

## DIGBY GRAND.

## CHAPTER II.

## WESTWARD HO!

Struck by the quaintness of the demand, Cartouch questioned the little applicant, and elicited from him that he had run away from the headquarters of racing, for the very plausible reason that he could not get enough to eat; that he had no home, no where to go. 'Where are your parents?' was the next question. 'A'nt got none,' was the reply—'father's hanged.' 'Hanged for?' 'For killing mother,' was the unflinching answer of the candid orphan. The upshot of it was, that Cartouch took him as a cab-boy, promoted him as he grew too big for that office to a groom; and discovered one fine morning that he had walked off without a word of notice, but had taken none of his master's property with him, not even his own livery-clothes. Why he went away remained a mystery, nor was it ever satisfactorily explained; but the next place the Colonel met him in was the Mauritius, where he was acting body-coachman to a highly respectable widow-lady. Here he expressed a desire to re-enter his former service, and was again placed in the Colonel's stable, where his knowledge of 'training,' picked up in early life, was turned to account. Since then, he had accompanied his master's horses wherever they went, and he was now Mr. Gamblin, a very important personage, and an immense card with all the junior officers of the 101st. I believe he had no Christian name. Such was the worthy who formed the third in a highly important conclave, carried on in a roomy stable in the immediate vicinity of the Plains of Abraham.

It was just six o'clock on a sweltering summer's morning, a few days before the Quebec races—no uninteresting meeting, and one to which the sportsmen of the States were not likely to send their worst horses—"not if they knew it." Early as was the hour, we had been long stirring, and were thinking of breakfast. I had just dismounted, after riding a gallop on Kitty Clare, the favourite for a great stake to come off next week—"officers up,"—and Colonel Cartouch, his trainer, and myself were in earnest discussion as to the probability of success.

'Is Squire Sauley comin'?' demanded the anxious trainer. 'I see him at Buffalo, and he told me he should enter Fancy Jack for the Colony Plate. If he comes, Colonel, and Fancy Jack starts, we shall have a tough job to pull through. I can't get the Squire's length, Colonel; and what's more, I don't think any man can—they're deep 'uns, are these Yankees.'

'Fancy Jack's a smart horse,' said the Colonel; but the grey mare beat 'im last fall at Toronto, and Kitty Clare gave her three pounds and a beating at Montreal; besides, Mr. Grand can ride twenty to one better than Major Muffin who piloted her that time. It must come off, Gamblin. Don't you think so?' added the Colonel, appealing to me.

I certainly had great confidence in Kitty Clare; I had ridden her several times in matches, &c., and had always won with as little as possible to spare, so that she was not esteemed by any means as good an animal as she deserved to be. This was not so difficult a matter as many might suppose; for, with all her speed and courage, she was gentle and tractable to a degree, and had a mouth sensitive as the finest instrument, which even the black jockeys she sometimes carried were not able to spoil. Many a roué, to say nothing of dollars, had she put into my pocket, as well as her owner's; and now they were betting three to one against her in consideration of Fancy Jack's performance; and we anticipated, indeed, a golden victory. As we cantoned our hacks back to the citadel, deep and earnest was our consultation as to the best means of ascertaining Fancy Jack's capabilities; and the Colonel, with all his experience, confessed himself to be at fault. 'I can make nothing of this fellow Sauley,' said he; 'and I confess he is beyond my flight alto ether. I know him well, and have been down to stay with him in his racing establishment at Baltimore. He has sixty or seventy horses in training, and only black fellows to look after them superintending the whole thing himself. I was there for ten days, and he appeared to me to be drunk the whole time; but had I tried to get the better of him, I have no doubt I should have found out my mistake. The way he cleaned out a South-

quantity of clean linen. The Colonel and myself received our distinguished guest on his disembarkment from the steamer, and pressed on him our hospitable offers of board and lodging, as arms-in-arm we toiled up the steep ascent of the lower town—the Squire retaining his luggage, which no entreaty would induce him to part with. The day was hot, and my new acquaintance, as he expressed it, 'a thirsty critter; so each hotel we passed on our pilgrimage called forth the same observation, 'I guess I shall go in and paint.' Three times we 'painted' accordingly, and after two 'sherry-cobblers' and a 'mint-julep,' the Squire became extremely communicative. We talked of his country and the 'Britishers,' and the States army and the 'Brady Guards,' a distinguished volunteer corps; and I was severely catbashed as to my own home and family, and whether Haverley Hall was a 'considerable clearin'; but not one word was dropped, although I watched for it eagerly as a cat for a mouse, concerning the all-important topic of Fancy Jack and the coming races. No, deep as a draw-well was the Yankee, and he had 'a pretty loud notion 'twas not in the Britishers to tree him, not nohow they could fix it; and this idea seemed to have taken such entire possession of his mind, that all subjects connected with racing were as studiously banished from his conversation as though I had been a dissenting person, instead of what he should call him in England, a 'Leviathan of the turf.' We had a large party that day to dinner; but I made it my own especial study to take care of Squire Sauley, thinking, in the verdancy of my youth, that under the influence of good cheer and agreeable conversation, I might be able to get something out of him. He was evidently unused to a mess-table, but, like all our brethren 'over the water,' he soon accommodated himself to such customs and usages as were new to him, more especially that of drinking wine with each other in social good-fellowship—a ceremony which he found so much to his taste as to continue it after the cloth was drawn and the claret going its rounds—thereby pledging his new friends more repeatedly than is our custom in 'the old country.'

