carleton,

"Sartin—as true as you're a livin man, Captin, there'll be a fuss instead on a weddin, if you don't come to the tarms I speak on."

"Does Miss Carleton threaten all this?"

"She ha'nt threatened nothin in puticular."

"Why do you think there will be a fuss then?"

"There's one thing sartin, Captin, the gall's detarmined not to git married under sich sarcumstances, that folks can say they see 'er married to Squire Cranmore."

"Would they not see her, if she was disguised?" interrogated Carleton.

"Sartin—but there's considerable in the idee; and if the gall thought she wa'nt it would be jest as well though she wa'nt."

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"Obstacity only dictates such a request, and if I should grant it, she would ask something still more unreasonable."

"I can't gin into you clean out, Captin; for there's no two ways about it—nothin makes folks more bold in doin things they're ashamed on, than to have their faces kivered."

"Miss Carleton must not be married in disguise."

"Squire Cranmore won't be a married man to night then, Captin'."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the Secretary, as he fixed his eyes in passion on his servant.

"Don't git riled, Captin; for if I've got a leetle more feelin for the gall than you think I had ort to have under the sarcumstances, that a'nt no sign that I won't do the thing that's right in the eend. Whether or no, I'm jest as sartin the gall won't be married in the way you're detarmined on, as I'm sartin I'm a livin man."

"I will see," growled Carleton, as he applied the key passionately to the lock.

Caroline, who had already been awaked by the voice of her father, shuddered as he approached her bed. He became more nervous as he gazed at the face of his daughter, and beheld the marks of ruffian hands. He could not but reproach himself for the fireling abuse, but he had now gone too far to turn back, and as if his passion was increased by self-repension, he stamped in frenzy on the floor, and uttered bitter imprecations against his own child. Caro-

line clasped her hands in agony of mind, and impulsively petitioned heaven to avert the curse. Her hands fell to her breast, and her eyes turned, in imploring mildness, on her father, who was viewing her with an aspect that bespoke more the demon than a parent.

"Caroline," said he at length, in a choked voice, "Caroline, I have come to apprise you, that arrangements are making for your wedding, and that you are this night to become the wife of William Cranmore."

Miss Carleton made no reply, and the Secretary, after a short pause continued:—"Understand me, Caroline, the wedding is to take place this night. Obstinacy cannot avert the consequence of my fixed determination, but may bring on you heavy calamities; while, by an obedient acquiescence, you may incline my heart to forgive your past offences."

Miss Carleton still remained silent.

"Will you obey?" interrogated the Secretary.

"It would give me pleasure to obey any reasonable command of my father," answered Caroline, indirectly.

"You nevertheless defy my power to enforce obedience to any command that you think unreasonable?"

"I don't defy any rightful authority that my father, as a parent, possesses," said Miss Carleton, in a mild and respectful voice.

"A prevaricating answer. I believe, however, I understand you. You think that the authority I am

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about to exercise, does not rightfully belong to me as a parent. Think as you may—my resolution is unchangeable; and if you still refuse to comply with my terms, you will find that I have power to enforce submission."

"I can never consent to appear as the bride of William Cranmore," said Caroline, firmly.

"To appear?" repeated the Secretary. "Aye, you would like to be disguised on the occasion, I suppose. No—no, Caroline—it shall not be a hide-and-go-seek wedding."

"I would rather meet death than accede to my father's desire in this respect," said Caroline, as she met the gaze of her father, with firmness.

"You refuse, then, to obey fully?" said the Secretary, inquiringly.

"I am constrained to refuse obedience, sir," answered Miss Carleton.

"It matters not—I shall enforce it," rejoined Carleton; and then turning suddenly on his heel, he left the room.

"Sam," said he to the servant, having closed and locked the door:—"You may retire for three hours, during which time I will remain at your post, for it would be imprudent to leave the door of my obstinate prisoner unguarded for a moment."

"The gall's pretty detarmined, I recking, Captin?"

"She would have me think so," replied the Secretary.

"By jolly, Captin, I guess the gall's in arnest; and if I was you, I'd any how feed 'er up with the idee that the weddin rigin might be accordin to 'er own notion," rejoined Johnson, in a low and wary voice. "I'm medlin a leetle, I know, but I'd like to see an eend to the fuss, some how or other—that's a fact."

"The course you advise, however, would only add to the difficulties. Once led to the belief that I intend to let her have her own way, she would be doubly obstinate when she should find herself deceived."

"You don't take my idee, Captin. Folks say there's more ways o' skinnin a cat than one; and I'm sartin there's more ways than one o' puttin an eend to this consarned fuss. The gall wants you to agree to a sartin thing, and you've detarmined not—when both o' you might jest as well as not have your eends sarved, to a sartin extent, any how."

"Explain yourself, Sam. I confess I cannot understand how I can comply with Miss Carleton's requisition, and at the same time have my own way."

"Why, Captin, you must let the weddin be carried out accordin to the gall's idee; but there's a way o' gittin along with it, after all."

"Yes—by allowing my daughter to have her own way," said the Secretary, in hurried words. "I cannot consent, Sam!"

"The gall would have 'er own way to a sartin extent—no mistake. There'd be a considerable rig at the eend on't, howsomever."

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"And the rig would probably be at my expense, too."

"You mus'nt blame any body's folks but yourself, then, Captin."

"Why?"

"Because it would be all your own doins."

"And what would the doings be?"

"Jest to pull the kiverin off o' the gall's face, after the Dominie's fixed things so they'll stay fixed."

The countenance of the Secretary evinced pleasure at the conclusion of Johnson's developement; and he said, in good nature:—"I cannot very well object to the whole scheme; and if this is the only alternative of a troublesome opposition, I will consent to it, provided you will undertake us my Major-domo, to divest the bride of her mask."

"I'm jest the folks that can do sich things, Captin," replied Johnson, in a voice that betokened the utmost caution.

"You may then, after relieving me, inform Miss Carleton of my acquiescence, through your persuasion," rejoined the Secretary.

"I'll fix that part on't strait; and I recking Sally'd best see the manter-maker about the business."

"The wedding dress was ordered last night. Sally may see the mantua-maker and dictate such additions or changes as her mistress may think proper." Johnson retired. Instead however of seeking refreshment on his bed, he sought a conference with Sally

in order to perfect the plot he now considered in good progress. The maid was yet in her bed, but there was no time for courtesies, and Johnson waked her from a sound sleep in order to make her a party to his intrigue.

He briefly related his plan and progress. The girl not only consented to become a party, but exhibited almost frantic delight at the idea of being elevated to the rank of a Barrister's wife.

"I did not think that Mr. Cranmore had even thought of me as a wife," said Sally at length, in a manner and voice that signified her happy state of mind. "Do explain?"

"Them love consarns, aint the easiest things in nater for any body's folks to explain; but them that's in the business had ort to know a leetle the most about 'em, I calculate," returned Johnson.

"Why Sam, Mr. Cranmore has never lisped to me a word about marriage, and I can't account for so sudden a thing," rejoined the maid.

"I guess he's gin you a soft look or two howsomever;" rejoined Sam Johnson.

The maid blushed and said as she gazed on the floor: "I never thought he intended to marry me."

"Big folks sometimes git come over, Sally, and the Squire's got a heart as well other folks, I recking."

"What could he have seen in me, I wonder?" enquired the girl, as she raised her eyes and smiled with joy.

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"That's a question you must put to the Squire 'imself, Sally," replied Sam Johnson. Howsomever, he'll be on the ground, and if ali s kept dark so' the Captin won't twig our business, you'll be Miss Cranmore to night, I guess."

"You may depend on me, Sam," rejoined the maid with an air that signified her capacity to keep a secret.

"It's not so much my consarn as yourn any how. I'm tryin to sarve other folks; and if you let the cat out o' the bag, 'taint my business to cry about it," said Johnson, and then leaving the maid, he directed his steps to Darwin House.

Caroline had not ventured without the forest since the night that her father's suspicions were awakened, till the evening of her capture. Her aunt had enjoined this entire seclusion, and in order to render it more endurable, had visited the forest-cottage every day till the present. This day passed away, however, and Mrs. Darwin had not made her accustomed visit. The omission was owing to indisposition, and Caroline suspecting the cause, started for Darwin House. It was dark when she issued from the wood and instead of proceeding through the pleasure grounds by the secret file, she pursued the main road, and entered them at the public gate-way. The hirelings of Carleton had been for the last eight or nine nights, secreted in thicket, about midway between the gate and house, and Caroline was here seized. Mrs. Darwin, unconscious of the capture of her

niece, was still slumbering on her pillow, when Johnson entered her house. She readily rose on being informed of his urgent request to see her immediately, and he was soon admitted to an interview.

"Well, Miss Darwin," said the servant, after bowing respectfully to the lady:—"You seem to be rather easy under the sarcumstances."

"I understand you not, Johnson," returned Mrs. Darwin in alarm at the servant's intimation.

"You ha'nt larnt that Miss Carry's nabbed, I conclude?"

"Miss Carleton!—where—when—how?"

"Can't say, Miss Darwin, for I ha'nt had time to larn the hull story yet. Howsomever she's caged and the Captin's goin to marry'er to the Squire to night at eight o'clock."

"Miss Carleton shall never be married to Cranmore," said Mrs. Darwin, in indignation.

"That'll depend on sarcumstances, Miss Darwin."

"Miss Carleton shall never become the wife of William Cranmore!"

"That's my way o' thinkin, too; but we've got to be a leetle snug about gittin the gall out on'er scrape."

"I will at the head of my household, male and female, at once proceed to her rescue!"

"I wouldn't be too fast, Miss Darwin."

"Delay may prove dangerous, Johnson."

"Under some sarcumstances it may; but under the present, I guess, it will be prudences to be a leetle slow."

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For Sally's agreed to take the Squire off o' Miss Carry's hands, and the Captin's concluded to git rid on a fuss-by lettin the weddin riggin be jést sich as he twigg'd Miss Carry in at your tea shine. So you see Miss Darwin, while the Dominie's doin up the business for Sally and the Squire, the gall can slip out, and if you'll have your coach before the Captin's at the weddin hour, I recking she'll git hum to-night."

"This would subject Mr. Cranmore to too gross a deception, Johnson, and I would prefer attempting Miss Carleton's liberation by force."

"You ha'nt the rights o' the story, Miss Darwin. The Squire's desperately tickled with the idee o' gittin Sally, and thinks he's doin bigger business than to take Miss Carry."

"He is aware of the intended intrigue then?"

"Sartin—he's agreed to take Sally, and I'm to fix things so he'll git'er."

"He will not be deceived then of course. But I fear that you will not be able to evade the searching and suspicious eye of the Secretary."

"The Captin aint slow at lookin through a feller I know. Howsomever, I've got an idee I'll come over im, Miss Darwin."

"At any rate, Johnson, I shall not only have my coach in readiness at the appointed hour, for Miss Carleton's reception, but I shall be prepared to rescue her by force, in case your plot should fail."

"I like the idee o' lookin ahead, Miss Darwin; and

may be, Squire Wilcox wouldn't have no objections to act Captin?"

"I doubt not that Mr. Wilcox would willingly lend us assistance if requested."

"I'll call and gin 'im a hint any how; and if I was in your place, Miss Darwin, I wouldn't be there a minute before eight: for the Captin mout be peekin round till the business is about beginnin."

"I will abide by your advice Johnson; but recollect that you are till then entrusted with the happiness of Miss Carleton," said Mrs. Darwin, and the servant winking significantly in reply to the lady's charge, retired.

On his homeward way, having purchased a mask, and got a promise from Mr. Wilcox to associate himself with Mrs. Darwin and her household, for the rescue of the captive lady, he relieved his master with a mind buoyed by the strongest anticipations of a successful termination to his plot.

The Secretary rejoiced in his heart to be freed from a duty which, notwithstanding his obduracy, had been fraught with compunctious meditations. Yet, on delivering the key of the prison-room to his servant, he could not forbear enjoining on him the strictest vigilance—especially at such times as Sally might be in attendance on her mistress.

The sound of his footsteps no longer heard, Johnson applied his mouth to the key-hole and communicated to Miss Carleton the tidings of his interview

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with Mrs. Darwin and Sally. Notwithstanding, however, his strong assurances of the gratification evinced by Sally at the prospect of becoming the Barrister's wife, Miss Carleton could not but believe that his own wishes, encouraged by a sanguine temperament, had misled him, till the maid herself, who a few minutes afterwards, entered her room to get directions for the dress maker, corroborated all.

CHAPTER XIV.

Born in a garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head
 Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd
 And from its wages only to be guess'd—
 Raised from the toilet, to the table, where
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.

BYRON.

Trifling villain !
 Who play'st with thine own guilt ?
 * * * * *
 But I will talk no farther with a wretch,
 Further than justice asks. Answer at once,
 And without quibbling to my charge.—WERNER.

Good morning sir ; You lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble ;—CYMBELINE.

The clock struck eight. Cranmore met his intended bride at the door of the prison-room ; and the affianced pair descending the stairs, were joined by a brides-maid and groomsman of the Secretary's choice.

