

would not be an easy conquest—yet, little deemed it would have been purchased with the lives of nearly half our force. Still, even while we deplore our loss, have we hearts to estimate the valour of our foe. I cannot give you freedom, since the gift is not at my disposal; but at least I may spare you the pain of surrendering a blade you have so nobly wielded. Retain your sword, sir."

Gerald's was not a nature to remain untouched by such an act of chivalrous courtesy, and he expressed in brief, but pointed terms, his sense of the compliment.

A dozen of the boarders, under the command of a midshipman, now received orders to remain, and bring the prize into Buffalo as soon as daylight would permit, and with these were left the killed and wounded of both parties, the latter receiving such attention as the rude experience of their comrades enabled them to afford. Five minutes afterwards Gerald, who had exchanged his trusty cutlass for the sword he had been so flatteringly permitted to retain, found himself in the leading boat of the little return squadron, and seated at the side of his generous captor. It may be easily imagined what his mortification was at this unexpected reverse, and how bitterly he regretted not having weighed anchor the moment his prisoners had been landed. Regret, however, was now unavailing, and dismissing this consideration for a while, he reverted to the strange circumstance of the spiking of his gun, and the mocking cheers, which had burst from the lips of his enemies, on the attempt to discharge it. This reflection drew from him a remark to his companion.

"I think you said," he observed, "that you had been informed, the conquest of the schooner would not be an easy one. Would it be seeking too much to know who was your informant?"

The American officer shook his head. I fear I am not at liberty exactly to name—but this much I may venture to state, that the person who has so rightly estimated your gallantry, is one not wholly unknown to you.

"This is ambiguous. One question more, were you prepared to expect the failure of the schooner's principal means of defence—her long gun?"

If you recollect the cheer that burst from my fellows, at the moment when the harmless flash was seen ascending, you will require no further elucidation on that head," replied the American evasively.

This was sufficient for Gerald. He folded his arms, sank his head upon his chest, and continued to muse deeply. Soon afterwards the boat touched the beach, where many of the citizens were assembled to hear tidings of the enterprize, and congratulate the captors. Thence he was conducted to the neat little inn, which was the only place of public accommodation the small town, or rather village of Buffalo, at that period afforded.

The dedication of the work is most appropriate—to Sir John Harvey—than whom a more gallant soldier never drew a blade. He was one of those who fought and bled—suffered and conquered—with the small but noble hosts, whose campaigns are sketched in the historical tale of "the Canadian Brothers."

The work will be issued to subscribers on Thursday, and may be obtained from the publishers, Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, on the 10th instant. It consists of two neatly printed duodecimo volumes, from the press of Mr. Lovell, in St. Nicholas Street.

We are glad to perceive, that Major Richardson has it in contemplation to publish, early in the ensuing spring, a Canadian edition of "Wacousta," to enable those who have purchased the "Canadian Brothers," to complete their sets, as well as to rectify numerous alterations and omissions made in the American reprint of that popular historical novel.

#### TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO—BY A STAFF SURGEON. VOL. II.

It is not necessary that we should do more than notice the appearance of this volume, which treats at considerable length upon the politics of these Colonies, as well as of their history during a few of the past years. It is ably and clearly written, and will be a valuable addition to our Canadian literature, and as such deserves the warm commendations of press and people.

Its appearance, almost simultaneously with "The Canadian Brothers," and Mrs. Sawtell's Poems, has given the past month something of the character of the "publishing season" of more favoured countries, and is a circumstance well deserving of record among the memorable events of the present year.

#### THE MOURNER'S TRIBUTE BY MRS. M. ETHELIND SAWTELL.

The mourner, who is induced to appeal to the public, and to offer these sad effusions of her pen, as an authoress, feels deeply that there will be many who will think harshly of her presenting such; but it is to be remembered that the appeal is made as a widow in reduced circumstances, and as a stranger in a land without one tie of affinity.

Her mind has been trained early to sorrow and affliction, and therefore the productions of her muse are tinged, generally, with the sway of her own dejected feelings. Her impressions are those of sorrow, and from that source is derived the plaintive tone of the "MOURNER'S TRIBUTE."

THE above is the unassuming preface to Mrs. Sawtell's Poems, and we are sure that the appeal is made to those who will not hear it in vain—even if the volume were not as deserv-