I have said the Squire's requirements in the ways of 'purple and fine linen' were of the most moderate kind, and his ideas upon the necessity of ablution seemed to be formed upon the same simple and inartificial plan. The wine had for some time been going its rounds, and grateful was the high-flavored vintage of Bordeaux after a day on which the thermometer had stood no lower than eighty in the shade. Captain Jessamy, who always got more and more amiable and gentlemanlike as the decanters waned, was expressing to Sauley his admiration of the latter's country, his pleasure in travelling through its noble scenery, and his approbation of its excellent and moderate hotels—the only drawback to which was the very scanty allowance of the limped element, in the smallest of basins and ewers; 'so small, sir,' lisped 'Lavender Jem,' as we called him, 'that for three days, Mr. Sauley, I give you my honor, I was obliged to content myself with washing my face and hands, and nothing more.' 'Nothin' more!' biccouped the Squire; 'waal! mister; you air particular. Look at me, Mister; my name's Sauley! I a'nt a nigger; I aint—for fifty-seven years this child ha'nt washed, 'ceptin' face and hands on Sabbath, and often not that! G'long hoss!' concluded our informant, with roars of laughter at Jessamy's countenance pending this candid and not over clean confession.

The fun was by this time getting fast and furious, and obeying a telegraphic signal from Cartouch, I slipped out of the mess-room, leaving my Yankee friend the centre of a listening and admiring throng of his entertainers. How pure, how beautiful was the midnight sky, its myriads of stars glittering with a radiance unknown in our duller and thicker atmosphere! how heavenly was the mellow lustre of the moon, basking in floods of beauty the silver bosom of the broad St. Lawrence, and deepening into blackness the shade of its wooded banks—as I looked down from the Queen's Bastion on one of the fairest scenes America can produce. Instinctively, as we lit our cigars, the Colonel and I paced leisurely past the sentries to that favorite spot, and as we leaned upon a gun in uninterrupted enjoyment of the sweet summer night, enhanced by contrast with the noisy scene of dissipation we had just quitted, I remarked on my companion's countenance a softened expression of melancholy which I had only once before seen to settle on those chiselled features, and I knew that his spirit was with the days that were

ning through the dubious twilight with the utmost confidence.—The first round brought them within ten yards of our covert, and their identity was placed beyond a doubt.—Fancy Jack leading, and our grey mare well on. The important race was to be twice round, about two miles, and it appeared that the same distance had been selected for the trial. The second time they passed us, an attention was visible in the order of their running; the horses were abreast, but Fancy Jack was still pulling hard, whilst Kitty Clare was striding away in her usual easy-going fashion, but having apparently nothing to spare in order to keep pace with her antagonist. Up went our glasses to see the finish; the pace increased with startling velocity. The little jockeys, one a black fellow, set to with a will, and gamely steeds answered to the call. Fancy Jack came with a rush, but our gallant mare kept her place at his quarters. Short the distance to the wished-for goal, but the gray horse had evidently shot his bolt, he changed his leg, the mare drew gradually but steadily upon him, and three more strides landed Kitty Clare a winner by a length.

In a short and hurried consultation, we agree to make a considerable detour on our way back to the citadel, that our presence at this important contest might not be discovered. It was evident our animal was the best; we feared nothing else in the race now that Fancy Jack was disposed of, and we agreed that if we could only discover the weights to be correct, we would back Kitty Clare for all the money we could get on before the result of the trial was made public. 'Pain will find that out for us; I can trust the fellow with anything; and by Jove, Grand, if it only comes off, we shall walk into these Yankees "pretty considerable handsome," I estimate,' said the Colonel, aply mimicking Mr Sauley's very peculiar tone and pronunciation.

From that day till the race came off, I lost no opportunity of backing the mare I was to ride. It was obvious that Squire Sauley did not fancy his horse with the fanciful name, as no consideration would induce him to invest a dollar upon the grey. This convinced me more that he was aware of the result of the trial which had taken place with his connivance. I gathered fresh confidence, and, like Cartouch, backed Kitty Clare to win me a small fortune, particularly with one greedy individual, a shabby American from St. Louis, whose capital appeared inexhaustible, and who, it never occurred to me, might be making any number of bets on our admission for another.

