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THE
VICTIMS OF TYRANNY

A TALE,

BY

CHAS. E. BEARDSLEY, ESQ.

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

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Volume I.

BUFFALO:
PUBLISHED BY D. JUNE, 275 MAIN STREET.

1847.

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VICTIMS OF SLAVERY

TABLE

Entered according to the Act of Congress, on the 15th day
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THE
TABLE
CONTAINS
A LIST
OF THE
VICTIMS
OF
SLAVERY
IN
THE
WESTERN
DISTRICT
OF
NEW-YORK
FROM
1800
TO
1840

TABLE

THE

WESTERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK

1846

PRINTED BY

P R E F A C E .

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 aspirating—"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 paleocere culpa"

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.

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, shrunk, 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

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.”

A*

“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 ginerally 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

emotions of her soul, while man, instinctively as it were, applauds or condemns.

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.

emotions of fear and grief which
 were inspired in the minds of
 the people by the news of the
 late execution of the king
 in the year 1649. The
 first of these emotions was
 a general indignation against
 the executioners of the king
 who were looked upon as
 the authors of the greatest
 crime that ever was committed
 in the world. This indignation
 was so general that it
 spread itself to all parts of
 the kingdom. The people
 were so much affected with
 this indignation that they
 were ready to rise up
 against the executioners
 and to revenge the death
 of their king. The
 government was so much
 affected with this indignation
 that they were obliged to
 take care to prevent the
 people from doing any
 violence to the executioners
 who were now become
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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.

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.

“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 chosing 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 recluse grounds of Darwin Forest will remain with me a profound secret," rejoined Mr. Wilcox; and then bowing to the lady, he suddenly departed.

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

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-

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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

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. Whifler. “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 even 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

he tenor of scripture, convince me that man cannot will his own course."

"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 mechaic, 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.

“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. Whisler 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."

"I should judge yours by my own!"

“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 earthly 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,

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 Sherifi, 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

prove a just punishment to my daughter, for her pertinacious rejection of more honorable proposals."

"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—any 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 infuriate 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.”

“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 aught. Estranged from her friends for

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

of mingled malice and exultation at the Sheriff, and took French leave of the party.

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.—SHAKSPEARE.

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 conjecker 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’nt but a leetle 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.

“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’nt as sassy as some folks.”

“Were they strangers?” interrogated Carleton furiously.

“I conclude not. They seemed pretty cozy 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 alluded 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.”

“Is it uncivil to look at a man ?”

“I recking not—for I’ve hearn say that a cat may look at a king.”

“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 Secretay 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 occasion?”

“Because, I wa’nt doin business on my own hook.”

“How is the wind?” asked Carleton, frantickly.

“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 sence 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 then ordering Johnson to get four horses in readiness for the journey, proceeded to the house of Mr. Whifler.

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 astride their saddles.

Cranmore complained of the length of his stirrups. Johnson shortened their straps, and the Barrister's knees 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 palid 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, anon gave Sam Johnson a side view of him, that the servant'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. Howsomever, 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.”

“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 jest 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 ridin whip rammed down a feller's throat?"

“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 a 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, if 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 fortin aint to be 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 a 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 she 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 farms 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 so averse to have it known that she has a fortune ?”

“ Sally's a leetle carless with 'er papers, Squire.”

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

“ I recking not.”

“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 sparlin 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 conşarn 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.”

“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 ?”

“’Fa’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. Howsomever, 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

“'Ta'nt 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, howsomever, 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.

“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 jugling 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?"

“ 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 nostrils with macaboy.

"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.

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 julip 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 Govener?”

“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 drooping 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-

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 Goverment 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.”

"Providence generally brings things out right in the eend," 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.

"An'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 desperate 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.”

“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 careful 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 highniece,” persisted Sam Johnson, “and when you want anything ou 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.

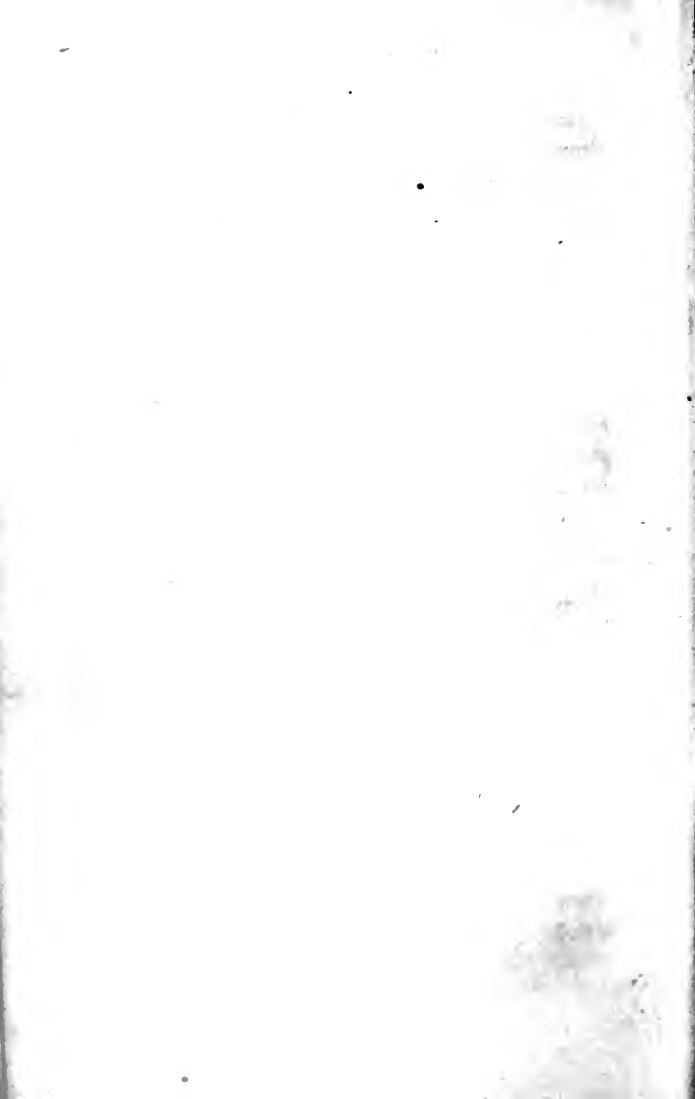
The hostess rose from her knees, but still in her embarrassment, unconsciously retaining the barrister’s hand, he, in the act of suddenly springing from his

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.



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.—BEPPO.

The travellers arrived at Niagara the next morning as day was dawning. The parson and barrister dismounted 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 preceding night, with the intention of proceeding this morning 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?”

“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 compliance 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 brigh 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.

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 frication.

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 scenes, did not think of relieving the Barrister, and the venous fluid was still streaming with unabated force, when sam Johnson rode up.

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—bounded 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 ginerall rules; and there mout be somethin more particular in this’n than the ginerall 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, ginerally 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?”

“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 to 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.

Whitler 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.

“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 ?”

“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 thinked 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 ruther a hard sentence, Captin,” said he, unwilling to aggravate further.

The synpathetic 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 wagged 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 tarnation fuss, the folks is all a laughing at us.”

The Secretary’s mind was so completely engrossed, that he had no: 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.

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 Hon. 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-rejoice; 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-

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

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

faculties, whether intellectual or physical, must inevitably yield."

"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 dexterious 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

to believe that you are not an imaginary sufferer."

"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. Wilcox.

"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 Caroline, 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 blackest 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 one—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.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is not that I adulate the people :

Without me there are demagogues enough,

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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

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 ; " 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. Whifler, with eager gratification.

“You have misapprehended me, Mr. Whifler.”

“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. Wilcox, 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 Divine in suppressed passion—“and I should not hesitate to suspect the loyalty of any man who could accede to it.”

“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 shewn 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.

“My object has only been to support an abstract principle.”

“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 Whifler 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

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 Whifler.

"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

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,

“ 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 Aberthor 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.

Whisler 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."

“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.

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“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.

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## 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.

SHAKSPEARE.

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.

“You aint goin before breakfast, be you, Captin?”

“Immediately,” answered Carleton.



“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

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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 ideas, 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 follerin 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 snum 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 arnest 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 gits 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 humbled Carleton.

“If I’ll hold on, will you let the gall pick for ’er-self, 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 join 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. Whifler.”

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 supposed elopement,” said the Parson, “I should have informed you that he did not leave Darwin House till the party broke up, and thus undecieved with regard to him, a moments reflection would have convinced you of the falacy 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 servan'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.

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 eend on 'is ridin whip—I tell you, Squire.”

“What do you mean by the other end of the whip, Sam?”

“The eend 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.

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 Captin 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. Whisler 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 Captin 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.—Mr. Carleton has a right to dispose of his daughter in

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 I can't help feelin for the gall—and that's the reason on't."

"I plainly perceive, Samuel, that your sympathies have 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."

“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 ax 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 snugly with it, you'll have to plaster it well with soft soap, I guess.”



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 apprizing 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.

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## 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.

“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 Dominie 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 leit 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’nt 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

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'nt axed for't yit."

"I've hinted considerable broad, howsomever."

"I a'nt 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 desarves 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-üt,” 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,”

“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 Mi s 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 gabin 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 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 howsomever, 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 I 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 or 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 a 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 gailish days nuther, Miss Leggit. Howsom-ever, 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.

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## 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 worldless ire  
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.—BYRON.

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Now I will believe,  
That there are Unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree the 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 nigh overcome; and he said, in hurried words—"I can't take your chink, Captin."

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“ 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, 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

under such circumstances as to fix no moral obligation of performance on me."

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, is 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?"

“I am not, Sir.”

“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 leetle 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.”

“On what occasion?”



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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 aint 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. son, and then he winked significantly at the Barrister.

"Do I understand you, Sam? Mr. Carleton can-

not certainly intend to marry this girl for her fortune !”

“ 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 desarves 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 profiting 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’nt 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.

"Why Miss Carry ?"

"Because I cannot conceive that the sordid Barris-



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ter would be satisfied with so poor a partner—nor that Sally, notwithstanding her station, would consent to marry so disagreeable a man,”

“You’ve got wrong idees, 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 whatsomever 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

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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'nt 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'nt there's an eend 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 as easy 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'nt 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 developement of your plot," said Miss Carleton.

"The most particular part on't is, to git the Captin

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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. Howsomever, 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 recking 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.

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### 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’nt 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’nt 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 purticular.”

“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 as though she wa’nt.”

“Obstinacy 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 hireling abuse, but he had now gone too far to turn back, and as if his passion was increased by self-rep-  
rehension, 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.”

“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 as 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 howsoever;" 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 in 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 all’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 indurable, 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 defile, 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 a 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 circumstances.”

“I understand you not, Johnson,” returned Mrs. Darwin in alarm at the servant’s intimation.

“You haint 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 circumstances, 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 circumstances it mout; but under the present, I guess, it will be prudence to be a leetle slow.

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 jest 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 interviews



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 unexpressed  
 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 ? \* \*  
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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. Whither 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

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 gratulations 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 on 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.

“She has escaped?”

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“Should’nt wonder, Captin.”

“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 ginerally 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 idees, it's my bnsiness 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 leetle, I guess you'll find out in the eend, there's been some misunderstandin, and that I don't ort to be blamed so much, any how."

“There was no misunderstanding,” said the divine. “You plainly professed sorrow for your conduct—desired me to intercede for you, and promised futuro 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 leetle, 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. Whifler 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 jest answer a question or two man fashion, I guess the pinto 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 felt raily sorry for my conduct and wanted my master to forgin me, you’d willinly intercede for me?”

“Certainly,” continued the divine; and did you not 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'nt 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 medicines o' your art; but as there'd be some leetle responsibility attendin the nddertakin, you trusted my futer obedience would prove the sincerity o' my profeshins."

"Well, what did you say then?"

"That I wa'nt no back-out."

"What was I to understand from the whole conversation?" enquired the Rev. Mr. Whifler.



“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.

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## 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

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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

dropped, when a more sacred connexion was formed in prospect.

“ 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.

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 Sherifalty.

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

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 friends 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 soon around him. He read to them from the Royal Gazette his official expulsion—drained his purse to

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 sarvè 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—

“ 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.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

In the course of a month after Mr. Wilcox had been divested of the Sheriffalty, he issued a paper. Its columns teemed with exposures of abuses which the Canadians were suffering at the hands of their rulers: nor did he spare any in the exercise of authority, however high, who had lent themselves as instruments to corruption.

The Governor and his officials were excited to a high pitch of alarm and rage, by the boldness of the editor, and the ex-Sheriff's situation soon became perilous.

Sir Francis, who dreaded to have his evil deeds

wafted 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 their 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 access to good society.

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, well nigh 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—drew 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 a veto to all the aspirations of Mustiface, who, at length, seeing the disadvantageous consequences of his ungraceful act, endeavored, by the most assiduous sycophancy, to make amends. While he professed to love only whom the Secretary loved, and hate whom he hated, he was an incessant applicant for office ; and he 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 signal notice of the official patron, by exhibiting a persecuting 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 a 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 penning 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 ask their advice as to the propriety of meeting Mr. Wilcox, provided he should challenge.

He was cautious in the choice of his counsellors,

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 too 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 choose 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 only remained for the parties to engage their surgeons, and commence their journey.

The champion's second proposed that only one surgeon should be engaged, and that a gentleman should be solicited to accompany them, as the friend of both 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 tell thee how much I lack of a man --SHAKSPEARE.

There is no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good shew ont'; this shall end without the perdition of souls.—SHAKSPEARE.

About mid-day, the 15th December, 1811, the officials of York were delighted by the arrival of their 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 in vindication of himself, by no means flattering to the prowess of his antagonist.

Strutwell's story was reserved for a later period.— Pleading 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 detriment of our hero. Two individuals who, (unexpectedly to Mr. Wilcox and his second,) had accompanied him throughout the belligerent tour, were voluble in his behalf.

But in his hurried homeward drive, he had left behind him, not only Mr. Wilcox and Mr. O'Cleary, but the Surgeon, and the common friend. These latter 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 champion and his supernumerary friends. Besides, there were discrepancies in the stories related for the benefit 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 enjoined 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 surprised 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 return, 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 the duel were settled as proposed by you, before leaving York—except such as must necessarily have been arranged on the ground—that is to say, except the loading 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 friend of the principals, as Mr. O’Cleary, that our friend, even fled from the battle ground.

“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 terminated so unfortunately for the honor of his principal; nor did he feel that he had gained credit for himself by being associated with it. On receiving Meddleton's letter, therefore, he thought himself in a most unenviable 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 sojourn at Kingston. However, the friends of Mustiface—or rather the enemies of Wilcox, (determined either by fair or foul means, to destroy the character, if not the life of the latter,) were not to be lulled into a slumber, and strutwell had scarcely got seated in his own house when the junto-Secretary was announced.

Greetings being ended, the subject of the duel was at once mentioned by Meddleton.

“The character of our friend has suffered exceedingly by your absence, Strutwell,” said he.

“Ah—indeed!” ejaculated the second; and then drumming 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 became 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 would 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 be a chance of becoming game himself.”

Meddleton laughed out-right.

“You think his olfactory nerves are rather sensitive—ha?”

“Exceedingly so,” answered Strutwell, and then he 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.”

“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 ; for I repeated a story every stop we made, during our homeward drive, 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 real paltroon.”

“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 will 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 this and Niagara commingled ;—(for it is said that mixed they 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 Youngstown 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 dull however ; for I determined not to become a fool of the play. It was now, indeed, too late to seek a recon-

ciliation. Such a step would have been evidently the result of cowardice, and I therefore thought he might as well flee from the ground as to apologise—but he was as indefatigable in his efforts to attract my attention 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. He 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 elevating his spirits, would operate as an effectual soporific.”

“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 dreaming of the dangers of the duel. I pitied him, and resolved to awake him, and relieve him of his terrors. 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 footsteps on the stairway, when I reached the bottom step, 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 outer 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

then 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 chating—a violent tremor seized him, and I became again alarmed for his life.

“I watched him; but knew not what to do. At length he scrutinized me and then spoke my name.—I ejaculated his in turn.

“Is it mortal?” enquired our friend, and he moved convulsively 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, Mustiface, 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 Mustiface.

“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 Mustiface, 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, Mustiface, 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 we cannot stop here. We must go to the appointed ground, and be there too, half an hour before the time agreed 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 the bed, and covering himself carefully, soon dropped into 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, having roused him and our companions, the second day’s journey was commenced, and we arrived at Youngstown 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 disappointment at the delay of the adverse party; while I 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.”

Strutwell took brandy again, and continued:—“I had forgotten myself in a game of whist, when our friend, (whose merriment through the night, had exci-

ted the admiration of Spindleton and Legalmore, but who had tested my gravity to the utmost, by anon 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 reces ; 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, "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 Junto-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 deponent, 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

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 Mustiface, 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 feeling 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 *ex-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 charnel 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 Bolingbrooke. 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.

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, howsomever, 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 !” vociferated 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.

“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.”

“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 deserve 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 reckon, 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

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.”

“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 an

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.

“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.

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

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.

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, whomsoever 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

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 pleases, 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:—“If

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?” interrogated 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-parte 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-

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.

SHAKSPEARE.

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.

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 recking, 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 threateningly 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.”

“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 sarvant 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.”

“Jonkson, I will hear no more of this!”

“I can’t see no harm whatsomever 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 threateningly 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 purticular.”

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 thought o’ killin on me, and gaoler Wortman jined ’im.”

“For what reason was Mr. Wentworth going to kill you?”

“Jest because I thought he had ort to let me see Squire Wilcox in 'is dungeon.”

“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-face.

“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 out 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, undér the sarcumstances.”

“Explain the circumstances.”

“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 particular rightas I know on. Howsomever I like to be accommodatin.”

“You thought it would be an accommodation to Wortman to be locked in a dungeon—no doubt.”

“I thought I’d lock the door on ’t any how.”

“Were there any prisoners left in it?”

“None but gaoler Wortman, as I know on. Howsomever there mout a been a dozen.”

“Were you not in it?” interrogated Mustiface.

“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 clean sight 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 ?”

“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

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'nt 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'nt 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 withal, the undaunted eye of the Yankee fixed on him, he lay himself back; and Johnson putting on his coat, took the champion’s cane as a trophy of victory, and walked out of the office.

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 looses 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.

“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 wily 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?”

“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 job of the master and servant."

"God save the King, and death to his enemies!" cried Whitten, but Bolingbrooke in reply to Musti-face said:—"I think it would be prudent to leave Wilcox for another day." Then addressing Wilson, 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 releave 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 read "*charms*."

THE
VICTIMS OF TYRANNY

A TALE,

BY

CHAS. E. BEARDSLEY, ESQ.

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

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Volume II.

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for the Western District of New-York.

CHAPTER I.

Who's there that knocks?—SHAKESPEARE.

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

JULIUS CÆSAR.

But

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Arietta Williams,” said the maid.

The young Yankee was becoming much interested in the female.

“ You ha’nt lived long in York, I conclude ?” said he, inquiringly.

“ Not very long.”

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

“ Not quite a month.”

“ I’ve lived a considerable while in the consarned hole ; and accordin to my ideas, ’ta’nt the place for young galls like you.”

“ I know but little of it.”

“ I know considerable on’t, and it beats all *my* acquaintance for villainy, any how.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes,” answered the maid, briefly.

“A’nt very old, I calculate?”

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

“Be your old folks livin?”

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

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

“Howsomever, Miss Williams, we’ve forgot the business you’ve come on.”

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

“We’d best be gittin along with it then.”

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

“I should’nt wonder if Squire Bolinbrooke’s got a finger in the pie?”

“He is the instigator,” said the maid in reply.

“And who’s goin to do the job for ’im !”

“Men by the names of Wilson and Whitten.

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

“At eight o’clock this night. But I will tell all as I heard it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He looked enquiringly at his servant, who while he exhibited the weapons he had taken from the captives with some appearance of triumph, said;—"Daggers wa'nt made for nothin Squire!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And what had you agin me?"

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

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

"I was not."

"Whose hook then?"

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

“Squire Wilcox, I guess they’ll drive me to do what I do’nt ort, if I can help it.”

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

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

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

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

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

“No Squire,” grunted he, while in the act of shouldering his prisoner ;—“No Squire Wilcox, I’m pretty solid if I a’nt so desperate big. Howsomever,” he

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" I must do so."

" There's no must about it. If you'd ruther have yourn and Squire Mustiface's and Wilson's and Whitten's brains blowed out, I recking I can do't. Howsomever, I'd a leetle ruther not take the law into my own hands, if I can git along without it."

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

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

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

"You may depend on me."

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

"Make your terms," said Bolingbrooke.

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

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

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

"My confession!"

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

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

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

"I tell you, Squire, there's no must in the business. I a'nt agoin to domineer over any body's folks, jest because I've got a leetle power in my hands. You can have your brains blowed out, if you'd ruther!"

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

“I’d a leetle ruther have the writin fust, Squire.”

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

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

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

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

“That’ll depend on sarcumstances, Squire.”

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

“That you may be sartin on,” replied the servant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sartin, Squire Wilcox, I’m agoin to see the critters to Squire Bolinbrooke’s.”

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

“Raiz justice aint to be got in Canada, Squire.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Squire,” said the servant, “these folks, accordin to my idees, ha’nt been doin the thing that’s right, and I concluded to see what you thinked on’t.”

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

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

“ ’Ta’nt necessary, accordin to the oath, I conclude, to tell every tittle o’ the story ?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I ha'nt yit, Squire."

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

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

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

“Jest as you please, Squire.”

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

“They could’nt do that, Squire.”

“Why?”

“Because they had’nt committed none.”

“For what did you bring them here, then?”

“Jest to see what you thinked had ort to be done with ’em, under the sarcumstances.”

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

“I think they had ort to be sent to the dungeon you had an idee o’ puttin me in.”

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

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

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

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

“ You locked the gaoler in his own dungeon, sir !”

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

“ What right had you to imprison the gaoler ?”

“ Because he desarved it.”

“ For what ?”

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

“ He was acting under the command of his superior.”