A mask representing a pretty female countenance, hid the face of the maid, while her figure was entirely metamorphosed by a white satin dress of antique style, richly decorated with ribbons and lace. Her head was enveloped in a neat and fanciful head dress; and false, yet luxuriant, curls waved gracefully over either temple.

The bridal party entered the drawing-room. Johnson opened the door of the prison apartment again, and in hurried words said :—" Miss Carry, every thing's goin on as regular as a tea-party. The devil 'imself couldn't twig the gall in 'er riggin. Come to the head o' the stairs, and when you see my finger pinte at you, lean down, and you'll find Miss Darwin's coach waitin.'" Then suddenly descending to the door of the drawing-room, the other household servants, (whom the Secretary had stationed at the outer doors of the hall, in order to prevent the possibility of his daughter's escape,) thinking themselves relieved from their duties, huddled around him to witness the marriage.

Mr. Whifler commenced the ceremony. Caroline's marriage was an exciting subject in York ; and though the invitations had been distributed but a few hours, no guest was behind the time.

All eyes were fixed on the supposed Caroline Carleton ; and Johnson taking backward steps to the centre of the hall, gave the concerted signal. Miss Carleton glided down the stairs and passed out unobserved by any, save her faithful friend, who, following her, assured himself that she was under the protection of

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Mrs. Darwin and the young Sheriff. Then—having paused a moment, to take an imperfect view through the shades of night, of a cavalcade, wearing the livery of Darwin-house, as they pursued the rapid steps of the coach horses—he returned to the drawing-room door.

The marriage ceremony was finished, and the company was offering the customary congratulations to the bridal pair; nor was it long before the Secretary required the services of Sam Johnson.

The servant stepped into the room in obedience to the call of his master, who, as a malicious joy was exhibited on his countenance, said:—"Sam, you promised to act my Major-domo on this occasion."

Johnson made no reply, but looked in feigned surprise at his master. Carleton became irritated at the manner of his servant, and added in an imperative tone—"Fulfil your promise sir!"

"I ha'nt made none, as I know on, Captin."

"Fulfil your promise, sir!" repeated the Secretary.

"I say, I ha'nt made none as I know on, Captin."

"Scoundrel!—you have!"

"You're gittin a leetle fast, Captin!"

"Did I not only consent to the disguise being worn in condition that you would become my major-domo, on the occasion?" interrogated the Secretary.

"That mout a been your idee, Captin, but it wa'nt mine."

"What was your idea, then?—villain!"

"That I would'nt act major-domo."

"What did you say?" thundered Carleton.

"I said I was the folks that could do sich things; but I had'nt an idee on doin it, Captin."

The Secretary, in frantic passion, tore the mask from the face of Sally, and the affrighted Mrs. Cranmore, clasping the waist of her husband, looked imploringly into his face.

Carleton looked in astonishment, and the Barrister separated his jaws in mirthful gratification.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the Secretary at length. "Who have we here? Cranmore, do you know whom you have for a wife?"

"Very well, Mr. Carleton," answered the Barrister in a voice of triumph.

"You appear to be very well satisfied too," rejoined Carleton in contemptuous rage.

"I am perfectly so," said Cranmore emphatically, as he exulted in his heart at the idea that he had cheated the Secretary out of Sally,—or rather her fortune: Then indulging, again, for a moment, in his wonted noiseless laugh, he led Mrs. Cranmore from the room.

Carleton, after following the bridal pair with his eyes, through the door, again addressed Sam Johnson.

"Where is Miss Carleton?" enquired he vehemently.

"Can't exactly say, Captin," answered the servant in provoking placidity of voice.

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"Samuel,"

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"You have, then, again dared to indulge yourself at my expense—ha?"

"If the gall's got away, you don't ort to blame me for't, Captin, for I've obeyed orders clean out."

"Did I order you to let Miss Carleton escape?" fumed the Secretary.

"No, Captin; but my business at Miss Carry's door eended, when the weddin begun."

"You have been at the bottom of the intrigue, sir! You proposed the disguise for the bride, and you knew well Sally was to assume it."

"When I and you was talkin about the consarn, Sally knowed nothin o'nt—that's a fact, Captin."

"You knew she had assumed it, at any rate."

"I a'nt sich a sneakin pup, I conjecter, Captin, as to peek into rooms where galls is dressin."

The Secretary was not only satisfied that Caroline had effected an escape, but that a plot so deliberately formed, and so successfully executed, admitted no prospect of re-capturing her at present.

Besides, Cranmore being now married, the great object of his revengeful feeling towards his daughter was no longer in view. He became speechless with passion at Johnson, as the chief instrument in effecting the unfortunate termination of his darling design; and Whifler desirous of displaying an interest in his behalf, took advantage of the silence to reprimand the servant.

"Samuel," said the parson abruptly, "Samuel,

your conduct of this night, comports very illy with the professions and promises you made to me, on our homeward journey from Buffalo."

"Any how, Dominie," returned the servant, "I generally try to act accordin to what I agree."

"Your conduct to-night, has been very much at variance with your agreement with me, Samuel," rejoined the divine emphatically.

"I should'nt wonder if your memory did'nt sarve you, Dominie," said Johnson pointedly.

"Did you not profess to be sorry for your conduct to your master?—and did you not desire me to intercede for your forgiveness? Further, did you not promise, by your future obedience, to prove the sincerity of your professions?"

"I made no professions, or promises, Dominie, accordin to my remembrance."

"Samuel—I am surprised!" said the parson in measured words, as his eyes were sternly fixed on the servant.

"I can't help that, Dominie. If you've got wrong ideas, it's my business to put you right—that's to say, if I'm a party consarned."

"Samuel!—I am more and more surprised at your hardihood!"

"You seem to be desperately set, Dominie! but if you'll jest think a icettle, I guess you'll find out in the end, there's been some misunderstandin, and that I don't ort to be blamed so much, any how."

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"There was no misunderstanding," said the divine. "You plainly professed sorrow for your conduct—desired me to intercede for you, and promised future obedience to your master's commands."

"I'm beginnin to wonder myself, Dominie, you seem to be so desperate crank about the business; and I recking I'd best explain a leele, so that the rest o' the folks will understand the consarn between us."

"I will hear no explanation from you!—you are a gross deceiver!" vociferated the Rev. Mr. Whiffer in extreme anger.

"Right's right howsomever, and its my business to take care o' myself."

You cannot defend yourself in this matter at any rate."

"I snum, Dominie! you beat all my acquaintance. howsomever, I call myself no back out, and if you'll st answer a question or two man fashion, I guess the mate between us can be settled."

Johnson paused, and the Parson viewed him in wonder and passion.

"To begin Dominie," continued the servant at length—"after we'd had considerable chat about mine and the Captin's consarns, did'nt yon tell me that if I raily sorry for my conduct and wanted my master forgin me, you'd willinly intercede for me?"

"Certainly," continued the divine; and did you answer in the affirmative to these points?

I recking not. I telled you I was always willin

to do the thing that's right. Then you axed me if I didn't think it would be right to apologise to the Captin."

"Very well and what was your answer to this question?"

"That when I'd wronged any body's folks, I was willin to ax pardon. Then you axed me if I wa'n't convinced that I'd acted as I hadn't ort towards the Captin."

"True—and what was your answer?"

"That I was pretty sassy sometimes."

"What next then?" interrogated the Parson.

"You axed me if you should'nt undertake to heal the breach between me and the Captin."

"Your answer?"

"I said sartin, but guessed if you got along snugly with it, you'd have to plaster it well with soft soap."

"Proceed!" said the Divine.

"You then said, if I appinted you the physician, I'd have to allow you to form the *prescripchin*, and I telled you, you mout docter the breach accordin to your own idee."

"Correct," said the Parson. What more?"

"You said you'd apply the most healin medicine o' your art; but as there'd be some leetle responsibility attendin the ndertakin, you trusted my fute obedience would prove the sincerity o' my professins."

"Well, what did you say then?"

"That I wa'n't no back-out."

"What was I to understand from the whole conversation?" enquired the Rev. Mr. Whifler.

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"Jest—that I was always willin to do the thing that's right—that when I wronged any body's folks, I was willin to ax pardon—that I was pretty sassy sometimes—that you could undertake to heal the breach between me and the Captin, but if you got along with it snugly, you'd have to plaster it well with soft soap—any how, that you might doctor it accordin to your own idee—and that I'm no backout."

The Parson regaled his olfactories with Macaboy, and Johnson withdrew, while a feeling of mingled mirth and awkwardness pervaded the wedding party.

There was little sympathy for the Secretary; yet, perhaps, there was no one present, who did not desire to soothe the vexation occasioned by his disappointment; and he was relieved at least of the mortification of the presence of a company who had witnessed his ludicrous defeat, by their taking an immediate leave.

CHAPTER XV.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen, as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Call'd social, where all vice and hatred are.—BYRON.

After alighting from the coach at Darwin house, Miss Carleton immediately set out, accompanied by Mr. Wilcox, to traverse the forest path.

The young Sheriff turned on his steps at the cottage door, and Caroline again within its walls, felt more than ever the blessings of her secluded home.

She took lightly of refreshments, readily prepared by her old female servant, and retired to her bed in the hope of forgetting the trials of the last twenty-four hours. Such scenes, however, were not to be expelled from her mind; and while her eyes were mechanically closed, her thoughts were actively engaged in the unpleasant events associated with her capture.—She became feverish, and at length, delirious; and old Mrs. Trusket having administered till morning, without benefit to her patient, despatched her husband to Darwin house.

The cottager, in his relation to Mrs. Darwin, mollified the malady of his young mistress; but while the lady appreciated this tenderness, she saw, with the discriminating eye of a mother, a tale untold in the anxious aspect of the servant. She felt no desire to press questions, however. She even feared to do so, lest the answers might prove more alarming than her suspicions.

Mr. Wilcox had, for two years previous to his embarkation for America, been a student of medicine and Surgery. During this period, he had the advantage of learning practice with theory, by daily attendance at a public hospital; and in this receptacle of the diseased, he became an expert practitioner. But while he admired the theory, and admitted the palliative utility of medicine, he believed that it fell far short of its professed object, and often became an instrument of death, while alluring the patient with the hope of life

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Not only this—he found both by observation and experience, that the physician's duties had an unfailling tendency to blunt the sensibility of the heart.—Continually at the bed side of the sick and the dying, he becomes inured to scenes of agony, and at length witnesses them with indifference, whilst the naturally more obdurate spectator drops a sympathetic tear.

“Who,” thought Mr. Wilcox, “would abandon the nice sensibilities of the heart for the lucre of a profession?”

“True, indeed!—these sensibilities have trials associated with them—but such trials as leave a hallowed sensation on the soul—trials that emanate from those affections which alone elevate the noblest work of God above the brute creation.”

The young Sheriff abandoned his intention of becoming a practical doctor, and became an adventurer. He had not long, however, been invested with the Sheriffalty when that very compassion which had deterred him from the practice of medicine, forced him to exercise, partially, the art of healing.

During his official tours through his extensive district, he frequently found disease associated with poverty; and, like the good Samaritan, felt it his duty to administer for the relief of both. Mrs. Darwin, therefore, aware of his acquisitions, on receiving intelligence of Caroline's indisposition, penned a note to him, and ordered her coach to his door.

Mr. Wilcox did not long delay his toilet, and the

lady was soon gladdened with the assurance that her anxiety would not only be shared by another, but that she would have a capable adviser by her side.

The mental excitement of Miss Carleton had much increased after the departure of the old servant from the cottage. Nor was it necessary to enter her abode in order to realize her lamentable situation. Her wild cries were heard by her visitors when they were yet some rods from the cottage.

They entered the apartment of the young sufferer. She raved. Her language, though incoherent, betrayed her thoughts. She besought her father to pity—to forbear. Now she denounced Cranmore as a sordid wretch. Now the name of the young Sheriff was associated with cries for help and rescue.

The throbbing of the arteries, and beating of the temples—the fulness of the features—the eyes, and the redness of the face—all designated her disease as phrenitis, while the violence of the attack indicated not only prompt, but vigorous treatment.

Mr. Wilcox at once extracted blood liberally from the temples; and then following the venesection with applications of cooling lotions to the head, a decided appearance of amendment was soon observable.

Yet, day after day, and week after week passed away, before Caroline recovered her usual health and strength.

Wilcox was her daily and almost constant associate; nor had the characters of physician and patient been

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“Oh! love in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a God indeed divine.”

The young Sheriff had now sued for the hand of Caroline, and she, with undisguised feelings, expressed a desire to grant it. Nevertheless, she thought duty forbade an unconditional assent.

“My father’s rights should be respected,” said she, “and I would at least give him an opportunity to consent.”

“I have been premature,” returned Mr. Wilcox, with embarrassment. “I ought to have proposed to the Secretary first.”

Miss Carleton was embarrassed in turn.

“My father cannot object,” she rejoined.

“And should he?” said Mr. Wilcox, with anxious inquisitiveness.