The first day's racing, with its successes, its failures, its heat, its noise, its flirtations, lotteries, luncheons, and sherry-cobblers, must be passed over. Captain Tims was there, having journeyed from Montreal to be present; likewise Mrs. Tims and constant Spooner, ever at the fair Julia's side. But, alas! Spooner was not seen to such advantage here as on 'the ocean wave.' In an evil hour, he had allowed himself to be inveigled into riding the Wild Hawk for a hurdle-race (hurdles four feet and a-half high, warrant-d not to bend or break!) with which the dimensions of the meeting were to close. Equitation was not poor Spooner's forte, and under the solemn conviction that he should not survive the morrow's exploit, he was nervous, absent, and dispirited, or, as Mrs. Tims remarked, 'a greater gaby than ever!' At last the saddling-bell rings, the stewards call for Mr. Grand, who is ready, dressed, and weighed, exact to a pound—for this have I been walking miles, wrapped in clothing under a scorching sun—for this have I abstained from Seguenay salmon, and canvas-back duck, and passed untasted the amber 'Hodson's Pale,' the ruddy 'Carbonell's '25; and this is my reward—the moment has come. Accompanied by Cartouch, I walk up the course, the cynosure of a thousand eyes, and indubitably a hero to my own company, the privates of which back 'littl' Grand—through thick and thin. Kitty Clare looks perfection, and as I am lifted on her shapely back, and pass my hand in fond caress down her arching crest, the skin is soft and smooth as satin, the muscle hard and tough as steel. 'Fit to run for ten men's lives,' says the Colonel, as he walks alongside with his hand on my knee, for a few more last words. 'Never mind the others; wait upon Fancy Jack, and come at the finish—you r-remember?'

I nodded intelligently, and took my place in the smothering, impatient rank. There were five others to start, but small notice did I take of any one but Squire Sauley's whose colors I now saw close to me, worn by a man with whom I was not acquainted, an officer of a militia corps, but of whom I had heard

honest as the day; but it will not do, I feel that blackening—the struggle subsiding the blood beat! and with a turril of disappoinment I saw her not without difficulty, conscious that Fancy Jack has done me by a short half-length.

Nothing for it but to 'pay and look pleasant,'—such are the uncertainties of a pursuit on which men spend their lives and fortunes. I was dreadfully annoyed, on Cartouch's account as well as my own. In vain the latter, with his usual recklessness, strove to console me by his assurances that nothing could have been better than my jockeyship, that no power on earth could have saved the race as it was run—that the trials we had witnessed had evidently been 'a got-up-thing to deceive us. I was spirited to a degree, and could not bring myself to take any interest in the concluding sports of the meeting, the most amusing of which was poor Spooner's dreaded hurdle race, in which he distinguished himself by a series of eccentricities performed by the 'Wild Hawk,' who was not to be prevailed upon to take the first leap, and consequently had to be brought to his stables, guiltless of any active share in the contest, which was eventually carried off by an adventurous Yankee, who having, as he declared, a 'nervous' horse, gave the animal half-a-bottle of port wine in a sponge, and drinking the other half himself, came in a triumphant winner. But even this failed to amuse me. I was very sore at having been overreached so completely by the Yankee squire; nor was there much consolation in the conviction at which, on putting together all we knew, Cartouch and I arrived—viz., that Sauley, having two grey horses much resembling one another, had encouraged both 'the trial' and our discovery thereof, had thrown dust in our eyes by running his inferior horse, and declining to back the actual flyer in person, whilst he took everything he could get upon him 'by commission,' and finally brought out the real 'Fancy Jack' to carry off the stakes, the bets, and the honor and glory of 'getting pretty considerably to windward of the Britishers.'

