

...and at length, utterly confused by his own losses and his partner's fire, terminates his ill-fated performance by an unequal vocal effort, and the major's ire blazes forth unchecked—'Go to your cabin, sir, and consider yourself under arrest: in the whole course of my experience I never met anything like this.' You laugh, Mr. Grand, and well you may, for you have won a small fortune through my partner's inexplicable conduct. Nothing shall persuade me it was not done on purpose, I fumed the exasperated major, 'but I'll have a Court of Inquiry. I'll try him for his commission. I'll drive him out of the service; by Jove, I will!'

Enter the poodle-headed steward to lay the cloth for dinner; the angry commandant, whose plumes are always smooth at that interesting hour, is easily appeased, and Spooner has the good taste, as his chief has the good sense, to make no further allusions to the row, the losses, and the arrest. Dinner progresses favorably, although we are compelled to put our plates upon our knees and our glasses in our pockets; for the gale is increasing, and the skipper, contrary to his usual practice, and far against his inclination, is compelled to remain on deck. Ere our meal is concluded, we are startled by the unearthly notes of a speaking-trumpet overhead, followed by a faint reply, 'We are speaking a ship'—and off we all fly to have a look at the stranger. Pitching bows under, with a double reef in her topsails, and some of her belling canvas aback to enable her to hold off and on, a dirty-looking brig looms distinctly against the dark, cloudy back-ground. Her master, in language that none but a seaman could understand, is inquiring his proper longitude, his own reckoning being of the loosest description. She is from Buenos Ayres, bound for Liverpool, and has no more business off the coast of Labrador, her present position, than we should have at Gibraltar. We set her right as to her locality, and laboring on in our diverse courses, we part, never to meet again. She is soon lost to our sight, for driving mists are scudding over the face of the waters, though an occasional warm gleam of sunshine gives a magic charm to the scene.

'What a heavenly day on shore!' says Spooner to me, as we paced the deck, smoking our after-dinner cigars, and ever and anon staggering to leeward when our grasp misses the stay that should have steadied us. 'What a day in some quiet retreat in beautiful England, Grand, with a person—I mean with a lady, that is,' stammered the sentimental ensign—'with a woman one really loved.'

Spooner always confided to me what he called 'his better feelings,' such as his present idolatry of another man's wife, under the impression that my foolish entanglement with Miss Jones would insure my sympathy in all affairs of the tender passion. Little did he know how that unfortunate business had seared and hardened my young heart, and changed all the sober feelings of my nature—how regret, remorse, and above all, a feeling of burning shame, had taken possession of me, whenever I looked back on that season of delirium and make me regard the sex in the light of an enemy on whom to be revenged at every convenient opportunity. Like many other young men, I fell into that most fatal of mistakes, 'that all women are alike.' How absurd a conclusion!—how disgraceful a slander on many a holy, virtuous, I had almost said, angelic being, that makes the glory and the sunshine of a happy home!

But I am interrupting Spooner's confidences with my reflections. As they came out between the puffs of his cigar, I confess I was startled at the length of absurdity to which a youth of eighteen may be carried, under the influence of a dreamy imagination. He confessed to me his adoration for Mrs. Tims, or 'Julia,' as no had the impudence to call her; he never seemed to consider Tims: he washed in the ardour of his attachment that she would fall overboard, that he, Spooner, might have the satisfaction of

richness of those varied tints to eyes so long accustomed to the weary water and the empty sky. Again and again was the cheer caught up and repeated by our delighted soldiers, and even the rough seamen cast a grim smile at that grand iron-bound coast. It is almost worth a voyage to see land for the first time. In our inexperience, we considered ourselves as fairly arrived, and from that moment began calculations and lotteries as to when we should reach our destination. The skipper alone appeared not to join in the general enthusiasm that prevailed. I observed him several times popping in and out of his cabin for constant consultation of the barometer; and I remarked that he remained on deck, when, after dusk, we retired to the well-lighted cabin, and set in for our accustomed game at *vingt-et-un*, accompanied by a special bowl of punch, brewed by old Halberd, who was a very Falstaff in all matters of drink, and who knew exactly the right proportions that make rum, sugar, and lime-juice a beverage for the gods. We were so absorbed in the changes and chances of our game, that we scarcely remarked the increasing roll of the old transport, as she creaked and laboured in the trough of a heavy sea, and the constant scuffle and tramp of feet upon the deck above us; and when I turned in, as sailors call it, for the night, to share a dormitory of some four feet square, with my comrade Spooner, I was too sleepy to think of anything but the disagreeables of being roused at four to keep the morning watch, a duty which I most religiously shirked on every available opportunity.

