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BARKER'S CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, JANUARY, 1847.

No. 9.

“Fovende doctrina viget.”

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VOL. I. KINGSTON, JANUARY, 1847. No. 9.

LEGENDS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

BY CINNA.

NO. III.

DE SOULIS,
THE RUNNER OF THE WOODS.

PART II.

In the conclusion of the first part we left De Soulis in the hands of the war-chief and his followers, who speedily contrived a couch whereon to convey him to the upper part of the island, made of the interwoven stems of the alder, but he found himself so far recovered as to be enabled to stand and walk, and refused their proffered assistance. The young warrior, Mascawa, had come down with the others, and he bore on his countenance such evident marks of contempt and derision, at the ridiculous position in which the Frenchman had been placed through his want of skill or vigor, as easily to excite the attention of De Soulis, and induce him to exert himself to the utmost, to show his rival how little he had been inconvenienced by his late mishap.

"Is Nita wounded or disabled, that he must be carried on the shoulders of his friends?" he exclaimed, in an indignant tone.

"No—he is only chilled by the water, and will warm himself by a walk to the head of the island,"—while at the same time his limbs trembled under him, and he still continued under the influence of a deadly sickness.

"Not yet, not yet—my brother-in-law will repose himself before he sets out,—the war-chief and Ominee will remain with him," said the chief, perceiving his weakness, and leading him to a bank, whereon he at once gladly reclined. Ominee had retired to another part of the island, on the approach of her

father, but she was not so far away as not to be able to perceive all that was passing. She saw De Soulis faltering forward in a vain attempt to sustain himself, and regardless of those who surrounded him, she glided to the spot to render him the aid he so much needed, at the moment her father himself interposed.

"Nita must remain quiet at the command of the war-chief," she half-murmured to him, gazing at his pale countenance with an affrighted look, and seemingly undetermined what to do.—She was not long in perceiving in what light the matter was viewed by the young warriors, from the air of levity that prevailed among them, and turning with a flashing eye towards the group, she pointed to the canoe, and with a waive of her hand, ordered them to transport it over the portage to the head of the island. This they were proceeding to do, when Mascawa, seizing a paddle, and lifting the canoe in the air, strode into the stream, then easing down his burthen on the water, and stepping in lightly, he flourished his paddle, and shot out into the centre of the channel. "This is the canoe of Mascawa," he shouted, "and he never carries it by land where there is water to bear;" and it was at once perceived that the young Indian made no vain boast of his prowess.

He brought his canoe at once around so as to head the current, and then commenced propelling it forward, not contented, as had been the war-chief, with merely holding it stationary. To the amazement of all who beheld him, he succeeded in mastering the impetuous torrent, and gradually urged his bark upwards, with a steadiness and untiring energy which soon brought him to the head of the island, amid the joyous shouts of the war-chief and the young warriors, who had followed his progress along the bank, and who before this had deemed the feat totally impossible. He brought his canoe safely to the land, and stepping on the shore, he applied his foot to its end, and sent it far out into the stream, from whence it floated down again into the channel, and soon disappeared from view amid the breakers below. "Go," he cried, "back again to the pale-face, and ask him to bring you hither in the same way—but he will tell you the task is more to his mind to abide in the company of children and women,—Mascawa no longer owns a canoe which has been contaminated by the touch of the pale serpent," and he moved moodily away to the head of the portage, from whence he was seen shortly afterwards departing alone for the island above, in one of the canoes which had been brought down to the assistance of the chief. De Soulis and Ominee arrived shortly afterwards from below, and the party embarked upward for the camping ground of the chief, without further delay.

"Mascawa is a great brave, and the feat deserves a reward—what shall the Frenchman give to the follower of the war-chief?" enquired De Soulis of Ominee and her father, while

the latter was quietly paddling towards their place of destination, in his beautifully adorned canoe.

“The war-chief allows no presents to be given for such an achievement. The pale-face would soon make women of his warriors by his flattery. Does he deem Mascawa strong?—He never saw the war-chief in his youth,” was the somewhat sulkily reply of the chief, who like many other important characters, was not very anxious to allow rivals too near the throne, if we may believe the tradition.

“The war-chief was great, and is now, as the Mohawks have very well learned,” continued De Soulis, deigning to pamper the vanity of his friend in some small degree, for a very laudable purpose,—“but Nita believes the young brave deserving of reward for his having accomplished so daring an undertaking, and wishes to show his appreciation of his strength and skill. Moreover, Mascawa got none of the presents he first brought, on account of his not having been there to contend for them.”

Ominee gazed upon the face of the young Frenchman with a scrutinising look, delighted to find him so far recovered as to assume his usual bantering tone, but dubious as to the interpretation to put on his reference to their trip to the southern shore, wherein Mascawa had been their escort. Pleased to have attracted her attention, which had hitherto been apparently diverted to other objects, De Soulis soon convinced both the war-chief and his daughter by his lively sallies, that he had lost nothing of that buoyancy and gaiety of manner for which he had been distinguished before his late disaster.

They arrived at the camp-ground, and De Soulis again appeared arrayed in his richest garb, and assumed his most sprightly demeanor, while discussing with the several groups that surrounded him, all the particulars of his late desperate contest with the Matchi Monedo, but it was readily to be perceived that he felt excessively annoyed at what had befallen him, and the want of skill which he had exhibited before all the young warriors on an element which he had become so familiar during his residence in the Indian country. It was his ambition to be second to none of them in all their trials of skill and strength, whether displayed on the water, or in the forest; in the trying exercises befitting the warrior, or the equally laborious exertions incident to the life of a hunter.—Such an emulation seems to be natural to man, even after the refinements of society have opened the field of politics and religious discussion to his thirsty spirit of contradiction and disputation; and none but the most effeminate—the denizens of cities—the gregarious multitudes, delighting in brick, or stone walls, in preference to green hills, or wide forests,—the skip-jack half-made-up, small fry, who kill themselves by dissipation, some of whom, it has been asserted,

have been known to possess, what, by a squeezing and perversion of the language, have been called *souls*—we apprehend none but this singular race of people, will consider such emulation any other than exceedingly praiseworthy and patriotic, particularly in a country like this, surrounded in such a way, that if we are not able to fight our own battles, we are not likely to hold our own in any other manner.

De Soulis became aware in a very brief space that he had most decidedly lost caste with the tribe generally, and when he again repaired to the lodge of the war-chief, he found him vaunting not a little of the effective manner in which himself and Ominee had saved the life of his brother-in-law, in the mouth of the Matchi Monedo, whom he had conquered for the hundredth time at least. Ominee did not make her appearance, and De Soulis continued to evade the topic of his own mishap as best he might, though pressed rather perseveringly on the subject by the war-chief, who seemed determined on making known the fame of this his last achievement, to all who had ears to hear. In the evening he expected to have seen Ominee, but she failed to appear, and he went to his lodge harrassed and annoyed beyond measure at the position in which he was placed. In the morning afterwards he again went out upon the river, to endeavor to retrieve his fortunes by a more than ordinary exhibition of skill in managing his canoe and handling his fishing spear, but his company was evidently avoided by the young warriors, led on by Mascawa, and either from an over-zeal, or a fatality which on ordinary occasions would not have been noticed, he caught very few fish, and in rounding the point of the island on his return, he again had the ill-luck to capsize his canoe, though now he was enabled to bring it safely to the land. He, however, retired to his lodge dispirited, amidst the suppressed merriment of the tribe, both old and young, among whom he appeared no longer to be the favorite of the first day. After some hour's reflection, he saw that no other course lay open to him than to return to his trading post at once, and on this he decided. He made known his intention to the war-chief, and received very slight inducements from him to remain. He also sought out Ominee, and having disclosed to her also his intention of leaving the island, owing to the bad feeling which the Big Buffalo and Mascawa had evidently excited against him,—her eye became dilated with delight on learning it.

“Nita does well,” she replied, “when he returns, the young warriors will have forgotten his accident of yesterday, and they will no longer laugh at his want of skill as a swimmer,” and this she uttered in a tone of such calm indifference as completely to take De Soulis by surprise.

“Laugh at me—Ominee!” he replied, in a tone of chagrin and excessive disappointment, gazing upon her steadily, as if

dubious of the meaning of her cold, formal words,—“And which of the young warriors has thought it safe to make merry at the expense of Ferdinand De Soulis?”

“All—all,—it is sad for Nita and his friends that he ever left his post below, to visit the war-chief, as before he came among them his name was never mentioned but with praise and admiration,” she replied to his interrogatory in the same freezing tone.