“I should, in such case, feel justifiable in deciding for myself.” answered Caroline.

The Young Sheriff departed from the forest cottage with feelings similar to those described in the following lines:—

“Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too delighted ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
 And put it to the foil. But you, O, you !
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best."

CHAPTER XVI.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.

THE TEMPEST.

For those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But when they mean to sink ye.—SHAKESPEARE.

To be your fellow
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.—THE TEMPEST.

When Mr. Wilcox returned from the forest cottage, Sam Johnson was waiting at his house.

The night that blended the fortune of Sally with that of the sordid Cranmore, terminated this servant's duties under the roof of the Secretary, and his present object was to obtain a situation in the household of the young Sheriff. To use his own phrase, he had, in the mean time, "been a gentleman at large," having a particular desire to enter the service of Mr. Wilcox, whose detention at the cottage had, till now, prevented an interview for this purpose.

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Johnson was by no means a drug in market. His proverbial integrity, notwithstanding his peculiarities, would have been a sure passport for him into almost any house in York. His suit was, therefore, readily granted, and the interview being ended, Mr. Wilcox proceeded to the house of Carleton, in order to sue for the hand of Caroline.

He was received with cold politeness ; yet the Secretary's manner was not so repulsive that he thought himself bound to notice it. At any rate, he determined to have a conversation which would enable him to judge as well of the terms on which he was to consider himself with the father of Caroline, as of the prospect of gaining an assent to his union with her.

He at first spoke on general matters. The Secretary seemed to bend, and then the lover touched on the subject nearest his heart. Carleton frowned, but suddenly assuming a cheerful aspect, he afterwards conversed freely, while he avoided a direct answer to the young Sheriff's petition.

Soon perceiving that the object of Carleton was to get his daughter within his reach, and then to deal with her as he might think proper, Mr. Wilcox determined to keep the vantage ground in this respect, and left the Secretary without having received an encouraging or discouraging word.

He had not long been seated in his own parlor, when he received a note from Carleton himself—written by command of His Excellency the Lieutenant

Governor—informing him that he was no longer Sheriff. He had, too, only finished this, when Johnson delivered to him the Royal Gazette, in which he not only found his dismissal from office confirmed, but his successor named.

Francis Wentworth had, in the early part of his life, been an officer in the army ; but naturally of a vicious and an overbearing temperament, he became odious to his brother officers, who expelled him from their mess-table : and at length constrained to resign his military rank, he resorted to a farm as the only means of a support.

His residence near the capitol, he endeavored to cultivate the friendship of the powerful by a most assiduous and grovelling course of sycophancy :—nor did he fail to ingratiate himself with the great official patron of the Province.

The Secretary indeed read in the aspect and deportment of Wentworth a ready subserviency and pliable conscience. He thought such qualifications particularly requisite in a Sheriff, and recommended him to the Governor, for Mr. Wilcox's successor. Sir Francis never said nay to his Secretary, and Wentworth was invested with the Sheriffalty.

On going to and returning from the Secretary's Mr. Wilcox met some of his most intimate acquaintances, and thought he observed a restraint and distance in their greetings. The image of the lovely daughter of Carleton was too engrossing a subject of

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his thoughts to admit of long meditation on any thing else. Nevertheless, this conduct occasioned a momentary annoyance, while he could not imagine its cause.

The two notices before him, however, fully explained the principle upon which his quondam friend had acted. They had already ascertained that he was no longer in the favor of the Government, and it would have been treason against their selfish hearts, to have met him, as they were wont in his days of sunshine, with cordial friendship.

Had he never known Miss Carleton, he could have laughed at the ignoble act of the Government, but now he felt that a heavy blow had been struck at his dearest anticipations.

Though his office had been lucrative, he had saved little for this evil day. The poor had shared his purse—nay, he had even deprived himself of the comforts, in order to bestow on them the necessaries of life, and he had now scarcely enough left to maintain his household a month.

“How can I continue my suit for the hand of Miss Carleton?” thought he in pride. “I should become a beggar at Mrs. Darwin’s door for a subsistence.— Besides, to do so would be to solicit Caroline to share with me that disgrace which—however unmerited—the world will not fail to associate with my downfall.” He rang the bell, and his household servants were on around him. He read to them from the Royal Gazette his official expulsion—drained his purse to



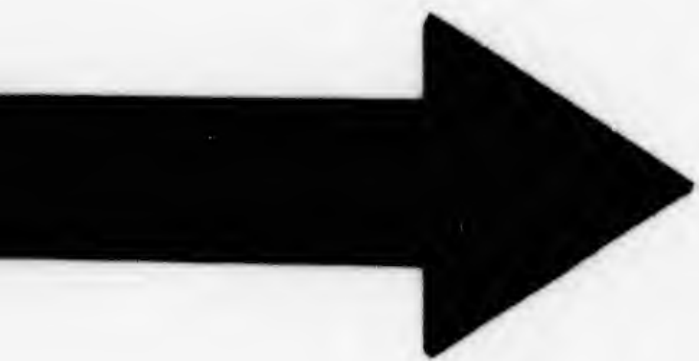
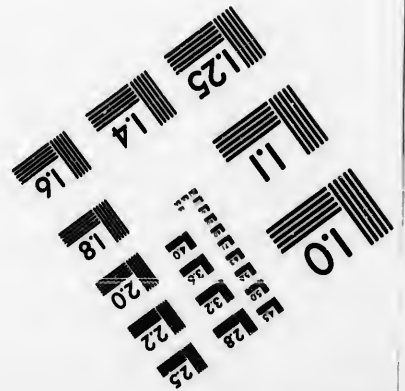
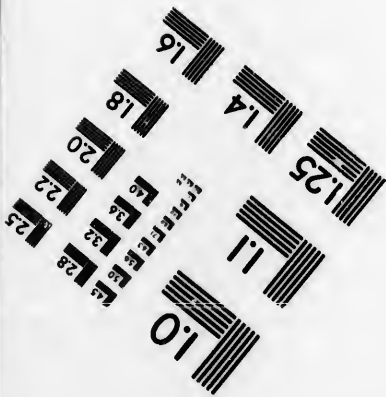
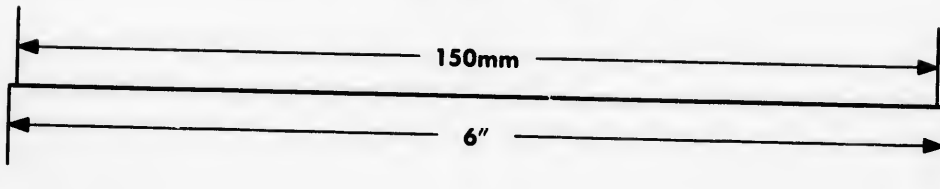
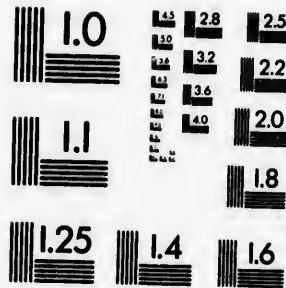
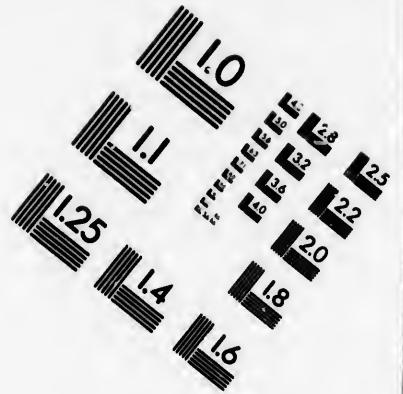
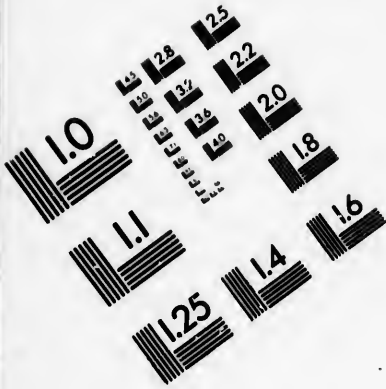


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meet their wages—thanked them for their faithful services, and then told them, with a full heart, that they must seek another home and master.

Each, save Johnson, took an affectionate leave of the ex-Sheriff, and wept on retiring from his presence. Johnson, however, maintained his ground, and after wiping some tears from his eyes, he forced a smile to his lips and said :—“ If you ha’nt no objections Squire Wilcox, I’d like to sarve you a leetle longer any how?”

“ I have no means now of remunerating you, Johnson, and cannot therefore do you the injustice to retain you in my service,” replied Mr. Wilcox.

“ If I’ve a mind to run the risk on’t, howsomever, I recking the Squire won’t turn me out a doors.”

“ Certainly not, Johnson, but you must not lose sight of your own welfare.”

“ I know how to take care o’ myself, I guess,” said the servant, and without waiting for a further remark from his master, retired.

The ex-Sheriff followed the kind-hearted Yankee with his eyes, and thought of the servants who had left him :—and, notwithstanding the adversity which had so suddenly befallen him, his heart was thrilled with a momentary happiness that tyrant never felt.

Alone again, he thought of various employments, only one of which at length seemed practicable. A free press was much wanted in York, and Mr. Wilcox knew that the announcement of one even, would be received by the people as a harbinger of political blessings. For—

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Sir Francis,

“ Within that land was many a mal-content,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent.”

By editing and publishing a newspaper, therefore, he thought he would not only be able to procure a comfortable subsistence, but make himself useful to his country, and resolved to turn the most of his furniture into a press and types.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nay, then, thou mockest me. Thou shalt buy this dear
If ever I thy face by day-light see :—

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;
As many other manish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

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In the course of a month after Mr. Wilcox had been
vested of the Sheriffalty, he issued a paper. Its col-
ms teemed with exposures of abuses which the
anadians were suffering at the hands of their rulers:
or did he spare any in the exercise of authority,
however high, who had lent themselves as instruments
corruption.

The Governor and his officials were excited to a
gh pitch of alarm and rage, by the boldness of the
tor, and the ex-Sheriff's situation soon became
vilous.

Sir Francis, who dreaded to have his evil deeds

wasted to the ears of his Royal Master, did not hesitate to intimate the propriety of destroying the life of a man who had displayed so audacious a disposition:—and the assassin thus stimulated by the chief magistrate of the Province, threw aside his disguise to all save the object of Government vengeance.

Mr. Wilcox had already two or three times miraculously escaped the assassin's dagger, when—through the persuasion of Mr. O'Cleary, who amidst his adversity still remained his friend—he became a partaker of a public dinner.

At this repast he met a young lawyer, who shall be known in this narrative by the name of Mustiface, and who had sometime been waiting for a favorable opportunity to display his loyal zeal, at the ex-Sheriff's expense.

Mustiface was below the ordinary stature, and his figure was strikingly singular and awkward.

His physiognomy was also peculiar and disagreeable. His forehead was low—his eyes were grey, and the lids encircled by a red rim—his nose was short—his cheeks full—his lips puckered and slightly pouting—and his chin pointed. The ground of his complexion was fair, but completely maculated with moles, and his hair was of a dingy yellow. Besides, his voice was squeaking; and though, as a member of the bar, he could claim a standing amongst gentlemen, he was destitute of every grace essential to an easy acceptance in good society.

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Such, however, is the vanity of man, that this young lawyer had been amongst the aspirants for Miss Carleton's hand; and, notwithstanding a shuddering aversion the lady had ever evinced towards him—imagined that he might now have stood in the enviable situation of a favored suitor, had it not been for an unfortunate occurrence of his youth.

One day the Secretary, mounted on a high mettled steed, was prancing along the streets of York. The animal took fright, and springing suddenly sideways, fell right dismounted him, while by the action, he was divested of his hat and wig.

Mustiface, at this juncture, was swaggering along the side-walk, and seeing Carleton's balled head exposed to the winds of heaven—thinking it a good joke—trew himself double and laughed outright.

The fit of merriment was not only noticed by the Secretary, but his aspect assumed a cast that it ever afterwards bore towards the young lawyer. It spoke veto to all the aspirations of Mustiface, who, at length, seeing the disadvantageous consequences of his graceful act, endeavored, by the most assiduous sycquancy, to make amends. While he professed to be only whom the Secretary loved, and hate whom he hated, he was an incessant applicant for office; and had already begun to realize the truth of the scriptural saying—"hope deferred maketh the heart sick" when he thought of bringing himself under the signi-notice of the official patron, by exhibiting a persevering spirit against the ex-Sheriff.

He not only refused to partake of the dinner with Mr. Wilcox, but openly pronounced him a rebel.—The ex-Sheriff resented the insult in language offensive to the young lawyer, and alluded to an after and more satisfactory step.

Mustiface, however, believing that Mr. Wilcox's loss of Government patronage would insure a secure excuse for avoiding a duel, and feeling confident of present support, stepped up to him with the professed intention of pulling his nose.