That must have been a fearful night, ay, even to the gallant hearts on deck and aloft, exposed to the fury of the gale, and striving with might and main to put in practice all that science could teach and seamanship effect, to weather the storm. Boxed up in my stifling little cabin, I became conscious by degrees that our ship was rolling and pitching more than my previous experience would have led me to suppose possible. First my dreams became more and more incoherent and disturbed—then a tremendous lurch that nearly sent me sprawling out of my berth, roused me to a state of complete wakefulness; and there I lay, anxiously listening to the complication of noises that surrounded me, with a horrible misgiving that this might be one of those serious cases of which every one has heard and read; and that as ships were doubtless occasionally wrecked, why not ours as well as another? This style of reasoning was not consolatory, I know not why, by a foolish sense of shame at being the first to anticipate danger—when another tremendous lurch, a fearful pause, and a vibration as though the very timbers must part, followed by a crash as if the whole deck was breaking in upon our heads, startled me at once into activity, and I jumped on the deck of the cabin, just as Spooner, in a shaking voice from beneath his bed-clothes exclaimed, 'By Jove, Grand, there's all the steward's crockery gone!'

I know better; we had immediately righted, and I felt sure something must have gone by the board. As I staggered half-clothed, and with naked feet, up the chilling hatchway, I was conscious of a buzzing murmur that made my very blood run cold—'Man overboard!—man overboard!' and then for the first time I knew that it was a human voice that I had heard thrilling in agony above the crashing timber and roaring blast. It was too true; the captain of the foretop was at that moment choking in the blackening, boiling wave. The clear cold stars looked down in pitiless beauty on the unguiled seaman, struggling hopelessly, with none to help, with none to save. I caught a glimpse of the captain's pale and horror-stricken face, and I knew instinctively that it was folly to dream of boat or life-buoy in such a sea and such a gale. How soon might not we, too, be swept into eternity! In a second of time I pictured to myself the events of years. I saw dear old Haverly in all its verdant beauty: my poor father, ay, even Dr. Driller flashed for an instant through my mind. The favorite pursuits of my youth came across me, and

over? Thank you, Mr. Grand: good night.' I was soon sound asleep after all my fatigues and excitement; but not before I had offered a short and fervent thanksgiving to Providence for our escape.

Could it be the same world that was melting around us in all the gorgeous brightness of a sunny noon, as one short week afterwards we glided listlessly along between the picturesque banks, whose woods, luxuriant in their verdure, fringe the noble St. Lawrence! A monarch art thou of the waters, thou magnificent river: and wondrous is thy majesty to one whose homage has been hitherto paid in ignorance to the puny wave of our own Father Thames. Historic associations, natural beauty, and early recollections hallow the latter; but what shall we say of that gigantic stream, whose volume, supplied by the inexhaustible depths of Lake Erie, sweeps on through the giddy rapids, and the wondrous plunge of indescribable Niagara to beautify the fairest portion of a continent, and only to find repose at length in the mighty bosom of the broad Atlantic Ocean! The first impression of every European on visiting America seems to be the same. Everything is on a larger, grander, and more magnificent scale than in the old country. The rivers are wider, the forests more interminable, the storms darker, the sunshine brighter, and the skies higher, than those to which they have been accustomed at home; and obtrusive as is sometimes the Yankee's noisy admiration of his unequalled States, he has, indeed, a glorious country, and well may he be proud of it.