“All the work of Monsieur Mascawa, I perceive,” he half whispered to himself, “and if I do not—”

“Not alone Mascawa, but others,” she was saying, when their interview was interrupted by the entrance of the war-chief, and Ominee retired, without giving De Soulis another opportunity of seeing her during the day. He remained gloomy and restless within his own lodge, at one time determined on leaving the island without making any further attempt to see Ominee—at another, on the point of going over to his friend the war-chief, who had not yet altered his demeanor in any particular towards him in consequence of what had happened, and demanding the hand of his daughter; but he had some forebodings that his suit might not now be entertained by his friend, even if it were not distasteful to Ominee, until he had achieved something that might blot out the stain which now attached to his name. He therefore gave up the idea of risking a refusal from the chief, and yet his heart sunk within him when he contemplated his return without once more seeking an explanation from her. Perplexed by these contending thoughts, it was evening before he again shewed himself abroad, nor would he then have done so had it not been necessary for him to add some fresh gum to his canoe, preparatory to his start on the morrow.

When De Soulis had made all his arrangements for an early start in the morning, he again sought the cabin of the war-chief, to take his leave of that worthy and his daughter. He found them together, and from the confusion of Ominee, he had reason to believe that their conversation had some relation to himself.

“The friend of the war-chief departs before the sun-rising to-morrow, and he has come to take his leave of him for the last time,” said De Soulis, in a tone indicating that his temper had been somewhat chafed. The war-chief looked at him with astonishment, and Ominee turned away her face, on which the blush, kindled at his entrance, instantaneously gave place to a deadly paleness.

“For what reason does my brother-in law leave us never more to return?” enquired the chief in a serious tone.

“Because I have found the tribe of the war-chief so unjust to me,” replied De Soulis.

"The war-chief is sorry," said he after remaining silent for a length of time, during which Ominee held her head averted, apparently diligently engaged on a curious piece of braid-work which she held in her hand.

"The friend of the war-chief might be sorry too, were he not too indignant at the foul wrong done him," replied De Soulis.

"How," enquired the war-chief in a severe tone.

"How? And am I asked that now?" exclaimed the Frenchman highly excited. "How? By the unfair and base conduct of Mascawa and those who join him against me; but they have not done with me. I will bring them down as I would the panther in my path."

"Does the pale-face suppose he can conquer any of the followers of the war-chief?" enquired the chief evidently getting excited also.

"Any, and all—crush them like the pebble under his heel," said De Soulis, grinding his heel on the turf.

"Ha! The pale-face deals largely in words—perhaps he would like to show the tribe some of his strength. He can be gratified to-morrow—if he have not the false tongue of the Mohawks let him remain, and convince the war-chief by his deeds," said the chief in a sarcastic tone.

"No—the Frenchman is a brave—and he will no longer remain with those who depend on numbers to put him down—if he ever come again, it will be to show the war-chief that he is not without followers also," said De Soulis angrily, and he arose and was about to leave the lodge.

"Nita will remain, and show the war-chief," said Ominee half rising, and at the same time gazing upon him with a look so imploring and so anxious as completely to unsettle his determination and mollify his anger.

"He calls himself a brave—the war-chief has given him a chance of proving himself such to-morrow, before his tribe—otherwise let him depart, and be called a child forever afterwards. Does not the pale-face know that a brave and a warrior can be disgraced by one act; in the Matchi Moneto the pale-face was disgraced, and the war-chief saw it with all his tribe," said the chief, now for the first time evincing a slight feeling of interest, in having De Soulis endeavor to wipe off the stain upon his fame.

"Nita is a brave, and will show the war-chief," reiterated Ominee, again looking beseechingly on her lover.

"And will the war-chief give the pale-face his daughter as his wife, if he do remain?" enquired De Soulis, still hesitating.

"Ominee can only be the wife of a warrior without a stain," hastily interrupted the maiden.

"The war-chief's daughter has given his answer," replied the chief.

"This then is my only course. Nita will defer his return—he will show the war-chief and his tribe who it is that they despise for this foolish accident," said De Soulis gaily, again taking his seat at the feet of Ominee, who contrary to her wont, now entered freely into conversation with the Frenchman—her sparkling eyes, and buoyant manner, evincing the joy she experienced at his determination to remain to regain his lost laurels.

That evening De Soulis repaired early to his cabin to gain some necessary rest, which the annoyances which had beset him for the last four-and-twenty hours had prevented him obtaining, knowing full well as he did, that the ordeal through which he would be called on to pass to regain his reputation with the tribe, would be one requiring the exercise of his every energy.

He was quietly reposing on his fragrant couch of hemlock, when his sleep was interrupted by the entrance of one of the young braves, who after having enjoined silence upon him, bade him arise and follow him. The first thought which struck De Soulis was that some mischief was intended him, but the manner of the young Indian at once dispelled this idea, for he trembled violently, and evinced such anxiety for the Frenchman's departure with him, as scarcely to permit him time to search out and put on his cloak, which he had mislaid and could not readily find in the dark. Notwithstanding the haste required of him, he found time, however to gird himself with his sash, in which he thrust two heavy pistols, with long barrels, and a short, formidable *couteau de chasse* which he usually wore.

"The pale-face does well," said the Indian, at once divining the Frenchman's purpose, "let him come with his weapons of war, but he must make no noise."

"The friend of the pale-face shall have no fault to find," said De Soulis, emerging into the open air.

The encampment of the Indians was mostly formed on the lower bank of the lower bank of the island, but the lodge of the war-chief was somewhat higher up, and that occupied by De Soulis was in the extreme rear, and not far from where the low stunted groves of spruce and pine commenced. The night was tempestuous, but the wind was hot and oppressive, and De Soulis followed his guide with a feeling of depression on his spirits altogether unusual with him. The young warrior led him direct to the lodge of the war-chief, and tapping lightly on the bark on the outside, which was answered in the same way within, he withdrew a few paces after pointing to an opening which was made in that part of the fabric occupied by Ominee by the withdrawal of a skin which was hung before it on the inner side. Interpreting the gesture of the Indian as a sign for him to enter the lodge, De Soulis at once passed through the opening and stood within the apartment of Ominee. A small lamp of earthen ware, replenished with venison tallow,

burned in one corner, and before him sat the war-chief's daughter, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her long black hair dishevelled over her shoulders. She started to her feet on his entrance, and at once drew the skin before the opening, so as completely to conceal the light from without.

"The war-chief's daughter has sent for Nita through an impulse that she could not resist. Her tribe have proclaimed him disgraced, but they are warriors, and know not how to judge those of another nation. Nita was never disgraced in the eyes of Ominee, though the daughter of the war-chief could not say it. She is a woman and must do as she is required by others," said the maiden, in the soft language of her country, while she stood before De Soulis in a state of intense agitation, the large tear bedewing her eloquent eye.

"Nita laughs at all this from her tribe, and never supposed Ominee could be so unjust as impute blame to him for what could not be avoided on his part, though she may have been constrained by her friends to appear cold towards him," said DeSoulis, leading her to the seat she had occupied, and seating himself beside her to await the denouement of such strange conduct on the part of herself and the young warrior.

"Ominee is grateful to Nita for his good opinion of her, which her conduct to him does not deserve, but she has sent for him on a subject of far more importance to him than the expression of her gratitude. Nita is in danger from the friends of her father," she half whispered to him, laying her hand on his arm. The Frenchman bounded to his feet, and drew one of the weapons from his belt, before recollecting himself.

"In what way, Ominee?" he asked hastily.

"Through the hatred of the Big Buffalo and Mascawa.—The tribe are sitting in Council deciding on Nita's fate. It is alleged that he is in alliance with the Mohawks, and has come here to betray those whom he pretends to be friendly with," said Ominee, looking upon him with the same anxious expression of countenance which she had first exhibited, as if the belief of his being a spy had gained some slight ascendancy over even her unsuspecting nature.

"Ah! that is the latest invention of these men—is it?" enquired he,— "Well, and what is to be my doom for this freshly discovered crime—is that decided on, Ominee?" continued he, striding back and forth in a high state of excitement, while his hand played instinctively with the butt of his pistols.

"The doom of death!—my father has sent word to me by the young warrior who conducted Nita hither, and he must now leave the island, or fall a victim to their vengeance.—but stay, Nita, neither my father the war-chief, nor his daughter, believes the false-hearted warriors—he is doing all in his power

for Nita, but to no effect. Ominee makes one request of her father's guest: Let him forget both her father and herself.—They deserve no other fate, from the manner in which he has been insulted by their friends."