The editor prostrated the official champion, and party spirit was at once exhibited amongst the company. Our hero received many severe blows from unknown and cowardly hands. Yet he was not destitute of assistance. There were some even, who professed to deprecate his political opinions who were indignant at the conduct of Mustiface, and wielded their fists so vigorously in behalf of the ex-Sheriff, that his opponents thought it prudent to retire.

Mr. Wilcox rose early the next morning, and presenting a peremptory challenge to Mustiface, requested Mr. O'Cleary to become its bearer. The Barrister unhesitatingly consented to befriend our hero, and soon waited on the official champion, who, not forgetting the intimation at the dinner table, had before he slept called together some gentlemen, in order to obtain their advice as to the propriety of meeting Mr. Wilcox, provided he should challenge.

He was cautious in the choice of his counsel

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and doubted not that he would be honorably relieved of the necessity of endangering his life. He was, however, disappointed. They unanimously decided, that Mr. Wilcox, notwithstanding his political creed, must be considered a gentleman, and that if he challenged, Mustiface would be bound to meet him.

The champion was much agitated by this decision, but still hoped, by engaging a judicious friend, to avoid a duel. He therefore immediately waited on Mr. Strutwell, (a person on whose chicanery and friendship he thought he could depend,) in order to enlist his services; and having received the ex-Sheriff's note, sent for him—named him as his friend to Mr. O'Cleary, and withdrew.

On reading the challenge—finding that an unqualified and humble apology was the only alternative of a meeting—Strutwell decided for his principal on the latter course.

"As I cannot advise Mr. Mustiface to take a step humiliating for any gentleman, he must, of course, meet Mr. Wilcox," said he to Mr. O'Cleary.

Name the time, place and weapons then;" said the Barrister promptly, in turn.

"Pistols shall be the weapons; and in order to avoid our own laws, it would be well to have the meeting without the jurisdiction of the Province," rejoined Strutwell.

"It is the privilege of Mr. Mustiface's friend to name the ground," said Mr. O'Cleary, briefly.

The rush of ice from lake Erie, had been so rapid, and in such quantities, as to choke up the mouth of the Niagara ; and there being no outlet to that which followed—the whole mass freezing together—a bridge was formed across that rapid river.

This was, at that period, a phenomenon; and as there are always persons watching for opportunities to turn a penny—so now an individual by the name of Carey, thought he might do so, by giving his fellow man the privilege of partaking of good cheer—such as he was in the habit of furnishing on terra firma—under novel circumstances.

With this object in view, therefore, he erected on the ice, immediately over the channel of the river, (and the dividing line between Upper Canada and the state of New-York,) a small building. A flaming advertisement then appeared in the Niagara Gleaner extolling the liquors and viands, in readiness to be served at Carey's recess, and inviting all lovers of good cheer, to make, at least, one call.

"Carey's recess, then, shall be the place of meeting—as near which as practicable, on the American side of the channel, the duel shall be fought," said Mr. Strutwell.

"Very well—but it still remains for you to appoint a time for the meeting."

"At the dawn of the day after to-morrow."

The preliminaries of the duel thus settled, it remained for the parties to engage their surgeons, and commence their journey.

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The champion's second proposed that only one second should be engaged, and that a gentleman should be solicited to accompany them, as the friend of the principals, in order to settle any differences which might arise between the seconds. Mr. O'Cleary acquiesced, and the belligerents set out, in the course of the day, for Niagara.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ay, but he will not now be pacified.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me see how much I lack of a man --SHAKESPEARE.

There is no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his sake.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good shew, and this shall end without the perdition of soul.—SHAKESPEARE.

About mid-day, the 15th December, 1811, the officials of York were delighted by the arrival of the champion, thinking, from his speedy return, that the ex-Sheriff had fallen.

This imaginary triumph was not long, however, enjoyed. Mustiface, himself, was under the necessity of undeceiving them in this respect, though he protested that he had come off with honor, and added a tale of vindication of himself, by no means flattering to the prowess of his antagonist.

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Strutwell's story was reserved for a later period.—
 leading urgent business, he parted with his principal,
 and proceeded to Kingston, without stopping long
 enough in York to take refreshments of any kind.

Nevertheless, Mustiface was not without assistance
 in his attempt to uphold his own conduct to the detri-
 ment of our hero. Two individuals who, (unexpected-
 ly to Mr. Wilcox and his second,) had accompani-
 ed him throughout the belligerent tour, were voluble in
 his behalf.

But in his hurried homeward drive, he had left be-
 hind him, not only Mr. Wilcox and Mr. O'Cleary,
 but the Surgeon, and the common friend. These lat-
 er gentlemen could not be accused of bias; nor did
 they hesitate to vindicate the conduct of our hero, and
 consequently, to contradict the fabrications of the cham-
 pion and his supernumerary friends. Besides, there
 were discrepancies in the stories related for the bene-
 fit of Mustiface, which staggered the credulity of many
 who would fain have seen cowardice stamped on
 the character of Mr. Wilcox, while the consistency
 with which his deportment throughout, was upheld,
 carried credence to the minds of all who were in the
 least candidly disposed.

The official core becoming exceedingly uneasy, at
 length, lest their champion's enterprize should entirely
 fail, called a meeting, and resolved that a letter on the
 subject, should be addressed to Strutwell. But while
 the contents of this communication were dictated by

the official junto, their secretary was particularly
 joined to write it as if acting under the dictates of his
 own heart, in the matter. The following letter was
 therefore, despatched to Kingston.

“YORK, Dec. 16, 1811.

“MY DEAR STRUTWELL:—I was greatly surpris
 on hearing yesterday, that the absence of our friend
 Mustiface, for the last three or four days, was caused
 by an affair of honor—and be assured that the version
 given of the transaction by the adverse party, has
 caused much mortification to his friends, while they
 cannot but hope that you will be enabled, on your re-
 turn, to allay their fears for his character.

“In the meantime, however, I consider it my duty
 to write you in brief on the subject; and then your
 own judgment will suggest to you the course to be
 followed, in order to protect the character of your
 principal.

“Mr. O’Cleary says that all the preliminaries of a
 duel were settled as proposed by you, before leaving
 York—except such as must necessarily have been ar-
 ranged on the ground—that is to say, except the load-
 ing of the pistols—measuring the ground, and placing
 the principals; and that a meeting at Youngstown
 was neither proposed, nor anticipated by either party.

“Besides, it has been asserted in the most positive
 manner, as well by the surgeon and common friends
 of the principals, as Mr. O’Cleary, that our friend
 even fled from the battle ground.

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"These relations are entirely at variance with the
 story of Mustiface.

"I am, my dear Strutwell,
 "Yours very truly,

"THOMAS MEDDLETON."

Strutwell on parting with Mustiface hoped that
 he might never again hear of the affair which had ter-
 minated so unfortunately for the honor of his princ-
 ipal; nor did he feel that he had gained credit for him-
 self by being associated with it. On receiving Med-
 dleton's letter, therefore, he thought himself in a most
 embarrassing situation. But he still flattered himself
 with the hope that the excitement (which he was now
 assured the belligerent tour had occasioned) would
 abate before he returned, and even prolonged his
 journey at Kingston. However, the friends of Musti-
 face—or rather the enemies of Willcox, (determined
 either by fair or foul means, to destroy the character,
 not the life of the latter,) were not to be lulled into
 slumber, and strutwell had scarcely got seated in
 his own house when the junto-Secretary was an-
 nounced.

Greetings being ended, the subject of the duel was
 once mentioned by Meddleton.

"The character of our friend has suffered exceed-
 ingly by your absence, Strutwell," said he.

"Ah—indeed!" ejaculated the second; and then
 rummaging with his fingers on a table, he seemed to be
 in deep thought.

"Did you receive my letter, Strutwell?" enquired the junto-Secretary, after a pause of several moments.

"I did; but thought an answer would scarcely sooner arrive than I," answered Strutwell, while he continued the drumming with his fingers.

There was now a long pause, and Meddleton came uneasy on his chair.

"Meddleton," said Strutwell at length; and he threw himself back in his chair, and folded his arms as he spoke. "Meddleton—we may as well be plain with each other, and then do the best we can to get Mustiface out of his unfortunate difficulty."

"Certainly," replied the junto-Secretary. "I will have you tell me the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and I trust we can keep our own counsel."

"To be plain then—Mustiface is not of the temperament to smell gun-powder—especially if there is any chance of becoming game himself."

Meddleton laughed out-right.

"You think his olfactory nerves are rather sensitive—ha?"

"Exceedingly so," answered Strutwell, and then laughed too.

"Well—well—I suppose the poor fellow can't help it, and we must endeavor to screen his character," rejoined Meddleton.

"Certainly," said Strutwell. "But be assured it will require our joint ingenuity to do so."

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"It will indeed; for I have already discovered contradictions, not only in his own vindicatory relations, but in those of the two simpletons, who were unfortunately attached to your party—while the candid statements of O'Cleary, supported by the surgeon and common friend of both principals, are formidable barriers to surmount."

Strutwell became again meditative. At length he said:—"I am surprised to hear that there have been contradictory statements by our friends; I repeat a story every stop we made, during our homeward ve, in order to prevent discrepancies."

"Nevertheless, we will be enabled I hope, to succeed so far as to leave the public in doubt, as to the paltroun."

"It will be an arduous task, Meddleton!" said the champion's second, as he shook his head significantly.

"We must not despair, however!" returned the Junto-Secretary in alarm at the words and manner of Strutwell.

The second ordered brandy, and it being placed before him, he said:—"Come, Meddleton—our brains certainly require some artificial stimulous, in order to enable us to invent on this occasion."

"I wonder," said the Junto-Secretary as he approached the decanter—"that Mustiface did not resort to something like this in order to dissipate his fears."

"Mustiface!" ejaculated Strutwell. "He was a perfect brandy keg before we got to Youngstown.—"

But poor fellow! he could not dissipate the terrors of death. Indeed, Meddleton—to make short of a long story—all the gun-powder and brandy between the Atlantic and Niagara commingled;—(for it is said that mixtures of this kind inspire courage)—nay, all the powers of the infernal regions, could not have forced Mustiface alive to face the mouth of Wilcox's pistol."

Strutwell now took a copious draft, but Meddleton was cautious.

"How the devil did you get the fellow to Youngtown at all, if he is such a paltroon as you represent him?" enquired the Junto-Secretary.

"By promises, that if he proceeded to the end of the journey, I would devise a plan that would enable him to return home with more honor, than by apologising to his antagonist, after having accepted the challenge."

"Did he then indeed desire to apologise?" enquired Meddleton, curious to hear the history of the Champion's conduct.

Strutwell helped himself to another potation of the inebriating fluid; and then placing the decanter before the Junto-Secretary, he replied:—

"Apologise—damn him! we had not travelled five miles before I became satisfied that he had repented of his course, and wished to bring me into a conversation the object of which was a mediation. I was very desirous however; for I determined not to become a fool of the play. It was now, indeed, too late to seek a recon-

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ult of cowardice, and I therefore thought he might
well flee from the ground as to apologise—but he
was as indefatigable in his efforts to attract my atten-
tion to his inclination, as I was dull of apprehension.

"Having finished our first days journey, I used all
means in my power, to buoy his spirits, and I must
give him credit too, for endeavoring to gratify me.
I drank brandy as if it were water, and, indeed, it
seemed to have no more effect. He tried to laugh with
his friends; (for you know Spindleton and Legalmore,
were with us;) but his aspect became pitiful and tears
in spite of his efforts gushed from his eyes."

"I resolved to retire early, and proposed to him to
sleep with me. He readily acquiesced, and I hoped
that the brandy which had done so little towards eleva-
ting his spirits, would operate as an effectual sopori-
fic."

"I was again disappointed. I had just got into a
comfortable sleep when I was awaked by frantic and
incoherent lamentations from my bed-fellow. He was
talking of the dangers of the duel. I pitied him,
and resolved to awake him, and relieve him of his ter-
rors. But he suddenly bounded from the bed, and
opening the door flew from the room. I called, but
received no answer, and pursued.

He outstripped me, and though I heard his foot-
steps on the stairway, when I reached the bottom
every sound ceased: nor was he to be seen."

"I went to the bar-room, waked the ostler and procured a light. With the aid of this, I in vain, searched every room accessible."

"I thought of waking our companions; but unwilling to expose his weakness to them even, and satisfied that he was secreted within the house, (for the outside door of the hall could not have been opened without my knowledge,) I persisted to search alone."

"At length observing a small opening under the stairs, I entered it, and found it a receptacle for rags. I overhauled a number of the articles, and was about retiring when I observed a movement near the bottom step.

"There is certainly some live animal there, thought I, so I crawled under, and pulling the rags away, both to my astonishment and joy found Mustiface."

He lay as close as he could squeeze himself under the steps and was entirely enveloped in rags. I spoke to him in a subdued tone lest I should expose him, but I received no answer. I then extended my hand and shook him. He seemed not to feel, while a cold clammy sweat adhered to my hand. His eyes were open but fixed, and the light caused no movement of their lids.

"Drawing him with some difficulty from his covert I carried him to our room and lay him on the bed, still determined not to expose him, even to our own companions.