“ So was I, I recking.”

“ What superior were you serving ?”

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

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

“ Well, Squire, to begin where I left off, then—”

“ Stop !” interrupted the Justice, in a quick, though bland manner, “ I will question you.”

“ Jest as you think best, Squire.”

“ Did the prisoners attempt any crime against you ?”

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

“ Did they intend any, then ?”

“ That was their idee, accordin to Wilson's story ; for he said they'd been sent to put an eend to my worldly consarns,” answered Johnson. Then exhibiting the

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

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

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

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

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

“ Have you further evidence ?” inquired Bolingbrooke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m King George’s officer now, Miss Wortman,” interrupted Johnson, with a smile on his face : “and if you ha’nt no respect for me, you had ort to have a leetle for the old chap ’imself.”

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

“If he is—’taint the fust time, I calculate.”

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

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

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

CHAPTER II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I think I hear a little bird, who sings,

The people by and by, will be the stronger:

The verriest jade will wince whose harness wrings

So much into the raw as quite to wrong her

Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob

At last fall sick of imitating Job.

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

Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a giant,

At last it takes to weapons, such as men

Snatch when despair makes human hearts less pliant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In truth Caroline I am not happy."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"For an alleged crime."

"The crime?" aspirated Miss Carleton.

"Treason," answered Mr. Wilcox.

"Treason! The charge is false!"

"You think me innocent, Caroline?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“True—yet I believe that perjury can seldom be

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

and there was a simultaneous rush of the multitude.—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hear him!—hear him!—hear him!” cried a thousand voices.

The Chief Justice looked in alarm around him and relaxed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Intimately," answered the witness.

"How long have you known him?"

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

"How long did you serve as his deputy?"

"More than a year."

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

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

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

"The Government of Upper Canada."

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

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

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

"I certainly meant to except the prisoner himself;

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Very sure."

"Give your reason for this opinion."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Did he intimate any foreign assistance ?”

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

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

“I did not.”

“Did you request him to show it to you?”

“I did. At the close of our last conversation, I resolved to give information against him, and desired a perusal of his correspondence. He said he had committed all to the flames.”

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

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

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

“I did.”

“What reason would you give for the omission?”

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

“You are not aware, however, that the prisoner’s designs, in this respect, have at all abated?”

"I am not," answered the witness.

"Do you believe that they have?"

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

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

"Not a moment."

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

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

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

"It does," answered the witness briefly.

"How many then?"

"Two."

"For what purposes were these rooms respectively used?"

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

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

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

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

“I have,” replied the witness.

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

“I presume so.”

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

“Certainly.”

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

“Very sure,” answered Doty.

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

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

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

“We did not always agree.”

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

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

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

“I should, however, like a more explicit answer.”

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

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

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

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

“I have answered the question,” said Doty sulkily.

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

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

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

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

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

The Secretary again dictated to the Chief Justice,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Mr. O’Cleary! Will you persist?” said the Secretary in a voice trembling with rage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I am," answered the witness.

"Have you long known him?"

"Ever since he arrived in the Province."

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

Meddleton shook his head and laughed.

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

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

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

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

"Ah!—assured, indeed!—how?"

"By his own lips."

"Well—what did he say?"

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

"Did he speak of a rebellious correspondence?"

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

“Did you see any of the correspondence?”

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

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

“They say there is honor amongst thieves,” returned Meddleton, and the whole official corps laughed out right.

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

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

“Did he anticipate any assistance from the United States’ people or Government?”

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

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

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

“About five months ago, at the Sheriff’s office,” answered the witness.

“Can you not specify the day?”

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

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

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

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

“Have you also made a memorandum of the hour?”

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

“During office hours, then?”

“Certainly.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Attorney General rose from his seat in passion and said:—"Mr. O'Cleary, you have virtually accused Doty of perjury!"

"I am well aware that I have," replied the Barrister.

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

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

"Your allusions are censorious!"

"They should be. Doty is the tool of a faction!" said the Barrister pointedly. "I was in the private

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

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

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

“Did you not see the warrant under which you were apprehended?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"If you say so, Judge, it must be so. Howsomever, I'm a leetle suspicious myself about the civility on't."

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

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

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

"Sartin—do you think I'm a natteral fool, Squire?"

"Do you, then believe in future rewards and punishments?"

"I had ort, any how."

"Answer the question!"

"Well, Squire, some folks don't seem to me to git

all the punishment they had ort in this world. Then agin, it seems to me as though some deserve a leetle better sarcumstances than they find here."

"You have not yet answered my question."

"You seem to be desperate particular, Squire."

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

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

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

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

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

"I calculate to do so, Judge."

“Why not answer the question of the Attorney General then?”

“Han’t I agin and agin Judge?”

“Not directly.”

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

“A leetle plainer,” answered the witness.

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

“That’s my idee complete, Squire.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I can’t say exactly Squire, but I should’nt wonder if it would be ruther oneasy.”

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

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

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

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

“Is there a place of future punishment or not?” interrogated Carleton with a voice of thunder.

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

“What is your idea then?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’ve been what folks call a sarvant.”

“Who have you served?”

“Only captin Carleton, and squire Wilcox.”

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

“A leetle better than five months ago.”

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

“I recking I did, onct any how.”

“What was the subject of discourse then?”

“Squire Wilcox and the walkin paper, Deputy Doty got from ’im.”

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

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

“How long since you heard the ’conversation?”

“Not fur from six months ago. A leetle before I quit the captin’s sarvice.”

“Did he on that occasion, even intimate that he abandoned the office of Deputy Sheriff, of his own accord?”

“Not by a long chalk. He tell’d the Captin plump and plain he was turned out o’nt.”

Mr. Wilcox resigned the witness to the Counsel for the crown, who with unabated warmth interrogated;—
“Do you dare to say on oath sir, that John Doty acknowledged to Mr. Carleton that he had been turned out of the service of the prisoner?”

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

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

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

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

“I did’nt say that Deputy Doty stopped the Captin,”

“Did you not say that the Secretary’s stop was made at the instance of Doty?”

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

“State then litterally what followed this holding up.”

“The hosses stopped stock still, and so did the carige—the Captin and your humble sarvant.”

“Did any conversation follow?” vociferated the Attorney General.

“Sartin.”

“Respecting what then?”

“All about Squire Wilcox.”

“What was the tenor of it?”

“Well, Squire, I considered it ruther sassy. Howsomever, I didn’t wonder much, for Deputy Doty’d jost

got 'is walkin paper, and was in a desperate pashin—and the Captin's natterally snarlish you know."

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

The Secretary again spoke in the ear of the Chief, who replied to the Counsel with decisive emphasis:—"Any conversation which may have passed between the Secretary and Doty can not be of importance to the Crown. I therefore beg, Mr. Attorney General, that you will not again bring the witness' attention to it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I ha’nt nothin agin the Captin on my own account Squire.”

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

“Sartin—I haint nothin whatsomever agin ’im on my own account.”

“Recollect that you are under oath, Sir!”

“You wont find my memory as short as Deputy Doty’s, Squire,” retorted Johnson.

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

“I and the Captin’s had some snarls—no mistake. Howsomever, he ginerally got off second best, and I ha’nt nothin agin ’im for ’em. Satisfaction’s satisfaction, Squire!”

“What was the cause of your leaving the Secretary’s service?” interrogated the counsel at the top of his voice.

“’Ta’nt my business to tell tales out a doors, Squire.”

“Mind my question alone, sir!”

“Must I answer ’im, Judge?” enquired the witness of His Lordship.

“Certainly. The question is proper,” replied the Chief.

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

“State plainly the cause of your leaving Mr. Carleton’s service.”

“I understand you, Squire ; but to gin you a right idee on’t, I’ll have to tell a considerable long story.”

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

“I’ll jest tell the sarcumstances clean out, Squire ; and then you can have your own idees about that part on’t.”

“I have asked you for your ideas, sir !”

“Well, Squire, my idee is that I wa’nt, but would a been.”

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

“I sartinly do.”

“You believe that your conduct could not have been endured longer by your master ?”

“It wouldn’t a been, any how, I conclude.”

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

“I’m on oath, Squire,—and for my part, I consider it pretty purticular bizness.”

“You ought to consider it so, at any rate.”

“No mistake—it’s pretty purticular bizness.”

“You recollect, undoubtedly, the provocation your master had for dismissing you ?”

“I telled you that, accordin to my idee, I wa’nt dismissed.”

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

“The Captin thought so, I calculate.”

“ Well, then—what were the Secretary’s ideal provocations ?”

“ Shall I tell the hull on ’ein ?”

“ Yes, and without reserve.”

“ Well, Squire—to begin, there’d been a ginerall idee that the Captin’d scart Miss Carry to ’er long hum. Howsomever, the Captin aint slow, and he twigged ’er at a tea-shine at Darwin-house, and it seemed as though the gall put the devil in ’im ; for _____”

“ Sam !” cried Carleton in sudden rage.

“ That’s my name, Captin,” interrupted the witness.

“ Sam, there must be an end to this !”

“ Sartin ; but the eend’s a good ways off yit, Cap-
tin.”

“ Let it end here, sir !” fumed the Secretary.

“ Jest as you and the Squire can agree, Captin.—
Howsomever, the Squire seems detarmined to have
the hull on’t.”

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

“ Your sarvant, Judge,” interrupted the Yankee,
in the act of bowing low to His Lordship.

“ Witness,” repeated the Chief, with subdued anger,
“ you must try to keep nearer the point on which His
Majesty’s Counsel is questioning.”

“ The Squire’s question, howsomever, Judge, in-
cludes a considerable many pintes.”

“ The Attorney General’s only object can be, to

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Cease, sir!” cried Carleton, frantiely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Johnson!” thundered the Attorney General.

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

“Johnson—I tell you that this must be finished!”

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

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

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

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

The counsel explained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m jest as much obleeged to you Judge, as though I didn’t want to accommodate the Squire. Howsomer, I ha’nt no objections to go to the eend on’t, as I know on.”

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

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

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

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

“Madam,” said His Majesty’s counsel, “you have spoken in very positive terms!”

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

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

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

“Why so positive, Mrs. Darwin?”

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

“A sick lady!” ejaculated the Attorney General.

“A sick lady,” repeated the Honorable Mrs. Darwin.

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

“I am.”

“You surprise me, madam!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Knight rejoined :—"Every thing that does not savor of sycophancy, is attributed in this Province to disaffection. For instance," continued Colonel Aber-

thenot—"if a man is so unfortunate as to let his risible faculties get the advantage of him, when he sees the periwig of a Government officer awry, he is at once pronounced disaffected. If a Government officer pulls his neighbor's nose, and the compliment is returned, as it ought to be, the defendant is denounced, at any rate, as a rebellious character. But, above all—if one is so bold as to express an opinion that militates against the selfish interests of those who are not only living at the expense of the people's pockets, but their liberties, he is hunted like a wild beast, put in prison as a traitor; and his life is jeopardized by perjury. Then," added Sir Anthony, "when the honest people of the country think it proper to celebrate with marks of triumph the acquittal of such an one, the soldiery is ordered out to murder them. Sir Francis must have been in his cups, Mr. Carleton!"

"You are mistaken, Sir Anthony!" said the Secretary in subdued anger.

"Nevertheless, His Excellency will have cause to thank me to-morrow, for disobeying the mandate.—These people are only rejoicing at the escape of young Wilcox from his blood-thirsty enemies; and well may they rejoice, that so honorable, independent, and capable a champion of their rights has not been crushed. He is a clever fellow, Mr. Carleton. May God bless him, and cause his enemies to fall before him!"

"Allow me to say, Sir Anthony, that you have craved God's blessing for an enemy to your King."

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

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

from the Realm of England, the sovereign must in justice attribute their loss to those whose loyalty consists in living on the fat of the land and oppressing the subject." The Knight added :—"His Excellency must have been in his cups when he issued the order ! I, therefore, think myself justifiable in refusing to obey it."

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

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

The Secretary, notwithstanding his arrogant and excitable temperament, could exercise caution, when interest suggested it. He only indeed exhibited his malevolence towards those whom, he thought, could not effectually resist his power.

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

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

CHAPTER V.

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

Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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

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

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

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

Such decided steps by his country, not only to re-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ If he be a rebel he is an enemy to all His Majesty’s subjects,” rejoined Colonel Aberthenot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And he showed respect to your flag?"

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

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

The Express bowed to the Knight :—

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

CHAPTER VI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

He concluded with an anecdote of Sam Johnson.

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

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

“The vote was recorded. Cranmore attempted to

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can my father be such an one?" enquired Caroline hastily and in mortification.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Wilcox sur-rejoined;—"The efficacy of prayer is certain; nor can it be doubted that the quickening

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

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

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

Caroline rejoined enquiringly:—"You think however, that my prayers for a happy return to my father's house could not be tempered with such spiritual feeling?"

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

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

“I cannot indulge a hope that he will.” replied our hero.

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

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

“Nevertheless,” said Miss Carleton with decisive emphasis ;—I promise never again to step without the precincts of Darwin Forest, without having obtained your consent.”

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

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

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

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

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

Our hero appeared embarrassed, yet he laughed at the repartee, and Miss Carleton laughing in sympathy, the notice of the more elderly couple, (who had also been deeply engaged in a private discourse,) was attracted.

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

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

“I perceive,” rejoined the Knight quizzically, “that his cheeks are of a deeper crimson than usual.”

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

“You can no longer hesitate Miss Carleton, to give Mrs. Darwin and me an opportunity of joining in your merriment, though Mr. Wilcox may be the sufferer,” persisted the Knight.

“I trust however, that Sir Anthony would not earnestly impose so unpleasant a task on me.”

“Miss Carleton should not be urged to criminate herself,” said our hero hastily in retaliation.

“Certainly not—but bless me Miss Carleton, I never saw you look so flrid.”

The cheeks of Caroline were in reality slightly crimsoned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The stranger spoke with threatening emphasis; yet his words were inarticulate to those within.

"I a'nt scart none, any how; and if that's your idee, I recking I can sass some, too," retorted Sam Johnson; and after a momentary pause, he continued:—"Do you see *that*, through the eye-holes o' your mask?—It's a *pistill*—loaded—cocked and primed, with my finger on its tricker—right agin your head! and if you want your brains blowed out, I'm jest the chap to accommodate you! My name's Sam Johnson. I guess you'd a leetle ruther not tell yourn?"

Mr. Wilcox opened the door, and the hall lights shone directly on the heads of the disputants. The servant tipped his hat with his left hand to the gentleman, while he held in his right, a pistol, the muzzle of which was within some two or three inches of the head of a person whose face was screened by a hideous mask, and whose body was literally covered with rags.

"Who have we here, Johnson?" inquired Sir Anthony Aberthenot, in hurried words."

"I ha'nt axed 'im 'is name, *Kiernill*; and I should'nt wonder if he'd a leetle ruther be excused from tellin on't."

"Bring him in, and we will try to find him' out," said the Knight, in an angry voice.

"Dead or alive, *Kiernill*?"

"Let the rascal make his choice," replied Sir Anthony.

"I a'nt no ways particular myself," rejoined the

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

“I’d a leetle ruther be excused,” said the servant. Howsomever, if the gentlemen’s detarmined on’t I s’pose I must do’t”

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

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

“*Kiernill ! Kiernill !*” ejaculated Sam Johnson.

“What the devil does this mean ?” interrogated Sir Anthõny, looking in surprise at the servant, and letting his hand fall to his side. “Why would you not have the blackgnard’s mask torn from him ?”

“It’s my idee, under the sarcumstances, we’d best let ’im keep ’is face kivered, *Kiernill.*”

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

“*Kiernill ! Kiernill !*”

Sir Anthony interrogated our hero.

“What the devil does this mean, Wilcox ?”

“I can only suspect the cause of Johnson’s opposition,” answered Mr. Wilcox.

“Your suspicion, then, if you please ?”

“I may wrongly suspect, Sir Anthony.”

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

“I say, Sir Anthony, let Johnson decide for us.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

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

At this hour

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

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

"I guess," replied the servant, briefly.

"Who is he, then?"

"Captain Carleton, I calculate."

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

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

“You were informed, then, that the Secretary intended visiting my house to-night?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Unnatural father!" exclaimed Mrs. Darwin.

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

jine 'im, and git some critters besides. The Captin said too many cooks might spile the broth, and think-ed four besides Squire Bolinbrooke 'imself, would be enough, for you had only four men sarvants, and if you had company, it wouldn't be prudent to begin their bizniss till they cleared' out. Any how, they agreed to make a try to nab Miss Carry; and the Captin concluded to go hum, rig up, and be back to the Squire's office by the time t'other folks could be got there. The Squire's little gall, that they thinked knowed nothin, was playin round 'er pap, when they was talkin over the consarn; and considerin it big bizniss, telled Arietta on't, while the Squire was out huntin up critters ——”

“This was providential, indeed!” interrupted the lady.

“I've hearn folks say, Miss Darwin, that the devil's good to 'is own,” digressed Sam Johnson. “Howsomever, I'd a leetle ruther, myself, git the right side o' Providence; for, accordin to my obsarvation, he ginerally gits the best on't in the eend.”

“You may be sure, Johnson, that God will bring all things about for the good of those who love him,” replied Mrs. Darwin. “But I am impatient to hear the end of your narration.”

Johnson resumed the story:—“Arietta concluded that it would'nt be desperate mean, under the sarcumstances, to fix 'erself where she could larn the doins, when the folks got toger in the Squire's office.”

He paused and looked at the lady, as if he would be assured of her approbation of Arietta's conduct, and she said:—"This course was justifiable, after the information given by the little girl."

"That's my idee, too. Whether or no, the gall hard the hull plan; and then pretendin to Miss Bolinbroke that she was goin to bed, (for it was considerable late,) she went to 'er room, and fastened 'er door, slipped out o' the winder, and made tracks to Squire Wilcox's, where she found your humble sarvant. Arietta an't slow, nuther, at larnin and tellin a story. She said the Captin was to be at the front door, to larn what was goin on, in that part—Squire Bolinbrooke, Meddleton and Whitten, was to fix themselves in front o' the house, at sartin distances apart, behind trees, and watch and listen for a sign from the Captin: and that Squire Mustiface and deputy Doty, was to be stationed in the kitchen yard, to keep a look-out on your sarvants."

"But Mustiface and Doty were not here?" interrupted Mrs. Darwin, inquiringly.

"Sartin—I found all accordin to the gall's story," replied the servant.

"What has become of them, then?" enquired the lady in hurried words.

"They're in the coach house," answered the young Yankee.

"In the coach house!" repeated the lady.

"A true bill, Miss Darwin. After I fixed them so they'd stay fixed, I put 'em in the coach house."

“And are not my servants aware of it?”

“Not as I know on. Squire Mustiface and deputy Doty was the fust o’ the gang I got holt on, and they couldn’t any on ’em a been here long; for, after hearin Arietta’s story, I picked up some ropes and handkerchiefs, and I didn’t scratch gravel slow, I tell you. After enterin the gate, I cut into a path through the bushes, and got round to the back part o’ the house—for I concluded it would be prudent to begin where I had the best chance for help. I twigged deputy Doty and Squire Mustiface, standin side and side, peekin into one o’ the kitchen winders. I felt considerable humble—got down on to my hands and knees—crawled up behind ’em, and nabbin the deputy round the ancles, I twiched ’im to the ground. Then pintin my *pistill* at the Squire, he fell as dead as a door nail!”

“Indeed!” cried Mrs. Darwin in sudden alarm:—
“Indeed! Did you then kill Mustiface?”

“I didn’t hurt a hair on ’im. Howsomever, he considered ’imself shot, till I tied and gagged the deputy and him too; and that was jest as well as though he had been.”

Johnson’s explanation was perfectly intelligible to the lady, and caused a transition of feeling. She indulged in momentary merriment, and then enquired: “Did not Doty make any resistance?”

“He wa’nt able to; for the fall knocked the breath clean out on ’im, and it didn’t git back agin, till I’d fixed ’im up.”

“And how did you manage the other hirelings?”

“I was jest as humble behind their backs as deputy Doty’s; but when I got them fixed, I stepped up as crank as a peacock to the Captin, and there eends the story that you wa’nt acquainted with, Miss Darwin.”

Johnson bowed to the lady as he concluded, and she rejoined;—“Yes, and I know of no one to whom Miss Carleton and her friends owe so much as to you. Thanks I will not attempt to express; for if you have not been a guardian angel to my niece, you certainly have been directed by one.”

“I ha’nt done nothin as I know on, that every body’s folks hadn’t ort under sich sarcumstances.”

“You are too bold to appreciate services so valuable to others.”

“As to boldness, I ha’nt natterally no more on’t than other folks. I’ve always reckinged that in a bad cause I’d be a desperate coward. Howsomever, when folks know they’re doing the clean thing, they seem somehow to git above nater—that’s a fact.”

“An honorable and humane man will never embark in a bad cause, Johnson. Therefore, true courage only exists in the heart of such an one.”

“I’ve hearn folks say they’d ruther fight than eat, Miss Darwin; but I’d a leetle ruther eat than fight myself.”

“Yes, and so would those who boast to the contrary.”

“That’s my idee, too; for I’ve ginerally found,

that folks that crack themselves up for bricks, aint the best grit when they're put to't."

"Such persons are the least to be depended on, when true courage is in requisition. But day will soon dawn on us, Johnson, and I have already detained you too long. Yet I would like to see my house freed of our prisoner before you leave. Will you attend me to his room?" added the lady as the blood receded from her cheeks.

The servant bowed in acquiescence, and they immediately proceeded to the captive. He was seated, and apparently inattentive to the intrusion when they entered; and Mrs. Darwin (without dissensibling her opinion of his identity with the Secretary) addressed him in a pointed, though agitated manner.

"Brother," said she, "you are now at liberty to return to your own house. Did I think it possible to mollify the obdurate heart that heats under your miserable disguise, I would detain you longer; but reason has no force on your mind, and pity has no power over your heart. Argument and supplication are alike ineffectual against your wicked devices!—go—you are free."