"Yes, Ominee.—forget you—until he returns to undeceive the tribe, and prove the falsehoods of his enemies, and that will be but a few moons," he said to her fondly, while he took her hand and pressed it to his lips in admiration of her noble adhesion to him, through all the evil machinations by which he was beset.

The maiden took from her bosom an Indian ornament of diminutive size, upon which she breathed for a brief space, and then suspended it around the Frenchman's neck, by a ribbon braided from the bark of the moose-wood. A smile overspread her agitated features when she had accomplished this, and she said mournfully—"That is the present of the Indian maiden to the pale-face brave, and it is the charmed amulet from the great medicine man of her tribe, to save him in the hour of danger."

De Soulis smiled while holding it in his hand and regarding it; but he neither by word nor action indicated to her that he had not the fullest confidence in its hidden properties to avert evil from his head.

"Nita receives the present of Ominee, and will wear it continually for her sake,—will Ominee do the same by the poor offering he makes her?" he enquired, taking a heavy golden chain from his neck, and presenting it to her.

"The Indian maiden dare not," replied she, withdrawing her hand, and averting her face.

"The poor and friendless pale-face will not insist on her taking it—but will she receive nothing from him as a token that she once knew him, now that he is about leaving her, perhaps for ever," said De Soulis, in accents of the deepest melancholy.

"Nita is aware," commenced the maiden, but her voice died away so that her words could not be understood.

"Then, farewell," hastily ejaculated De Soulis, as the signal was given from without by the young warrior, that there was danger in further delay.

"Nita!" whispered the maiden, and De Soulis turned on his heel, to encounter again that look of indescribable anguish which had first startled him on meeting her. He approached her, and then the deep fountains of her heart burst forth in a passionate gush of tears. The Frenchman no longer indulged feelings of injured pride, but rushed to support her, and with all the fondness of a lover led on by an uncontrollable destiny, he besought her in the most passionate terms to unite her fate with his, and leave the island at once.

"Nita will hunt the deer for his courageous and high-souled Ominee, by the great salt lake of his kindred, the pale-faces.—The fish of the mountain streamlets, and the honey from the groves of cedar, will he bring to glad the cabin of the Knisteneaux maiden.—then shall Nita be happy in gazing in the eyes of her who left all to love him," whispered he with an enthusiasm, engendered by his hope of success.

"The Indian maiden's father!" replied Ominee, when he had succeeded in assuaging her tears, and was multiplying his high-wrought inducements for her to leave the island, and become his wife.

"Her father—he too will come in more propitious times to share the cabin of Nita, far down the mighty Cadaragui, to the salt lake;" but the interview between them was here put an end to by the young warrior rushing in, with terror in his countenance, and declaring that the Council had broken up, and that the doom of death had been pronounced on De Soulis. Ominee seized his hand, and pointed out to him the way by which he was to escape. Behind the grove which lay in the rear of the lodge which he had occupied, a canoe had been secreted. This the young warrior would convey to the southern side of the island, and embark with De Soulis for the forests beyond the river, until the next night, when they could float down the river unperceived, to his post below.

"Ominee cannot depart with Nita, but she will remember him for ever," said she, in a tender tone.

"She shall yet be the wife of Nita, and he swears it," said De Soulis, clasping her to his heart, in a hasty embrace, and the next moment he had bounded after the young warrior, who glided swiftly before him, to gain the shelter of the grove.

De Soulis continued to follow his Indian guide until they arrived in the verge of the grove, when he bethought himself that he was leaving the most necessary weapon for his protection behind him, in his carabine, which he had left in his lodge. In a hurried whisper he informed his guide of the circumstance, and expressed his determination at all hazards to regain it.—The Indian exhibited dissatisfaction at the delay, but finding De Soulis resolute in refusing to move forward without his gun, he stated his intention to go for it himself. This De Soulis permitted him to do, after having been informed of the danger he would incur of being taken, were he to venture himself.—The Indian departed, and De Soulis sat down at the root of a tree to await his return. He had been seated but a short time, when a strange sensation of impending danger came over him, such as he never felt before. His heart throbbed violently, and his brain whirled so as to oblige him to lean his head against a tree for support. He remained thus for a few moments, when a noise as of some object stealthily approach-

ing could be distinctly heard by him, and almost at the same moment he heard a twig break over his head. He turned his eye upward, and directly above him, in the dim starlight, he perceived the form of a man gliding down towards him. De Soulis half raised himself, and silently drew one of his pistols, when the form bounded from the tree and stood before him.— De Soulis levelled his weapon, and in doing so, he saw that the back of the Indian was towards him, that he was arrayed differently from the tribe with which he had been living, more particularly in his head dress, which was one evidently warlike, with the high plume quivering above. From the actions of the Indian, the Frenchman at once perceived that he had escaped unnoticed, and that the strange warrior was intent upon the motions of some one in the distance. He heard him draw his bow from the loop which held it to his back, and apply his knee to it for the purpose of stringing it, and then he drew an arrow from a sheaf by his side, in readiness for immediate use. The Indian then stood one step forward, and remained stationary and silent. After a moment's reflection, De Soulis had no doubt but he intended mischief to the young warrior who had gone for his gun, who was then probably on his return, and believing this, he raised his pistol to fire. The Indian heard the rustling of his cloak, and turned towards him, but his attention was diverted by the approach of the object he had been watching, which proved to be the guide. He raised his bow, and De Soulis, well knowing that there was now no time to be lost, if he wished to save the young warrior's life, at once discharged his pistol, and at the same time sprang forward upon the savage, bearing him to the ground.

His guide sprang forward on the instant with a cry of surprise, and at once threw himself upon the strange Indian, who had arisen with De Soulis from the ground and was making desperate exertions to free himself. While the guide was engaged in extricating his knife from its sheath by his side, for the purpose of giving the finishing stab to the warrior, both De Soulis and himself were hurled to the ground by him with an irresistible force, and when they had again sprang to their feet, he was no where again to be seen. The report of fire-arms at once aroused the whole encampment of the Knisteneaux, and as the greater part of the warriors, led on by the Big Buffalo, were at that moment in search of the Frenchman, whose absence from his lodge had been reported to them ere the Council separated, they with one accord, with such weapons as could be caught up on the instant, rushed in a body towards the spot from whence the shot came, not doubting to find one of their number fallen by his hands. Ere they entered the wood they made the air re-echo with their war-cries, and ran forward clamorously to wreak their vengeance on their victim, of whose escape they had no fear. Luckily for De Soulis and his guide,

the infuriated crowd did not take the exact direction where they now stood, overcome as they were with surprise and awe at their contact with the strange warrior, and at the tumult which had occurred in the camp.

"What is it, Wasga?" enquired De Soulis of his guide, who stood with one foot advanced and his ear intently turned in the direction in which their pursuers had entered the wood.

"The voice of the Big Buffalo—I hear it—and he moves on the footsteps of Nita. Nita will follow Wasga and be yet safe," replied the guide, moving towards the open space with the stealthy and quick pace of the fox. De Soulis followed, and in a brief space he found himself on the beach of the south-westernmost point of the island.

"Nita will remain on the sand until Wasga returns with his canoe—let him crouch low and not move," said the guide, taking a course along the shore towards the encampment. De Soulis remained a few moments on the beach, and then thinking he could perceive better what was transpiring in the camp by moving further down the bank, he made the best of his way to a large tree which stood alone with its broad limbs drooping over the water, and took his station beside it. Not long had he stood there when he heard a solitary whoop far in the wooded part of the island, which he conceived to be the harsh voice of the Big Buffalo, to which he was no stranger. Immediately upon the echoes of this cry dying away, another shout was heard from the same quarter, but of a different tone, and then there simultaneously broke forth a succession of the most fearful cries, prolonged and deafening—at one time partially lulling, and again bursting out higher and higher still, with renewed shrillness and volume, until the sounds seemed to be approaching the very spot where he stood, and to fill the air around him as if uttered in his immediate vicinity. Instinctively he shrunk close to the tree, and while in the act of moving he was startled by the approach of his guide running at his utmost speed along the shore. De Soulis raised a pebble from his feet, and dropped it in the path of the Indian, who halted on the instant, and glanced hurriedly around him.

"Wasga—'tis I," exclaimed De Soulis, directing his voice down towards the guide, in a half whisper. "What is it, Wasga?" he continued, as the Indian recognised, and bounded up the bank towards him.

"Ominee! Ominee!" he cried, seizing the Frenchman's hand, and hurrying him at a rapid pace towards the encampment.

ALTHAM.

BY JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.

CHAPTER X.