"I began to chafe his temples, and was soon encouraged by feeling the parts heat under my hand. I

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"The leg?"
"The leg,"

"The calf?"

forced, (his teeth were set,) some water into his mouth. He groaned—his eyelids quivered, and his eyes began to move in their sockets. I continued the pouring—a violent tremor seized him, and I became again alarmed for his life.

"I watched him; but knew not what to do. Although he scrutinized me and then spoke my name.—I ejaculated his in turn.

"Is it mortal?" enquired our friend, and he moved impulsively as he spoke.

"At once catching his idea, and willing to encourage him in the happy belief that he had no farther danger to apprehend, I readily answered: No, no, justiface, by no means—slight—very slight indeed."

He appeared much soothed for a moment, and then his eyes were again directed towards me.

"Don't flatter me, Strutwell," said he.

"I replied no, you may be assured that I will not."

"I fainted from loss of blood, I imagine?" rejoined justiface.

"Very likely," said I.

"Where did I receive the wound?" he enquired—
"I feel no pain now."

"I hesitated, but at length replied that it was only a flesh wound."

"In what part?" asked he, and I again hesitated.

"The leg?"

"The leg," I answered.

"The calf?"

"The calf," I repeated."

"He then put his hand down to feel, but discovering nothing by the touch, he rose on his elbow and looked down at his legs. He descried no wound, and looked up inquiringly into my face."

"I could no longer maintain my gravity, and Mustifia's countenance, assured by my merriment, that he had been dreaming, the horrors of anticipated danger were again depicted on his countenance.

"Repenting of my indiscretion, in order to counteract its effect, I at once told him that I had determined to evade the intended conflict."

"He chuckled with joy, and said :—"Recollect, Strutwell, that my honor is in your hands."

"I do said I in reply, and be assured, Mustifia, that I shall take as good care of it as circumstances will admit."

"As if still desirous of keeping up a semblance of courage by pretended resistance to the course I had decided on, he bounded suddenly to the floor and said, "Strutwell, we must not be behind our time ?"

"By no means said I, but we have plenty of time to sleep and be on the battle ground twelve hours before the appointed time."

Suspecting from my answer that his exhibition of prowess had caused me to abandon the intention I had just expressed, he appeared again much disconcerted, and I distinctly told him the course I intended taking in order to avoid a battle.

"Your life must not be jeopardized," said I, "but cannot stop here. We must go to the appointed place, and be there too, half an hour before the time fixed on for the meeting. Of course, your antagonist will not have arrived so early, and after pausing a few minutes, we may drive home with a prospect of avoiding disgrace.

My intention thus expressed, Mustiface returned to bed, and covering himself carefully, soon dropped to a sound sleep.

I followed his example, and was not again disturbed till the sun's rays shone brightly into our room.

When I awoke, Mustiface was still wrapped in the arms of Morpheus; nor was he readily persuaded to leave the embrace of the god. At length, however, being roused him and our companions, the second day's journey was commenced, and we arrived at New York early in the evening, as merry a set, (Mustiface not excepted,) as ever lived.

We kept vigil of the hours over a card table, and a bottle of brandy; and in order to carry out the object in view, I frequently, through the night, expressed my disappointment at the delay of the adverse party; while Mustiface declared, that unless I should see Wilcox on the American side of the channel in the morning, I would not allow Mustiface to meet him."

Trutwell took brandy again, and continued:—"I had forgotten myself in a game of whist, when our antagonist, (whose merriment through the night, had exci-

ted the admiration of Spindleton and Legalmore, but who had tested my gravity to the utmost, by another scrutinizing the hands of his watch,) expressed a fear that we would be behind our time.

"I found, on examination, that the dawn of day could not be far off, and ordered our sleighs. It was yet quite dark when we approached Carey's recess; but I indistinctly perceived human forms a few rods ahead, and suspecting them to be the opposite party, ordered Mustiface, (for he held the reins,) to increase our speed. Whipping up his horse, therefore, we passed over the channel of the river, as O'Cleary, closely followed by his principal, met us. We continued our homeward course, however, and you know the sequel, Meddleton."

"I imagine so," said the Junto-Secretary, in reply to the concluding remarks of Strutwell.

The two friends drank again; and Meddleton, believing the mind of Strutwell to be in a state sufficiently pliable for the purpose designed by the official junto; for signs of inebriety were now very evident—he drew a paper from his pocket, and exhibiting it, said:—"This, Strutwell, is a vindication of Mustiface's conduct, drawn up under the dictation of Spindleton, Legalmore and himself. I have endeavored to reconcile the discrepancies that occurred in their early relations, and, I trust, it will not vary much from the view you would wish to give the public of the transaction between our friend and Wilcox. Mustiface," added

the Junto-Secretary, undertake what was necessary, therefore, the government

"His loyal behalf, and I had Strutwell

"You will signature for Spindleton, as he had

the champion's "Read it, if you would, Strutwell sign it."

Then putting the Junto-Secretary

An attestation in silence our

"It certainly attestation, one copy

and of Mustiface "I will call

"I will send him, copying as he signed.

Meddleton signed in the court

—administered the oath, and retired

the Junta-Secretary, "was actuated by loyal feeling to undertake what he could not effect. While his weakness, therefore, calls for our compassion, his zeal for the government demands our protection."

"His loyal zeal entitles him to our best efforts in his behalf, and I am determined to support him," replied Strutwell, hiccuping as he spoke.

"You will then, perhaps, not object to put your signature for such purpose, to this paper?" said Meddleton, as he held the vindication before the eyes of the champion's second.

"Read it, if you please;" and Meddleton having read, Strutwell answered:—"No—all right—I will sign it."

Then putting his signature to the vindication, the Junta-Secretary, after a few moments, articulated:—"An attestation to the truth of this, would tend much to silence our opponents."

"It certainly would; and with a little mental reservation, one could be made, I think," answered the second of Mustiface.

"I will call in a Justice of the Peace?"

"I will send for Bolingbrooke," said Strutwell, hiccuping as he spoke; and then he summoned his servant.

Meddleton subjoined an affidavit to the vindication; and in the course of fifteen minutes, the Justice arrived—administered the oath—took brandy with the defendant, and retired.

The Junto-Secretary, in haste to deposit the vindictory fabrication with the printer, also took his leave, and Strutwell staggered to bed.

CHAPTER XIX.

That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who worked his wantonness in form of law.—BYRON.

“Blest with freedom unconfined,
Dungeons cannot hold the soul:
Who can chain the immortal mind?
None but he who spans the pole.”

Come, bring forth the prisoners.—SHAKSPEARE.

The belligerent affair between our hero and Mustiface, had now, for the last fortnight, been a constant theme of conversation amongst the beaux and belles of York. The supporters of Mr. Wilcox did not fail to use the advantage gained through the discrepancies between the relations of the official champion and his two supernumeraries; but his apponents threatened, that all would be readily reconciled by Strutwell; and that Mustiface's character, as regarded the affair, would yet stand unspotted before the public.

Strutwell having returned, all, therefore, were looking to him for a version. They however looked—nay, inquired, in vain. The second of the official champion was mysteriously silent—nor were any more anxious to know the story that was to be promulgated to the world as his, than Strutwell himself. He had, to

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be sure, heard Meddleton read it; but his ideas were then dancing on fumes of brandy, and he could not trust to memory so precariously founded.

At length the vindication appeared, and all had the privilege of reading by their own firesides, what had in vain been sought through the medium of Strutwell's lips. The version, however, was unsatisfactory to the discriminating reader. There was evidently a want of consistency throughout, and there seemed to be a lurking reproach even, against the official champion, in every effort to screen his character.

Nevertheless, the most superficial partisans of Musti-
face, received it, as it was intended, and thinking our hero in reality, the paltroon, were roused to a high pitch of loyal excitement. Some indeed had well-nigh made up their minds to bring themselves into executive notice, as champions against the isolated Wilcox, when the vindictory fabrication was effectually demolished by the irony and sarcasm of Mr. O'Cleary.

The Barrister's reply tore, as it were, the film from the eye of the blindest partisan; and the official core believing no longer inclined to display their loyalty, by an open rupture with our hero, exhibited towards him, for a few days, a temperament unusually placid.—But the assassin never evinces so saintly an aspect, as when plotting for a victim. This serenity was like a calm before a storm. The gentry of York, instigated by His Excellency and the Secretary, were devising means to rid themselves of the censorship of the Sheriff, under the color of the law of the land.

A clear insight into the selfish and grovelling policy so carefully nursed in the British North-American colonies, can only be acquired by a residence in them. Language cannot describe it—but the colonist knows that the constitution of his country has proved an entangling web for the virtuous, and an effectual screen for the vile!

“ Still, still, forever
 Better, though each man's life blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Dam'd like the dull canal, with locks and chains,
 And moving as a sick man, in his sleep
 Three paces and then faltering :—better be
 Where the extinguished spartans still are free,
 In their proud chanel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our father's had
 One freeman more, America to thee !”

Treason was now to be laid to the charge of Mr. Wilcox, and witnesses to substantiate guilt were to be procured at any price. In a country where corruption was nourished in the highest places of the Government, it was not difficult to find such as were willing to forfeit their souls for filthy lucre.

A formal complaint was made to Justice Bolingbroke. Mr. Wilcox was suddenly arrested in the street by his successor in office; and without being informed of the charge alleged against him, was incarcerated in a dungeon.

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Sam Johnson hearing of his master's arrest, proceeded in haste to the gaol; and meeting the Sheriff on the threshold of its outer door, said abruptly:—"How do, Squire Wentworth?"

The Sheriff looked in silent and angry pride at the young Yankee, who continued:—"If 'taint no offence, I'd like to ax a question or two about the nater o' Squire Wilcox's crime; for I recking from what I've larnt you've caged 'im."

The countenance of Wentworth betrayed demoniac feelings, while he replied to the servant:—"It is enough for you to know that his crime is sufficient to hang him!"

"You mean accordin to Canada justice, howsomeyer, I conclude," rejoined Johnson, his wonted equanimity being almost deranged.

"Yes," said the Sheriff briefly and in a tantalizing manner.

"Well, Squire, it's my idee you aint fur from the mark."

"You believe, then, that your master deserves hanging?"

"Accordin to Canada justice, Squire."

"But not according to Yankee justice!—ha?" said Wentworth, suddenly conceiving the servant's idea.

"I recking not. I never knowed folks hanged for their honesty in the United States, any how."

"Wilcox is a damned traitor; and so are you!" yodiferated the Sheriff, as he glared in passion at the servant.

"As to myself, Squire, you're a leetle flatterin.— But I recking you're right in your idee about Squire Wilcox ; for he's as honest as the day's long."

"You consider it honest to commit treason, then ?" said Wentworth enquiringly, as his breast heaved with passion.

"I consider it honest to do what the Canada big folks call treason, any how, Squire."

"You think it honest to plot the destruction of the Government ?"

"Not by a long chalk. That's jest what the big folks is at," answered Johnson, and then he smiled good naturedly in the angry face of the Sheriff.

"Villain !—Beware how you speak of Government officers !"

"I'll say nothin but the truth about any body's folks, Squire."

"No more of your allusions, at any rate !"

"I ha'nt made none yit, as I know on."

"You intimated that the Government officers of Upper Canada were traitors !"

"I ha'nt made no intimations or allusions, as I know on, Squire."

"You are indeed a bare-faced Yankee !" said Wentworth, as he endeavored to hide his rage behind an ill-assumed smile of contempt.

"I ginerally keep my face onkivered, Squire."

"You have accused the officers of plotting for the destruction of the Government !" cried the Sheriff.

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“That's jest the story, Squire. Ta'nt my way to intimate or allude. I like plain up and down dealin myself.”

“You plainly, then, accuse the Government officers of Upper Canada of being traitors to their King ?”

“That's the eend on't. Folks that's tryin to upset the Canada Government can't be desperate friends to the old chap, accordin to my idee, any how.”

“Have you any more ideas to offer ?” enquired Wentworth, and he sneered in rage at the servant as he spoke.

“I ha'nt run clean out yit, Squire ; but I don't want to be too forrid.”

“I would like to hear your further ideas,” rejoined Wentworth, in the hope that Johnson would effectually commit himself with his words, while he still struggled for patience to listen.

“Well, Squire, to begin—sence I've been in Canada, I've obsarved that the big folks is desperately agin the King.”

“Proceed !” ejaculated the Sheriff.

“The old chap, you know, had an idee 'imself o' making Canada folks free, and gin 'em a constitution.”

“Very Well.”

“The big folks, howsomever, didn't like it, and come to the conclusion to act, after all, accordin to their own ideas.”

“What then ?” interrogated Wentworth.

“They've ever sense been cheatin the old chap and murderin 'is friends.”

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continued :—

"Ha!" exclaimed the Sheriff.

"Keep cool squire. It's a true bill. Canada's got a Constitution and laws, but they a'nt worth a brass cent to the people."

"Any thing more?"

"Not as I know on, seein you aint willin to argue the pinte, and now squire if you haint no objections I'd like to gin Squire Wilcox a call."