All disembarkations are much the same, whether the released prisoners be an apologetic alderman, with his fat wife and numerous daughters, stepping ashore at Ostend, or a draft of gallant musketeers bidding farewell to the coop which Government has provided for a long and tedious voyage. Beautiful Quebec glittered as usual in the sun; and our march up to the citadel, a mile and a half, and every inch of it against the collar, convinced us that, as the acquisition of what sailors call sea-legs is most desirable to encounter a sea-wester in the Atlantic, so are those same sea-legs very numbed and paralytic members to carry their owners up a steep and gravelled hill in anything like soldier-like style. We were received at headquarters—the strongly-fortified and jealously-guarded citadel—with the welcome due to a fresh arrival of comrades to assist in 'doing duty'; and I found that my character as a 'fast lad,' and consequently an acquisition to the mess, had already proceeded me from the depot. My brother-officers I discovered, with hardly an exception, to be a jovial, good-humored, gentlemanlike set of fellows, although one and all were tinged with a slight affectation of slang, engendered by foreign service, and a life of almost exclusively men's society, but which a tour of duty in England would soon and effectually have eradicated.

We were commanded by a character in his line; and Colonel Cartouch deserves a slight sketch from one whose youth he so carefully instructed in all matters connected with the sports of the field. Cartouch had entered the service originally in the artillery, and with some few others had effected an exchange from that exclusive corps to the line. He had then been in 'pretty nearly every regiment in the service; disbanded and disappointed—horse, foot, and dragoons; as he himself said, 'He had a turn at them all.' In addition to this, during a short interregnum of pay, he had joined the Queen of Spain's men, where, by his own account, he saw some little fighting, and a good deal of flogging. In that sunny clime he had fallen in love with and married a Spanish girl, but of what degree, or under what circumstances, no one could tell. And here comes the mystery of Cartouch's character. He was never heard to touch upon the history of his marriage—no one knew whether he was a widower, or if Mrs. Cartouch was still alive. Of course, as in all cases, where nothing is known, there were plenty of stories current—one more romantic and

of his wife. He never touched upon the subject himself, nor should I have liked to change places with that man who might be bold enough to interrogate him with regard to it; so it is impossible to say what may be the true version of the story. All I know is, that coming unexpectedly into his barrack-room upon one occasion, I found this hardened and sarcastic rascal—this man of bitter feelings and iron heart, in tears of agony, which he vainly strove to conceal; and hastily covered with his handkerchief, there lay on the table a long silky lock of glossy raven hair.

With all his faults—and they are many and inexcusable—I could not help liking Colonel Cartouch. From the first, notwithstanding the difference of our ranks and ages we had become constant associates and allies. Our pursuits and pleasures are similar; the Mentor, with his advantage of experience, of course far outstripping his young competitor; but then it was his greatest delight to instruct and train 'little Grand,' as he called me, in all those accomplishments which we deemed so indispensable. It was the Colonel's team which I first learned to handle, as my instructor called it, 'like a workman.' It was the Colonel who first taught me to tie my own flies, and throw them to an inch, although the only unwooded space around me was the stream I was fishing. It was the Colonel who showed me how to 'screw' and 'twist' at Billiards in a manner that would have made my old antagonist Levanter's hair stand on end; who proved to me why the sound and practical whist-player must pull through in the long run, and why it was advisable to decline playing ecarte with a casual stranger of whom one knew nothing—more particularly if he happened to be a Frenchman. His explanations simplified the whole system of drill in the field, and regimental economy in the orderly room, for there were few better officers than Cartouch. His knowledge of life and intimate acquaintance with our hospitable civilian friends, put me quite at ease at all usages of Canadian society; and reaping, as I did, all these advantages from the Colonel's friendship, it was no wonder that I was above all others prejudiced in his favour, more especially as I fancied I could detect seeds of good and evidences of kind feeling, in that reckless character, for which others did not give it credit. Of course our commanding officer, with his tastes and pursuits, was fond of racing. A regular attendant at Newmarket when in England, he was thoroughly awake to all the combinations and arrangements which make the turf so very ticklish a science to pursue. He knew something, besides, of Sir Peregrine's tainer, and his most unsuccessful string; and this was another bond of union between us. He owned four or five thorough-bred horses, some imported from England, some bred in the States, but all possessed of racing qualities; and garrison cups, officers' plates, and other stakes to be contended for in both Canadas, he carried off far and near.