"The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we;
The hollow oak our palace is—
Our heritage the sea."—*Old Song.*

They dashed like lightning past the sloop, and the momentary excitement passed poor, Annesley leant his head upon his hands and gave uncontrolled sway to his bitter feelings; from almost his infancy he had been the sport of fortune, but hitherto he always had some kind heart to sympathise with his. When persecuted by his uncle, Miss Gregory, and even by his father, Mary Weedon's unvarying kindness had been a balm to his wounded feelings, and latterly he had enjoyed a happiness as perfect as this world affords, in the society of Bushe, and their kind hearted friends at Mountjoy Square.—Those days of sunshine contrasting with the present gloom, rendered his wretchedness the more acute. Their late rencontre with the *Savage*, proved with sufficient clearness that the crew in whose power he was were desperadoes, whose only law was the will of their chief. With Ingram's destination or ulterior views respecting himself, he was wholly unacquainted,—he only knew that it was by Quill's agency that he had been thrown into his hands, and from Weedon's having appeared before the Magistrates, he felt convinced that his uncle was at the bottom of it, and the conviction was far from alleviating his uneasiness. Lord Altham had ever proved his evil genius,—look in what direction he would he could perceive no vista of hope,—Bushe would undoubtedly on his return do his utmost to trace him, but no clue had been left which afforded the slightest hope of his succeeding. Annesley was well aware that his friend was indebted for much to Mr. Quill, and most probably the crafty old Attorney would account plausibly to his nephew for his disappearance. Reader, do you blame the forlorn boy?—his misery found vent in tears.

His dreary imaginings were interrupted by a hand being placed kindly on his shoulders, he raised his head—it was the young sailor who had so promptly seconded Van Ransallaer's executions during the lull. He was a handsome lad, and though wearing the dress of an ordinary seaman, even the most cursory glance shewed that he was a gentleman. When his eyes met those of our hero, their expression was—

" * * * Amongst this motley crew
Of Irish English, Yankees, and what not,
The only gentlemen seem I and you.
So let us be acquainted as we ought."

He too had suffered deeply, and had bitterly felt that injustice and rank villany may be covered by the gilded trappings of high station as well as with the rags of the mere *pauper felon*. He was about addressing Annesley when the Captain's steward came to inform him that he was wanted in the cabin. Merely pressing Annesley's hand, he turned to obey, but that kind look and grasp had taken away half the weight that oppressed the boy, he felt that he was no longer alone in the world. After a few minutes Jemmy's new friend returned.

"I find that I am to be second mate here, and I have asked the Captain to put you in my watch—come, cheer up boy.—Go down to the skipper now, he wants to have a talk with you, and you shall tell me all about yourself bye and bye,—there, down with you."

"But, tell me sir, was not that an English ship we were fighting with just now, and are you not an Englishman?"

The question was a trying one to him to whom it was addressed,—he colored highly as he replied after some hesitation—

"Yes, yes, both your suppositions are correct, but we have no time to talk now, you must go down to the skipper at once."

Assisted by his new friend, Jemmy staggered to the companion. He found Ingram and Van Ransallaer discussing a glass of grog, they were in high spirits at the events of the morning,—the former addressed Annesley as he entered—

"I say boy bring yourself to a mooring on that locker, and let us have a squinny at your log."

The lad stared, not understanding, of course, one word of what was said to him.

"What are you gaping at, you grampus?—oh, I see—well then sit down and tell me all you know about yourself. What induced old Quill to be so anxious to provide for you at the Cape,—who and what are you?"

Annesley took the seat he was directed, and cross-questioned by Ingram, made him acquainted with all he knew of his history.

"Quite of a piece with that respectable gentleman's usual practice; but youngster I don't happen to be bound to Africa just at present, and even if I was, I am not quite certain that I should feel inclined to carry out our old acquaintance's kind instructions respecting you. What say you to hanging your hammock for a cruise or two in the *Xarifa*?"

"That I never will with my own consent," replied the boy firmly.

"You won't, hey! and why so, if I may take the liberty of enquiring?"

"I am an Englishman, sir, and the first moment I was allowed to come on deck I found you fighting with my countrymen,—I cannot remain here longer than I am compelled."

"Hearken to the young sarpent—leave him to me Capting for half an hour, and I guess I'll fix him so as he'll ship pretty quick."

"As how Van?"

"Just keel-haul once or twice, and you'll find he'll be ready enough."

"No! no! Jake—damn it man I like the boy's feelings,—I remember when I felt the same—but no matter. I say, boy, what did this country of your's do for you that you stick up for it so? I'm sure from your story, *you* don't owe it much.—What do you intend doing with yourself? I have promised to keep you out of the way, and I never break my word for good or ill, so you cannot return. Would you like to be a sailor?"

"I should, but not on board this ship."

"Well, confound you, if you have a mind to learn, you shall, and to satisfy you, I promise not to ask you to join in the fighting, if indeed anything of the kind is to happen again. I must and will keep you on board whether you will or not, so if you have a fancy for the sea, I'll put you in Mr. St. Aubin's watch,—come. what say you?"

"Why sir, if I must stay on board, I should rather not be idle, and on the conditions you name, I have no objection."

"Then that will do—get on deck now,—I will desire the steward to sling a cot for you in one of the spare state-rooms—you mess aft—be off."

When Annesley left the cabin, Van fixed his little twinkling eyes on his superior, and puffed his cigar industriously for some seconds, seemingly in expectation of being addressed by the skipper; this, however, not being the case, after two or three haws, he broke out—

"Well, I'm blowed, but I never can realise you, Capting.—I rather reckon I'd ha' fixed that youngster's flint another fashion."

"I know you would, Van, but this is the fact:—the time was when every thought he has expressed was my own. I feel for him too, for I also have suffered by Quill's villany. I was irretrievably ruined by his legal sagacity and my own folly; but this poor lad is, I can plainly see, a person of consequence, and though I will keep my word to that usurious old swindler, more especially on account of the services he has lately rendered us (though I well know his motives for them too,) yet I will not further injure the boy,—the time may come when circumstances may allow me, without injury to Quill, to restore him to his friends."

"Well, Capting, you know best—taint no consarn of mine; but I don't like the youngster any the better for being a person of consequence, as you call him,—do you believe this story of his being a lord's son?"

"Why faith, Van, from the very circumstance of Quill's anxiety to get rid of him, I think his story probable, and if it be true, this is lad not only a nobleman's son, but he is himself the Earl of Altham."

"Well, so be it, but 'tis my first watch to-night, so I'll turn in."

Annesley found his new friend, St. Aubin, pacing the quarter deck, having assumed the station assigned him by the skipper.

"Well, youngster," he enquired, "have you shipped?—I hope the Captain has induced you to join my watch."

"I am prisoner on board, and am glad to have the opportunity of learning a profession which will render me independent, so I have accepted Captain Ingram's offer to place me under you, but with the condition that I am not to be expected to take any part against my country. I cannot see that I do wrong in this; but will you pardon my asking how *you* reconcile yourself to your present situation?"

"Mine is a long and a sad story—you will not blame me when you have heard all,—but here comes the Captain,—it will serve to beguile the middle watch, which we have I think to-night."

The violence of the squall had passed, and the sea in some measure gone down, the *Xarifa* was brought to the wind, and Ingram shaped his course for the mercantile capital of the Western Hemisphere. Our hero's cot was slung aft, and he was installed in the cabin. During the second watch, St. Aubin commenced his story,—we conceive it will be read with more interest as a continuous narrative, than if we suffered it to be interrupted, as it frequently was, by their professional duties. Thus then it ran:—

"My father who was a military officer of rank, and distinguished service, dying whilst I was yet in my nurse's arms, it was my lot to be the idol, during my childish days, of a doting mother, and an almost as doting aunt, my father's maiden sister, who resided with us; my first acquaintance with misfortune was brought about by the sudden death of my remaining parent, when I was about twelve years old. My father's brother, who was a captain in the navy, attended the funeral, and we walked together as chief mourners. How well I remember the chill of horror which shook me as the earth, the ashes, and the dust, fell with a hollow noise upon my mother's coffin. When all was over I crept to my room, and for the first time, tears cooled my burning brain. My uncle having allowed me to pass some hours in solitary meditation, came in, and without speaking, led me to my aunt's room, where it appears they had passed the intervening time in forming plans for my future disposal. The result of their conference he informed me of—

“Are you aware, my dearest nephew, that your mother’s income died with her, and that you are totally unprovided for. Your aunt was anxious that you should remain with her, and that she should provide for you; but this, although *her* property is ample, I feel convinced you would not consent to, even were your affairs however in a different situation: were I in your case, I should much prefer an active life,—as it is, there is not a choice. Your aunt and I will cheerfully bear the expenses attendant on your preparing for any profession you may choose. I have received intimation that I shall be appointed to the command of a frigate in the next Gazette, and if you adopt my advice, I should recommerd you to join her as a midshipman. I need not say that I will endeavor to supply the place of those you have lost. What say you to my proposition?’