"I have indeed very serious objections," replied Wentworth with an air of triumph.

"I'd like to know what they be then," rejoined Sam Johnson.

"You shall neither know my objections, nor have any communication with your master.

"You're considerable crank for folks that's jest got to be somebody, that's a fact, Squire!" said the servant with a tartness of temper unusual with him.

The Sheriff placed his hand on the hilt of his small sword, and said in measured words:—"Beware Johnson! I will take no more of your insolence tamely."

"I call myself a civil man, Squire, and folks that don't desarve sassin, will never get sassed by me."

"I call you a damned Yankee rascal, and a proper candidate for the gallows!" fumed Wentworth.

"Folks is always willin to believe any thing that helps their trade, that's a fact."

Wentworth looked in mingled malice and mortification at the servant, who, after a momentary pause, continued:—"I recking, Squire Wentworth, you're



lookin a leetle ahead. The price o' hangin a man's considerable; and sich a job would give you a start in the world agin."

The Sheriff suddenly unsheathed his sword, and made a treacherous thrust at the heart of Johnson, who saved his life by a dexterous movement of his body; but receiving the weapon between his flesh and ribs, he seized the blade, and a desperate struggle ensued.

The gaoler, who had listened to the dialogue throughout, rendered a ready assistance to Wentworth, and the servant was at length forced out of the door with the blade, whilst his antagonist held the hilt of the sword alone.

Then, as if afraid of Johnson's return, the Sheriff suddenly closed and locked the door, and the servant, despairing of an immediate interview with his respected master, directed his steps to Darwin house.

The accustomed firmness of Mrs. Darwin almost forsook her when she heard of our hero's incarceration. She saw that the arm of tyranny was indeed extended for the destruction of her young friend, and she feared that there was no counterbalancing power in Upper Canada.

Nevertheless, she ordered her sleigh without delay, and was driven to the residence of Judge Thorpe.— This gentleman, whose character is an exception to that generally borne by the Canadian official, was odious to the dynasty to which he belonged. He had

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already been represented to his Sovereign as disaffected, and now with difficulty retained his judicial seat. Notorious, however, for his integrity and independence on the bench, he was beloved by all well-wishers of their country; while he enjoyed the greatest of earthly blessings, and of which his corrupt brethren could not deprive him—the approbation of his own conscience.

The Honorable Mrs. Darwin found his Lordship a ready listener; nor did he hesitate to encourage her with a hope of Mr. Wilcox's speedy liberation.

He said:—"The law authorizes me to issue a writ of habeas corpus, to bring the body of Mr. Wilcox up, in order to inquire into the cause of his commitment, and liberate him from imprisonment. Be assured too, Mrs. Darwin—if, on an examination of his case, I find that he is by law entitled to relief, I will not hesitate to grant it—even at the hazard of my office.—The matter, however, should be brought before me through a Barrister of the court; and your own judgment will direct you to a choice."

"Mr. O'Cleary?" said the lady, inquiringly.

"Unfortunately for Upper Canada," said his Lordship in reply, "we have but one member of the bar on whom we can rely, when official power is to be combatted."

Mr. O'Cleary having received information from Johnson, of our hero's imprisonment, was just stepping

from his door to visit him, when Mrs. Darwin drove up.

He took a seat in her sleigh, and having proceeded to the gaol, they were told that the ex-Sheriff was not only confined in a dungeon, but that he could not be visited. The gaoler, too, in communicating this information, exhibited a degree of hauteur that evidently resulted from an assurance that he was vested with more than ordinary authority.

"In a dungeon, and cannot be visited!" repeated Mr. O'Cleary, "say you?"

"Yes," returned Wortman, briefly, and with insolent indifference.

"Not even by counsel—ha?"

"Not even by counsel," answered the gaoler, positively.

"This is rigor unusual—I think—gaoler!"

"Lawyers have never before been refused admittance to prisoners."

"Why now, then?"

"My orders are specific on this occasion."

"Why so special, with regard to Mr. Wilcox?"

"Because he is a greater criminal than I usually have in my charge."

"Of what crime is he accused?"

"Treason," answered Wortman.

"Indeed!—who are his accusers?"

"I don't know who his accusers are; but I know that the first gentleman in the land believes him to be guilty of the crime."

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"Who is this gentleman, whom you have denominated the first?"

"The Honorable Mr. Carleton," answered Wortman, with saucy emphasis.

"I am to understand, then, that Mr. Wilcox is confined in a dungeon—deprived of the consolation of friends and the benefit of legal counsel, at the instance of Mr. Carleton?"

Both the Secretary and Sheriff, have specially ordered, that no person, (whatever the pretence,) should be admitted to an interview with the prisoner."

"You, therefore, absolutely refuse to admit me to his dungeon?"

"I do," answered the gaoler.

The Barrister now proposed to lead Mrs. Darwin to her sleigh, but she hesitated, and even condescended to cast an imploring look at the insolent Wortman.—Mr. O'Cleary, however,—assuring the lady that the way for effecting the liberty of Mr. Wilcox, was as well prepared as if the desired interview had been permitted—persisted in offering his arm, and she at length proceeded.

But again seated in her sleigh, she expressed misgivings of the fortunate result of any efforts that might be made to liberate our hero.

Nevertheless, Mr. O'Cleary had already conceived a plan, which he confidently thought, (notwithstanding the power of Government—as it was now evident—was in full force against the ex-Sheriff,) would carry.

"Fear not," said he to the lady. "Judge Thorpe cannot wink at such bare-faced oppression of the subject; and with his authority in my hand, I think I know what to do."

"I know very well," said Mrs. Darwin in turn, "that his Lordship will not flinch from his duty; but where will you find him an executive officer?"

"Mr. Wentworth himself shall execute the Judge's mandate," said the Barrister decisively.

"Yet, I fear Wentworth will prove a disobedient officer; for all his aspirations are founded upon a subserviency to that power that tramples on law and justice."

"With regard to the character of Wentworth, you are perfectly correct madam; but I trust he will find himself under the necessity of obeying the law of the land, on this occasion."

"I rejoice to find you so sanguine, Mr. O'Cleary; yet, I cannot but tremble for our friend."

"Fear not," said the Barrister again. "Mr. Wilcox will not be under the necessity of sleeping in his dungeon to-night."

"Be it so—yet I must assert that I have lost all confidence in the administration of law in Upper Canada, and cannot anticipate so favorably."

"The Canadian who, at the present day, trusts in the faithful administration of the law, must indeed be ignorant," said the Barrister. "Nor have I the least confidence in a willing and honest action on it by

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executive officer. Yet I think I shall be enabled on this occasion to enforce it, even through Wentworth himself."

"I owe my seat in the Legislature to those who are continually writhing under the arrogant and oppressive spirit of their rulers. They have looked to me for the last three years, as their political champion; and I as their representative have cheerfully encountered the frowns of the powerful of the land.

"Mr. Wilcox is now lying in a dungeon for supporting their birth-rights. An extraordinary stretch of power calls for extraordinary counteracting means; and if my constituents refuse to assist me in an attempt to enforce any mandate that may be issued for the benefit of my friend, I will abandon their cause forever.

"I would indeed, disdain to use my influence to promote an illegal design. I intend not to excite rebellion or even riot to insure justice to Mr. Wilcox. But it is my right—it is the right—nay, the duty of every Canadian, to make an effort to enforce the law." The Barrister added:—"I shall invite as many of my friends as I deem necessary to witness our new Sheriff's performance of his duty."

Having entered the Judge's Chambers, Mr. O'Cleary communicated the facts he had heard from the gaoler, and then as our hero's counsel, demanded a habeas corpus.

His Lordship satisfied—whatever the crime alleged against the ex-Sheriff—that the mode of imprisonment

was illegal and oppressive, granted the writ without hesitation; and the Barrister receiving it left the Chambers. \*

In the course of half an hour, accompanied by some fifty of the most respectable tradesmen of York, he approached the Sheriff's office. He entered alone, and exhibiting the writ, demanded its immediate execution. Wentworth at first shewed a hesitating manner; but observing the concourse through his window, he became suddenly disconcerted, and professing a ready acquiescence, started to execute the mandate.

Mr. O'Cleary walked by his side, while his friends followed at a short distance, in peaceable order; though in merriment. For Sam Johnson, who had watched all the ingoings and outgoings of the Barrister, was amongst them; and elated with the prospect of his master's speedy release, was indulging in humor.

The dungeon occupied by our hero, was cold, damp and loathsome. The prisoner was chained by his leg to a block in its centre, and he had neither pallet nor seat to rest his body on, save the ground.

Mr. O'Cleary's blood boiled in his veins on witnessing the cruel indignity that his friend was suffering; nor could he refrain from an expression of his feelings.

"Wentworth," cried he, "are you the creature who dared to execute this barbarity?"

"The gaoler," replied the Sheriff in agitation, and then he became even officious in assisting Wortman to loose the leg of our hero.

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"The gaoler, indeed!" exclaimed the Barrister.—  
"Did he act without authority?"

"We both acted under the peremptory command of our superior," answered Wentworth in a tremulous voice.

"What superior?"

"The Secretary."

"And you and your gaoler were the barbarous instruments of that tyrant, to confine and enchain Mr. Wilcox in this loathsome hole!"

"You know, Mr. O'Cleary, that the Secretary's power is not to be resisted," said Wentworth, still endeavoring to palliate his own conduct.

"I know that no humane officer would have obeyed so illegal and barbarous a command," said the Barrister in a voice that increased the terrors of the Sheriff.

"I am young in my office, and, perhaps, ignorant of my duty," prevaricated Wentworth with a conciliating and sycophantic voice and manner.

Mr. O'Cleary by this pitiful subterfuge, was at once silenced. He thought it would be derogating both from his character, as a gentleman and a man, to indulge his indignation further, on so cringing a creature.

The ex-Sheriff, being unfettered, stepped out of the dungeon with the Sheriff, and Mr. O'Cleary following, the door was suddenly closed and locked.

The gaoler's light disappeared and they were under the necessity of groping their way through a dark and narrow passage of considerable length, leading to the principal entrance of the gaol.



On arriving at the threshold of the outer door, the awaiting crowd greeted our hero with shouts of joy, and then hissed at the Sheriff, who, notwithstanding he was assured of safety both by Mr. O'Cleary and his prisoner, walked with nervous steps to the Judges' chambers. Here Wentworth endorsed a return on the writ of habeas corpus, and delivered it, together with the warrant under which his prisoner had been apprehended: And his Lordship having examined fully into the alledged cause and manner of the imprisonment, offered Mr. Wilcox his freedom, provided he would give bail for his appearance at the ensuing Court of Oyer and Terminer.

The prisoner had scarcely bowed in silent thankfulness to the Judge when Mrs. Darwin and Mr. O'Cleary tendered themselves as surities, and the Sheriff was allowed to retire,

## CHAPTER XX.

Thyself shalt see the act :  
For as thou urgest justice ; be assured  
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desirest.  
SHAKESPEARE.

I told you so before, and that 'twas idle  
To think of justice from such hands.—MARINO FALIERO

It was not an hour after the departure of Mr. Wilcox and his friends from the judge's chambers, when his lordship received a summons from Sir Francis

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Nor did he misapprehend the object of his Excellency; yet arming himself with a volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, he gave the mandate a ready obedience.

He found both the Secretary and Wentworth at government house; and the Governor having received him coolly adverted to the incarceration, and reproached him for having liberated our hero.

His Lordship vindicated his conduct and offered to assure his Excellency that he had acted on the best authority.

"Thinking that the object, in requiring my attendance here, might be for the purpose of questioning my procedure in the matter of Mr. Wilcox, I provided myself with a weapon, which, if necessary, I could wield for my defence," said Judge Thorpe as he held up the volume of Blackstone before His Excellency.

"Your Lordship has determined, then, at all events, not to yield to the wishes of the government?" said Sir Francis enquiringly.

Judge Thorpe replied:—"A brave and faithful soldier, will not capitulate even, as long as he considers it his duty to fight though death be the inevitable consequence. Neither will a Judge who regards the sanctity of an oath, either avoid or pervert the law, which he has been sworn to administer, however detrimental to his personal welfare his adherence to it may prove. A Judge who takes a proper view of his duty, knows not His Majesty even, in the administration of the law. Nor will such an one hesitate to exercise

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the power with which he is vested, in order to prevent the laws of the land from being perverted by one who ought to assist in the just and equal administration of them."

"I trust," rejoined Sir Francis, in allusion to the concluding remark of the Judge; "I trust your Lordship would not seriously charge any officer of government with having perverted, or even disregarded the law of the land, in the matter of Mr. Wilcox."

"If pressed by your Excellency I shall feel constrained to do so."

"Who then would you accuse?" enquired the Governor contemptuously.

"The gentlemen at your Excellency's side," answered Judge Thorpe.

The Secretary in the pride of his official power, looked disdainfully at His Lordship; and Wentworth, though he could not meet him with a steady eye, exhibited on his countenance the strongest feelings of resentment.