The prisoner tore his mask from his face, and sprang in frantic passion to his feet.

"Where is my child?" cried the undisguised Carleton, as he looked in fury at the lady.

"Without your reach—thank God!"

The Secretary's teeth chattered, and he struggled

for utterance ; but at length with conflicting feelings he said :—“ Margaret, you have no right to deprive me of a control over my own child ; nor even to encourage her in disobedience to my commands. Yet, you have not only done both, but you have alienated her affections from her father ; and because he is unwilling to resign his parental authority, you accuse him of obduracy.”

“ I admit,” said Mrs. Darwin, “ that you have the most natural right to the superintendence of Caroline. Yet, when I know that you have determined to exercise it for selfish or vindictive ends, it becomes my duty, as her next friend, to thwart your authority. I have never encouraged your daughter in disobedience, farther than was necessary to counteract intentions, which (if they had been effected) would have proved destructive to her happiness—and no father has a right to extend his power so far. Neither have her affections been alienated: The love she bears for her father renders the trials he has alone caused, doubly afflicting. She attributes all her sorrows to your misguided feelings of interest for her welfare.” The lady added :—“ Promise me that Caroline may be left to the choice of a husband, and I will not only be responsible for her taste and judgment, but will give you an interview with her before another night closes on us.”

The Secretary laughed hysterically, and then, as he stamped violently on the floor, he exclaimed :—

“Woman!—do you think that I would cast my daughter into the arms of Wilcox?—never! never! Caroline must submit wholly, or not at all. Left to her own choice, indeed! What more does she want? Her victory would be complete. No!—no!”

The eyes of Carleton glared in frenzy at his sister, and his countenance was even hideous. The lady retired with a heart full of sorrow, and cheeks bathed with tears; and he, not long after, leaving her house, terminated another of his enterprises, having for its object, the misery of his only child: while, perhaps, blinded by natural wilfulness, long nurtured by indulgence, (the concomitant of power,) he found full justification in his own mind.

The Secretary having departed, Johnson released Mustiface and Doty; and then proceeded home, rejoicing over the auspicious result of his own enterprise. Nor did he forget the offer of Mrs. Darwin, in behalf of Arietta.

CHAPTER VIII.

Then in a word, it rests but on your word,
To punish and avenge—I will not say
My petty wrong, for what is a mere blow,
However vile, to such a thing as I am?—
But the base insult done your state and person.

MARINO FALIERO.

A serpent round my heart was wreathed.—BYRON.

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous, guilty murder done!—SHAKESPEARE.

Some five or six days after the election, Cranmore was surprised by a call from the Secretary.

This functionary, having, since the Barrister's marriage, treated him with marked contempt, he knew not, at first, how to account for the condescension.—He was not allowed to remain long in suspense, however. To that principle of malevolence, so carefully nursed in the heart of Carleton, Cranmore was indebted for this visit.

Mr. O'Cleary was as prominent an object of political vengeance, as our hero. Besides, being a personal friend of Mr. Wilcox, he had become scarce less an object of the Secretary's private malice. At any rate, Carleton had determined to effect, in some way, the destruction of both.

He spoke of the election to the Barrister, and after complimenting him, on the loyal zeal he had exhibited on the occasion, alluded to the unfortunate misapplication of his vote.

The Barrister made no reply ; but his face clouded with malice, and Carleton thought this exhibition of feeling auspicious to his purpose.

"To whom do you attribute that intrigue?" enquired the Secretary, after a silence of several moments.

Cranmore answered with an accent that indicated a deep revengeful feeling:—"To that Yankee villain, Sam Johnson, to be sure. He pronounced the name of Wilcox in my ear."

“He may have been only an instrument, however,” rejoined Carleton.

“It was very much like Sam Johnson himself, at any rate.”

“Still he may have been only an instrument,” persisted the Secretary.

“I doubt not, however, that he was at the very bottom of the intrigue. No one else would have thought of leading me into such an error. It was just one of his Yankee tricks, Mr. Carleton.”

“The trick,” said the Secretary, “was certainly characteristic of Sam Johnson; and he was probably the constructor. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that he was only an instrument in the performance of it.”

“In whose hands, do you believe him to have been an instrument, then?” inquired Cranmore.

“O’Cleary’s.”

“Why do you believe so?”

“O’Cleary laughed, before you had fallen into the snare, as it were, and must, of course, have been aware of the intention of Johnson,” replied the Secretary.

“His laughing prematurely, is certainly a suspicious circumstance,” rejoined the Barrister.

“His laughing at the intrigue at all, was as gross an insult to you, as if he had actually been the performer of the trick. Besides, during the contest which ensued, respecting the registry of your vote, he made a remark which was both insulting to you, personally,

and to the Government, whose cause he knew you were supporting."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Cranmore, "I don't recollect hearing any insulting remark fall from the lips of O'Cleary, on that occasion."

"Did you not hear him say, that if you had unintentionally done an honest thing, in giving Wilcox your vote, it became him to exercise his duty, by making you adhere to your integrity?" questioned Carleton.

"I do recollect some such expression, to be sure; but, you know, he was poll inspector for Wilcox, and I understood the remark merely as an ordinary election hit."

"You received it very differently, then, from the way in which your friends did. They considered it a gross insult, both to you, and the Government whose cause you were then supporting; and depend on it, if you feel inclined to let it pass unnoticed, your friends do not."

"I must say, Mr. Carleton, that I considered the remark neither an insult to the Government, nor to myself."

"How do you consider it now then?" enquired the Secretary.

"I see evidently that his words will bear the construction you would give them; but I can not think that Mr. O'Cleary intended them in that light," answered the Barrister.

“I, however, don't doubt that he understood the construction of his sentence at the time he spoke, as I did—that is to say—that though your intention, and the cause you were supporting, were both dishonest, you had, through the intrigue of Johnson, been led to give an honest vote. Nothing else can be made out of the language ; and as I before said, if you feel inclined to overlook the insult the government has friends at any rate, who will take notice of it.”

“I will call on O'Cleary for an explanation,” said the Barrister.

“Such condescension would betray a want of manliness. You must either send O'Cleary a peremptory challenge, or leave the settlement of the matter to others.”

“It appears to me a matter too trifling to spill blood about, Mr. Carleton,” said the Barrister in mingled dread and pride.

“It does not appear so to others,” returned Carleton briefly.

“I can not understand, however, why there would be any more condescension, in giving O'Cleary an opportunity of apologising or explaining, than any other gentleman,” rejoined Cranmore.

“He deserves it not,” said the Secretary with malignant emphasis. “He has long enough been a scourge to good and loyal subjects, by the use of his sarcastic powers both in the legislature and at the bar. You have suffered personally—both by his insinuations and

his sarcasm ; and it has become particularly your duty to call him out. However, if you feel inclined to over-look him, you must submit to the degradation of letting another resent the insult for you."

Cranmore looked disconsolate, and Carleton continued :—" your prospects of preferment depend on your decision in this matter. O'Cleary is odious to the institutions under which we live, and his death would be hailed with joy by every adherent of our government. You may either wear the laurels or resign them to another."

But, Mr. Carleton, the laurels, (if any,) would only deck my grave," said the Barrister, in excitement.— " I know O'Cleary to be a dead shot with the pistol ; for I have witnessed his precision of aim ; and as the challenged, by the rules of dueling, has the choice of the weapons, it would be madness to challenge him."

" It is sometimes expedient to use extraordinary means, to bring about just ends, and it is not intended that your life shall be in the least jeopardized.

Cranmore looked vacantly at the Secretary for a moment and then said :—" I do not understand you, Mr. Carleton."

" I mean plainly, Cranmore, that your life shall be as secure before the mouth of O'Cleary's pistol, as it is at this moment, if you take immediate steps to call him out."

" Life cannot be very well insured against his skill, Mr. Carleton !"

“His skill must be rendered ineffectual,” said the Secretary.

“How?” enquired Cranmore.

“By leaving the ball out of his pistol,” answered the Secretary, as the very demon gamboled on his countenance.

“But O’Cleary will certainly take the ordinary precautions.”

“Very true. He will, of course, choose a friend—or a supposed friend—to whom will be entrusted the loading of his pistol. If his second, however, should happen to leave the bullet out, you could have no danger to apprehend.”

“Yet, Wilcox would be his friend for the occasion, and would, undoubtedly, take good care to see his pistol properly loaded.”

“Had I not known Wilcox to be absent, I should not now be waiting on you. He left for Kingston this morning, and intends not returning for a week.—If, therefore, immediate steps are taken by you, McCray, whom O’Cleary considers his next best friend, will be called on by him.” The Secretary added:—“I have already had an interview with McCray, and you know him to be a loyal subject.”

The countenance of the Barrister now exhibited a fluctuating mind. He rose and strode across his room—then returning to his seat, he enquired:—“Who would you recommend to me as a friend, Mr. Carleton?”

“Bolingbrooke,” replied the Secretary, as he strove to resist a smile.

“You think that there is no time to be lost, and that the challenge should be peremptory?”

“I do.”

“I will this day, then, wait on Bolingbrooke.”

“Wait on him this very hour, Cranmore. Procrastination is the thief of time,” said Carleton, and then shaking the Barrister’s hand warmly, he left him.

A challenge was sent and accepted. Carleton had, too, predicted aright, with regard to Mr. O’Cleary’s choice of a second. In the course of two hours after his interview with Cranmore, McCray and Bolingbrooke had settled the preliminaries of a duel, and the belligerent parties were on the way to Niagara, opposite which town, on the New York side of the river, the meeting was to take place.

Having travelled all night, they arrived at Niagara by day-break, and immediately procuring boats; landed on the opposite shore before the sun had risen.

The principals were stationed. McCray turned his eyes in guilt from his confiding friend. Bolingbrooke gave the signal for firing, and O’Cleary fell. Cranmore and his accomplices flew to their boats, and were making their best speed towards the Canada shore, when a person, attracted by the reports of the pistols, reached the dying O’Cleary.



Mr. Wilcox was both surprised and grieved, on his return to York. During his absence of a week, Cranmore had been elevated to the Legislative Counsel Chamber, and his friend O'Cleary, had been repositied in the grave. He knew not, however, the treachery of the second—this was, as yet, a secret in Upper Canada.

McCray was one of that stamp who have tact enough to acquire for themselves the appellation, "Good fellow," in society. In other words—he was one of those amiable assassins, who are not unfrequently considered necessary appendages to fashionable circles, while they are undermining the reputations and lives of those from whom they receive the bread of kindness and hospitality.

Mr. Wilcox, on hearing of the death of his friend, at once sought his second, as one whom he thought could unfeignedly sympathise with him in his sorrow. He was not, however, admitted to an interview; for the assassin, now in a state of frenzy—his medical attendants had prohibited visitors.

Our hero turned from the door of McCray in disappointment; but, having done so, he hurried home and retired to his library, hoping to find something there to relieve his mind of its weight of grief.

Having been about an hour turning over the leaves of books, which he had indiscriminately and almost unconsciously taken from their shelves, he noticed on his table, an American newspaper, the envelope of

which had not yet been broken ; and picking it up, he began to examine its columns. An article, headed "a duel," at length attracted him. He read it, and the plan of assassination that had been so faithfully executed, was fully developed to his mind.

The stranger who had been called to the battle ground by the reports of the pistols, was the author of this communication. Mr. O'Cleary had only survived the shot long enough to give his name, and aspi- rate the treachery of his second.

The stranger could not doubt his dying words ; and after animadverting on the murderers, he concluded his article with the dying aspirations of the victim :— "I know, by the jarring of my pistol, there was no ball in it. I have been betrayed—murdered!"

Thought after thought quickly rushed to the mind of Mr. Wilcox. He had not once before, suspected the treachery of McCray ; but the article before him, told a volume to him. O'Cleary had fallen a victim to official vengeance, and McCray and Cranmore had been its instruments.

"Fiend!—damned, deceiving fiend!" exclaimed our hero, in mingled grief and passion. Then summoning his servant, he delivered the newspaper to him, and said :—"Johnson, take that to the printing office, and tell the foreman that I desire him to publish an article, (he will find in it)—headed a duel."

The servant loitered as if he would say something to his master, who, observing his manner, enquired, abstractedly :—"What would you, Johnson?"

“Nothin, Squire—only I guess you han’t hearn the news?”

“The news;” repeated Mr. Wilcox.

“Yes, Squire—you han’t hearn, I recking, that Mr. McCray’s gone to Davy’s locker?”

“Dead?”

“Sartin; and I’ve a good mind to say, I’m glad on’t.”

“Why?”

“Because he helped to put an eend to Squire O’Cleary.”

“How do you know this, Johnson?” inquired Mr. Wilcox, in surprise.

“A gall telled me on’t, down street.”

“A girl!” repeated our hero, his mind confused with conflicting thoughts.

“Sartin—murder will out, Squire Wilcox. Mr. McCray, in spite on ’is doctors—Captin Carleton—Squire Cranmore, and Squire Bolinbrooke, confessed the hull story, before sarvants and all: and his sarvant gall telled it to Arietta Williams, and I larnt it from her about twenty minutes ago.”

“What did McCray confess?” asked Mr. Wilcox; and his servant, in reply, related the plot that had been formed and executed against Mr. O’Cleary.

After listening to the recital of Johnson, our hero remained silent for several moments. Then he said, with an abstracted air:—“And McCray is dead—ha?”

“No mistake, Squire Wilcox; and I say agin, I feel as though I’d like to say, I’m glad on’t”

“What caused his death?” inquired Mr. Wilcox, for he had not been informed of the nature of McCray’s malady, when refused admittance to his room.

“He got a desperate wovnd in the duill,” answered Johnson.

“He could not have received a wound. You have been hoaxed, Johnson,” rejoined our hero.

“No hoaxin about it, Squire Wilcox. A wovnd in the duill, bringed ’im to ’is eend. It wan’t a common wovnd, nuther—that’s a fact!”

“Where did he receive the wound, then?”

“In his conscience,” answered the servant.

“That may be, indeed!”

“That bringed ’im to his eend; for it put ’im out on ’is wits, and then he helped the wovnd along ’imself!”

“He committed suicide?” said Mr. Wilcox, in a hasty and inquiring manner.

“That’s the story. He shaved a leetle too deep; and I say agin, I feel jest as though I’d like to say, I’m glad on’t,” replied the servant; and then bowing to his master, he retired.

CHAPTER IX.

Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
All good subjects, young and old !
I'm the Lord of the creation,
I—a water wag-tail bold !
All around and all you see,
All the world was made for me.—MONTGOMERY.

It shall be so,
It shall be so, let him away ; he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.—CORIOLANUS.

It was now the last week in May, eighteen hundred and twelve, and Mr. Wilcox had, since his arraignment, enjoyed comparative freedom, from personal molestation. His enemies, however, like the lion, crouched in ambush for the approach of his prey, were only awaiting a favorable opportunity to gratify their malevolence.

A war between Great Britain and the United States had long been anticipated, and all things connected with the diplomatic negotiations between the Governments of these two countries, had now rendered the settlement of their differences hopeless, without the sacrifice of human blood. The Legislature of Upper Canada was, therefore, convened for the professed purpose of deliberating on measures for the defence of the country.

Mr. Wilcox took his seat in the Legislative hall, and not forgetting his obligation to his constituents,

was soon looked upon as the leader of that party which was striving to support the constitutional balance so specious in theory. Both an eloquent speaker and cogent reasoner, he forced, as it were, conviction to the minds of his hearers, and the liberal party was daily strengthening under his influence.

The officials became alarmed at his growing power, and the Governor formally required the young representative to vacate his seat.

Mr. Wilcox, though determined to resist a requisition so unconstitutional, waited on His Excellency for an explanation of its cause.

Sir Francis plainly and abruptly told him that he was considered disaffected, and consequently unfit to hold a seat in a British Legislature.

Our hero replied:—"If the opinion that I am disaffected be correct, your Excellency has, nevertheless, done in Upper Canada what His Majesty would not have dared to do in Great Britain."

"What have I done?" interrogated Sir Francis peremptorily.

"Your Excellency has undertaken to undermine a fundamental principle of the constitution."

"In what respect?"

"The seat of a representative of the people is sacred against Executive encroachment in every part of His Majesty's dominions," said Mr. Wilcox in reply.

"The constitution of Upper Canada does not in-

tend that rebels shall hold seats in Parliament," rejoined the Governor.

"Nor that the Chief Magistrates shall be independent of its requisitions," retorted our hero.

"In requiring you to vacate your seat in Parliament, I have acted according to the spirit of the constitution," said Sir Francis.

"It's letter and spirit differ very materially, then."

"I shall, at any rate, persist in my construction, and expect you to obey my mandate!"

"Your Excellency will be disappointed in his expectation!"

"You have then determined to resist His Majesty's representative, and consequently His Majesty's authority?"

"No—I only resist the usurper, Sir Francis."

"Usurper?" repeated the Governor in rage.—
"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean to say, Sir Francis, that you are not a true representative of His Majesty."

"What am I, then?"

"A tool to a corrupt compact—to a set of men who, while they profess the most devoted loyalty, are the greatest enemies to England's sovereigns in Upper Canada."

"Your passions cause you to forget your duty to the Chief Magistrate of your country," said His Excellency in a deep voice, while he looked malignantly at the young representative.

“I am performing the duty of a true British subject, Sir Francis. The audacious usurpations of those who conduct the Government of Upper Canada, should not be submitted to in silence.”

“Wilcox,” cried the Governor in a loud and passionate voice :—“Wilcox, your assertions are false !”

“Your Excellency knows that they are too true.”

“They are false !” vociferated Sir Francis. “The Government of Upper Canada is conducted with propriety.”

“Sir Francis—office in Upper Canada is a sinecure—not because there are not duties attached to it, but because neither the interest of the sovereign, nor the people is felt at heart by the incumbent. Yet, notwithstanding such notorious dereliction, the man who dares to animadvert on it, becomes at once an object of oppression, and the verriest ruffians are retained even under the eye of the Chief Magistrate to carry official vengeance to his door.” Our hero added : “Your Excellency knows that I have said truth !”

“Your allegations are false !” exclaimed the Governor. “You are a rebel, and the Legislative hall of Upper Canada shall be no longer cumbered with you !”

“I shall, nevertheless, resume my seat there, Sir Francis,” pronounced the young Representative.—Then bowing formally to the Governor, he retired from the Presence and proceeded directly to the Parliament-house.

Mr. Wilcox, indeed, fulfilled his promise to the Governor, and yet represented his constituents some four or five days. Nor did His Excellency seem inclined to enforce his mandate at present.

But, alas! our hero was doomed to mortifications and afflictions. War was declared against Great Britain and her dependencencies, by the United States' Government. York was subjected to martial law; and Mr. Wilcox was not only proclaimed, in the columns of the Royal Gazette of Upper Canada, as disaffected towards the Government, but commanded, through the same medium, to leave the Capitol in the course of twelve hours—death, as a traitor, being the only alternative of his disobedience.

The true friends of England's Sovereigns, *never* lived in peace, or even safety, in any part of British North America. But at a crisis like the present—when martial, had superseded municipal law; and that too, was to be administered by Sir Francis, (the tool of Carleton,)—it would have been madness for our hero to contend longer for his rights, as a British subject. Determining, therefore, to leave York immediately, he ordered Johnson to pack his trunks. Then writing to Mrs. Darwin and Miss Carleton, through the Post Office, he brushed the dust of the place in which he had suffered so many wrongs, from his boots, and started with his faithful servant for Niagara.

CHAPTER X.

But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Tracked like wild beasts, like them they sought the wild
As to a mother's bosom flies the child.—BYRON.

Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here !—SHAKESPEARE.

Notwithstanding the wrongs Mr. Wilcox had suffered under the tyrannic arm of the Upper Canada Government, his allegiance to his King had not been shaken.

Of noble blood, he could not indulge a thought against that power, under which his fathers had enjoyed high birthrights, and which he, from his infancy, had been taught to love and respect. Nor could he brook the idea of returning to his native land, as a needy out-cast from the country he had adopted.

He therefore determined to endure the mortifications under which his high-toned spirit was suffering, rather than abandon from his heart the true principles of loyalty, that had grown with his growth, or flee, as a criminal, to the protection of his friends.

He took up his abode in a secluded part of the town of Niagara. The powerful of the land, however, did not intend to forget him, when they drove him from his home. Nor were their emissaries, (for such in-

fested every corner of the country,) unmindful of the man who had established himself in their vicinity.

He avoided all public places; but when chance brought him in contact with man, in his unfrequented paths, he was either shunned as a pestilence, or insulted as a traitor. Nor did he, during his residence here, meet in friendship, a fellow being—save his own faithful servant.

Extensive preparations for invasion, had been made, both by Great Britain and the United States; and the war was now conducted with energy by both Governments.

General Hull had already planted the Republican standard in Canada; and through his cowardice or apostacy, Sir Isaac Brock had, in turn, fixed that of Great Britain in Michigan.

It was the thirteenth of October; and intelligence was received at Niagara, that a division of the United States' army had attacked the post at Queenston. Our hero, forgetting his wrongs, volunteered his services; and though the son of a nobleman, he shouldered a musket—marched to Queenston, and having shared the dangers of the battle with the common soldier, returned to his seclusion.

No enemy is so implacable, as he who has no real cause for his animosity. An innate fear of just revenge haunts such an one, and calls forth every energy of his ignoble mind, to render the object of his hatred powerless.

Our hero's enemies, therefore, no sooner heard of his disinterested act of patriotism, than the Demons of their bosoms were awakened, as it were, from a slumber. Sir Francis wanted but an excuse to direct engines of destruction against him; and the Secretary was not without resources that would furnish a plausible one, at a crisis like the present.

Hope—that eternal hope, that buoys the heart of man in his direst distress—had now almost deceived Mr. Wilcox into the consoling belief, that his secluded and unpretending life, had at least, secured him from the malicious pursuit of his enemies: and he had even begun again to indulge in dreams of future prosperity and happiness.

“So thy fair hand, enamored fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers.”