“My uncle had assumed the tone most likely to further his views, in treating me as a man,—I at once gratefully accepted his offer,—he left us the next day, and a week after wrote to my aunt desiring that I should be sent to him at Portsmouth. My poor aunt was almost broken hearted at the parting, and I half determined to give up the navy, but the recollection of my promise to my uncle came to strengthen my resolution. I took an affectionate leave of my relative, and commenced my pilgrimage in the world. Happy would it have been for me if I had suffered my love for her to have conquered, but it was not my destiny.

“My noviciate as a midshipman was during a period of constant war, so you may suppose it was not without incident, but it would be foreign to my present purpose to enter on a recital of it. My uncle was uniformly kind to me, as indeed to all who had the pleasure of serving under him, and he only evinced partiality by giving me private instructions in the details of our profession. I had constant letters from my aunt, who kept me liberally supplied with money, indeed far more so than my wants required,—I had also the pleasure of paying her one or two visits. After I had served the usual time, I had no difficulty in passing my examination, almost immediately after which our ship was paid off, and re-commissioned for the Mediterranean station. The time she was in port I passed with my kind aunt,—the day I joined was the last of my happiness. I was placed in the second lieutenant’s watch, and to him I owe all my subsequent misfortunes. He soon found out that I was plentifully supplied with money, whilst his resources were limited to his pay, and rightly supposing that I should bleed freely, pretended a great liking for me. *I never could get on without a friend*, so unfortunately for me I met this fellow’s advances half way. His manners were bland in the extreme, towards those at least with whom it suited him to stand well. During the voyage he inflamed my mind with

descriptions of the pleasures to which he proposed to introduce me at Gibraltar, and during our stay there, whenever he went ashore, he obtained leave for me to accompany him.—The scenes to which we repaired together it is not necessary to recapitulate. Of course I had not passed unscathed the ordeal of the gun-room of a frigate for six years, but I now for the first time became habitually vicious. My friend allowed me generally the pleasure of paying our way, and finding my resources unexhausted, (as my aunt had been more than ordinarily liberal at our last parting,) he commenced instructing me in the mysteries of billiards and ecarté. My uncle, of course, had not the slightest suspicion of what was going on forward, for, *Mr. Linty, of paddle-box notoriety*, (who will no doubt be generally recognised in the service by a soubriquet which his infamous notoriety has made pretty well known,) was one of the profoundest dissemblers I ever met. When we dined together at the Captain's table he talked more to me than to any one else, and generally contrived that our conversation should turn on professional subjects, on which, to do him justice, he was remarkably well informed,—report, indeed, says, that after being disgracefully turned out of his berth by one of the best Captains in the service, who, it would appear, had penetrated the mask which he sedulously wore, he regained the favor of the Admiralty by a series of scientific public lectures which he delivered at Portsmouth. My uncle thought I was in excellent hands, and was much pleased that I was constantly in Linty's society. Thus matters went on for a year, during which, whenever we were in port, our orgies were repeated. My *friend* had enlightened me as to the art of bill drawing, of the proceeds of which he borrowed half and *won* a considerable portion of the remainder. My poor aunt for some time paid my bills without reluctance, though when I remember their frequency and amount, I wonder they did not alarm her.—Linty was promoted into one of the small craft on the station, and I being the senior mate on board, got acting orders as lieutenant. Though I heartily despised the fellow, I much felt his loss, as I had scarcely another intimate acquaintance in the ship. About a month after Linty left us, we went into Smyrna, where a packet of English letters reached us. I found one from my aunt,—she asked most affectionately what I could want with the large sums of money which her banker's account shewed had been drawn by me during the last nine months, and intimated that she had felt it to be her duty to write to my uncle on the subject; she further stated that she had ordered the banker to refuse any drafts which should be offered in my name, unless authenticated by the Captain's endorsement. Now for the first time, the full turpitude of my conduct flashed on me; I was myself astonished at the amount of my various bills which her letter gave from the banker's account referred

to,—I could at first scarcely credit that I had drawn so many. My unpleasant meditations were interrupted by a message from the Captain, desiring my presence. My uncle was pacing the cabin with hasty strides when I entered—I never saw him so much agitated.—he put my aunt's letter into my hands, only saying.—‘There sir, read that, and account for it if you can.’

“I was overwhelmed,—I stood staring at the paper he gave me unable to read one word,—but too well I knew its contents.

“‘Henry,’ he said at length, stopping opposite me, ‘I see it is all too true. I had hoped for other things from you,—you may go now, at another time when we are both more calm I will require an explanation from you.’

“I was mechanically leaving the cabin when he called me back. ‘Mr. Linty must have known of this, boy,—since he left the ship I have heard a character very different from my opinion of him. You must be candid with me,—did he know of your drafts?’

“‘He did sir.’

“‘And was it in his company the money was spent?’

By a series of similar questions, my uncle elicited the entire truth from me; I was in no humor to palliate my conduct, and after an hour's conversation, I left the cabin, reconciled with him. His indignation against Linty was extreme,—he told me he was resolved to report the whole affair to the Admiralty.—Had his life been spared all would have been well; but that evening he was very unwell, and the next day he was in a violent fever which was at the time raging fearfully in Smyrna. Oh! what agony I suffered as I sat by his sick bed,—his very ravings were about me. A few days after, all that remained of my kind uncle was consigned to the tomb. We sailed immediately for Malta, and on joining the Admiral, another Captain was appointed to our ship. The brig commanded by Linty lay in the road. A merchant of the town who had formerly shewn me much civility, came on board to dine with the ward-room mess, on the same day that Linty was the Captain's guest. My friend wishing to be put ashore, and our boats being all engaged, I wrote to Linty requesting that he would permit his gig, which was alongside, to put Mr. ——— ashore. But times were changed,—I rather think my uncle must have written and let him know that he was aware of his conduct,—at all events he did not condescend to answer my note; and on leaving, passed me on deck without even the slightest recognition. Stung to the quick, I addressed a note to him (which in our relative positions, not even the circumstances of the case could excuse,) stating that but for his rank in the service he dared not have treated me so. When I dispatched it we were getting under weigh, and before we again reached Smyrna, whither we returned, I had repented, my folly in thus putting myself in his power, and wrote a note apolo-

gising for my hasty expressions, and recalling in palliation, the intimate footing on which we had previously been. This note I shewed to a mess-mate, but unfortunately did not keep a copy, as he denied its receipt. Some months passed and I began to hope that I should hear no more of the affair, when we happened to fall in with the brig. Linty immediately repaired on board, and shewed my letter to the Captain. I was sent for, and the commanders of both vessels opened their fire on me together. After a tirade of an hour's length, and its being announced to me that my offence was *Capital*, I was ordered to consider myself under arrest, and to confine myself to my cabin. I requested a mess-mate to offer Captain Linty an apology for my note, promising at the same time, on my honor, that if it was accepted, I would retire from the service, and never again seek to re-enter it. But even this was not sufficient to soothe the ruffled dignity of my former *friend*. I was informed that my first note needed apology as well as the latter one, and that if I made one sufficiently humble, Linty would consider my proposition. ; Stung to madness I rashly refused this merciful proffer, and even with the threatened halter before my eyes, determined rather to abide the sentence of a court-martial. I remained under close arrest for nearly three months before my trial,—what think you was my sentence? Why, that *death* would have been the just reward of my heinous offences, but that in consideration of my youth and past services, they had remitted the extreme penalty,—my sentence therefore was,—‘ That I should be dismissed from His Majesty's service, and rendered incapable of ever again serving my sovereign,—and further, that I should be sent home as a convict, and imprisoned as a felon in such common gaol, for three months, as the Admiralty should direct.’ The miscreant through whose agency all this had been brought about, was complimented by the court on his conduct in the affair, and the righteous tribunal broke up.” Hear this, proud gentlemen of England!! Hear it, you English mothers!! for the greatest part of St. Aubin's tale is but too literally true. Hear it, and pause well before you entrust the children of your affections to a service where such punishment is entailed, by a high-spirited youth forgetting even for a moment the degrading shackles of the slavish condition to which he is reduced on entering it. God forbid that there should be many Captain Lintys in the service. There are not ; but alas, there are a few, and the sentence of the court which tried St. Aubin, proves that the higher grades of the navy cannot bear to see an inferior braving, even though in a righteous cause, his superior, for the apology which was tendered, being considered a gentleman's, could do no more. But we forget that we are merely writing a yarn,—your pardon, gentle reader. St. Aubin continued,—“ My sentence was rigidly carried into execution. I