"Do you hear, Mr. Carleton?" enquired Sir Francis of the Secretary.

"Distinctly, your Excellency," answered Carleton with bitter emphasis, "nor am I surprised at the accusation. It is the only alternative of self conviction; for Judge Thorpe has strained the technicalities of the law to shield a friend, and a criminal!"

His Lordship could not but feel indignant at the unjust sarcasm of the Secretary.

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He retorted :—“ Mr. Carleton, the laws under which we live consider no man guilty of crime, till pronounced so by a verdict of his peers. You, however, have pre-judged Mr: Wilcox, and taking advantage of your official influence, with inhumanity scarcely surpassed, had him not only immured within a loathsome dungeon, where he could not hope to survive many days; but you deprived him of the consolation of friends and the benefit of counsel. In this instance, therefore, you have not only perverted and disregarded the law, but you have trampled on the liberties of every British subject in Upper Canada.”

“ Wilcox was committed to prison as a State criminal rejoined the Secretary. “ The evidence on which his arrest was founded, was both pointed and positive ; and I therefore thought it my duty, as an officer of government, to enjoin every precaution lest the designs he had been plotting should be brought to maturity, through his friends.” He added with pointed sarcasm in his manner :—“ Perhaps your Lordship prefers the technicalities of the law books, however, to the safety of the government!”

“ I prefer open honesty to secret villainy, “said Judge Thorpe, in momentary excitement,” and believing Mr. Wilcox to be as free of the crime of treason as the Secretary himself, I gave him his liberty on entering into recognizance to appear at the next court of Oyer and Terminer. For this procedure,” added His Lordship, “ I am ready to account to His Excellency as the representative of my King.”

“I should then like to have your Lordship’s excuse for interfering with my officers, in a matter of so much importance to His Majesty’s Government of this Province?” said Sir Francis, peremptorily, as he looked at the Judge with overbearing insolence.

“I profess to have based my decision, in Mr. Wilcox’s case, on the law. Be assured, at any rate, your Excellency, that I have not been influenced by either fear or affection,” returned his Lordship, firmly.

“There is no law that gives a Judge power to nullify, or even resist the acts of the Government!” rejoined Sir Francis, still in peremptory mood.

“I hold the law under which I have acted, in my hand, Sir Francis,” said Judge Thorpe. “Sir William Blackstone, too, while commenting on the law under which I claim the authority I have exercised, does not fail to give the clearest reason for placing in the hands of Judges such power. He says:—‘Of great importance to the public, is the preservation of public liberty; for if once it were left in the power of any, the highest magistrate, to imprison arbitrarily, whom ever he or his officers thought proper, there would be an end to all rights.’ The learned commentator continues:—‘Some have thought that unjust attacks even upon life, or property, at the will of the magistrate, are less dangerous to the Commonwealth, than such as are made upon the personal liberty of the subject.—To bereave a man of life, or, by violence, to confiscate his estate, without accusation or trial, would be

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so gross and notorious an act of despotism, as must at once convey the alarm of tyranny throughout the whole Kingdom; but confinement of the person, by secretly hurrying him to gaol, where his sufferings are unknown or forgotten, is a less public—a less striking, and, therefore, a more dangerous engine of arbitrary government.”

“I see no analogy between the law your Lordship has cited, and the Wilcox case,” interrupted the Governor.”

“I do, Sir Francis.”

“Was not Wilcox arrested under a warrant, regularly issued?” interrogated the Governor.

“He was,” answered Judge Thorpe. “Nevertheless, he was not only hurried to gaol without an examination, but confined in an unwholesome dungeon, and deprived of privileges that the law allows to the most degraded criminal, while he was ignorant of the charge on which he was committed.”

“If these statements be correct, it has not yet been shewn that your Lordship had legal authority for interfering in his behalf; nor can I conceive that any one in this Province—save myself—has a right to exercise such power.”

“Had His Majesty been in the place of Mr. Carleton or Mr. Wentworth, my authority would not have been lessened, Sir Francis.”

“And had His Majesty, in person, imprisoned Wilcox, you would not have hesitated to interfere, I presume!” said the Governor, with a sneering aspect.

“Certainly not, your Excellency; and if his Majesty, either personally, or by his ancestors, assented to a law that militates against his power, he could not, in justice, blame a Judge for conscientiously administering it.”

“No Sovereign of England ever assented to a law that would render his personal acts or wishes, so subservient to his own Judges.”

“You are mistaken, Sir Francis—the laws of England enjoin, that the Judges throughout His Majesty’s dominions, shall protect the liberty of the subject from an exercise of regal power.”

“And upon these laws, your Lordship would willingly put a liberal construction?” said His Excellency, inquiringly.

“I would give just such a construction as the letter of them would admit—regardless of Prince or subject.”

“And such a construction would support resistance to the King’s Majesty?” said Sir Francis, with a desire to lead the Judge to an unqualified opinion.

“Whenever the liberty of the subject would be liable to be infringed by His Majesty,” answered His Lordship; and then opening the volume in his hand, he continued:—“The law is too plain to bear more than one construction, and if your Excellency please, I will read another sentence from Sir William Blackstone.”

Sir Francis, after some hesitation, consented to the desire of His Lordship, who read as follows:—“I

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any person be restrained of his liberty, by command of the King's Majesty in person, he shall, upon demand of his counsel, have a writ of habeas corpus, to bring up his body, in order to have it determined whether the cause of his commitment be just."

The embarrassment of His Excellency, on hearing a law so pointedly in favor of the course Judge Thorpe had taken, caused him to remain silent several moments. But having collected himself—in the hope that he might yet ensnare His Lordship—he abruptly inquired:—"For what amount were sureties required of the prisoner, Judge Thorpe?"

"A thousand pounds," answered His Lordship.

Sir Francis frowned, as he rejoined:—"I fear that friendship for the criminal, has caused His Lordship to lose sight of his duty to the Government, in this respect, at any rate—notwithstanding his boasted impartiality."

"In order to insure your Excellency that I have continually kept in view the law, I will read another sentence from Blackstone's commentaries," rejoined His Lordship.

The cool and ready offer of the Judge to meet objections with such indisputable authority, again embarrassed His Excellency. He remained silent, and His Lordship read the following:—"Lest this habeas corpus act should be evaded by demanding unreasonable bail or sureties for the prisoner's appearance, it is declared by 1st William and Mary, Stat. 2, chap. ii., that excessive bail ought not to be required."



Sir Francis, though thus far foiled, still hoped to find some plausible ground of censure, and continued the examination.

"Notwithstanding the law cited, was your Lordship not bound to give the Crown officer an opportunity of shewing cause against the liberation of the prisoner?" interogated he.

"By no means," answered Judge Thorpe.

"Recollect that Wilcox was a State prisoner!" rejoined the Governor, emphatically.

"I do," said Judge Thorpe.

"And you consider ex-party proceedings, in cases of such importance, justified by law—ha?"

"I conceive, at any rate, that it is not necessary to invite a Crown officer to witness proceedings on such matters," replied His Lordship.

"You, therefore, gave Wilcox the advantage of an ex-parte examination!"

"Sir Francis," said His Lordship scornfully—"my decision was founded on the return of the Sheriff to the writ, together with the affidavits of Messrs. O' Cleary and Wentworth: and in order to shew that I have in this respect also kept the law in view, I will read another clause from the laws of England. It is as follows:—'Although the return to any writ of habeas corpus shall be good and sufficient in law, it shall be lawful for the Judge before whom such writ may be returnable, to proceed to examine into the truth of the facts set forth in such return by affidavit, and do there

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in as to justice shall appertain.' Now, your Excellency perceives that I had the power to act on the return made by the Sheriff, alone—and indeed it was sufficient to warrant the course I took : yet, the better to assure myself of the circumstances connected with Mr. Wilcox's case, I required affidavits in addition."

His Excellency dropped the examination, in vexation, and Judge Thorpe retired. But he had not been long home when he received a note from the Secretary, informing him that the Governor had dispensed with his services on the Bench, till the King's pleasure should be known : and his Lordship being thus disposed of, Carleton thought of having our hero once more incarcerated.

A knowledge of the ex-Sheriff's imprisonment, had now, however, spread, and so high-handed a measure, against the liberty of the subject, had already caused much excitement in the capitol and its vicinity. Indeed, all who were not basking in the sunshine of Government began to distrust their own safety, and the Secretary finding the public feeling strongly in favor of Mr. Wilcox, abandoned this intention, and influenced the Governor to issue a commission for a special court of Oyer and Terminer, the ensuing week for the trial of our hero,

## CHAPTER XXI.

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch and not their terror.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Whip'd first, sir : and hang'd after.—  
Whip me ? no, no ; let Carman whip his jade ;  
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

SHAKESPEARE.

Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil.—MACBETH.

The sympathies of the towns-people were much roused the next morning, by the lamentations of the gaolers wife.

Wortman had not been seen since the liberation of our hero from his loathsome prison apartment, and his wife having spent an anxious night, started as soon as day dawned, in search of him.

A vestige of him even, not being found, it was at length gravely determined that he had been murdered. Nor was it long after this conclusion was arrived at when the assassin was arraigned before the imagination of the official core.

It was recollected that Wortman had assisted Wentworth in his scuffle with Sam Johnson ; and they suspected that he had become a victim of the young Yankee's vengeance.

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The servant was, therefore, forthwith seized and taken before Bolingbrooke for examination, and confronted by Mustiface as volunteer counsel for the crown.

The Justice having directed the official champion to examine the prisoner, he said enquiringly :—" Johnson, you know for what purpose you have been brought here ?"

" Every thing aint accordin to your say so, I reckon, Squire."

" None of your saucy familiarities with me, sir !" cried Mustiface.

" You're considerable crank, Squire !"

" You are the saucy servant of a saucy master, and it is time that you had *both* answered for your conduct. His Majesty's subjects can't live in peace where you are."

" For my part, Squire, I calculate to sass back when I'm sassed : and you had ort to know any how, that Squire Wilcox aint no back-out."

Johnson winked significantly as he concluded, and the champion looking contemptibly furious, squeaked :

" Answer my question !"

" You ha'nt axed me none as I know on."

" Do you know why you are here, then ?"

" Sartin, Squire."

" Why then ?"

" Because constable Whitten brought me."

" Take care of yourself !" cried Mustiface, as he shook his head threatingly at the servant.

"There's no two ways about that, Squire."

"Do you know the crime of which you are accused?"

"I recking not."

"Answerer the question, yea or nay!"

"I must talk natteral, Squire."

"I will not be trifled with much longer, Johnson.—You must answer my question, or make up your mind to proceed to the gaol at once!"

"Nater's nater, Squire; and it's considerable hard to go to gaol for talkin natteral—that's a fact."

"Answer the question in your own language, then. Do you know the crime for which you have been brought to this office?"

"I can't say for sartin, any how, Squire."

"Aha!—You are in doubt then as to the crime?"

"A leetle doubtful—no mistake."

"You mean by this answer that you are guilty of crime, but not sure for what you are now in custody," said Mustiface, and then he looked conceitedly round at the Justice.

"Accordin' to Canada justice, I'm a considerable criminal, I expect."

"Indeed!—you are becoming very frank," said the official champion, as his countenance brightened with the hope of entrapping the prisoner. "Now, perhaps, you will try to guess the crime for which you are in custody?"

"I can try, Squire. Howsomever, I aint as keen as some folks at guessin."

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"Perhaps you will be more fortunate than usual on this occasion," said Mustiface facetiously. "Try, at any rate."

"I can try."

"Do!"

"Well, Squire Mustiface—the biggest crime I'm guilty on agin Canada justice, is bein the faithful servant and friend o' Squire Wilcox."

"You are a trifling scoundrel," squalled the official champion in sudden rage.

"Scoundrel or no scoundrel, I'll stick to Squire Wilcox."

"I have nothing to do with your master. Do you understand?"

"I know you've been considerable shy on'im ever sence the duel consarn."

Mustiface even betrayed mortification, at the allusion of the servant, who, after scrutinizing him a moment, added:—"Squire Wilcox a'nt no back-out—that's a fact."

"Jonnson, I will hear no more of this!"

"I can't see no harm whatsoever in sayin Squire Wilcox a'nt no back out—if some folks is desperate cowards."

"Do you mean this for me?" cried Mustiface, and then he moved a ratan cane threatningly in his hand.

"If the cap fits—I ha'nt no objections to your wearin on't, as I know on Squire."

"You mean to insult me directly then?"

"I did'nt mean no sich thing."

"What did you mean then?" enquired Mustiface, as mingled triumph and fury were exhibited on his countenance.

"I meant to do't in a kind on a round about way squire, Howsomever, I wa'nt desperate particular."

The champion twirled his cane in his fingers with passion. He met the eye of Johnson and then gazed in indision at the floor. But at length, like Falstaff, thinking discretion the better part of valor, instead of flogging, he resumed the examination of the servant. Satisfied however, by this time, that he was not to be led into a crimination of himself, he determined to come directly to the point in question.