But, alas! how delusive! The blood-hounds of Government, were already on their scent: nor did ten days elapse, after the battle of Queenston, before he was assured of the vanity of his thoughts.

It was ten o'clock at night, and our hero was seated at a stand in his small parlor, penning a letter to the lovely daughter of Carleton, when his servant suddenly entered, and blew out his candle.

“Excuse me, Squire Wilcox,” said Johnson, “but Canada devils will be around in a lectle; and as there

a'nt no shetters to the winders, it's prudent to blow out the candle, I guess."

"For what purpose is my house to be beset to-night, Johnson?" asked Mr. Wilcox hastily.

"The Government folks ha'nt gin up the idee o' puttin an eend to Squire Wilcox yit."

"I cannot think it possible that my enemies are pursuing me after so long a cessation of their hostilities," said Mr. Wilcox.

"Whether you think so or no, Squire—it's a true bill!"

"May you not be deceived?"

"I recking not; for I've taken a leetle pains to larn the business, any how."

"What have you learned, then?"

"That you're sent for by the big folks at York."

"And how have you learned this?"

"I larnt it about ten minutes ago at the post-office, whilst I was waitin for your letter from Miss Carry; or ruther whilst I was waitin for't, and a leetle after I got it."

"You have a letter for me, then?"

"Sartin—but there aint no time to read it."

"Indeed!"

"No, Squire—the sooner you're makin tracks the better, accordin to my mind."

"But why such sudden haste with my enemies, when they know that I have been waitin on their vengeance in this place four months?"

“I’ll tell all I know on’t, any how,” replied the servant.

“Do?”

“Well, Squire, you know the roads is desperate muddy now; and the nights is considerable dark too; so I had to wait at the post-office till a leetle ago for the mail. Squire Blake was waitin too, and jest as soon as the mail was opened, the post master found a letter for ’im, and when he gin it to ’im, looked as though he knowed somethin that some folks didn’t. I twigged the writin on the back on’t, howsomever, and knowed it as well as I knowed my own. I knowed the nater o’ the writer too, and a leetle suspicious that somethin might be brewin, concluded there wouldn’t be no harm in tryin to find out what it was consarnin. The Squire opened the letter, and after I got yourn, I stepped off as though I was comin hum. I didn’t, howsomever, pull the door clean to, and stopin agin it, I wa’nt disappointed in my ideas.”

“You learned the object of this letter?” said Mr. Wilcox, enquiringly.

“Sartin—I hard Squire Blake tell the post master; and the sum and substance on’t was, that Squire Wilcox is to be nabbed as a rebel, and that there’s evidence enough agin ’im to fix ’im out as sich.”

“The Secretary was the writer of this letter, I presume?”

“No mistake. The Captin, howsomever, writ it for the Governor.”

“It contained a command from Sir Francis to capture me?”

“That’s the story, Squire Wilcox.”

“I wonder, at any rate, that they have deferred their vengeance so long!” said our hero with indignant feeling.

“A reason for that was gin in the letter,” said Johnson.

“Indeed!—what was it?”

“The Captin said that, as you was a Lord’s son, the Govenor’d been a leetle cautious; but that you wouldn’t be overlooked no longer; for the sarcumstances was now so strong agin you, that your friends in Ireland wouldn’t have nothin to say agin ’im if he hanged you.”

“Base!—base villains!” exclaimed the persecuted Wilcox.

“No two idees about that,” said Johnson. “Howsomever, I nor you can’t make ’em no better, as I know on, and we’d best be makin tracks, I conclude: for I hard Squire Blake say, after readin the letter, he’d have you in ierns in no time; and I recking he’ll be along in a leetle with his critters.”

“I must meet my foes, Johnson. There is no place of refuge for me.”

“One o’ two things has got to be done pretty quick any how. We’ve got to get ready for fight or scratch gravel—that’s a fact!”

“I will fight, then. These blood-hounds will never

be satisfied till they see the last drop of my heart's blood. I will fight and die at once, rather than indure their farther indignities. Prepare my pistols!"

"I don't like the idee o' bein considered a back-out, Squire; and if you say fight—I say fight too. Howsomever, accordin to my calculation, it's a leetle the best to make tracks. We can't fight the hull town—that's a fact; and Government pups has growed so desperate toppin sence the war, that every body's folks would have to turn out for 'em, if they axed it."

"I know very well, Johnson, that it would be madness to resist; but where will I find a refuge?"

"Leave that part on't to me."

"I will leave all to you," said Mr. Wilcox, with feelings almost indifferent with regard to the result; and Johnson thus authorized, picked up his master's trunk and threw it to his shoulder. But the enemy was already at the door and our hero flew to his pistols.

"Squire, jest foller me, and they'll find out they aint the cunninest critters in nater," said the servant in a low and wary voice, and then he started to the kitchen, followed by his master.

He reached a trap-door, and opening it, Mr. Wilcox descended a ladder. Then following, he closed the way after him, as the front and back doors of the house were burst open.

Now in the cellar, he took his master's hand, and led him through an outer door; and before day dawned, his ingenuity had furnished a temporary screen

from the weather in a wood, five miles distant from Niagara.

The sun having risen, Johnson said:—"Now, Squire Wilcox, we've got a house to live in, but we ha'n't nothin' to live on; so I recking I'd best take a foragin' tramp?"

Our hero drew from his pocket a purse that contained his every farthing, and found in it scarcely enough to purchase the ingredients for one meal.—He offered its contents to his servant, with evident signs of mortification, and thought he could only apologise for what might appear penurious, by acknowledging his poverty.

Johnson refused the money, dropped his head in sorrow for his master's feelings, and after a momentary silence, said:—"Providence ha'n't left us without nothin'. I always considered it prudent to look out for a rainy day—so I saved the leetle Squire Carleton left me in his will, and I've got a hundred dollars at your sarvice, Squire."

He started suddenly on his errand, and the eyes of our hero filled with tears of gratitude, as they followed him.

He directed his steps towards the Niagara river; and on arriving at the cultivated part of the farm on which the fugitives had pitched their camp, he espied a man coming towards him.

As they approached each other, Johnson perceived that the stranger wore a military dress, and feared he

might be commanding a party in search of his master. But he could not now avoid a meeting ; and as the surest way of avoiding suspicion, he proceeded with hurried steps towards him.

On meeting the stranger, (who wore the insignia of a Lieutenant, and whose countenance bespoke an ingenuous heart,) the servant raised his hat respectfully from his head ; and the young officer having returned his courtesy with affability, said :—"My friend, I observe a smoke rising from yonder wood—can you give me any information respecting it ?"

Johnson turned his face towards the wood, and viewed the smoke that was now curling over the trees, from a fire he had made with his own hands, but hesitated to answer the officer, who continued :—"I have just received information of some desertions from Fort George ; and this smoke may be issuing from an encampment of the deserters."

"Deserters would be likely to lean to tother side, I conclude," said the servant, with apprehension for his master's safety.

"But if they had not a ready opportunity to get across the river, they would naturally make the woods a temporary retreat."

Johnson remained silent, but scrutinized the face of the officer, who, turning on his heel, added :—"I will, at any rate, take a file of men, and satisfy myself."

The Lieutenant had nearly reached a battery on the bank of the Niagara river, when the young Yan-

kee, who had followed close on his steps, ejaculated :—
 : ‘Lootenant, if you ha’nt no objections, I’d like to
 have a leetle chat with you.’”

The officer stopped, and Johnson continued :—“I
 look considerably at folks’ faces ; (for, accordin to my
 ideas, they generally carry their credentials there :)
 and if my leetle acquaintance with human nater ha’nt
 deceived me, I guess your honor a’nt to be sneezed
 at !”

The officer’s suspicions were strengthened by John-
 son’s remarks, and fixing his eyes on him, he said,
 inquiringly :—“Deserters are really secreted in the
 woods, then ?”

“The desarters you mean, Lootenant, a’nt.”

“There are deserters there, however ?”

“That depends on folkses ideas. I and Squire
 Wilcox has been considerably put to’t, and we had to
 find a hidin place.”

“Wilcox !” repeated the officer in surprise. “Is
 the place from whence the smoke issues, a refuge for
 Mr. Wilcox ?”

His ready recognition of our hero’s name, alarmed
 Johnson ; but he thought it too late to retract.

“It’s a fact, Lootenant,” said he in reply ; “and
 you seem to be acquainted with the Squire, too ?”

“Slightly,” rejoined the officer, briefly.

“You’ve hearn considerable bad stories about ’im,
 I conclude ?”

“I have.”

“I should’nt wonder if you believed some on ’em, too?” said the servant anxiously.

“No,” said the officer decisively:—“No—I believe him to be a persecuted man.”

The overjoyed Johnson lost his power of utterance for several moments; but as soon as he could speak, he exclaimed:—“That’s the story, Lootenant!—you’ve got holt o’ the right eend on’t! May I inquire your name?”

“The young officer smiled, as he replied:—“My name is Aberthenot.”

“I should’nt wonder if you’re some relation to the *Kiernill*?”

“Colonel Aberthenot?—Sir Anthony?” inquired Mr. Aberthenot, in turn, willing to gratify the servant’s curiosity.

“Sartin,” cried Sam—the nicest old chap in nater—a rail gentleman—that’s a fact Lootenant!”

The young officer could not help smiling again, at the peculiar panegyric on his uncle, while he said:—“I have the honor of being a nephew of your old friend.”

“Sam Johnson’s your humble sarvant, then,” said the Yankee, as he bowed low to the officer.

“Thank you, Johnson.”

“You got acquainted with Squire Wilcox at York, I conjecter?”

“I was introduced to him in that town by Sir Anthony.”

“You wa’nt long in York, I conclude? for I never seed you before, as I know on.”

“I was only a visitor there.”

“The *Kiernill’s* got a considerable idee o’ Squire Wilcox?”

“A very good opinion of him. Quite his friend, Johnson. But what has driven your master to the woods?”

The servant readily related the persecutions which had forced Mr. Wilcox—step by step—to his wild retreat; and then he added:—“I’m now foragin for somethin to keep up ’is nater.”

Mr. Aberthenot’s heart opened in sympathy, and he said:—“Johnson, your master’s situation requires the utmost caution; and a British officer’s friendship will uot, I think, be received amiss by him.”

The servant bowed in joy, and the officer continued:—“Your peculiar dialect might excite a suspicion that would lead to the discovery of Mr. Wilcox.—Therefore, apply not for food even, to any but me.”

Johnson wondered more and more at the good fortune of our hero, and after collecting himself, he replied, with a heart full of gratitude:—“I aint goin to thank you, Lootenant; for I ha’nt no words to do’t it as I know on.”

Mr. Aberthenot proceeded with the servant to his quarters, where he loaded him with viands, and sending compliments to his master, promised to visit the refuge in the course of the morning. Nor was it long

after our hero had breakfasted, when Johnson, with a smiling countenance, announced the young officer at the door of the sylvan retreat.

CHAPTER XI.

But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,
And still more vainly men escape from men.—BYRON.

* * * * * Give me thy hand.
CORIOLANUS.

What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me we leave to fate ;
We know by past experience taught
That innocence availeth nought :
I feel and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself a host :
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me—I'm at rest ;
Ten thousand deaths in every nerve,
I'd rather suffer than deserve.—MONTGOMERY.

It was the last of May, eighteen hundred and thirteen, and Mr. Wilcox, under the auspices of young Aberthenot, had enjoyed a safe and peaceful retreat, for seven months, in the wilderness.

Now, however, a speedy invasion of Niagara was threatened by the Americans, and our hero's friend was suddenly ordered to that town. The officer, having started his soldiers on their march under the direction of his orderly, mounted his horse and rode to the refuge.

The object of this visit was not merely to take a leave of Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Aberthenot knew that there was no longer security for the fugitive in Upper Canada, and of this he determined to assure him.

Our hero met his friend at the cabin door as he rode up. The officer dismounted not, but delivering a number of the Royal Gazette into the fugitive's hand, told him he would find an article in it which would convince him at least of the necessity of the strictest caution.

"Indeed, my friend," added young Aberthenot, "you are no longer safe in Upper Canada."

"Mr. Wilcox spoke not in turn, but looked sorrowfully at his friend.

"Your enemies are implacable," said the officer at length. "You will find in the paper you now hold a price offered for your head. A price offered too, for the last seven months; but I did not think it necessary to disturb your mind with this information, as long as I could befriend your seclusion. Now, however, I am called away, and man is too sordid to trust.— You are no longer safe in Upper Canada!"

"You think I am not safe in this retreat?" said our hero, in an abstracted manner.

"I do. Gold is tempting; and there is no small price offered for your head."

"Where can I go?"

"Seek an asylum in the United States. This course is the only alternative of an ignominious death!" re-

plied the young officer, and then giving his hand to our hero, he took an affectionate leave and galloped away.

Mr. Wilcox looked after his friend till his view was entirely intercepted by the forest trees. Then retiring to his cabin, he opened the Royal Gazette, and read the article to which Mr. Aberthenot had alluded.

A thousand pounds was the reward offered for his head. The cup of forbearance had overflowed, and calling Johnson from the kitchen apartment, (for the servant had not allowed himself to be long in the wilderness without such an addition to his master's habitation,) told him that he had determined, not only to flee to the United States, but to join the republican standard.

A gleam of joy issued from the eyes of the Yankee, on hearing his master's declaration, and he said in turn:—"Well, Squire Wilcox, accordin to my mind, no body's folks can't blame you. It's honest for folks to stick to their Government, as long as nater will let 'em—no mistake; and 'ta'nt my business to advise Squire Wilcox about sich things. Howsom-ever, it's my idee, that folks aint bound to run the gantlit to etarnity."

"It has been a struggle with me, my faithful Johnson, to renounce my King and my country," rejoined our hero, with a trembling voice. "But the die is cast. I am denounced as a traitor. A traitor I will be!"

“They won’t let you be nothin’ else—that’s the story, Squire!”

The breast of Mr. Wilcox heaved in conflict.— Then he said, in a firm tone :—“Johnson, I suspect there is not now a soldier to guard the shore ; and if a plank sufficient to buoy me can be found, I will not remain longer in a land where I am continually hunted as a beast of the forest.”

“I wouldn’t be too fast nuther, Squire.”

“Why delay a moment ? My mind is fixed !”

“It’s jest as well to be a leetle prudent ; and I recking I’d best go out to the river and recurniter some fust. Then, agin, I ha’nt got your trunk fixed up yit.”

“Just as you please, Johnson,” said our hero, as he threw himself recklessly into his seat again, and the servant began to make the necessary preparations for a removal.

He had scarcely got engaged, however, when the commencement of a battle at Niagara was announced by the roar of cannon. Volley after volley followed in quick succession, and the master and servant forgot themselves, in listening to the “din of war.”

All was again still, and Johnson said to his master : “There’s an eend on’t, any how, Squire Wilcox, and for all we know, Canada’s a free country.”

“I shall not be sorry to hear that she is, at any rate.”

“It would save us the trouble o’ swimin to one, any how,” rejoined the servant, as he smiled in an-

icipation, and then finishing the work he had begun, he set out for the river.

Having reached the shore without molestation or impediment, he selected materials from the wood and boards that had drifted on it, for a float of sufficient size for his purpose, and uniting them with withes, in the course of two hours returned to the retreat. He hoisted his master's trunk to his shoulder, and said:—
“Now, Squire Wilcox, if you're ready, I be.”

Our hero placed his hat on his head, but his countenance betrayed a conflict that was again raging within his bosom.

“Yes—yes, Johnson—I am ready,” he ejaculated at length, and then he proceeded with hurried steps, as if he doubted the strength of his own resolutions if he tarried longer.

The fugitives had not long issued from the wood when they discovered a body of horsemen riding with rapidity along the main road. They hesitated on their steps, and Johnson, after straining his eyes to their utmost, actually began to dance in frantic joy.

“True blues! True blues!—no mistake! Canada's free!” cried the Yankee.

Our hero's risible faculties, notwithstanding his present mood, were not proof against this ludicrous exhibition of his servant.

“You needn't skulk no longer from the Canada pups, Squire. True blues, by jolly!” continued Johnson to his laughing master.

“You think them a body of American cavalry—do you?” enquired Mr. Wilcox at length.

“Sartin—and we’d best be joggin on, I guess,” said the servant in reply, and then he moved forward.

“Stop, Johnson! you may be mistaken,” said Mr. Wilcox. Johnson was at least half offended at this command, and after stopping short, he said, in a reproachful tone:—“I recking I know my country folks, Squire.”

“The British cavalry wear blue too, Johnson.”

“’Ta’nt the true blue, howsomever; and another thing, Squire Wilcox, there’s a leetle difference in the fashin o’ their caps. * It’s my idee we’d best be joggin!”

“Very well, Johnson. You have never yet failed me in my exigencies. We will proceed.”

The fugitives did not reach that point of the road to which they were directing their steps, before the horsemen passed. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilcox got a sufficiently close view of them to satisfy him that the servant had not been deceived.

“There, Squire Wilcox!” ejaculated Johnson, as the troop rode by:—“There—look for yourself.”

“I perceive that your opinion was correct,” returned Mr. Wilcox.

“I recking I know my country folks,” rejoined the young Yankee with proud emphasis.

Having arrived at the shore, Johnson removed the trunk from his shoulders to the float he had manufactured, and again addressed his master.

“Squire,” said he, “I made this consarn to carry us acrost the river ; but it’s my idee, now, we’d best go to Nigara on it.”

Our hero remained silent in thought, and the servant continued :—“Nigara’s in honest hands now, and if you’re a goin to jine my country folks, you’ll have a chance to do’t there, I calculate.”

The aspect of Mr. Wilcox indicated strong emotion ; but in sudden resolution he stepped on to the float, and seating himself on his trunk, signified a determination of proceeding to Niagara.

The servant indulged vivid anticipations for his master under the auspices of the United States Government, and pushing his vessel from the shore in silent exultation at our hero’s decision, the force of the current wafted the fugitives in less than an hour to Niagara.

Mr. Wilcox soon effected an interview with the commander of the American forces, and was promised a Colonelcy, on the condition that he would raise a regiment of Canadians.

Though he had been outlawed by the tyrannic operation of the Canadian Government, he was remembered with esteem by the Canadian people. Therefore, (having caused hand-bills, soliciting recruits, to be circulated,) it was not long before the requisition of the general was fully complied with ; and taking the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, he received a sword from the hand of a foreigner, to wield against the land of his birth.

CHAPTER XII.

We neared the wild wood ———.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 A slender girl, long-haired and tall,
 Sat watching by the cottage wall.—MAZEPPA.

I have pledged my faith ;
 I love him—I will die with him : I knew
 Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.

BYRON.

Colonel Wilcox had kept up a correspondence with Miss Carleton, during his abode in the wilderness; through the kindness of Mr. Aberthenot, to whose address she had directed.

Caroline had read too, in the Royal Gazette, the accusations and denunciations against our hero. Neither ignorant, therefore, of the extent of his persecutions, nor of their groundless cause, she was but little surprised, on receiving one of his hand-bills, (soliciting recruits for the United States' service) from the hand of Mrs. Darwin. With this step, however, there was associated, in the mind of Caroline, a chain of events; and rising from her seat, she paced her cottage parlor some minutes in agitation. Then stopping suddenly before her aunt, she said, with a spirited emphasis:—"Joseph Wilcox has done right! Driven, by the tyranny of the Government, to the very dens of wild beasts, for shelter; had he longer thought, even

of a reconciliation, he would have proved himself a crouching sycophant! He has done right!"

"His provocations for taking arms against his country, have been as great as they well could be; and I believe he has, at any rate, become an unwilling traitor to his King," returned the Honorable Mrs. Darwin.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Miss. Carleton. "Aunt, he is no traitor! He who does not betray a trust, cannot be one. Mr. Wilcox was denounced as a traitor, and an extravagant price was offered for his head, as such, by his government, while voluntarily defending his country. He has not yet been trusted—how then could he betray?"

"Caroline," said Mrs. Darwin, "I considered it my duty to inform you of the step Mr. Wilcox had at length taken, though not intending to interfere with your affections. My conscience, however, constrains me to say:—I regret that, instead of taking arms against his country, he did not retire as a private citizen to the United States."

"Such a course would have been selfish," replied Caroline. "He has been forced to adopt a foreign country, and he is in honor bound to share in the danger of guarding her rights. Aunt, he has done all right!"

A gentle rap at the outer door, of the cottage, interrupted the conversation, and the next instant, Caroline was enfolded in the arms of Colonel Wilcox.

“ But they were young : oh ! what without our youth
Would love be ? What would youth be without love ?
Youth lends it joy and sweetness, vigor, truth,
Heart soul and all that seems as from above.”

The transport of this sudden meeting having partially subsided, our hero bethought him of his duty to the Honorable Mrs. Darwin. The lady received him cordially, though she could not, in her heart, fully excuse him. He thought there was some reserve, in her manner. The gratitude he owed her, at once rose in judgment against him, and his countenance drooped in mortification.

At length he said :—“ Mrs. Darwin, I have visited the Ferest-cottage this night, with the hope of prevailing on Miss Carleton to take a step which would irietrievably blend her destiny with mine. Yet I intend not to appear in a character that is not real. Know, Madam, that I have abjured my birthrights, as a British subject—that I have sworn allegiance to the United States’ Government—that I am now a Colonel in the United States’ army, and that the sword which hangs at my side, is only to be unsheathed, to maintain the star-spangled banner.” He added :—“ My ambition would not have drawn me, but my wrongs have driven me from my country. You, Madam, have some knowledge of the persecutions I have suffered !”

Mrs. Darwin replied :—“ My young friend, I indeed know something of the wrongs you have suffered in Upper Canada, and believe that your provocations for taking arms against your King, left you almost

without an alternative. Nevertheless, I confess that I was much shocked, when, on this day, (through one of your own hand-bills,) received information of your intention." The lady continued, with a full heart :— "I knew that your step was irretrievable, and considered it my duty to inform my niece of it, without delay, that she might know at once, how to determine for herself. I have not advised ; and to assure you that I have no disposition to influence the affections of Caroline, I promise to promote, rather than impede her flight with you to Niagara."