was transmitted home as a convict, and after many weary months of imprisonment on shipboard, committed to a common gaol—made the companion of the offscourings of society, of murderers and thieves. Part of the period of my incarceration was indeed remitted, but how could I again hold up my head in society. I learned that fortunately my aunt had not survived my uncle many weeks, so she was spared the anguish of my disgrace. On my liberation the only object I had in view was to hide myself where I should run no risk of meeting former acquaintances. With that view I hurried to Ireland where I spent some months in wandering from place to place. When in Galway I learned that the Xarifa, an African trader, was in the harbor. My scanty means were exhausted, and meeting Captain Ingram, I agreed to ship with him. Young as I am, I have not spared my blood in the service of an ungrateful country; and now when she has cast me off, can I be blamed that I seek my bread where it is to be found? I did not, however, know the character of this vessel when I joined,—perhaps if I had I might have hesitated; but on the whole, I cannot say that I regret it. It may be my good fortune to meet my persecutor, and if I do, it will be the last day of one or other of us.”

Thus ended poor St. Aubin's tale,—Jemmy did not blame him, and the boy's sympathy was a balm to his lacerated feelings. Annesley, in return, told his simple story, and thenceforth they were firm friends.

CHAPTER XI.

“ There is in the lone lone sea
 A spot unmarked, but holy,
 For there the gallant and the free
 In his ocean bed lies lowly.”—*Sailor's grave.*

Well may Brother Jonathan be proud of New York, with its noble estuary and harbor; but description, although we excel in it, is not our rôle, and besides it is, we are well aware, the general, and in general, the highly laudable custom of ourselves and others, when deeply interested in a story—as we take it for granted, reader, you are with ours—to skip all episodes about scenery and the like, with a discontented pish, the expression of a feeling to which we are highly averse to give rise; besides, should you desire it, we beg to refer you to Basil Hall, and a score of others.

The Xarifa, her captain, and crew, were, as might be expected, a welcome acquisition to the aforesaid Jonathan's means of annoyance, and but few days elapsed ere, transformed into an United States' Privateer, with the stars and stripes flaunting from his gaff peak, and a swaggering pendant at the main, Ingram took his departure from Sandy Hook, and

stood to the southward. It is not our intention to accompany him in his piracies, suffice it to say that no sea-robber (for by what other name ought a privateer's man, even under his national colors, to be designated,) could wish to be more successful. The stream of the Gulf of Florida between the Bahamas and the main, was his cruising ground, and each day its current forced to the northward portly sugar droghers, that could by no other means reach the Atlantic from the Carribean sea; the naval architects of Bristol, then the great mart of West India produce, deeming it their duty to their employers, to combine the largest possible burden with the smallest measurement, and never troubling their brains about sailing qualities:—luckily the gulf stream did exist, and in the ocean to the northward, westerly winds generally prevailed, and, when they did not, they could wait for them, so that on the whole they usually performed one voyage whilst a superior order of craft could have made two, and as they brought home a few more hogsheads and paid less dues and pilotage, their builders and owners were satisfied that all was right; little reeked they of the feelings of the poor devils destined to navigate their infernal tubs; but we have a fellow feeling for them, as it was our lot to traverse many a thousand leagues in one of the slowest of them,—confound her, the very idea of thrashing to and fro between Cape Roziere and Anticosti, for weeks, by way of working up the St. Lawrence, whilst devil a foot to windward the old brute would go in a thousand years, nauseates and reminds us that you, reader, may experience a similar feeling, whilst you care not a straw about our juvenile aquatic misfortunes. We certainly have been scandalously ill-using you, we promise, however, better behaviour in future.

A three weeks' cruise made Ingram and his crew the proprietors of a larger fleet of West Indiamen, than ever rejoiced and made glad the heart of the wealthiest burgher of old Bristol, and as his hands were diminished to a third by furnishing prize crews, he determined to run for Charleston, whither he had sent the vessels for adjudication. Both he and his worthy mate were in high spirits, especially Jake, who nevertheless had made up his mind

"That this voyage, if well ended,
Should wind up his hopes and he'd anchor on shore."

The *Xarifa's* head was turned to the northward, and she was dashing along like a beauty through the stream bubble, close hauled, sending the spray half-way up her foresail. The western cape of the Grand Bahama was seen like a blue cloud on the weather bow, and the highlands of the Florida shore might be distinctly traced along the bright horizon to leeward—every thing around was gay and joyous. The sky was cloud-

less, as blue and brightly beautiful as my daughter's eyes,—the tropic noon-tide heat was tempered by the brisk north-easter to which the taunt spars of the clipper bent—the waves seemed to dance more merrily than was their wont, as they tossed their white foam-caps to the breeze. Annesley felt the thrilling influence of the scene; he had become used to the life he led on board, and on the whole had nothing to complain of. Whenever Ingram noticed him it was kindly, and he had become strongly attached to St. Aubin, who in return spared no pains with his nautical education; indeed it was his sole pleasure,—he felt himself degraded into a felon, and day by day his depression became deeper,—although by a far different train of thought, he had come to the same conclusion as his brother mate. Ingram and Van Ransallaer paced the weather side of the quarter-deck, whilst St. Aubin and his friend stood by the break of the gangway,—Annesley was trying to beguile the second mate's now habitual melancholy, but in vain.

“I should have left the schooner at New York,” said the latter, “and I would have done so, had not the busy devil been constantly at my ear, whispering that this come-promised vengeance,—as it is, my mind is made up, I leave the next time we are in port. Thank God, no one need starve in America, who is willing to work; and, good God, when I think of what I was one short year since, and what I am now, it almost drives me mad,—at all events, another week, and I am done with Ingram and his piracies.”

“I heartily wish we could escape her together. The Captain it seems has promised Quill that I shall not return to Ireland, but might not I live ashore with you, if I promised not to go home without his leave?”

“He will hardly trust to that,—he seems kind to you, and you are far better off in the schooner than you could be ashore with me, though God knows what pain the thought of parting gives me. You have not my reasons for detesting this vessel; you are a prisoner, kept here against your will, and a mere spectator of what goes on, whilst I, brought up in the service of my country am, God help me, an actor in all their villany.”

“It shall not be my fault if we part, St. Aubin, I can work too,—it may be, Captain Ingram will let me go with you,—if he does not, I'll swim ashore.”

“Well! well! we will hope, and put our trust in the chapter of accidents. Blow good breeze, every knot she goes brings me nearer the goal of this rascally life. The remembrance of it—”

He was interrupted by a cry of “Sail, ho!” from the lookout on the topgallant cross-trees.

“Where away?” asked Ingram.

“Under the land, on our lee bow, sir.”

“Can you make her out?”

"Not very well, sir, there's a sort of a mist there away, but 'tis a large ship and on the other tack, as I think."

"A few more hogsheads of sugar, Jake, old fellow, to sweeten your connubial bliss! We may as well take the fellow along with us."

"Well, we have considerable already, and we hain't hands to put in him, so, I guess, we may as well jog along."

"Aye, Jake, but we wont put any hands in him,—long Tom is a capital persuader. I have no doubt that he will persuade yon fellow that he made a slight mistake in his clearance outward, and that he is bound for Charleston. He can't have made us out yet. Let go the royal and topgallant halliards!—Away aloft, men, and stow our kites. Mast head, ahoy! do you make her any clearer?"

"Aye, aye, sir,—'tis a large full-rigged ship, on the larboard tack."

"Very good—the bigger the better—keep your eye on her. Brace the fore-sail up, men, and haul the stay-sail to windward—so! ease the jib a foot or two, and aft with the main-sheet close! I say, Jake, your share of her will pay the parson for buckling you!"

"Yet another robbery, Jemmy," said St. Aubin. "May perdition seize the scoundrel to whom I owe my part in them!"

"But you don't take part in them; and it would be all the same if you never set foot aboard the schooner,—besides—"

The look-out aloft again hailed—"She is a very large ship, sir, and draws out fast from the land."

"'Tis the set of the stream off Cape ———. Lots of puncheons in her, I'll warrant you,—won't want for grog either, Jake,—you may as well go aloft and have a squinny at her."

Jake did as his superior desired, and after a deliberate survey of her through his glass, resumed his place.

"Well, what do you make of her?"

