

THE LAND WE LIVE IN

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

That Boy Jack Weir "of Ours."

A Tale of the Canadian Rebellion.

BY CALESTIGAN.

"The rollicking boys, for war, women and noise,
Are the boys of the Queen's mounted Rangers."

THE above rather dubious character of the cavalry regiment I had recently joined as Cornet Jack Weir, was being proclaimed in uproarious tones by discordant voices as I alighted from my horse in the court-yard of Os-good's hotel in the frontier village of Stanstead Plain on the night of — November, 1837. These sounds which issued from a brilliantly lighted room in rear of the bar or public room might but for the words and their implications, which were intensely British, have been taken for a Choctaw war-song, but a fine mellow tenor which I recognized as that of my friend Charlie Hill, and the rich baritone of Henry Pardy reconciled the ear to other incongruous sounds and impressed upon my mind the fact that the performance, if not strictly musical, was certainly very military in its character.

Having consigned my charger to the care of an ostler I entered the hotel, a large, roomy and well lighted building, and having inquired for the officer in command was shown into a comfortable well furnished room on the first landing or story. A tall spare gentleman in black who looked like a Meth-

odist parson, rose from a table much encumbered with maps, letters and papers of all sorts, advanced towards me with extended hand while he uttered the short sentence,

"Dispatches for me, sir?"

"I bear dispatches for Major-General Heriot, sir," I replied, drawing from my sabertash a large official letter which he instantly seized, opened and read.

"Cannot spare a man," he muttered.

no time in procuring an orderly whom I sent up to the General's room, then following a long passage which led to the rear of the bar-room, I opened a door and was greeted with the following refrain,

"Be not too bold, be not too rash,
You may choke on a hair of your own Moustache."

"Why, there's that boy of ours, Jack Weir!" exclaimed Ned Webb.

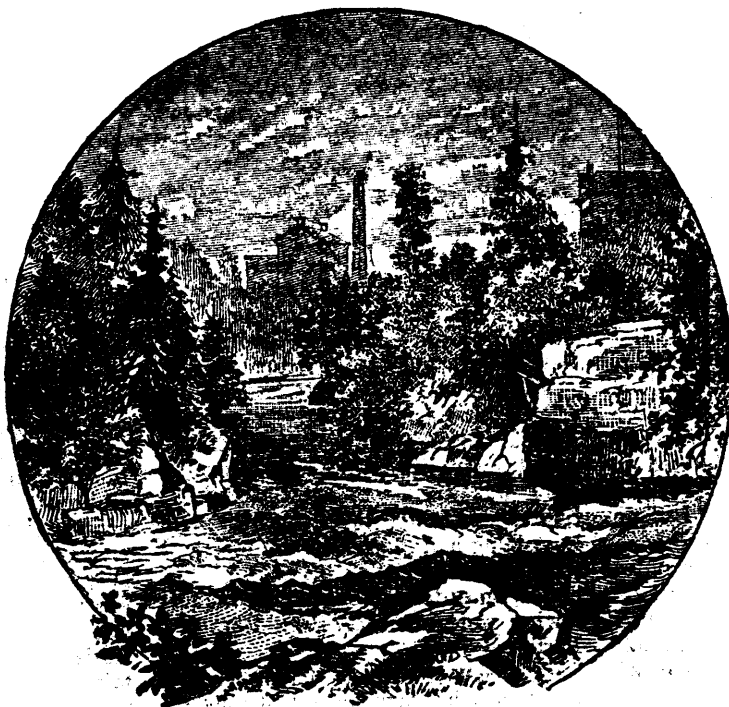
"Hurrah! hurrah for Jack Weir!" came from a dozen well-moistened throats.

"Off with your trappings, Jack!" said Charlie Hill, helping to unclasp my cloak and unbutton my military harness which he consigned to the care of a servant.

"Ta-ta-take a cock-tail," stammered Harry Greenwood, who was pretty far on the road to inebriety.

"Some brandy and water—hot!" drawled Burton, who was helping himself to that particular beverage, but never offered to pass the decanter.

In the meantime, my friend Hill had ordered a warm chop and potatoes which, with a bottle of good Montreal ale, gave me a very favorable opinion of Stanstead, as a bivouac for the Queen's mounted



VIEW ON THE MAGOG RIVER, SHERBROOKE.

"You return to Sherbrooke, to-night, sir?"

"My orders are to join Major Austin's squadron here, sir," I answered, "I'm Cornet Weir, General! at your service, and my horse is quite fresh."

"Oh! never mind, you had better join your squadron, sir, at once, officers cannot be spared from the front. Be good enough to send me an orderly. Good-night!"

Descending the broad stairs, I lost

Rangers.

"Well!" queried Hill, during a pause in my reflection, "what news from Sherbrooke? Do the ladies want us back? They must be growing nervous now, that the last of the gallant Rangers has left. I suppose an inspection of your kit, old fellow! would reveal wonders in the shape of faded bouquets, severed ringlets and stolen white kids."

"And by the bye, Weir," interjected