Colonel Wilcox rejoined :— "Your charity and good offices are unailing, Mrs. Darwin. But Miss Carleton has not yet consented to leave her home and friends for me". He directed his eyes inquisitively towards Caroline ; but her cheeks were bathed with tears, and Mrs. Darwin sur-rejoined :— "I doubt not, however, that her consent will be readily granted. I am sure there is no happiness for Caroline, save that which is associated with your destiny. I should, therefore, not hope to better her condition, by resisting a consummation of the engagement between you."

The pride of Colonel Wilcox was injured by the concluding remark of the lady, and his face crimsoned with mingled mortification and resentment.

"I think I understand you, madam," said he in a tone of voice indicative of his feelings, yet respectful. "Of two evils that await Miss Carleton, you would choose for her the least ?"

“Plainly, Colonel Wilcox—were you still a fugitive in the wilderness, I would rejoice to see my neice’s hand joined with yours in wedlock. Now, however, I can only say—I will not resist her inclination.”

Our hero again turned his eyes on Miss Carleton with anxious inquisitiveness. She had not indulged a hesitating thought. “I will go,” said she decisively, and then ringing the bell that communicated with the kitchen, Arietta Williams appeared, and retired with her to her dressing room.

Sam Johnson, who had accompanied his master, was also partially actuated to the enterprise by Cupid. Indeed a solemn engagement of matrimony had been entered into between him and Arietta, and he intended taking her back with him. She was a member of Darwin-house when he departed from York with his master, and there he expected to find her. Mrs. Darwin, however, finding her, on trial, sufficiently trusty to initiate into the secret residence of the forest, and the female servant of the cottage being too old to perform fully the household duties, the lady transferred the maid to her neice. Sam was, therefore, agreeably surprised by a meeting with his Arietta; and having communicated to her the object of this visit, she obeyed the summons of her mistress, not only with her usual alacrity, but with a heart palpitating in anticipation.

In the course of half an hour, Miss Carleton and

her maid returned to the parlor in their riding hats and habits, while Arietta held under each arm a small valice.

Old Trusket and his wife were summoned to take their adieu of their young mistress.

These aged servants had known the stricken Caroline from her infancy, and had for the last four years watched over her at the forest-cottage with parental solicitude. They were borne down with grief, at the sudden prospect of parting with her. They wept—all wept; for Colonel Wilcox himself could not suppress his tears on an occasion so affecting.

The scene was changed. The doors of the cottage were burst open, and the Secretary entered at the head of a dozen armed soldiers. He pointed in the direction of Colonel Wilcox, and commanded the men to seize him. Our hero, however, drawing a pistol from the side pocket of his riding jacket, they hesitated, while he said to Carleton:—"Proud man! do you hope to force me alive before a mock tribunal of Upper Canada? My body may be dragged there—but not until the soul that animates it will have been judged by the Omnipotent court of heaven!"

The Secretary indeed hoped to see the extreme penalty of the law executed on our hero. His iron heart was even feasted with the idea that he would behold the man whom he detested for his virtues, not only suspended from a gallows, but quartered. This penalty would have been the consequence of a judicial

conviction of Colonel Wilcox, and Carleton, therefore, before entering the cottage, strictly enjoined the soldiers to take him alive.

“Seize the traitor!” cried Carleton again; but the determined look of our hero still daunted the soldiery. Each man hesitated to become the first to close on him, and the Secretary becoming at length furious, ordered them to run him through. The soldiers simultaneously leveled their bayonets at his breast, and Caroline threw herself before him.

“The bayonet that reaches the heart of Colonel Wilcox, shall first pass through mine!”

“Rash girl! desist, and leave the traitor to his fate!” cried the Secretary.

“I shield a heart as truly loyal as my father’s,” retorted Caroline.

At this juncture Sam Johnson entered.

“By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,
And though his name than Ajax or Achilles
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun, soon

We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his
Man quite as gently as blows the monsoon.

Her steady breath, (which some months the some still is)
Seldom he varied feature, hue or muscle,

And could be very busy without bustle.”

Holding his riding cap in his left hand and a pistol in his right, he bowed low to his old master, who could not help grinding his teeth in passion at him. Nevertheless, the servant was a secondary object of the Secretary’s vindictive spirit, and he again thundered a command against our hero.

“Men, tear that girl away, and make sure of the traitor, dead or alive!”

“Cruel father!” exclaimed Caroline in anguish.—“How can you thus persist in the destruction of one with whom your daughter’s happiness is identified?—But be assured, sir—whatever your determination—I stand here to defend Colonel Wilcox—even at the sacrifice of my own life!”

“Soldiers,” cried Carleton frantically, “seize that undutiful girl, and massacre her idol before her eyes!”

“I swear by heaven! that my pistol shall sound the death-knell of the first man who attempts to lay hands on her,” said Colonel Wilcox.

The Secretary looked in disdainful rage at our hero for a moment, and then he interrogated, in a deep voice:—“Boasting traitor! do you think that your arms can now rescue you from the vengeance that your crimes demand?”

“I disdain, at any rate, to sue to my persecutors for mercy,” replied Colonel Wilcox. Then pressing the hand of Caroline, he, in defiance, walked out of the cottage, and Sam Johnson again bowing low to the Secretary, followed him.

Carleton stood silent and motionless in confusion of mind, at the unexpected departure, for a minute.—Then suddenly collecting himself, he ordered the soldiers to pursue the fugitives. They attempted to obey, but Caroline flew to the door and disputed their passage.

“Traitor!” vociferated the Secretary, and he stamped frantically as he spoke—“Traitor, let the men pass!”

“After Colonel Wilcox shall have secured his retreat,” returned Miss Carleton, in a decisive tone of voice; and her father, forcing her from her post, renewed his order.

Though the soldiers had cheerfully followed the Secretary to the forest cottage, they were now unwilling to take a step towards the capture of our hero.—Their sympathies were awakened in favor of Miss Carleton: nor did they feel less disgust at the inhuman conduct of the father, than admiration for the devotion of the daughter. They hesitated to obey, and the Secretary relaxing his grasp of Caroline, she again planted herself at the door.

Previous to proceeding to the cottage, this native tyrant had taken the precaution to plant a guard at the entrance of the forest path; and he thought the escape of Colonel Wilcox, at any rate, morally impossible. Therefore, (though his vindictive spirit could only have been fully gratified, by his becoming the proud captor,) perceiving the indisposition of the soldiers to obey his order, he made a virtue of necessity; and signifying his intention of abandoning the pursuit of the fugitives, ordered his daughter to prepare herself to accompany him to his home.

The escape of Joseph Wilcox secured—Caroline thought she could endure, at the hands of her father,

any individual affliction. A smile of joy lit up the face of the devoted girl, and expressing a compliance with the command, she begged permission to retire a few minutes to her dressing-room.

The Secretary looked for an instant in surprise at his daughter. Then he doubted the sincerity of her words, and believed that she wished to withdraw for the purpose of attempting an escape. Nevertheless, he granted her request, after taking the precaution to station a soldier at each window and outer door of the cottage.

In her dressing-room—Caroline devoted some fifteen or twenty minutes in ardent supplication, to Him through whose power the weak become strong, for the preservation of Colonel Wilcox from the destroying hands of his persecutors. Then she changed her dress, and in the course of twenty minutes more, returned to the parlor in readiness to accompany her father ;—and old Trusket and his wife were soon left sole occupants of the Forest-Cottage.

CHAPTER XIII.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood
A human figure broke the solitude.—THE ISLAND.

But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
Knew when and how to cut and come again,
And never ran away, except when running
Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

BYRON.

It would have been preposterous for Colonel Wilcox or his servant to indulge a hope, on leaving the forest-cottage, that the Secretary depended entirely on the force he had led into its parlor.

At any rate, they were not allowed to surmise long in this respect. As they approached the wood from the cottage, Johnson thought he saw a human figure glide into the forest defile; and uncerimoniously taking precedence of his master, entered with hasty steps, and lay his ear close to the path. Then rising as our hero overtook him, he said, in a wary voice: "Kiernill, there's a critter a leetle ahead on us, and I recking he's a scout from tother eend."

The mind of Colonel Wilcox was so much absorbed in the scene which had passed, that he had not even noticed the act of the servant, and now paid little attention to what was spoken. He made no remark in turn, and Johnson, after proceeding a short distance in impatient silence, again addressed him.

"Kiernill—I recking you would'nt like the idee o' goin barefoot a leetle?"

"Not very well, I confess, Johnson," answered our hero, after several moments, in a tone that betrayed absence of mind still.

"'Ta'nt likely, howsomever, under the sarcumstances, you'll object, Kiernill," rejoined the servant.

"If circumstances should render it necessary, I certainly would not object."

"Accordin to my calculations, our sarcumstances is ruther purticular, any how."

“They are unquestionably perilous, Johnson.

“No two ways about that—and it’s prudent to keep a leetle dark.”

“We cannot be too cautious,” said Colonel Wilcox, briefly.

“That’s a fact *Kiernill*—and boots is desperate tell-tales!”

The thoughts of our hero were again engaged with the cottage scene. He replied not, and the servant, after a short pause, made another effort to attract his attention.

“*Kiernill*,” said he, you’d best put your ear agin the ground, and larn the noisy nater on a boot, by the critter that’s ahead on us.”

“Is there one in our path?” inquired Colonel Wilcox, in a careless voice.

Johnson almost forgot his duty, in anger at the recklessness of his master.

“Sartin—” ejaculated he in reply. “Jest put your ear agin the ground, *Kiernill*, and then you’ll larn for yourself.”

“Your word is sufficient, Johnson,” returned our hero, with a monotonous indifference in his voice, that caused much vexation to the servant.

“That a’nt the pinte, *Kiernill*,” said the Yankee, and he dwelt more than was usual wth him, on his words. “Folks that make war their trade, had ort to know a *leetle* about their bizniss, any how; and the nater on a boot a’nt to be larnt no more than nothin

else, by hearin folks tell o'nt. Put your ear agin the ground, and larn by experence !”

“It is an old saying, that experence is the best master,” replied Colonel Wilcox, and then he gratified his servant, by applying his ear to the ground.

“No mistake—and you’ll find the sayin, this time, pretty pinte, I conjecter,” rejoined Johnson, as he also prostrated himself, to listen to the footsteps ahead.

They rose from the path, and as they proceeded on their way, the young Yankee inquired, in a triumphant tone :—“What’s your idee now, Kiernill ?”

“There is evidently some one in the path before us,” answered our hero.

“That pinte a’nt to be disputed ; and I recking we’ll have a leetle to do at tother eend.”

“Yes—we may depend on encountering a force at the highway.”

“That’s as sartin as we’re livin ; and we do’nt ort to let our boots tell tales on us.”

“The person ahead will already have told of us.—The noise of our boots, therefore, can be of but little consequence.”

“In sich consarns, Kiernill, folks has, any how in the eend, to depend on their eyes and ears ; and it’s my idee, (if you’ll foller my advice,) that I’ll git in among the critters, (for it’s desperate dark,) and put them in sich a fuss, that they’ll be put to’t to find out which eend they’re standin on.”

Johnson paused for a reply, but receiving none, he

continued, with a strong emphasis :—“There a’nt no use in arguin the pinte, as I know on. Howsomeyer, if we’ve got to meet the critters on their own tarms, I’d be desperate glad to take a black eye, and cry quits with ’em. Two folks can’t fight a nation, *Kiernill!*”

“You shall have your own way, at any rate, Johnson,” said Colonel Wilcox, and then he stopped to take off his boots.

The servant assisted him; and then drawing off his own, he fastened both pair to his waist, and again dictated to his master.”

“Ta’nt my bizniss to advise,” said he; but it’s my idee we’d best not be too high sperited *Kiernill!*”

Spirit should always be tempered with prudence, Johnson.”

“Sartin—and I say agin—two folks ca’nt fight a nation; and accordin to my calculation, if we’ve a mind to be eat up at tother eend, there’ll be enough to do’t.”

Colonel Wilcox remained silent, and Johnson at length added :—“Now, *Kiernill*, I’d like to make a bargain with you.”

“Propose.”

“Prudence is prudence, *Kiernill*, and it won’t do to say boo after we start agin; so I want you to agree to stop jest whenever you feel my hand agin you, and not to move a hair, nor say nothin, till you feel me agin, or till you’re pretty sartin my worldly nater’s eended.”

“What do you intend doing?” inquired our hero.

“I calculate to go right in among ’em.”

Colonel Wilcox had nothing to expect, as the alternative of an escape, but death, either under the hand of the executioner, or the weapons of his enemies.

He thought he could, at any rate, choose the latter; and the inauspicious termination of his enterprize, had made him almost reckless of his own life; but he would fain have seen his faithful servant secure, rather than for his sake, more deeply involved in danger. Looking at the proposition of Johnson, therefore, as a voluntary offer to sacrifice himself, for his master, he rejected it.

“I cannot conscientiously consent to your proposal, Johnson. The advantage would be all on my own side.”

“The way I look at things, howsomever, Kiernell, it’s the best bargain that can be made for both on us.”

“I cannot consent to remain in security, while you are risking your life for my benefit,” said Colonel Wilcox decisively to his servant.

“There an’t no security one way nor tother as I know on,” replied Johnson. “Any how it’s my idee, the best way ’o gittin out on our scrape is to rig ourselves out on’t, and riggin seems to be a leetle more nateral to me than to Kiernell, Wilcox.” “Howsomever, somethin’s got to be done in short order, for the Captin an’t fur behind I conclude, and we’ll soon be

between two fires." "He added :—Fact is *Kiernell*, our chance is slim the best way we can fix things, and if you're willin to make yourn worse, you dont ort to mine."

Momentary reflection assured our hero, that Johnson's proposition was founded on a correct view of their situation. Hemmed in by an impervious forest and an implacable enemy, there was indeed no prospect for either, save through stratagem. He acceded to Johnson's plan, and having proceeded a short distance further, he felt the pressure of a hand against his breast.

He stopped, and in a minute after, heard the voice of the young Yankee again :—"Hurrae ! hurrae ! The critters han't got you this time, *Kiernill Wilcox*.—Hurrae !—Cut stick *Kiernill* ! They cant come it : Lean like all nater ! Hurrae ! hurrae !"

A confused sound of voices, pistols, carbines and muskets followed, and our hero was yet bewildered with the noise without the forest, when his hand was seized by his faithful servant.

The reader is already aware that Mrs. Darwin, had for the convenience of Miss Carleton, caused a defile to be cut through a thicket of the pleasure grounds, leading from one of her gardens to the main road, at a point directly opposite the entrance of the forest path.

The gate which opened from this secret passage to the high-way, was so constructed as to exhibit no marks distinct from the fence, and our hero had during his elysian days, carried a key suited to its lock.

Johnson after the departure from York, thinking that this key might again some day be wanted, took a careful charge of it; nor did he forget to put it in his pocket before commencing the present journey.—Leading his master therefore out of the forest and across the high-way, he admitted him into the defile. He then stepped in himself and locking the gate divested himself of his riding jacket and putting on another garment instead, abruptly addressed our hero.

“Kiernill,” said he, I should’nt wonder if you’d be a leetle jealous o’ me when we git a light on the subject.”

“I could not indulge so ungenerous a passion as jealousy, towards one to whom I owe so much gratitude,” replied Colonel Wilcox.

“Whether or no, if it wa’nt dark, you’d see an aplet on my shoulder, and I ruther think you’d see a red coat on my back,” re-joined the servant.

“Was one killed then?” interrogated Colonel Wilcox hastily.

“A dozen on ’em might a been in the fire up an down street, for any thng I know on, but the critter I took the coat off on wa’nt.”

“Wounded then?”

“No Kiernill—he’s as sound as a roach I guess.”

“How then did you succeed in getting his coat in so short a time?”

“He fell in a fright fit jest at my feet when I fust hollered, and I tell you it gin me a leetle start too,

when I hard 'im plump agin the ground; for I had'nt an idee I was so nigh any on 'em."

"Depend on it Johnson—he was shot in the confusion."

"He could'nt a been *Kiernill*. The firin was all up and down street, (for in the fuss, nabbin or killin *Kiernill* Wilcox was the only idees,) and another thing, if he's the critter I take 'im to be, fallin under sich sarcumstances a'nt new business to 'im."

"Who do you believe him to be?"

"Squire Mustiface," answered Johnson.

Colonel Wilcox was seized with sudden merriment, and after indulging his risible faculties a short time, he rejoined;—"This must be a surmise resulting from association in your mind Johnson. You could not have recognized him so dark a night."

There's somethin' besides the eyes to know folks by I guess. I felt all over 'im, and if there's another human critter in york shaped like a bull frog, I'll gin up that the coat and aplet a'nt Squire Mustiface's.—"Whether or no," continued the servant, "a red coat with an aplet o'nt, a'nt accordin to my idee to be sneezed at: for it wont be nothin agin us in our present pinch to be taken for Kings folks."

The fugitives, having proceeded as they conversed, now entered the garden with which the defile communicated, and although it was so dark that the features of its scenery were indistinct to the eye: yet they were so associated in the mind of our hero, with friend-

ship and love, that he became overwhelmed in thought, and hesitated on his steps, till his servant, concerned at the delay, roused him to a recollection of his danger.

“Kiernill,” said Johnson, “this a’nt no place to stop now, any how.”

“Our hero relieved his breast by a heavy sigh and replied :—“No Johnson—no, the well known friendship of Mrs. Darwin would render her house now a precarious shelter from my enemies.”

“No two ways about that ; and I shouldn’t wonder i Darwin-house was the fust place sarched by the critters, after gittin a leetle over their bewilderment. I shouldn’t be amazed nuther, to find the place we got in at guarded, and I recking we’d best make tracks to our hosses on the lake shore. Any how, it wouldn’t be prudent to go through town agin under the sar-cumstances.”

Colonel Wilcox signified a compliance with his servant’s opinion, and they soon reached a thicket where they had left four horses, without meeting an impediment. Freeing two of the animals, they continued their perilous journey on the others, and in the course of two hours more, lighted at the small Inn, (situated at the junction of the river Credit with Lake Ontario, and sixteen miles distant from the capital,) for refreshment.

On coming to a light, the captured coat proved of a scarlet color, and the landlord’s loyalty was much ex-

cited by the appearance of Sam Johnson, whom he took for a British officer.

Believing Colonel Wilcox to be a sort of travelling valet to the red-coated Yankee, and consequently nearer a level with himself, the publican, (who, by the by, was a renegado from the United States,) addressed him alone; nor did he in his loquacity, forget our hero.

“I would become hangman myself, rather than let the traitor go unhangd,” said the renegade. “Indeed, I have been blaming myself this half hour for not detaining a person who professed to be on his way to put the piquets on the look-out for Wilcox. He was completely disguised, and had no sooner left my house, than I questioned whether he was not himself the traitor; for, I cannot imagine why a man on the King’s business should disguise himself.”

Colonel Wilcox replied:—“It is quite probable, at any rate, that a villain was screened by the disguise.”

“I believe so,” rejoined the Publican; “and it is a pity that I did not secure him. He would have been a rich prize.”

“The man who could deliver Wilcox—either dead or alive—into the hands of the authorities, would be liberally rewarded,” said our hero, and then paying the bill for refreshments and provinder, ordered the horses to the door.

The landlord readily obeyed, and instead of holding the stirrup for the master, waited on the servant,

who suspecting his own dialect, spoke not, but bowed, in the light of the lantern, thanks to the renegade.— And the fugitives leaving their host, stopped not again till they found a shelter for the ensuing day in a wood forty miles distant from York.

CHAPTER XIV.

They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again.—BYRON.

After night-fall, Colonel Wilcox and his servant issued from their hiding place, and resumed their journey.

They had travelled some five miles further along the shore of Lake Ontario, and were turning into the road intersecting the principal highway from York to Niagara, at Stoney Creek, when two sentinels suddenly presented their bayonets and demanded the countersign.

“Wilcox, is my countersign,” answered our hero promptly.

“The traitor has not passed this road,” rejoined one of the sentinels, suspecting now that the fugitives were in pursuit.

“He was seen not an hour ago issuing from the wood back, and is now by stratagem endeavoring to reach Niagara. Delay me not soldiers!”

“God speed you!—success to you!” exclaimed the sentinels simultaneously, as they stepped backwards and opened a way for the fugitives.

They found no difficulty in avoiding a piquette at the junction of the roads; nor did they again meet an impediment to their progress, till they approached a rivulet within eighteen miles of Fort-George.

This stream, where the public road crosses it, winds through a broad valley that, at the period of which this narrative speaks, was thickly covered with forest trees.

As the fugitives were proceeding down the eastern bank of this valley, their sympathies were suddenly aroused by female shrieks. They increased their speed. Scream after scream met their ears; and at length, regardless of their own safety, they left the beaten track, and guided in the direction of the voice.

They plunged from steep to steep, and descending to the rivulet, their horses swam to the opposite shore. Our hero threw himself from his saddle—a faint and smothered cry for mercy directed his steps—his pistol was cocked—but his approach was discovered, and a monster who had been thus far successfully resisted, escaped present vengeance by flight.

The female had no sooner been rescued from her intended despoiler, than, her delicate frame relaxing, she became almost lifeless; and Colonel Wilcox again astride his saddle, received her from the arms of his servant, and proceeded in search of the road and a house; while Johnson followed, leading a horse, (having a side-saddle on him,) which he had discovered in the wood.

Having at length found the road, and climbed the opposite ascent of the valley, they soon got to a farmhouse, where, (having aroused its inhabitants from sleep,) they were hospitably received: and the reviving cordials of its Samaritan mistress, readily restored the female to strength and reflection.

Apprehensions crowded to her mind, but Colonel Wilcox, by a timely explanation, allayed them, and in turn, received the most eloquent expressions of gratitude.

The lady was evidently in her teens, and might be denominated a brunett, though her complexion was clear and well attempered with color.