"I don't much like the looks of her,—her canvass is thundering square in the head,—I guess 'tis one of the Britisher's frigates."

"Loose the foresail!—flatten aft the jib—ease off the main-sheet! Away aloft, men!—give her every rag!—damn your slow ways, Jake! Why didn't you say so at once, man?"

"Because, in the first place, I ain't sartin, and the next, the Xarifa can sail a few."

"Aye, but some of those frigates can outsail her all to nothing. Keep her away a point, my man, and let her go through the water,—if we can get in with the Yankee shore all is right yet,—every inch we make before she sees us is a mile. Devil a mistake about her now—she is in stays,—aye, and goes round like a top. Keep her up again my man, full and by, but don't jam her. Ha! there go up her kites, she is

keen on it, but they won't help her much on a wind. Go it little Xarifa, your heels for it this time, lassie,—that fellow won't do to play with,—he is none of your jack-ass rigged brigs, like our Galway friend."

It may be supposed that the second mate and Annesley were no uninterested spectators. Jemmy could not think without horror of the situation of his friend, in the event of capture, the imminent risk of which became momentarily more apparent, as with every inch of canvass they could spread, it soon was perfectly plain that the frigate rapidly gained on them.—Every face around was clouded except Van Ransallaer's, who, with his hands in his pockets, seemed as much at his ease as if the gallant frigate, whose courses could now be seen down to the second reef, was a fat Bristolman,—the only mark of excitement about him was that he chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy in the shape of an inordinately large lump of tobacco, more assiduously than usual, occasionally throwing a knowing look at the skipper, and giving vent to a suppressed chuckle, half 'pshaw, half laugh; for some time this escaped Ingram's notice, but when it caught his attention, he turned angrily to his mate—

"What the devil you see to laugh at Jake, I can't fancy. In a couple of hours we shall have that fellow's shot among our rigging. I would not give a watch's purchase for my command of the Xarifa."

Jake came out with a regular laugh—an extreme of merriment in which he rarely indulged.

"Fast as he is, that fellow may spare himself all bother about the Xarifa,—I guess the shot ain't in his locker that is going to cut a strand of her gear."

"I suppose you mean something," answered Ingram, still sulkily, though half relieved and inclined to confide in the well known sagacity of his subaltern, "and will enlighten us when you see fit."

"Well, well, I didn't mean to vex you,—long afore that fellow's shot can hurt us, we shall have the weather gage of the Great Bahama Island. I know the bank to the norrard well, as in raison is, having fished every square mile of it; and I reckon I'll lead where he won't follow, if he has any regard for his tool-box,—aye, there you—go—oh, lord!"

And Ingram did go sure enough, first he gave Jake a slap on the back that knocked the wind out of him, and retarded the "go" for some seconds, after which it bolted out like the shot from a gun that hangs fire, then he capered round the deck, as Jake said, like a four-year-old, and finally gave a powder-monkey, that happened to cross his hause, a kick on the breech which sent him howling forward, dancing, and soothing the ill-treated part with his little black fist.

"Jake, my darling! by all the hills in Connemara, you're the boy!—devil a bit you get married, or leave the craft after all,—'sblood man! if you must get spliced bring the lass aboard,—she shall have my cabin.—you can live there like Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—wasn't that the name of his *Blowing*?"

"No! no! Captin',—I ain't acquainted any with them there strangers; but I guess my little girl would jest about as soon live down east among the Yankees and blue-noses, as to be everlastingly tossing about in this cockle-shell,—not that I'm saying anything against the boat either; but, heavens and airth! the sea was made for men, not women."

"Well! well! Jake, as you will,—may be I shall go east with you myself,—hasn't your lass a sister or couzin, man?"

"I guess you may say that, and plenty on 'em too; but if she hadn't, 'tain't hard to get married when one is on for it. But I think we would weather yon headland now, and, three leagues to the eastward of it, that ere bully will have to tack ship unless he has a mind to make a fishing stage of that hooker of his'n."

The schooner accordingly was stayed, and stood to the eastward, which manœuvre was followed by a corresponding move on the part of the frigate. The latter had raised her hull, and came careering on at a pace that, were it not for Jake's suggestion, promised soon to make the cruisings of the *Xarifa* as a tale that is told.

CHAPTER XII.

Before proceeding with our tale, it is necessary that the reader should have before him the exact relative positions of frigate and privateer, at the time we resume it.

They were rapidly approaching the Bahama shore and the latter had cleared the northerly set of the stream, and close at it, could just look to windward of the north-western point of the Island, whilst the former still feeling the weatherly influence of the current, and being about a league and a-half more to windward, was enabled to run a point more free, and still allow herself more of an offing in passing the Cape. The headland was a bold bluff, terminated at its base by a short rugged reef which stretched about a mile to the northward, over which the bank swell broke violently. The object of the frigate was to bring the chase within range before he could get on the shoals, but this, notwithstanding his superior sailing, seemed impossible, as he was still some miles astern. Having made these observations, we resume our station aboard the *Xarifa*.

"How that fellow goes through the water! Do you know the frigate, Mr. St. Aubin?"

"I ought sir—'tis the Shannon, and, I think, commanded by Captain Brooke."

"Brooke! Do you happen to know whether he was ever stationed on the African coast?"

"I have heard him speak of commanding a brig somewhere away to the southward."

"It must be the same, and he ought to remember the *Xarifa*. Though I once did Brooke a service, it would not be pleasant to meet him under present circumstances. Lord be praised for your bank, Jake,—it was all up with us else;—but who the deuce is he signalling to? we have enough to do already—another pennant must be somewhere in sight."

Jacob was now startled,—his mien lost for some moments its usual listlessness, but then again he seemed more at ease."

"Well, what now, Van?" asked Ingram.

"Why if there are pennants under the land, we can't help it, and to keep her away would be just giving her to the enemy, while maybe he only calculates to frighten us to the southward,—'tis a knowing one if that is the way of it. We han't nothing for it but to carry on as we are."

They were not, however, long left in doubt,—a sloop and brig were seen rounding the Cape, ahead, and after a few exchanges of signals with their pursuer, the former hove to, with her main-top-sail to the mast, whilst the latter stood right for the schooner, from which she was now scarce three miles distant.

Ingram dashed the glass, with which he had been occasionally reconnoitering the frigate for the last hour, to shivers against the rail.

"'Tis all over, Jake,—devil a chance left us now—they have us at last."

"Aye, sir, the schooner is gone sure enough, unless we could give the brig a taste of our quality that would quiet him, and hug in close to the shore to the southward,—we might then play the big uns a trick in the night. Touch her gently with the helm, my boy, till she lifts as if the wind was heading us a bit—so! now gradually edge her away quarter of a point at a time,—we will be going more the right road, and bring the brig further to leeward, without her suspecting us."

Seeing his mate's design offered at least some slight chance of escape, Ingram became less despondent. Absence of what is commonly called "pluck" was not one of the failings of his character, nor did he want for skill to carry into effect a plan which would have most likely occurred to him had he been less taken aback. The brig was bowling merrily along, with steering sails low and aloft, her only object being to cut the privateer off from the shore, her commander never dreaming of resistance in the presence of such overwhelming force.

To allow him to do so, exactly tallyed with the plans of Ingram and Jake, who had as yet shewn no colors. A shot from the brig now skipped along the water, across the schooner's bows, as a signal for her to heave to, which, not being instantly complied with, was followed by another, a moment after, passing through her top-sail.

"I'll never do to let him cripple us, Jake. Settle away the top-gallant and top-sail halliards, men! and heave her up in the wind, helms-man! but, for your life, sir, keep her in command! Stand by to shew him our bunting, Jake,—run it up half-mast, and just in the nick of time you can manage to foul the halliards a bit,—the fellow is so busy shortening sail he hasn't half his eyes for us, and takes it for granted we are his already—but he is damnably mistaken though. Now men, your fate depends on the next few minutes—be steady, and as you cross his stern, give it to him,—just cram an extra dose of langrèdge into each of our barkers—so!—never mind the ports, the splinters will help to season John Bull's hash! I say, Jake!—long Tom is all clear, I hope, and his belly full?"

"Aye! aye! sir."

"Well, Mr. St. Aubin, you look out for him."

St. Aubin did not answer, but this was unnoticed by the excited skipper. We leave the reader to imagine his feelings at meeting, under the Yankee banner, his country's flag—the pride and glory of his boyhood:—they were bitter. Annesley was still beside him,—he had in vain endeavored to persuade him to go below. The brig was now within hail, her canvas shortened to her courses and top-sails,—the usual hail—"What schooner is that?" came hoarsely over the waters from the brazen trumpet of her commander.