## CHAPTER III.

## THE CHAINS OF THE COLONIES.

'When the heart of a man is oppressed with care, sings the time-honored muse of The Beggar's Opera, to the effect that there is no period when the male heart is so susceptible to woman's charms as when suffering from disappointment, no matter from whence it arises. It was natural that in my depressed state of feelings I should turn for consolation to those dark eyes that had been watching my endeavors, and that would have sparkled—oh! how brightly—at my success. Charming Zoe de Grand Martigny! sweetest of the transplanted daughters of sunny France, flourishing in a clime whose summer is even more glowing than thine ancestors' own, what a bright specimen wert thou of Canadian loveliness, no mean type of the sex! I see her now with her long glossy raven hair, her tall, undulating form; her clean, sallow complexion; and above all, those large liquid, dreamy black eyes, that might have driven many a wiser ensign than myself out of his senses. Right and left had those orbs done execution amongst the too susceptible ranks of the British army, but no one could boast at least with any justice—for verily upon this subject man is fearfully given to lying—but no one could justly boast of having made any impression on Zoe de Grand-Martigny. Was it my fault that, like other mortals, I was attracted by the light, and fluttered round, playing at sentiment till I burnt my own fingers? or could I help the foreign Zoe taking a pleasure in what she called my English braquerie, and preferring my society to that of all her other dangers, probably for the simple reason that I was less devoted to her than the rest? 'If you would have a woman love you,' said Zoe, many a year afterwards, when, like the butterfly that has been handled, the gloss and freshness were worn off our feelings never to return. 'If you would really have a woman devoted to you, beware of letting her discover that you reciprocate the whole of her affection. Anxiety and uncertainty will enhance in her eyes the value of the treasure which she is not quite certain she possesses.' This may be true, like many other uncomfortable doctrines, but it would have been better and wiser had we never been on terms to speculate in this manner on man's weakness, or discuss subjects fraught with so much danger in such company.

ter been left unaided, and gave way to feelings that should rise again like ghosts of the past to embitter with their shadowy mockery the unquiet-for-today, to come.' De Grand-Martigny was below with three other daughters, alas! all motherless, and never seemed to trouble himself as to what became of Zoe. Being the eldest—such an eldest I just eighteen—she had the control and management of the family. Her father, an indolent, disappointed man, who looked as if his life had been spent in struggles, one 'another, with fortune, till he was awfully weary of contention, and willing to go without effort down the stream, was in the habit of leaving everything to his eldest daughter, which gave her a confidence and self-reliance as far beyond her years as it was prejudicial to her interests. He, good man, enjoying his siesta in the cabin, never seemed to think that Zoe and the young soldier on deck might 'twice be indulging in dreams, though not quite so harmless in their tendency, and the moon was up when they parted for the night, acknowledged lovers, if truth must be told. Little had been spoken that could bear the construction of love-making, less that could mean anything in the shape of a pledge; but there is a language that needs not the interpretation of the lip, and we felt that we understood one another.

Youth is not prone to analyse the feelings, and is proverbially careless of consequences, so that it can secure the enjoyment of the hour. Even then I was conscious that my feelings towards Miss de Grand-Martigny were purely of a selfish nature; she thought of marrying me, or rather marrying 'at all, never for an instant crossed my mind. What I should I, Digby Grand, in the flower of youth and hope, with life and all its triumphs and enjoyments opening before me, delighting in my profession, and devoted far too much to the vanities of the world—should I, with my eyes open, hold my wrists out for the matrimonial fetters, and deliberately sacrifice my own liberty to give a lady here? Forbid it, common sense! Miss Jones had given me a lesson—in my ignorance, I thought—as to the value of woman's love. Let poets prate about 'its priceless gem,' as they call it, if they will, I knew better the worth of the article, and firmly resolved that 'I could not do it for the money.' Still it was very pleasant living constantly with Zoe, finding her taking such a deep interest in all my doings, my likes and dislikes, my profession and my pleasures, watching her graceful form, and basking in the light of her glorious eyes; so, day after day, regardless of what might come of it, looking not an hour beyond the present, I paraded my own selfish amusement and gratification, nor cared to anticipate the time when she, with all her earnest truthfulness, should find that she had anchored her hopes upon a dream, and I should discover that, according to the old proverb, certain classes of persons, if they will meddle with edged tools, cannot always hope to escape scathless.

Who can describe Niagara? From the loftiest harp that have hymned the praise of Nature, down to that unsophisticated follower of the muse who pays his artless tribute to her glories in those glowing stanzas, commencing—

'Niagara! Niagara! you are indeed a staggerer!!!'  
—vide the album kept for inspection at the Falls—that wonder of the world has indeed suffered enough at the hands of scriblers to insure an immunity from the pen of an unlettered soldier, whose military career commenced ere the Horse Guards required from the astonished subaltern, before he is eligible to command a troop or company, a fund of information that would almost obtain a position of a Senior Wrangler. The calm Lake Erie, the whirling rapids, and the rush of the cataract, are not to be embodied in sentences and syllables. When the painter's brush can realize the most gorgeous conceptions of the painter's intellect—when the poet is able to weave the brightest colors of his dream into a form of words that shall satisfy himself, nor leave ought wanting to the imagination unsatisfied and unattainable, then may we hope to read a description worthy of the indescribable Niagara—but not till then.

'What do you expect to see?' said Major Halberd to me before I started for the Falls—the sea tumbling down from the moon? If you anticipate anything short of this, you will not be disappointed.' And truly I was not disappointed. But majestic as was this masterpiece of Nature in her sublimest mood, and deep as were my feelings of awe and admiration in contemplating this miracle of the waters in all its phases—in short, in doing Niagara, which takes at least a week—there was room left in my heart for other