“ For through her tropic cheek

The blush would make its way and all but speak :

The sun-born blood diffused her neck and threw

O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,

Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave

Which draws the diver to the crimson cave ”

Her features were not entirely regular, but they were strikingly expressive, while her hair, raven black, hung in profuse and glossy clusters over her temples. Her frame was delicate and perfectly symmetrical—her manner, dignified and unassuming.

Half an hour had passed away, since entering the farm-house, and the excitement of the incident having partially subsided, our hero bethought him of his duty to himself. Informing the lady, therefore, that it was necessary for him to be at Fort George early in the

morning, and recommending her to the tender care of the hostess, he proposed to take his leave.

The beautiful girl extended her hand to her preserver, and said, in hurried words:—"My father is stationed at Fort George."

"Your father! perhaps I know him?"

"General Clarington," pronounced the lady.

"I know him well."

"The peril from which you rescued me, is alone attributable to my haste to meet my father."

"You are too much indisposed to proceed to-night, Miss Clarington?" said Colonel Wilcox, inquiringly.

"By no means. I have quite revived," replied the lady; and our hero at once proposing to become her conductor, she thankfully accepted his offer. Then making a liberal compensation to her hostess, she signified her readiness to proceed, and the journey was resumed.

"General Clarington was an only son, and at the age of twenty, by the death of his father, became the sole proprietor of extensive domains, in South Carolina. On completing his twenty first year, he married Ezilka Lovett, the heiress of a princely estate, and a few months younger than himself.

The plantations of their fathers being contiguous, their acquaintance commenced in infancy; and while they were yet children, a spark of affection had kindled, which, as their minds grew more susceptible of intellectual enjoyment, expanded into a flame. And

the hopes of each were crowned with bliss, as their mutual vows of love and fidelity were repeated at the altar.

But, alas! their happiness was too unalloyed for duration. Mrs. Clarrington died the twelfth month after her marriage, having given birth to a daughter—the lady just introduced to the reader.

The travellers well on their way, Miss Clarrington proposed to relate the circumstances which had caused her journey. She thought that Colonel Wilcox could not but believe, as yet, that there must be mystery connected with their sudden acquaintance, and that she owed, both to him and herself, a developement of its cause.

On the other hand, he supposing that the lady desired to make an explanation for his sake alone, assured her that he required it not. Nevertheless, Miss Clarrington persisted, pleading duty to herself, and he listened to the following narration.

“It is now more than a year since I parted with my father,” commenced Ezilka; “but until after the battle of Ogdensburgh, in February last, we had regularly corresponded, and I was comparatively content with his absence. At this battle, however, he was wounded—taken prisoner, and conveyed to Prescott; and on being apprised of his misfortune, by a letter which he had dictated, I should have visited him had he not strictly enjoined the contrary. In obedience to his command, I remained at home, and endeav-

vored to satisfy myself for the present, by expressing my sympathy and sorrow in a letter. I received no answer, and wrote again. I was still left in suspense, and addressed letters to different officers of the army, inquiring after my father. But disappointed in every effort to hear of him, I at length determined to search for him in person, and made a direct journey to Ogdensburgh. Here I could only get the information that I had already heard—that he had been wounded—captured, and conveyed to Prescott. I crossed the St. Lawrence, and entered the latter place under a flag of truce, and wrote a note to the officer commanding the garrison there—begging such information as he could give.

“The officer waited on me,—said he was well acquainted with my father—that he had fully recovered of his wounds, and had been allowed to return to the United States the first of May—that he had seen in the report of the battle of Niagara his name, and that he doubted not I would find him at Fort George.

“I signified my intention of re-crossing the river and making the journey to Niagara through the State of New York. The officer, however, (assuring me that he could procure me safe conduct to Burlington, as a young officer who had just arrived with an express from that place, intended returning with the post the next morning; and expressing a belief that I would readily find an opportunity to finish my journey,) advised me to proceed through the Province.—

I consented, and left Prescott the next morning, under the protection of Mr. Aberthenot."

"Aberthenot!" repeated Colonel Wilcox.

"Lieutenant Aberthenot," said Miss Clarrington.

"I know him well," ejaculated our hero in emotion, and the lady continued her narrative.

"We arrived at Burlington about mid-day, and anxious to meet my father as soon as practicable, I expressed a desire to proceed without any more delay than was necessary to procure a conveyance for my maid and self.

"Mr. Aberthenot did not hesitate to do all in his power to promote my wish, and at length ascertaining that there was a person in Burlington who intended leaving in the course of the afternoon for St. Catharines, waited at his Inn. The stranger who had been travelling through the night in search of a traitor, was taking repose, and could not then be seen. The officer, therefore, informing the landlord of his object in waiting on the stranger, proceeded in search of a conveyance.

"After diligent inquiry, however, no vehicle, and only one horse out of Government service could be found, and I was compelled either to abandon my intention of continuing my journey immediately, or to leave my maid. I decided on the former course.—Nevertheless, late in the afternoon, the door of the parlor in which Mr. Aberthenot and I were seated, was opened by a waiter of the Inn and a stranger ad-

mitted. He proved to be the traveller, and said that, having been told by his landlord of Mr. Aberthenot's call, and of my desire to proceed on my journey under a protector, he had waited on me to tender his services.

"His complexion was dark, and his face was surrounded by huge black whiskers. His hair also black, extended over his forehead to a pair of heavy eyebrows, and his upper lip was covered with a mustache. In short, his appearance was hideous to me, and I congratulated myself, that my disappointment served as an excuse for not proceeding with such an escort.

"The stranger's voice, however, was placid, his language was good, and his manners were gentlemanly; and as he conversed, my mind became much allured from its first impression. Yet, I had not thought of proceeding without my maid, and gave the necessity of leaving her behind, as the only reason for not accepting of his offer.

"He met me at once with arguments. He said I might be detained long in Burlington, without finding another opportunity of travelling with a protector—that in the chances of war Niagara might be evacuated soon by the American army—and then adding a few more specious reasons, said he would again see me before he left, and withdrew.

"I found that Mr. Aberthenot, like myself, had received unfavorable impressions of the stranger on his entrance, and had also, like me, had those impressions dissipated.

“It is the opinion of many, that taste is acquired ; and I am daily more and more convinced of the correctness of such a belief,” said the officer.

“War elicits every evil principle that exists in the human heart, because, in order to carry it on successfully, it demands what would be criminal in its absence,” he continued. “The savage and blood-thirsty man is, therefore, at such a time in his element. His propensities are, too, necessarily encouraged, and thus becoming an object of admiration, rather than disgust, his very blemishes are imitated by those whose natural hearts would revolt at the idea of cruelty. The stripling whom nature has not, as yet, furnished with a beard, incommodes himself with false whiskers and mustaches—contracts his brow and gives his eyes a studied protrusion, in order to imitate the veteran, whose visage betrays a heart formed for deeds of blood.”

Mr. Aberthenot added :—“The manners and conversation of the stranger prove that he has been used to good society, and illy comport with what I believe to be his false physiognomy.”

“The officers opinion thus favorably expressed,” continued Miss Clarrington, “I again felt that the want of a conveyance for my maid was the only impediment with which I had to contend, and Mr. Aberthenot aware of my impatience to proceed, (while he promised that no opportunity to enable her to follow, should be overlooked,) advised me to continue my journey with the stranger.”

“I no longer hesitated, and purchasing the only horse in Burlington at the desposal of his owner, was ready to start when the stranger rode up to my Inn.”

“I proceeded with him, without a remaining apprehension and found him communicative and gentlemanly till night had fully set in. Then his manners became more indifferent—and I thought at length that they grew disrespectful. Nevertheless, I was unwilling to evince suspicions, which might not only prove unjust, but to the detriment of my own comfort, and continued to converse as if I had noticed no change in his conduct. But his language, as we proceeded, grew alarmingly familiar, and seeing a light at a farm house some distance from the road, I proposed to turn in at the gate. He objected in a voice so bland and language so courteous, (while he assured me that we would soon arrive at a public house where he intended stopping for refreshment,) that my apprehensions were again allayed.

“We arrived at the valley where your timely approach, rescued me from destruction, ‘we will turn in here,’ said my conductor, ‘and refresh ourselves.’ I hesitated not, but looked with anxiety for a glimmer from some friendly window. There was no house at hand. The stranger dismounted and dragged me from my saddle.”

The travellers now, within a mile of St. Catharines, in order to avoid the British post planted there, struck into the fields, and in the course of half an hour with-

out encountering an impediment, reached an advance guard of the United States Army.

CHAPTER XV.

Be patient but till midnight, get your musters,
And bid your friends prepare their companies,
Set all in readiness to strike the blow,
Perhaps in a few hours ;—BYRON.

An attack on Burlington being intended by the Americans, a body of troops, was formed in line at niagara, for the purpose of making a movement towards that point, when the travellers arrived.

The conduct of the enterprize had been assigned to General Clarington and Ezilka at once determined to retrace her journey with the army. Nor could argument prevail on her to submit to so sudden a separation from her father. Being therefore provided with a suitable vehicle, she followed the troops.

The small British post at St. Catharines, retreated without offering opposition, and the second evening after their departure, the United States troops encamped at Stoney Creek, expecting to attack the position at Burlington the next morning. They were however disappointed by the vigilance and dexterity of the British.

About two o'clock in the morning the American guards were surprised and taken. The whole camp was then roused from sleep by the war-whoop of the savage and the point of the bayonet.

Resistance was attempted; but the consternation and confusion of the soldiery at the unexpected attack, rendered the exertions of the General ineffectual: and he was not only compelled to submit to a total defeat, but to surrender himself a prisoner of war.

Miss Clarington had been provided with lodgings near the American encampment, and her father, (who immediately on being taken had been sent to Burlington,) having secured apartments for her, sent for her about eight o'clock in the morning. She was not, however, to be found. Anxious for her father's safety, the noise of the conflict had no sooner ceased than she hastened to the battle ground, and she had not since been seen or heard of by her hostess.

General Clarington was almost frantic with alarm at this information, when Mr. Aberthenot, (taking advantage of his first leisure after the engagement to pay his respects,) was announced.

The young officer suspecting that Ezilka had fallen into the hands of the savages, who had waited on the field to scalp and rob the dead, was scarce less agitated than the General; and assuring him that every exertion should be made to discover his daughter, hastily retired.

It was the dawn of day, and Mr. Aberthenot at the head of a file of soldiers, (having spent the preceding night in a fruitless search amongst Indian wigwams,) was, with a heavy heart, retracing his steps to the garrison, when the guttural voice of the red man met his ear.

Ordering his men to follow, he struck into a wood, and having proceeded a few rods, the Indian war-song became distinct, while he discovered, through a vista, a person in the costume of a Mohawk Chief, with his eyes cast towards the ground. The officer drew near, and discovered the object of the Chief's gaze, while he and his men were screened from the view of the savages by a thicket.

Miss Clarington was on her knees before the Mohawk, and her eyes were directed Heavenward, while her countenance bespoke resignation to the fate that she now thought awaited her.

“It was the custom of the Saicks, (a nation of Indians employed in the British service,) to offer a human sacrifice to the Sun after a victory; and so rigidly did they adhere to it, that if the event did not furnish them with a prisoner, a victim was taken from the tribe, by lot. Ezilka, therefore, being captured by some of them, on the battle ground, was to be made an offering to their God.

The sun rose fully above the horizon. The wild song and dance of the savage suddenly ceased, and the simultaneous whoop of a hundred warriors reminded the executioner of his duty to the risen Deity.

The savage flew to the innocent girl and leveled a tomahawk at her head; but his arm was stayed by the Mohawk, who, in a harangue that would have done honor to the heart of a christian, pleaded for the life of the beautiful Ezilka. But a frown from each sa-

vage brow was the only answer returned to the Chief, and the executioner again raised his hatchet. Young Aberthenot however, suddenly springing from his covert to the side of Miss Clarington, cut the bark that bound her, with his sword, and the savages moved off to vent the passions they dared not to exhibit in the presence of a British officer.

Having raised Miss Clarington from the ground, Mr. Aberthenot turned to the Chief and could not but view him in admiration.

The forest Prince was tall, and his frame exhibited all the athletic beauty of the red man, while his face, youthful, portrayed a heart both gentle and brave.

His vestments were rich, and perfectly characteristic of the Indian. His coat, of superfine green cloth, was embroidered with variously colored porcupine quills, tastefully interwoven. A broad silver collar, ornamented with a ruffle of the finest cambric, was clasped round his neck. A variegated silk sash encompassed his waist, and secured war and hunting utensils. His leggins, of scarlet cloth, were decorated with various devices wrought with beads, and extending to the instep, met a pair of moccasins as richly and fancifully ornamented. And a single cluster of white and crimson feathers, fastened to a tuft of hair at the crown of his head, drooped gracefully over his left temple, while a band of highly wrought silver encircled his brow.

He waited not for the officer to speak ; but address-

ing him in the English language, explained the object of the Saick, and added :—" I spoke for the handsome pale face. The Saicks have little minds. I am not their Chief. They would not hear me."

Mr. Aberthenot replied :—" The Mohawks have lived long amidst a christian people, and have learned to worship the true God."

Proud dignity was suddenly exhibited on the countenance of the Forest Prince.

" My fathers worshiped the Great Spirit before they saw the pale face," rejoined Kioskoah. " They never extended the pipe of peace first. No innocent blood is on their hands."

The officer, in some confusion at the Chief's ready exhibition of sensitiveness, said :—" I know the Mohawk nation is alike renowned for courage and humanity."

The features of the Indian relaxed, and a momentary smile played on his face, but he remained silent.— And Miss Clarington who had not attempted to express her gratitude either to Mr. Aberthenot or Kioskoah, (for words were not adequate to her feelings,) taking a diamond ring from her finger, presented it to the Chief. He accepted the offertory with a dignity and grace that could not have been surpassed by the most polished gentleman. Then gazing for a moment in the fullness of his soul, at the beautiful donor, he suddenly disappeared in the forest, and Ezilka putting her arm within that of the young officer, was soon received by her over-joyed father, at his comfortable quarters.

The Americans, at this period, had not any prisoners of rank, and General Clarington had no reason, when taken, to expect a speedy return to his troops.

Sir Anthony Aberthenot was now, however, the commanding officer at Burlington, and wishing to "do unto others as he would have others do unto him," had offered to release the prisoner on his personal promise that the first British officer of equal rank, who might fall into his hands, should, with as little delay, be allowed to return to his own camp, under safe conduct.

General Clarington readily acceded to so easy a condition, and his daughter being restored to him, he was soon with his household. (Ezilka's maid being included,) on the road to Niagara, under the protection of a guard commanded by Mr. Aberthenot.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nay, look you sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is.

TAMING THE SHREW.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed :

'Tis Hymen people's every town ;

High wedlock then be honored.

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town !—SHAKESPEARE.

A week after his return from York, Colonel Wilcox was surprised by a call from Blake.

This person, who was a Justice of the Peace, and

who has as yet been only once noticed in this narrative, after the capture of Niagara, retreated with the British army, to Burlington, leaving his family still in possession of his cottage.

Having returned, however, he took an early opportunity of waiting on our hero, with the professed intention of soliciting, through him, a commission in the United States' army.

He had not once suspected that the gentleman whom he was petitioning, was aware of his having been employed to deliver him into the power of the Canadian dynasty; but Colonel Wilcox now plainly accused him, while he discountenanced his desire to join the Americans.

The Justice was at first a good deal disconcerted at the assurance, that his attempt against our hero had been discovered; but collecting himself, he confessed, with apparent frankness, that he had been commissioned for the purpose of seizing him, while he solemnly declared that the procedure was entirely contrary to his own inclination—that he had undertaken to act because he dared not to refuse, and that he rejoiced when he found that the intended victim had made his escape.

This explanation, when the arbitrary disposition of the Government, and the official situation of Blake were taken into consideration, did not appear improbable to Colonel Wilcox. He therefore, (though not entirely satisfied,) thought that he would lean to the

side of mercy, and accepted it as an apology. And Blake having thus far succeeded, renewed his solicitation; but our hero, though apparently a traitor himself, and though conscientious in his own course, was not disposed to encourage others to a step that their provocations would not warrant.

“Experience,” said he, “tells me, that the greatest provocation is necessary to lull the conscience of the man who wields a sword against the country of his birth; nor should I have undertaken such a task, had I not known that my persecutors had left me without an alternative.”

“Blake could not appreciate the principle avowed by our hero, but suspected that his real object was to evade the particular application.

“Do you believe then, that all who have joined the United States’ standard, on the solicitation of Colonel Wilcox, are suffering under the vengeance of conscience?” inquired the Justice, in a reproachful manner.

“No,” answered Colonel Wilcox. “The greater part of my officers and soldiers, were originally American citizens, who had been allured by a proclamation of Governor Simcoe, into Upper Canada; and who, without having offered offence to the Government, (as soon as war was declared,) were insulted, hunted and persecuted as rebels. Nor would I receive one individual who could not shew a satisfactory provocation for desiring to take up arms against his

country. In the course of a fortnight, I had more than three thousand applications," added he; "and you are aware that my regiment consists only of a thousand—officers—rank and file."

The entrance of Sam Johnson with a letter for his master, interrupted the discourse; and indeed Blake, believing from the answer he had received that he was without a resource for his design in the mind of Colonel Wilcox, was gratified with an opportunity to retire. He departed, and our hero breaking the seal of his letter, eagerly perused it. Then summoning his servant again, he said:—"Johnson, are you aware that the letter you delivered to me was written by Miss Carleton?"

"Sartin—for Arietta bringed it. The galls both went hum with the Captin after we gin 'im the slip; but the Captin considerin Arietta a leetle too honest to sarve Miss Carry under the sarcumstances, gin 'er a walkin paper the next day. Howsomever, I conclude you've got an idee o' the consarns from Miss Carry?"

"Miss Carleton has informed me of her departure from the forest-cottage, and her captivity. But does Arietta know any thing of her mistress after leaving her service?"

"Nothin, Kiernill. She begined paddin it for Niagara jest as soon as the Captin turned 'er out a doors—that's to say—the next mornin. Howsomever, the galls knowed the Captin's nater, and was lookin out for't: so Miss Carry writ the letter to meet the sarcumstances."

“And did Arietta dare to undertake the journey alone and a foot, in such perilous times?” enquired Colonel Wilcox in surprise.

“No mistake, Kiernill,” replied the servant, and he winked and smiled at his master as he spoke.—“Arietta’s a brick—that’s a fact; she padded it the hull way to St. Cathrins alun. There, howsomever, Ginerel Clarinton’s carriage picked ’er up.”

“And has General Clarinton returned?”

“Sartin—and Miss Clarinton : and Lootenant Aberthenot’s along with ’em.”

“Mr. Aberthenot?”

“The Lootenant’s along with ’em, Kiernill; and Arietta says Miss Clarinton’s desperately put to’t in ’er mind about ’im, too : for he got sick ruther sudden, before they got into Nigara, and the Doctor’s takin care on ’im now.”

“I must visit my friend at once,” said Colonel Wilcox, in the act of rising from his chair.

“You’d ort ; for he’s a chap that don’t ort to be forgot—that’s a fact. Howsomever, before you go, I’d like to ax a leetle favor o’ you, Kiernill.”

“Very well.”

“Arietta’s ruther awkerdly sited under the sar-cumstances ; for she ha’nt no hum but our quarters, and you know, Kiernill, folks might gab about ’er.—So, if you ha’nt no objections, I’ve detarmined, without no more ado about it, to take the gall to myself.”

“I shall rejoice, Johnson, to see you joined in wed-

lock, with a girl so virtuous, innocent, and constant, and will, therefore, drop a line to the Chaplain, requesting his attendance at eight o'clock this evening, at which time I will be enabled to witness your marriage," said Colonel Wilcox; and Johnson having placed pen, ink and paper before him, he wrote a hasty note to the Parson, and proceeded to his friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

I am betrayed by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.

SHAKSPEARE.

Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd!
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar.

CAMPBELL.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

KING HENRY VI.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—SHAKSPEARE.

It was eight in the evening. A week had elapsed since Blake solicited for a commission in the United States army, and Colonel Wildox now, in compliance with a pressing invitation from him, entered Ontario Cottage.

This residence was situated on the bank of Lake Ontario, directly in a range with, and nearly equidistant from Forts George and Messasaga. Formerly the habitation of an Indian Chief, whose tribe inhab

ted the adjacent country—the scenery of the ground around it retained its natural wildness, while it was itself embellished by art. A square central building, three sides of which were concealed by tasteful additions, formed its constituent part, while a laticed piazza, entwined by the wild grape, extending along the fourth, perfected its symmetry, and served as an entrance to its principal parlor. The ground attached, with the exception of a garden contiguous to the cottage, was thickly covered with dwarf oak and other forest trees of moderate growth; and the dwelling could only be approached by a winding pass through this miniature wood.

General Clarington, his daughter and Mr. Aberthnot, (for this officer, though now convalescent, had been detained by sickness thus long at Fort George,) were already there; and these, besides our hero, were the only guests, while Mr. Mrs. and Miss Blake, made up the circle assembled in the Cottage parlour.

The evening was now well advanced, and social amusements had as yet apparently engrossed the minds of all. The Moon shone brilliantly; and Blake alluding to her appearance, led the conversation in such a way, as at length gave him an opportunity of proposing to his company a promenade. The guests with pleasure assented, and the parlor circle was soon strolling towards Fort Messasaga.

A cloud intercepted the disc of the moon as they approached the fortification, and her faint rays falling

on, and glancing from the tin roof of a tower in the centre of the pile, and spreading through the gloom beneath, gave the whole a pyramidal form.

The appearance at once attracted the attention of the party, and all, save Blake, on whose arm Miss Clarington was leaning, hesitated on their steps in admiration ; but he, hastening onward, actually drew the lady after him.

The cloud sailed away, and with it the airy pyramid. The object of admiration was only changed however. The lake which lay in broad expanse before them, now exhibited the appearance of a vast sheet of silver, and allured them along its bank; in the tracks of Blake, till they had extended their walk half a mile beyond the fort, and approached a pond thickly bordered by dwarf oak. Here they turned to retrace their path ; but the astounding whoop of the red man, rung suddenly in their ears, and the next moment they were surrounded by savages.