"Johnson," said he, "you are acquainted with our gaoler?"

"How desperate knowin you be, Squire!"

"Have you any knowledge of Wortman, the gaoler, then?" interrogated the champion on the highest key of his voice.

"I've seed'im, and I onct had a leetle brush with'im."

"You have even had a brush with him—ha?" rejoined Mustiface, with an aspect that indicated renewed hope.

"Jest a scratch, Squire."

"How did it happen?"

"Squire Wentworth thinked o' killin on me, and gaoler Wortman, jined'im."

"For what reason was Mr. Wentworth going to kill you?"

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"This is a late thing then?"

"So late that the wovnd Squire Wentworth gin me's  
green yit."

"Have you seen the gaoler since?"

"Onct."

"When did you last see him?"

"Yisterday."

"Where?"

"In Squire Wilcox's dungeon."

"What took you there?"

"My legs, I calculate."

"Have you since seen the gaoler?" fumed Musti-

ce.

"I haint!"

"Do you know that you are suspected of having  
murdered him?"

"Whether or no, I recking he a'nt dead yit," said  
Johnson, while in the act of feeling his pockets.

"Your reason for this opinion?"

"I should'nt wonder if he stopped in the dungeon all  
night."

"Your reason for this then?"

"Why, Squire, I seed'im in't, and did'nt see'im come  
on't."

"You are trifling again, sir!"

"No sich thing, Squire, and the more I think on't,  
the more sartin I be that gaoler Wortman stopped in the  
dungeon last night."



He certainly would not have stopped there of his own accord."

"If he would, he's a bigger ninny than I take'im to be."

"From what do you infer then that he has remained there through the night?"

"Because I did'nt see'im come out on't, I telled you Squire."

"And this is your only reason for believing that he remained there?"

"Any how its as good a one as I want, under the sarcumstances."

"Explain the circumstançes."

"The most particular sarcumstances is, that I locked the door myself."

"You locked the dungeon door!" screamed the official champion.

"Sartin."

"What right had you to meddle with the door or its lock?"

"No purticular rightas I know on. Hówsomever I like to be accommodatin."

"You thought it would be an accommodation to Wortman to be locked in a dungeon—no doubt."

"I thinked I'd lock the door on't any how."

"Were there any prisoners left in it?"

"None but gaoler Wortman, as I know on. Hówsomever there mout a been a dozen."

"Were you not in it?" interrogated Mustiface.

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"Ha'nt I telled you so onct, Squire?"

"You certainly know then whether there were any prisoners besides your master in it."

"If you know what I know, better than I know what I know myself, there's an eend on't."

"You have eyes?" screamed the champion.

"No mistake—and I can see as fur through a mill stone as some other folks I know," replied Johnson; and then he winked at Mustiface.

"Could you not see then, what and who were in the dungeon?"

"My eyes a'nt cats eyes, Squire."

"Was there not a light in it?"

"Sartin—Gaoler Wortman had a light with'im; but it did'nt light more than a foot round."

"A curious light indeed!"

"The light wa'nt as curious as the dungeon, Squire, and accordin to my calculation a dozen lights would'nt a gin a feller a cleansight round it."

"It must be a very extensive dungeon!"

"It was a desperate foggy one!"

So foggy that the light could not shine through it? Is this what you mean?"

"That's the idee, Squire."

"And in this dismal and unwholesome place you locked Wortman?"

"I should'nt wonder, as he a'nt to be found no where else."

"What did you do with the key?"

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"I put it in my pocket," answered Johnson; and then drawing the dungeon key forth, he laid it on the Justice's table.

"How did you dare to pocket a key belonging to His Majesty's prison?"

"I thought it had ort to be taken care on."

"Could not the gaoler have taken care of it?"

"I telled you, Squire Mustiface, that he wa'nt to be seen after the door o' the dungeon was locked."

"The Sheriff was to be seen, however, and you could have given it to him."

"I and Squire Wentworth aint on tarms, and you know he's any how a leetle crank towards common folks, sence he's got raised a leetle in the world."

"At any rate, you thought you would take charge of the dungeon key?"

"I concluded it would be jest as well for me to take care on't last night, Squire."

Mustiface looked significantly at Bolingbrooke, and then turning his eyes again on the servant, he said with an air of triumph:—"Enough, Johnson—I have no more questions to ask, and I wish I could encourage you with a hope of a more comfortable lodging for the ensuing night, than that which, according to your own account, the gaoler now occupies."

"I'm jest as much obleeged to you, Squire, as though you could. Howsomever, I aint pushed none for accommodations, I've got a good bed at Squire Wilcox's."

"What sir!" exclaimed Bolingbrooke, who had

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been warming from the beginning of the examination :—"What sir! Do you dare to defy me?"

"I ha'n't said nor done nothin to you as I know on," replied Johnson.

"You have intimated that you would sleep in your own bed to-night," rejoined the Justice vehemently.

"I sartinly expect to, Squire Bolinbrooke; and ta'n't nobody's business as I know on."

"I will let you know that it is my business to punish you!"

"Well, Squire, you'll accommodate me by bein as quick about it then as nater will let you; for my mornin chores wa'n't done up, when constable Whitten nabbed me, and Squire Wilcox 'll think the devil's to pay if I aint to hum when he gits up."

"Your master will find himself under the necessity of excusing your services, for a season at any rate," said Bolingbrooke in a tantalizing voice and manner.

"You seem to be hintin about doin somethin, that I guess you don't ort to, Squire."

"Silence, sir, and follow the constable!" vociferated Bolingbrooke, and then he delivered the dungeon key, and a mittimus—prepared in anticipation—to Whitten.

"Where to, Squire?"

"To the dungeon, from whence your master issued yesterday."

"Before I do up my chores?"

"Follow the constable, sir!" cried the Justice at the top of his voice.

"I can't leave Squire Wilcox in sich a pickle.— His chores must be done up—whether or no."

"Recollect, Johnson," said Bolingbrooke, in a low and measured voice, "recollect that my tenderest mercies have been exercised."

"That pinte aint to be disputed. Howsomever, it wouldn't be actin man fashin to leave Squire Wilcox to do up his own chores."

Exasperated at the servant, Bolingbrooke suddenly and uncerimoniously seized Mustiface's cane, and delivering it to the constable, said:—"Whitten, strip this fellow's coat off, and welt his back well in my presence!"

The muscles of Johnson began to swell with indignation; yet, with apparent submission, he extended his left arm towards the constable, who immediately divested it of its sleeve. He then allowed his right arm to be treated with the same indignity, but in turn extended the Bailiff on the floor.

The official champion retreated under the table, but Bolingbrooke, possessing more nerve, attempted to seize the prisoner by the throat, and was at once prostrated beside his constable.

Whitten rose on his elbow; but perceiving the Justice by his side, Mustiface under a table, and with the undaunted eye of the Yankee fixed on him, he threw himself back; and Johnson putting on his coat, took the champion's cane as a trophy of victory, and was expelled out of the office.

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His footsteps no longer heard, the worthy officers of Justice rose from the floor, and the official champion crawled from his hiding place.

After the trio had exchanged looks of mortification, the Justice of the peace said :—" I in truth feel much humbled by the victory this Yankee rascal has gained over us."

Mustiface replied :—" He has foiled us in this instance completely ; but we must not give him up!"

Bolingbrooke exchanged a smile with the constable, and rejoined :—" No, no ; we must not give him up ; but more prudence than ever is now requisite. He has learned a lesson as well as we."

"Very true," said the champion gravely. "It would be injudicious to proceed against him in the ordinary way. I would put the mittimus into the Sheriff's hands ; and he may if he pleases—you know—call a posse comitatus to his assistance."

"The popular excitement, caused by Wilcox's imprisonment, has shewn that such a course would indeed be injudicious," said the Justice. "No, our business with Johnson must be done with as little noise as possible."

"Force or stratagem—or both, must, however, be employed ; for he is wiley, and for his size, powerful. Submission was never better feigned than by Johnson, when he allowed his coat to be taken off. Nor did I ever witness a blow so well aimed—so unexpected and so effectual, as that which prostrated Whitten," said Mustiface.

"I trust, at any rate, that I have profitted by the lesson I have learnt—and would direct a course against the Yankee that would save the trouble of dealing with him more than once more," said Bolingbrooke.

"We will hear you," ejaculated Mustiface, and the Justice continued:—"Johnson is not only an alien by birth, but at heart an enemy to British institutions; and notwithstanding his condition in life, might become a powerful instrument of harm in the hands of such a man as Wilcox."

"Very true," interrupted the official champion.

"He is considered too, by all loyal subjects, a pest."

"He is notoriously so," said Mustiface; "for he never loses an opportunity of animadverting on our Government: and his invincible impudence subjects all—from the Governor down to the shoe-black to his annoying opinions."

"I think, therefore, that it would be policy to take a summary course to free our country of him. For, after cumbering our gaol and court with him, we may—in the present political state of the Province—fail in obtaining such satisfaction as would be agreeable to the loyal part of the community."

"The more summary the mode of punishment the better," interlarded the champion.

"Sam Johnson once a lifeless corpse, few questions would be asked as to the cause of his death!" said the Justice in a deep and emphatic voice.

"Few!" ejaculated Mustiface with animation.

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"God save the King!—and death to his enemies!" exclaimed the constable.

"Whitten, are you bold enough to undertake such a job?" enquired Bolingbrooke, after a momentary pause.

"I will undertake any thing for my King, your worship," answered the Bailiff.

"I thought I was not deceived in your loyalty. But you must not undertake alone."

"No, no, Whitten, it will never do for you to undertake alone," squealed Mustiface. "Johnson is a wiley fellow, and you must have an assistant. I think too, I can procure one, who would not be inferior to the Yankee himself in subtlety."

"Is the man to whom you allude far off?" enquired Bolingbrooke, in hasty words of the official champion.

"A few doors only," replied Mustiface. "I will have him here in five minutes."

He withdrew, and before the time he had mentioned elapsed, re-entered the office, followed by a man whose face bore the marks of dissipation, and whose frame had an athletic appearance.

"Wilson, (this was the name of the man,) "are you acquainted with Sam Johnson?" enquired the Justice of the peace.

"I know him when I see him, your worship."

"Do you know him to be a rebellious fellow?"

"I know him to be a Yankee, at any rate, your worship," replied Wilson.



"You are disposed to be a good subject, I doubt not?"

"I know no reason for being a bad one."

"Well—do you know our business with you this morning?"

"No, your worship."

"God save the King!—and death to his enemies! should be a motto imprinted on the heart of every subject of King George," said Bolingbrooke.

"So I say, your worship."

"You would not refuse, then, to strike a blow for His Majesty?"

"No, your worship—nor a dozen of them," replied Wilson.

"Well—we have determined to rid our country of that turbulent and rebellious fellow, Sam Johnson, and have thought of you as a proper assistant of Whitten, for such purpose."

"God save the King, and death to his enemies!" cried Whitten.

"God save the King, and death to his enemies!" repeated Wilson.

"All right!" squeaked the official champion.—Then shrugging his shoulders in joy, he looked significantly at the Justice of the peace.

Bolingbrooke smiled in pleasure, and said:—"Our prospect appears fair indeed; but the plot is yet to be formed." Then again addressing Wilson, he enquired:—"Are you good at stratagem?"

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"I have some skill in such things," answered the hireling.

"This work must be done with as little noise as possible," rejoined the Justice. "Fire arms must not be used."

"I have a dagger of good tempered steel," said Wilson.

"I have another, and that will do for Whitten," said Bolingbrooke. "But what plan of action would you propose, Wilson?"

"Well, your worship, dark deeds ought to be done in the dark."

"Proceed!" said the Justice of the peace.

"Your worship knows that I am a carman, and so does Johnson. I drive at all hours and seasons—am liable to accidents, and Johnson would not be surprised, should I call on him for help."

"Continue, Wilson."

"Your worship knows the situation of Mr. Wilcox's kitchen yard."

"I do."

"A dozen men might be murdered in the night, at the gate leading into that yard, and them in the house wouldn't be the wiser of it."

"Very true."

"Well—I would leave Whitten at this gate—entice Johnson to it, under pretence that I had met with an accident—then strike my blow, and Whitten would

be near enough to help me finish the work, if necessary."

"A stratagem for our purpose could not have been better devised," said Bolingbrooke.

"Nor could there be a place better suited for a deed of the kind," said the official champion. "Indeed," added he, "I think we had better try to make one of the master and servant."

"God save the King, and death to his enemies," cried Whitten, but Bolingbrooke in reply to Mustface said:—"I think it would be prudent to leave Wilcox for another day." Then addressing Wilcox he desired him to set the time for the murderous enterprise.

"Eight o'clock this night, your worship," said the carman promptly, and the Justice directing Whitten to release the gaoler from his imprisonment, signified to the hirelings that he should expect to see them at his office immediately after the execution of the plot, and they retired.

### ERRATA.

The following is the principal error that escaped correction in the revision of proof:

Page 20—9th line—for "*claims*," should be "*charms*."

