

at the funeral. He was much grown, and his dress was in a more ragged condition ; his bearing, too, was so totally different, that had not his fine features been strongly impressed on Bushe's memory, he could scarce believe him the same. His eyes which were then red and swollen, were now glittering with enthusiasm ; and his cheeks, which scarce differed in color from the monumental marble against which he lent, were now flushed with the animation of a young commander, to which post he seemed raised by his dauntless courage, and the general consent of his comrades. The gallant boy and his hardy followers bore up nobly against the onset of their stronger assailants, and, assisted by the showers of stones which their companions continued to pour in with increasing confidence and precision, forced the majority of them again beneath the shelter of their works. A few, however, headed by a boy somewhat younger than our hero, still fought with desperation—the youthful chiefs engaged hand to hand, and after a severe contest, Jemmy overpowered and threw down his antagonist, who, wild with rage at finding his utmost struggles to rise, ineffectual, contrived to draw a clasp knife from his pocket, and buried it to the handle in his opponent's side. Poor Jemmy reeled and fell—in an instant the strife ceased, and both parties stood aghast at the fearful termination of the fray, for a few moments, when a panic seizing them, they all left the ground, with the exception of the lad who had wounded Jemmy, who, notwithstanding his terror at the fatal deed, hung over his late enemy, crying bitterly. Dawkins and Bushe hastened to the spot, where the former recognized in the repentant boy the young Viscount Mountmorris, and recommended him to make his escape instantly. Bushe busied himself with the wounded boy, who was bleeding profusely, and whose wound, from its position, appeared likely to be fatal.—“ Good heavens ! Mr. Dawkins, tell me have I killed him ? ”—cried the young noble, whose passion had on the instant changed to the deepest contrition. Jemmy was faint with loss of blood, but hearing the question, and moved by the tone of anguish in which it was put, the generous boy roused himself and answered—“ No, no, Sir, don't fear for me, I shall do well enough, but you must not be found here. I forgive you, for I am certain you did not intend what you have done.” With difficulty he gasped out the last sentence, when his voice failed, and he fainted in Bushe's arms. The unhappy boy, who in the heat of passion had committed an act which his very soul loathed, could scarcely be persuaded to leave them by Dawkins, who promised to bring him intelligence of the true state of the sufferer, as soon as he learned it.

“ What can we do with this poor boy, Dawkins ? I think you had better get a car, and we'll bring him to my rooms, till he is in a state to tell us where his friends live : he is a noble