The officers drew their swords, and Blake hurrying Miss Clarington from the spot ; she was immediately seized and conveyed away by a person in the Indian costume.

The tomahawks of the savages were particularly leveled at our hero ; but the swords of General Clarington and Mr. Aberthenot were ready in his defence : while the arms of the three gentlemen invigorated by the shrieks of Ezilka, struck death with every blow.

The conflict was short and severe. Two savages

only survived to flee ; and the battle over, Colonel Wilcox and Mr. Aberthenot ran in the direction of the shrieks of the captive lady ; but General Clarington sank to the ground.

The voice of Miss Clarington was no longer heard, but it was succeeded by the clash of steel. The officers approached the combatants. Miss Clarington was free, and Kioskoah was dealing blows of death to her captor. The wretch fell under the hatchet of the Forest Prince, and as he writhed with his wounds, uttered better imprecations against his own soul.

It was not uncommon during the war, for the Indian to lie in ambush for the purpose of insidious slaughter ; and this attack had only been thought of as yet, by those who were the objects of it, as one of those ordinary occurrences. It was now, however, evident that it was the result of a concerted plot.

The dying man wore the garb of an Indian, but his voice was bolingbrooke's ; and at length raising himself on his elbow and fixing his eyes on our hero, he exclaimed :—" Rejoice Wilcox ! for you are fully avenged. The retributive hand of God is upon me—rejoice ! You behold your enemy—an enemy to the human race ! Nay, to every thing that shews the handy-work of Diety, about to appear before the judgment seat of God, with no hope of a blessed immortality ! Yet, even now, I die free of many crimes, because self interest would have sustained injury by their commission. One demon of the heart has, as it were, at times, enchained another.

“Rejoice! for you owe to me the discovery of your last visit to York, to my stealthy steps that of your entrance to the forest—your meeting with Carleton at the Forest Cottage, and in short your present separation from the lovely daughter of the Secretary.

“I have indured fatigue—foregone sleep and suffered hunger, in anticipation of your destruction—not because you were a traitor or because I felt the interest of my King at heart. No, I have no loyalty now to boast of—but for the purpose of gratifying native cruelty and avarice!

“Rejoice, too, Miss Clarington,” continued the wretch, as he directed his eyes towards Ezilka;—“Rejoice, too—for I am that demon, who, under the guise of a protector, allured you from your tract, and who was only prevented from destroying so fair a flower, by the providential arrival of Colonel Wilcox.—Moreover, had I succeeded this night, my hellish passions would have been gratified not only at the expense of your virtue, but your life! I had bartered your blood to the savages! I have failed. I have lost my life in the enterprise. I die without a hope beyond the grave. I die eternally!”

“God is merciful,” said Colonel Wilcox, in sorrow for the wretch.

“Yes, yes,” ejaculated Mr. Aberthenot; and Bolingbrooke replied:—“A professed infidel—I have too long set at defiance the dictates of religion, to ask in faith for its saving influence. No, I have no hope but the

deepest abyss of hell! There must be my soul's abiding place—everlasting abiding place!—and it is just!”

His arm sank under him. He smiled in horror, and died.

Miss Clarrington could not but weep for the wretched Bolingbrooke, and tears stole down the cheeks of the officers, even; but the young Forest Prince, with folded arms, and unmoved countenance, viewed the corpse a moment. Then covering it with leaves and brush, he said to Colonel Wilcox:—“Blake likes silver. He has a bloody mind. He is a snake.”

The chief suddenly disappeared; and Miss Clarrington and the officers returning to the place of assault, found Blake supporting his fainting daughter, and Mrs. Blake binding up a flesh wound in the left arm of the General, who was just reviving from a swoon, caused by loss of blood.

Blake appeared much agitated at sight of Miss Clarrington; nor did the manners of Colonel Wilcox and Mr. Aberthenot tend to soothe him.

The party at length proceeded homeward, and having reached the gate of Ontario Cottage, our hero placed his hand on the shoulder of Blake, and required him to proceed with him, as his prisoner, to Fort George.

“Why would you make me your prisoner?” inquired Blake, in agitation.

“Because I have discovered your true character,” answered Colonel Wilcox.

“My true character!”

“Yes, I have discovered you to be a pimp and a spy—a betrayer of innocence—an assassin!”

Blake remained silent, and shook with terror.

“You have been an accomplice of the savage, and a worse than the savage—Bolingbrooke.”

“What proof of these accusations?” asked Blake, with a tremulous accent.

“The evidences of them are perfectly satisfactory to my mind,” replied our hero.

Mrs. and Miss Blake, in alarm, simultaneously protested the innocence of the husband and father.

“Ladies,” said Colonel Wilcox, “I am satisfied that you are ignorant of the design with which Miss Clarington and myself were invited to your house.—However, our visit—the proposed promenade—the assault—the capture of Miss Clarington, were all the result of a concerted plot, to which the proprietor of Ontario Cottage was a party. I would fain, for your sakes, believe to the contrary; but the evidences are too clear to admit of doubt, even.”

“Evidence! What evidence?” questioned Mrs. Blake, in hurried words.

“Oh! Colonel Wilcox!” exclaimed Miss Blake, in grief, “my father is innocent—he cannot but be innocent.”

“Ladies, all the proceedings of this night, conspire to assure me of his guilt. In anticipation of a share of the reward offered for my head by the Canadian

Government, he not only sought my destruction, but, forgetful of his own situation, as a father, (to gratify this sordid desire,) he leagued with Bolingbrooke and the savage, to betray Miss Clarington into their hands. She was to be deflowered by the one, and her blood was to be shed by the other, on the altar of a heathen god!"

General Clarington thought not of treachery, till Blake was openly accused. Then, however, circumstances recurred, which, when associated with the accusations, assured him of the guilt of his host, and he was wrought to a high pitch of feeling.

"Thus, then," cried he, suddenly, "has Providence unveiled a miscreant, who invited me to dip in the same dish with him, in order to decoy and blast the tender flower that I have carefully nursed seventeen years."

He paused in weakness. Then turning his eyes on Miss Clarington, he continued:—"Yes, my daughter, as Judas betrayed his Saviour, so has this enemy of innocence—this paragon of vice, while sitting at the same board with you under the guise of hospitality, been concerting your destruction. Could he not have found a less loved daughter to despoil? Sweet remnant of thy mother's love! only solace of thy father's widowed heart! thy path has been haunted by the very demons of hell! Blake," exclaimed he, frantically, "could not thy hell-born passions be gratified, without blighting so fair a flower? Damned—disna-

tured reprobate! The blood of the more human red man, that still adheres to my sword, shall be mingled with thine!"

While General Clarrington yet spoke, he sprang towards Blake; but his strength was inadequate to his determination. He fell into the arms of Colonel Wilcox, and the object of his vengeance took this opportunity to flee.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To the rude shock of war both armies came,
Their leaders equal and their strength the same.

DRYDEN.

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter.

THE TEMPEST.

As a history of the war between Great Britain and the United States is not an object of this narrative, we pass over a period of more than a year, during which time many battles had been fought between the belligerent nations. Niagara had been evacuated by the American army some months, and it was now July, eighteen hundred and fourteen.

A body of United States troops had again crossed the Niagara—taken Fort Erie—fought the sanguinary battle of Chippewa, and taken up a position in front of Fort George.

General Clarington and Colonel Wilcox were with the invading army, and the latter again hoped that a way might be opened to him, for effecting the object still nearest his heart—the possession of the lovely daughter of Carleton. He was, however, disappointed. The American General finding Niagara sustained by a force far superior to his own, and hearing of detachments being placed at such convenient distances in the surrounding country as to be readily brought to bear upon him, ordered a returning march—intending to retreat to Fort Erie.

But the American troops were no sooner in motion, than preparations for intercepting their retreat were made by the British, and on reaching Lundy's-Lane, the American General found himself under the necessity of forming his troops for battle.

The armies were soon engaged—nor was ever a palm contended for with more equal skill and courage. The sound of the battle ceased, but a victory had not been gained.

Volley again succeeded volley, and charge succeeded charge; but again hostilities were suspended.

A third time the work of carnage was commenced, and the battle roared again with fury.

“Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
They long suspend the fortune of the field,
Both armies thus perform what courage can;
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.”

But at length the contending armies, exhausted by

their labors, simultaneously withdrew from the field—and still a victory had not been gained.

General Clarrington and Colonel Wilcox had been foremost in the battle, encouraging their soldiers by exposing themselves; and the former not being found within the American camp, the latter (taking his servant with him) returned to the field. Here the General was discovered, alive, but disabled by a severe wound in one of his legs.

It was past midnight. The moon did not shed her light, but there was not a cloud to be seen, and the heavens were brilliant with stars. The ferocious red man was already prowling through the field to secure scalps; and our hero and his servant having raised the General from the ground, observed a group of savages directing stealthy steps towards them. They lay down their burden and drew their swords for defence. They were beset; but the Indians, not anticipating contact with any but the dead and the dying, had left their camp without any weapons but the scalping knife, and were readily discomfited.

The Colonel and his servant again raised General Clarrington, but they were again disappointed in their attempt to convey him from the field, by the approach of a file of British soldiers.

“Kierhill,” ejaculated Johnson, “I’ll stick by the General—but you’ve got to make tracks.”

Our hero hesitated to abandon his burden, and the young Yankee becoming both alarmed and impatient

at his delay, cried in a hasty manner :—“ What in nater be you thinkin on, Kiernill ? I'm a free-born citizen, and if they nab me, they can't hang me accordin to *law*, any how—but they'd be doin tip-top business to git Kiernill Wilcox, I calculate.” He added in an angry emphasis :—“ Howsomever, if you're willin, 'ta'nt none o' my bizness as I know on.”

A moment's reflection, indeed, assured Colonel Wilcox of the impracticability of escaping with the General, and he now retreated alone from the field : and his master out of danger, Johnson surrendered himself a prisoner with alacrity, as the group of Indians again approached.

The employment of the mercenary and merciless savage in this war will ever remain a stain on the flag of Britain, while a single advantage cannot be referred to as a palliative.

No patriotic feeling moved the Indian ; but, influenced entirely by bounty and native cruelty, he embarked in the cause of blood. The aged, the female and the infant, were alike objects of his insatiable desire to destroy human life.

He was insidious, cruel and revengeful, but not brave. He was the last to approach a conflict—the first to flee ; but a battle won and the danger past, he could scalp and mutilate the dead, in order to exhibit disgusting trophies of a victory gained, while he had been skulking in the wood, free of danger.

The Savages claimed the prisoners, and were refused by the Sergeant of the British party.

Frantic, however, with former defeat, and hoping, nevertheless, to meet little or no resistance from any but Johnson, they made another attempt at massacre.

The young republican placed himself astride his General's body, and one soon fell under his sword; but being completely beset, he must have been overpowered, had it not been for a timely and vigorous intervention of the British bayonet.

The Savages at length defeated, the survivors moved off; and General Clarrington being placed on a litter, was conveyed to the tent of Sir Gordon Drummond, who, on finding his prisoner an officer of high rank, rose from his pallet, and accompanied the men to secure a comfortable lodging for him. A house at hand being obtained, a surgeon was readily called in, and the General's leg being fully dressed, Johnson, (who had till now been busily engaged at his side,) was required, by the Sergeant, to proceed to other quarters.

"It was my idee to stop with the General, Sargeant," said the Yankee, abruptly, in reply.

The Sergeant took offence at Johnson's independent manner of meeting his requisition, and rejoined, briefly:—"You will stop where I please to let you."

"There's no two ways about that. Howsomever, if it would'nt be no put out, I'd like to stop with the General."

"You are a private soldier, and must put up with other quarters!" said the Sergeant, peremptorily.

"You're a leetle out, about my bein a private sodger, any how."

“You wear the dress of one, at any rate.”

“Every private sodger do’nt dangle a sword by his side, I recking?”

“You are an artilleryman, I suppose?”

“You ha’nt got the right idee yit.”

“Whether or not, I expect you to proceed with me, without more words,” said the Sergeant, in an angry manner.

“Do’nt git riled, Surgint.”

“You are insolent!”

“If I be, I do’nt ort. for I owe considerable to you and the sodger folks with you: and I’d be ruther small petaters, if I’d sass, under the sarcumstances.”

The Sergeant’s anger was a good deal appeased by Johnson’s apologetic expressions.

“I have no discretion to exercise,” said he, after a brief hesitation; and directing a look at his General as he spoke, Sir Gordon inquired:—“Prisoner, what is your military rank?”

“Nothin, as I know on, Ginerol.”

“But you wear regimentals.”

“Sartin, I like always to be in the *fashin*.”

“It is not the fashion for any but military men to wear military clothes, however.”

“That’s a fact, and I call myself a military man, Ginerol.”

“But I understood from you this moment, that you were not a military man.”

“You did’nt git holt o’ the right eend o’ the story,

General. I said I had'nt no military rank, as I knowed on."

"But if you are a military man, you must rank as an officer of some kind, or a private."

"I and you do'nt agree upon that pinte, General; for I fight when I please, and do'nt fight when I do'nt please. That's to say—I'm a military man, or United States' citizen—jest as the notion takes."

You mean to say then, in substance, that you are a volunteer?" said Sir Gordon Drummond, enquiringly.

"That's the story, General; I'm actin on the idee that every body's folks had ort to support an honest flag," replied the Yankee.

"Sir Gordon smiled, and rejoined:—"You stand then, undoubtedly, on the United States' army list, as a private soldier."

"I'm a leetle doubtful about my name bein there atal, General. Any how, I ha'nt axed for accommodations for myself. I think'd the General mout want my sarvices."

"If your object is to administer to the comfort of General Clarrington, I cannot object to your remaining," said Sir Gordon.

"I a'nt arguin the pinte for nothin else, as I know on, General. I'm to hum myself, any where, General," returned the servant; and Sir Gordon Drummond ascertaining that his attendance would be agreeable to General Clarrington, dismissed the soldiers without their prisoner.

Miss Clarrington had awaited the issue of the battle about a mile from the ground on which it was fought; and she was no sooner assured of its having subsided, than she proceeded in her carriage to the American camp. Colonel Wilcox met her before she had discovered the absence of her father, and related the fact of his being a prisoner, in so unconcerned a manner, that no alarm was excited in her mind. Then Ezilka, avowing a determination to proceed immediately to the British camp, he ordered a guard to attend her with a flag of truce. But before parting with her, he desired to prepare her for a meeting with her father, and related the extent of the General's misfortune with such judgment, that while her fears were but slightly excited, her mind was prepared for all that she could witness.

Johnson met her at the door of her father's quarters, and showing her into a parlor, said:—"Jest be a leetle patient, Miss Clarinton, for the Ginerals doin tip-top, and he'll be ready to see you after his room's fixed up."

Then flying to the officer's apartment, he told him of his daughter's arrival, and proposed that he should be bolstered to a sitting posture on his bed. The General readily consented for Ezilka's sake, and the servant returning to the lady, offered to show her to her father's room, while, in order to prepare her for the worst she would see there, he said:—"The Ginerals got a leetle scratch on his leg, and fact is, he can't

stand on't. Howsomever, you'll find all his other circumstances considerable easy.

"I shall be much rejoiced to find my father as well even, as you represent him to be, Johnson," replied the lady, as she proceeded with a timorous step towards the apartment of the General.

"You'll, any how, see 'im settin up as crank as a game cock, Miss Clarinton," rejoined the servant, as he opened the door for the lady's admission.

The wounded officer received his daughter with a cheerful smile that dissipated the apprehensions, that in spite of the efforts of Colonel Wilcox and Johnson, she could not help indulging. Nevertheless, the patient was suffering a good deal of pain, while he was much debilitated by loss of blood; and the exertion he was now making was evidently injurious. Therefore, Miss Clarington having spent about twenty minutes at his bed-side, the surgeon thought it his duty to suggest the propriety of his being left to repose.

"General Clarington," said he, "is by no means dangerous, Miss Clarington; yet, his exertions during the battle, and his loss of blood at the close of it, render rest necessary."

"Yes, Ezilka," followed the General, feeling no longer able to support himself in his sitting posture—"Yes, I now require the refreshment of sleep, and am sure that the anxiety and wakefulness which you have undergone, render repose almost as necessary to you."

The surgeon then assuring Miss Clarington that every attention should be paid to the General, while he expressed the strongest anticipations of his speedy restoration to health and strength, she took an affectionate leave of her father and withdrew.

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About three o'clock in the afternoon, Sam Johnson waited at the door and admitted Sir Anthony and Mr. Aberthenot. The old Knight, on seeing the good natured face of the Yankee, evinced the utmost astonishment in his countenance. Then offering his hand in affability, he exclaimed:—"God bless me, Johnson! when and how did you come here?"

And Mr. Aberthenot having also shaken with familiarity and friendship the hand of the servant, he made his best bows, (not forgetting to scrape vigorously with his feet at the same time, by way of showing the extreme respect he had for the gentlemen,) and then replied to Sir Anthony.

Having shown the gentlemen into a parlor, he proceeded with their cards to the General and Miss Clarington: and the lady who was again at the bed-side of her father, withdrew to meet the young officer.

Mr. Aberthenot did not make this call with only the ordinary desire to pay respects. The image of Miss Clarington had found an abiding place in his heart, and she had indeed promised her hand to him in mar-

riage. Nevertheless, fears had entered his mind and hampered his hopes.

To be sure—he had thought of all the tender attentions which she had shown him during his short illness at Niagara, and of the many other indescribable evidences of requited affection. But he in turn thought that gratitude may have caused them, and that his vanity too, may have misinterpreted her manners. He, therefore, now waited at the quarters of General Clarington, with such feelings as one would approach a trial, the issue of which could only be life or death—yet resolved to know the result.

Ezilka's heart was no less susceptible of misgivings than the young officer's; nor had doubts and fears been less active in raising bug-bears against her hopes. A mutual glance, however, assured them both that they had been harboring phantoms; and more undisguised happiness was never experienced than at this meeting.

Sam Johnson returned, and invited the gentlemen to the room of the wounded officer. Sir Anthony and Mr. Aberthenot both rose from their seats, but the Knight placing his hand on the shoulder of the young officer said:—"Nephew, not yet. I must have a private interview with General Clarington and in the mean time I expect you to remain here with Miss Clarington."

The young lovers inclined their heads in obedience, and Sir Anthony proceeded alone to the General's apartment.

We will not dissemble. The young gentleman and lady were well pleased with the Knight's arrangement, and Mr. Aberthenot desirous of avoiding for the future the suspense he had suffered during the last year, proposed an immediate consummation of their engagement.

Ezilka, without hesitation, acceded to the proposition, and Sir Anthony having finished his visit, Mr. Aberthenot waited on her father, and soon disclosing the matrimonial intention, General Clarrington said:—"The only objection I could raise, would be selfish. I shall be sorry to part with my dutiful and affectionate daughter; but I am sure that I cannot entrust her to better hands. You have my consent, and let the marriage ceremony be performed this night, in my room if you think proper."

"At seven o'clock this evening then, General Clarrington?" said the delighted Lieutenant.

"Very well; and may God's blessings rest upon your union with my child," articulated the General with emotion; and Mr. Aberthenot, having again waited on Ezilka to inform her of the arrangement, retired to prepare for the wedding.

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At the time appointed, Mr. Aberthenot, with Sir Anthony, a Chaplain, and some two or three of his brother officers, again entered the quarters of General Clarrington. His affianced bride was in readiness, and the company proceeding to the apartment of her fa-

ther, she and the young officer were in a few minutes unostentatiously pronounced man and wife.

The ceremony being over, and the usual gratulations offered, the Knight unfolded a letter and having read its contents aloud, addressed the father of the bride.—“You perceive, General Clarington,” said he, “that your son-in-law, whom you have as yet only known as Mr. Aberthenot, was eight months ago, (owing to the death of his brother who had lately inherited his father’s estate and title,) the Marquis of Rosemont,

“I have been under an injunction of secrecy, the object of which I have not been able to surmise until to-day. Within the last hour, however, the cause was revealed to me. My nephew had determined that no lady should be allured, by fortune or title, to become the wife of his bosom.

“Miss Clarington was the only object of his love, and I beg that the Lady will forgive her Lord for suspecting that she might be actuated to grant her hand without her heart,” added Sir Anthony, facetiously, and then he bowed to General Clarington, Lord and Lady Rosemont,

CHAPTER XIX.

Quid obseratis, auribus fundis preces ?

Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis

Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.—HORACE.

Come on then ; down and swear.—SHAKSPEARE.

In silence bowed the virgin's head,

And if her eyes were filled with tears

That stifled feeling dare not shed :—BYRON.

Miss Carleton had now been a full year, a captive in her father's house. During this time, too, she had not only been strictly watched by retainers, but subject to the visits of gentleman of the Secretary's choice.

She submitted to this tyranny without a murmur, so long as it did not interfere with her plighted affections. The image of Colonel Wilcox was indelibly engraven on her heart ; and although all communication between the original and herself was now barred, she still fondly cherished a hope that the day was not far distant when an opportunity of evading her keepers would offer.

Among the gentlemen whom Carleton had admitted to the presence of his daughter, and from whom he determined she should chose her partner for life, was one by the name of McLellan. This individual, too, was the choice of the Secretary, and having observed a gradual decline in the health of his daughter, and at length finding that she would not evince a predilection, he determined to enforce her marriage. Before ma-

turing his plans, however, the hand of God fell heavily on him.

He was naturally of a plethoric habit; and this diathesis was promoted by a luxurious diet, while his passions violent and designs ambitious, his mind was seldom if ever placid, and he had frequently found it necessary to submit to the lancet, in order to allay the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy.

A fortnight had now been spent in preliminary arrangements for the wedding of Caroline, and the Secretary had indulged in a table more than ordinarily luxuriant. A reproaching conscience was appeased by extra draughts; and while the stomach and brain were thus satiated and stimulated, he proceeded to the prison room of his daughter to prepare her for submission to his tyrannic will.