I have already said that I was a tolerable horseman from my boyhood, and, under the Colonel's and his trainer's instructions, I learned to ride a race very fairly for a gentleman, and, above all, to know of what degree of speed my own and other horses were going. The latter essential is only to be acquired by repeated practice; and many were the gallops I rode round and round the celebrated plains of Abraham—the death-scene of the immortal Wolfe—at daybreak, when even in that sunny climate the air was dew upon the grateful turf.

A word concerning the trainer, under whose fostering care I was thus so rapidly progressing, and whom I believe to have been as high a rogue as ever went unhanged. Cartouch had picked him up at Egham races, held on the historical soil of Hunny Mede, where a ragged, half-starved boy, with 'Newmarket' stamped indelibly on his pre-ocious countenance, plucked him by the skirt, and begged piteously for one of three things, employment, a shilling, or some luncheon, for he was starving.

With all his faults—and they are many and inexcusable—I could not help liking Colonel Cartouch. From the first, notwithstanding the difference of our ranks and ages we had become constant associates and allies. Our pursuits and pleasures are similar; the Mentor, with his advantage of experience, of course far outstripping his young competitor; but then it was his greatest delight to instruct and train 'little Grand,' as he called me, in all those accomplishments which we deemed so indispensable. It was the Colonel's team which I first learned to handle, as my instructor called it, 'like a workman.' It was the Colonel who first taught me to tie my own flies, and throw them to an inch, although the only unwooded space around me was the stream I was fishing. It was the Colonel who showed me how to 'screw' and 'twist' at Billiards in a manner that would have made my old antagonist Levanter's hair stand on end; who proved to me why the sound and practical whist-player must pull through in the long run, and why it was advisable to decline playing ecarte with a casual stranger of whom one knew nothing—more particularly if he happened to be a Frenchman. His explanations simplified the whole system of drill in the field, and regimental economy in the orderly room, for there were few better officers than Cartouch. His knowledge of life and intimate acquaintance with our hospitable civilian friends, put me quite at ease at all usages of Canadian society; and reaping, as I did, all these advantages from the Colonel's friendship, it was no wonder that I was above all others prejudiced in his favour, more especially as I fancied I could detect seeds of good and evidences of kind feeling, in that reckless character, for which others did not give it credit. Of course our commanding officer, with his tastes and pursuits, was fond of racing. A regular attendant at Newmarket when in England, he was thoroughly awake to all the combinations and arrangements which make the turf so very ticklish a science to pursue. He knew something, besides, of Sir Peregrine's tainer, and his most unsuccessful string; and this was another bond of union between us. He owned four or five thorough-bred horses, some imported from England, some bred in the States, but all possessed of racing qualities; and garrison cups, officers' plates, and other stakes to be contended for in both Canadas, he carried off far and near.

I have already said that I was a tolerable horseman from my boyhood, and, under the Colonel's and his trainer's instructions, I learned to ride a race very fairly for a gentleman, and, above all, to know of what degree of speed my own and other horses were going. The latter essential is only to be acquired by repeated practice; and many were the gallops I rode round and round the celebrated plains of Abraham—the death-scene of the immortal Wolfe—at daybreak, when even in that sunny climate the air was dew upon the grateful turf.

A word concerning the trainer, under whose fostering care I was thus so rapidly progressing, and whom I believe to have been as high a rogue as ever went unhanged. Cartouch had picked him up at Egham races, held on the historical soil of Hunny Mede, where a ragged, half-starved boy, with 'Newmarket' stamped indelibly on his pre-ocious countenance, plucked him by the skirt, and begged piteously for one of three things, employment, a shilling, or some luncheon, for he was starving.

A word concerning the trainer, under whose fostering care I was thus so rapidly progressing, and whom I believe to have been as high a rogue as ever went unhanged. Cartouch had picked him up at Egham races, held on the historical soil of Hunny Mede, where a ragged, half-starved boy, with 'Newmarket' stamped indelibly on his pre-ocious countenance, plucked him by the skirt, and begged piteously for one of three things, employment, a shilling, or some luncheon, for he was starving.