“Caroline,” said he, “every thing is now in readiness for your marriage—even the wedding garments, and I expect you to become the wife of a gentleman of my choice, with, at least, a semblance of pleasure. He may not perhaps, possess qualifications which your childish fancy has given to that arch traitor Wilcox; yet the alliance will be more honorable, and it is your duty to submit.”

The long silence of the Secretary, on the subject of matrimony, as well as his marked encouragement, of the visits of the favored few had led Caroline to console herself with the belief that, though determined to prevent her marriage with Colonel Wilcox, he had

abandoned the intention of enforcing her union with any. This new exhibition of his tyrannic disposition therefore struck her with horror; but aware that positive resistance would be her only effectual argument, she attempted not to reply.

Carleton however had no sooner ceased speaking than he became alarmed at his own feelings. His temples throbbed and his head grew dizzy. Then a ringing in the ears and obscurity of vision followed. He talked incoherently to Caroline about her marriage. He raved; and at length falling to the floor, he appeared to be in a deep sleep. His breathing became stertorous, and he was evidently in a severe fit of apoplexy.

A physician was called in, but under the most rigid medical treatment, there was scarcely a hope of his recovery for twenty hours. At the end of this period however, there were evidences of returning sensation, and in the course of ten hours more he was pronounced a convalescent.

The subject which had engrossed his mind returned with sense and health; and Caroline who had been a constant attendant at his pillow till he was pronounced out of danger, had not yet been fully refreshed with sleep, when she was summoned to his bed-side.

She readily obeyed the mandate; nor did she suspect the real object of her father, while she hoped that his late affliction would tend to mollify his stern heart and insure her, at any rate, the privilege of remaining unmarried.

But alas! the dread of death could not suppress the obdurate design of his mind. He had summoned his daughter to fix in her heart a wound incurable, and Miss Carleton being seated by his bed-side he raised himself from his pillow and abruptly said:—"Caroline I have promised your hand to James McLellan, and the nuptial ceremony must be performed this night."

He paused for Caroline to reply, but her eyes were directed to the carpet and she remained silent.

"I have passed my word, and expect obedience!" added the Secretary peremptorily.

"Obedience in this instance Sir, would make me the most miserable of women," replied Miss Carleton at length. "Any other command that a father could dictate to a daughter, I would cheerfully obey, but I cannot consent to marry a stranger."

As she concluded the blood rushed to her cheeks, and she met the eye of her father with a firm yet calm expression.

"A stranger!" repeated Carleton, "have you not known McLellan from his infancy?"

"I have indeed known him as the son of my father's friend; but he is a stranger to my heart."

"You shall be his wife this night, at any rate!" said the Secretary with passionate emphasis, and Caroline rising from her chair in excitement, retorted in a firm voice:—"No earthly power shall make me the wife of James McLellan: and know Sir, that if my father would sacrifice his daughter's happiness to his

prejudices, she has the independence to resist him."

Carleton's eyes glared in rage at Caroline, and a terrible emotion shaking his whole frame, he fell back to his pillow.

"Vile girl! your obstinacy has killed your father," cried he, and then struggling for breath, Caroline imagined that she saw death depicted on his countenance. She feared too that he had indeed become a victim to passions of which she had been the exciting cause, and stung with momentary remorse, she dropped on her knees—asked forgiveness and promised obedience,

"Swear!" articulated the incorrigible father, in a faint voice, "Swear that you will become, this night, the wife of James McLellan."

"I swear before heaven, that I will this night, become the wife of James McLellan," cried the affrighted girl, and her head bowed in sorrow on the bed.

"But her father revived, and after a brief space, in a tone that indicated gratification, he said:—"Caroline, you must hurry your toilet; for invitations for this evening were sent out three days ago."

"Oh! wretch, without a tear—without a thought,

Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—

The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou

Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;

Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,

And turn thee howling in unpitied pain."

Miss Carleton rose from her knees, and proceeded to her apartment, in order to prepare for the fulfilment of the oath she had taken.

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The company had assembled, and Carleton was bolstered on a sofa in the drawing-room, exhilarated into life, as it were, by the victory he had gained.— Caroline entered, leaning on the arm of McLellan, in resignation, yet with a trembling step. Parson Whiffler approached the bridal pair, and the marriage ceremony ended, a tear forced its way through the long lashes that concealed the downcast eyes of Caroline.

“The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven ;
 But changes night and day too, like the sky ;
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven ;
 And darkness and destruction as on high ;
 But when it hath been scorched and pierced and riven,
 Its storms expire in water-drops ; the eye
 Pours forth at last the heart's blood turned to tears.”

A smile lit up the face of the Secretary, as the last words of the Divine assured him that his daughter had at length become a victim of his tyranny. The excitement over, however, he relapsed into debility, and directing his servant to assist him to his bed-chamber, he took his leave of the last assemblage that God was pleased to let him meet in this world. About midnight, this native tyrant was seized with another fit of apoplexy ; and before day dawned, his spirit was summoned to the judgment seat of the Omnipotent.

“Who shall destroy when He would save ? or stand
 When He destroys, the stroke of His right hand ?
 With none His name and power will He divide,
 For He is God, and there is none beside.”

CHAPTER XX.

Just at this crisis, up came Johnson, too.—BYRON.

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly.—SHAKESPEARE.

The opposing armies at the battle of Lundy's Lane, had encamped three days, within musket shot of each other, without evincing a disposition to meet again in conflict; and now the American troops were moving off, in the direction of Chippewa.

Sam Johnson, amidst a concourse of spectators at the British camp, was viewing, with home sick feelings, the departure of his countrymen, when two familiar voices struck on his ear; and looking in the direction of the sounds, he recognized the faces of Bluster and Mustiface.

They wore military garbs, and the gravity of the Yankee was well-nigh overcome. The Doctor wore a red coat, the skirts of which scarcely reached the seat of trowsers that just covered the tops of a pair of cow-leather boots, while a cap exhibiting more the marks of age than service, surmounted the very crown of his head.

The official Champion wore a regimental suit, that did more honor to his tailor, but his figure and physiognomy, caused a striking and ludicrous incongruity.

"Oh! that they had stopped, till this had once more drunk of their blood," cried Bluster at length, in a

stentorian voice ; and he flourished his sword in the direction of the American troops, as he spoke.

“My sword thirsts too,” squeaked Mustiface, and then he drew the weapon from its scabbard, and viewed it.

“I should’nt wonder if a leetle blood would be a considerable treat to both on ’em,” said Johnson; while he smiled and winked successively at the Doctor and official Champion.

They in turn looked in astonishment at the Yankee ; and Bluster, at length, in a threatening manner and voice, inquired :—“Do you mean to intimate, fellow, that my sword has done no service ?”

“I ha’nt had an idee on intimatin sich a thing ; for it looks to me as though it’s done jest about as much sarvice as it had ort.”

“Service,” rejoined our Esculapius ; and he looked down on the Yankee contemptuously, as he spoke :—“Service—had every sword in the British army drunk as much blood as this, there would not now be a Yankee in Christendom !”

“It’s considerably used up—no mistake, Dock ; but it looks as though it’s had a considerable restin spell, sence it was used up.”

The regimentals of the prisoner had as yet disguised him ; but the familiar manner of address excited Bluster’s reminiscences, and he scrutinized the physiognomy of the Young Yankee.

“Aha !” exclaimed he at length, “Aha ! an old acquaintance, I think ?”

“Sartin—I’d concluded you felt a leetle too big, under the sarcumstances, to speak to common folks : and Squire Mustiface too,” added Johnson, “seems desperate proud with his Insines coat and aplet on.”

“I dōnt feel too big to use my sword over your Yankee skull,” boasted Bluster as he placed his right foot forward and flourished his rusty weapon in the air.

“Nor I too proud to dye mine in your Yankee blood,” squeaked Mustifice, who had, by this time, also recognized the servant.

“It would’nt be man fashin, for two o’ you to buckle sich a leetle chap, accordin to my ideas. Howsomever, nater’s nater !”

Our Esculapius looked significantly at the Official Champion and said :—“This is intended as an accusation of cowardice, and it is too much for officers in His Majesty’s Militia to bear.

“Too much ! too much !” echoed Mustiface.

“Shall I strike ?” interrogated Bluster of Mustiface, while in the act of raising on his toes.

“Strike—yes, damn him ! Burry your sword in his heart or I will,” answered the Champion, as he also prepared for action.

“Folks !” cried Johnson in feigned terror, and he receded as he spoke :—“Folks, ’taint fair, I snum !—For besides bein a leetle chap, I a’nt desperate with the sword.”

“You deserve death, and I even thirst for your

hearts blood," squalled Mustiface, as he made a thrust at the receding Yankee.

Johnson parried his sword from his hand, and then giving point, the official champion fell.

Bluster, who had elevated his weapon to participate in the honor of the intended murder, let his arm drop gradually, as he looked in wonder at the prisoner.— Then wheeling suddenly on his heels, (losing his military cap in the motion,) he strode bare-headed from the field. Peals of laughter followed his retreat, and Mustiface was roused from his swoon.

CHAPTER XXI.

Hark ! through the silence of the cold dull night
 The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !
 Lo ! dusky masses, steal in dubious sight
 Along the leaguer'd wall.—BYRON.

And say when summoned from the world and thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
 And sooth my parted spirit lingering near ?
 Oh ! wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
 The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;
 With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind ;
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low
 And think on all my love and all my woe ?—CAMPBELL.

Ten days after the battle of Lundy's Lane, a British force took up a position in front of Fort Erie, now strongly garrisoned by United States troops.

Batteries being immediately made, a cannonading was commenced and kept up for some two or three days; but this course proving ineffectual, the British troops were formed into three divisions, and moving from their batteries under the cover of night, made a simultaneous attack on some American out-works and the fortress.

The out-posts were driven before the British bayonet—the walls of the Fort scaled—the ramparts cleared; and at length a battle raged furiously within.

Victory for Britain seemed inevitable, and indeed the Americans made a momentary cessation of hostilities; but again roused by the voice of command, they made a convulsive effort—overpowered their assailants—regained the ramparts, and drove the British troops behind their batteries.

After this, a period of four or five weeks being spent in almost daily cannonading and skirmishes, the American Commander determined to make an effort to get rid of his annoying enemy. Accordingly the United States troops sallied from the Fort and attacked the British batteries. The regiment of Colonel Wilcox was foremost, and he became particularly conspicuous, by his energetic encouragement of his soldiers.

The British were soon discomfited but our hero fell. Johnson, (for this faithful servant had not been long detained as a prisoner) was at his side, sharing the perils of the engagement, and readily effected his con

veyance into the fort, where surgical aid was at hand; but his body was without the reach of human skill.

As if death had mistrusted his weapons, wound after wound was discovered; and the Surgeon at length shaking his head in hopelessness at the servant, who was anxiously gazing for an encouraging look, walked off, without making a professional effort.

None now near him but his servant, Colonel Wilcox said:—"My faithful Johnson, I cannot long survive my wounds, and I would at once confide to you a message for Miss Carleton. Having been continually with me since I left the town of her residence, and knowing what has been my course of life, you are the most proper person for its bearer. Besides, I can die in the assurance that any promise you make will be fulfilled."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the servant. He kissed the brow of his dying master, and promised obedience.

"Tell Miss Carleton," continued our hero, "that though branded as a traitor, conscious that God rewards and punishes according to the intentions of his creatures, I die in faith of a blessed immortality.—Tell her that the hope of possessing her, has alone rendered indurable the latter part of this life, and that my last prayer is, that though torn asunder here, we may live together hereafter in a mansion of the house of God, and enjoy that peace which passeth understanding."

He died, and the faithful Johnson again applying his lips to the cold brow of his master, no longer suppressed his grief.

CHAPTER XXII.

Ah ! cut my lace asunder—
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

SHAKSPEARE.

It was about the middle of May, eighteen hundred and fifteen. Great Britain and the United States were again at peace ; and Sam Johnson was admitted to an interview at Darwin-house.

A change had taken place at this abode. The Honorable Mrs. Darwin had abandoned her name and title for that of Lady Aberthenot, and the Yankee was received more like a child than a servant, by Sir Anthony and his lady, while they made the kindest enquiries after Colonel Wilcox. Nor was Arietta forgotten by the latter.

The death of our hero was as yet news to them.—Lady Aberthenot did not refuse to shed a tear to his memory, and Sir Anthony ejaculated in mingled sorrow and surprise :—“ Dead ! Killed ! well, he was a noble fellow. Yet,” continued the Knight in excitement—“ this man was driven by the pigmy policy of Upper Canada to lend his prowess to a foreign power.”

“ Yes,” followed Lady Aberthenot ; “ and Colonel

Wilcox and Miss Carleton have both been made the victims of tyranny. The death of the one and the unhallowed marriage of the other, must be traced to the same source.

Johnson colored with indignation as the lady concluded, and he said in a spirited tone :—"Miss Carry's married then, I conjecter?"

Lady Aberthenot appreciated the servant's feelings, and at once related the particulars of Caroline's marriage.

"The Kiernill aint here to find fault, any how, Miss Aberthenot," said Johnson with a full heart; and then telling the lady his object in visiting York, begged to be directed to the residence of Mrs. McLellan.

The request being granted, Sir Anthony and his lady individually offered a home both to his wife and himself; but he respectfully declined, and gave his reason.

"I must be lookin a leetle ahead for my young folks," said he, "and I've an idee o' goin to the west. Then agin," continued the servant, "there wouldn't be no peace to my mind in this consarned town.—'Ta'nt the thing that's right—and that aint all—it never can be, accordin to my mind."

The intimation of Johnson excited the curiosity of Lady Aberthenot, and she said enquiringly :—"I infer that you have some one besides Arietta to provide for?"

“A pair, Miss Aberthenot,” replied the young Yankee.

“A pair!” repeated the lady, with some exhibition of surprise.

“No mistake,” said Johnson, and he winked significantly as he spoke. “All right, too, Miss Aberthenot. I don’t know which on ’em’s the oldest.”

“Twins?” enquired Lady Aberthenot, and then she laughed good naturedly.

“Sartin—and considerable chaps too—that’s a fact.”

“Boys?”

“That’s the story, Miss Aberthenot,” answered the servant, and he winked again.

“How old?”

“Ten months, I guess.”

“You have named them before this, then?”

“Sartin—Joseph Wilcox and John Darwin was the best names I could think on.”

Sir Anthony was for some moments almost convulsed with laughter; but as soon as he could partially recover himself, he exclaimed:—“God bless me!—God bless me!” and Johnson bowing low to the Knight in turn said:—“The next I calculate to call Anthony Aberthenot, if it’s no offence.”

“Offence,” repeated the Knight, “offence, my good fellow—I shall deem it an honor to have my name live in such honest blood.”

Johnson departed with the blessing of Sir Anthony and Lady Aberthenot; and his heart palpitated as he

approached the house of McLellan. He however hastened his steps with that feeling which inclines one to hurry through an unpleasant duty, and was soon admitted to the presence of Mrs. McLellan, who received him with a kind, though reserved manner.

“But behold!

Upon her face, there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.”

“Johnson,” said she, as if she would prevent the communication of any thing to which it would now be improper for her to listen:—“Johnson, you are aware that I am no longer Miss Carleton?”

“I larnt so from Miss Aberthenot,” answered Johnson. “Howsomever it would’nt a made no difference about my comin if I’d larnt it before, for my promise could’nt a been got by.”

“You have come to fulfil a promise then?”

“Sartin, Miss McLellan and a considerable solemn one too.”

“At whose instance?”

“Kiernill Wilcoxes.”

“I can receive no communication from Colonel Wilcox,” said Mrs. McLellan. “Tell him that I am a wife.”

“The Kiernill a’nt no more, Miss McLellan, and I’ve come to bring you ’is dyin words.”

“He is dead?” said Mrs. McLellan enquiringly,

and with a trembling voice, while her cheeks assumed the hue of marble.

“No mistake—I closed his eyes myself.”

“He had not heard of my infidelity?”

“That’s sartin or I should’nt a been here.”

“Thank God! thank God!” exclaimed Mrs. McLellan. “I can listen to you Johnson,” added she at length, and the servant faithfully related the dying message of his master.

The lady covered her face with her hands and sobbed in agony.

“The tree will wither long before it fall,
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn,
The roof tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when it’s wind worn battlements are gone;
The barrs survive the captives they enthrall,
The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun
And thus the heart will break, though brokenly live on.”

Johnson unceremoniously withdrew from the house of McLellan: nor could he help rejoicing in his heart, when he saw the town associated with so many unpleasant reflections, fast fading from his sight in the distance, as the packet which contained him, was wafted by a brisk wind in the direction of Niagara.

ERRATA.

The following are the principal errors which have escaped correction in the revision of proof, and which have not been noted at the end of the first volume of this work :—

Page 2nd, of both the first and second volume—being the back of each title page of this work—for “*Western District of New York,*” should be read, “*Northern District of New York.*”

Page 36 of this volume—18th line, for “*mockery,*” should be read “*buoyancy.*”

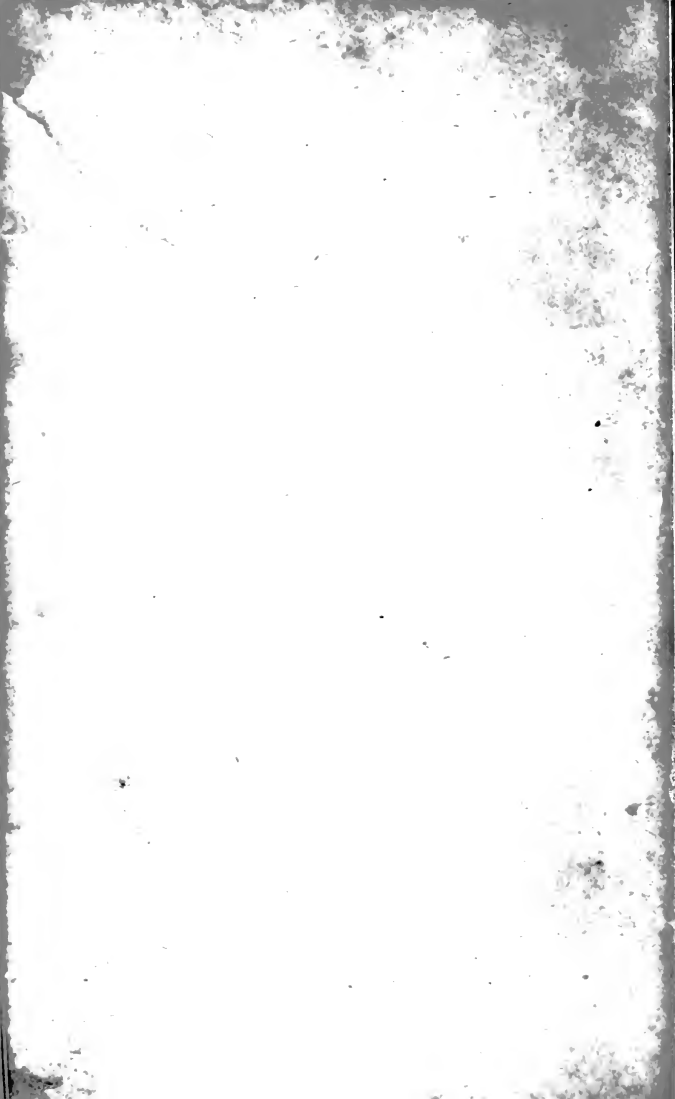


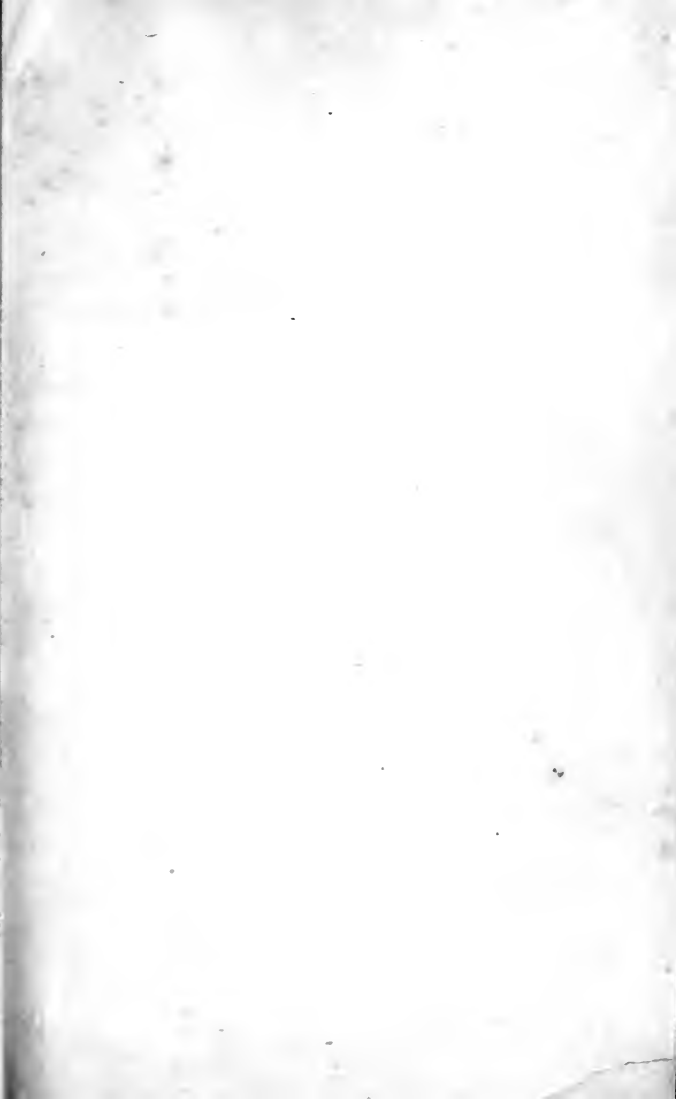
THE

WILD

ROSE

By Robert H. D. ...







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