"The United States Privateer Xarifa!" was the response.

"Bear away, sir, and heave to under our lee!"

The command had been foreseen, and indeed anticipated, for the helm was already up. The Xarifa's main-sheet was run out in an instant, and ere the vessels were abreast of each other, she was under full way, with her head pointed for the brig's taffrail.

"Now then, Jake! up with the stars and stripes! Jam the helm up, sir!" after a second's pause, he continued, as the bow guns of his craft came to bear,—“Give it to them, my bullies, hot and warm!”

"Port!—hard a port!" roared the Captain of the brig, in a voice heard above the thunder of the Xarifa's fire which now raked his decks with murderous effect. "'Tis one of Jonathan's tricks, but the scoundrel shall pay for it."

No order could, however, have been more fatal,—the schooner being under full command, hung on the enemy's stern, while she thus continued to present to her.

“Why don't you bring the long gun to bear, St. Aubin!—Are you coward or traitor, sir?”

But St. Aubin heeded him not, nor scarce heard him,—the voice of the Captain of the brig still rung in his ears.

“By heavens! it is himself!” at length burst from his livid lips,—they were the last words that ever passed them.

The two vessels were now almost in contact,—the deadly fire of the privateer raking the brig's decks from her taffrail to her fore-castle, whilst her opponent could only bring her small arms and stern chasers to bear. St. Aubin sprang on the schooner's rail, and, steadying himself for a moment by a back-stay, caught a glimpse of his foe through the smoke.—With an almost unearthly yell he endeavored to reach the brig's taffrail, but missing his footing, would have fallen overboard had he not held on by the netting. A young middy-seeing what he deemed a prodigy of courage, despite the storm of shot and splinters, ran to his assistance, and was in the act of hauling him aboard when Captain Linty saw them, for he it was.

The instant his eye lighted on them, he rushed to the spot, and, rudely dashing aside the generous boy, severed, at a blow with his cut-lass, St. Aubin's wrists, who dropped into the sea. Annesley had hitherto looked on, but now maddened by his friend's fate, he seized a pistol from an arm-rack, and had presented it at Linty, but ere he could pull the trigger, a stray shot anticipated his design, and the false friend, the inhuman persecutor, and lastly the dastardly murderer of poor St. Aubin, splashed heavily into the sea, within the very grasp of his victim. Jemmy saw them for a moment,—St. Aubin's back was turned, but he had locked his maimed arms around his enemy in the embrace of death, and for many a year afterwards, Annesley started from his sleep, as the frenzied horror-stricken face of the gasping wretch, and his dying bubbling speck, disturbed his dreams.

Meanwhile, Jake had taken charge of his pet gun, which thrice boomed loudly over the din of battle—its third report being followed by the crash of the brig's main-mast, which, with all its lofty hamper, fell over the larboard quarter, fortunately clear of the privateer.

It will be apparent that this scene scarcely occupied the actors as long as the reader.

“Now then, men!” shouted Ingram, “up with our rags again—the big ones must be nearer us than is pleasant by this,—up with our helm, and wear ship.”

As they drew out from the smoke, the sloop was seen bearing down on them, nearly within range, and the frigate scarce a league a stern of her. The brig also had contrived to bring her broadside to bear, and her shot was playing the devil aloft

but Ingram was not the man to be found wanting under such circumstances,—every damage was repaired as it occurred. The sun had set and the short twilight of the tropics was fading fast. The *Xarifa* was rapidly approaching the shore where the heavy draft of the English ships would have forbid their following, when an unluckily shot from the brig struck the head of the main-mast, just above the hounds, bringing every thing aft down by the run.

“All is over with *her*, poor thing,” cried Van, “nothing is now left us, sir, but the boats—they will have sharp eyes I guess if they see them,—in a few minutes it will be as dark as mid-night.”

“Go, Van,” answered Ingram, “and good luck go with you. Many a wild day and many a merry night we have had together, old fellow, both ashore and afloat; but before you go boys, just load and double shot the guns once more. The schooner can go well enough off the wind yet, and I’ll give you a salute now and again, if these fellows come within range, as you pull ashore.”

“No, no,” replied Van, “you go with us too.”

“To what purpose,—if the schooner was blown up or deserted here, they would beat every bush on the island for us, and we should be all taken together, but my standing to the southward will take them off your trail. If I’m taken, I should hang, man, and you know the old saying—

“Better a deep sea, or a blue sky,
Than a rope’s end and a yard-arm.”

And taken to a certainty I should be, if I went with you,—besides I have sworn that the *Xarifa* and I sink or swim together.”

“Well, Capting, I calculate that I love Jacob Van Ransal-
laer about a considerable damnation deal better than any man that lives; but, by thunder! they can’t hang me, at least for this scrape, so I’ll stay on board, and lead them as long a dance as the poor thing can, and go you in the boats,—the night is getting particular darkish, so maybe I might give them the slip after all.”

Ingram wrung his mate’s hand—“I’ll tell you, Jake, its no go, though God knows I thank you for the offer. It is impossible that the schooner can escape, and you know it well old fellow. My life would not be saved, and you would be a prisoner in vain,—there now, off with you—the boats are all ready. Round in the weather braces before you go, boys.—Annesley, come here:—I have done you much wrong, and must try to do you a little right. Here, pledge me your word of honor that you will never break the seal of this packet, until after old Quill, knowing that you have it, and having received

the letter which accompanies it, has refused to comply with your just demands."

Annesley was much affected—the scenes of the day had prostrated his spirits,—he felt again alone in the world. At such a time the heart is open to the least sound of kindness.

"How can you think of me at such a time—I have nothing to forgive—you ever treated me kindly. The packet you may trust me with, with perfect safety; except on the conditions you have named, I will never open it,—it is scarcely likely I shall ever find need for it; but, sir, believe me I thank you."

The sails were trimmed as Ingram had directed, and the men mustered aft.

"There, go now, boys," said the skipper. "God bless you—good bye, Jake,—Annesley, don't remember me altogether as a ruffianly kidnapper."

Jake stood a moment looking at his superior, then dashing his hand across his brow, followed the men into the boats, muttering, as he stepped over the gangway—

"There go about the best friend I ever had, and the sweetest boat that ever swam on salt water, to Davy, together," for well he guessed the determination of Ingram.

CHAPTER XIII.

For half an hour after the boats had left, Ingram continued silently to steer more to the southward than his former course, but still edging in for the land, occasionally casting a glance at his pursuers, who now could be but dimly traced, as night was falling rapidly. The sky was overcast, though still a star might be occasionally seen through the gloom. As the schooner drew in with the shore, he lost sight of them, they being evidently afraid to risk their ships in the shallows during the night.

"If I could only get her head the other way, and the main-sail set on her, I might give them the slip yet," muttered Ingram, "though most likely the sloop will stand to the northward during the night, and winged as the schooner is, her only chance is before it, perhaps I could slip out between them,—'tis but trying it at the worst,—'tis never too late for — but no matter, my log won't bear overhauling up aloft a bit too well,—best round her to for an hour or so, and have a touch at Dutch courage, for I feel queer enough."

He lashed the helm to leeward, and descended to the cabin, where he remained till near mid-night, coming occasionally on deck. At length he again muttered—"To be, or not to be, that is the question, and faith, a quarter of an hour shall decide it,—I can't stand this suspense." He righted the helm, and as the vessel fell off, went to round in the larboard braces, intend-

ing to run for the Florida shore, keeping a little to the northward, in the hope of escaping his pursuers.

"I can lend you a hand sir," said Annesley, who hitherto had kept out of sight.

"Why, boy! what the devil kept you here? I thought you were safe ashore by this."

"I could not leave you alone, sir,—so when Mr. Van Ransallaer, and the men were going, I stowed myself away under the main-sail."

"You were a fool, sir, for your pains. Boy, you have staid here to die, at least scarce a chance of escape remains, for I will not be taken, but we must make the best of it."

Ingram resumed the helm, and despite her dilapidated condition, the schooner sped merrily before the breeze. He had to steer by the wind and sea, for he dared not light the binacle, and not a star was to be seen. No sound was heard save the wash along side, and the sighing of the wind through the vessel's gear. Thus they ran for four hours, and Ingram was felicitating himself on his now nearly certain escape, when he became sensible of the breeze lightning,—again it freshened for a few moments, reviving his hopes, and again died away so completely that the sails flapped heavily against the mast at each undulation.

"Worse off than ever, by —," swore Ingram, through his clenched teeth, "the first glimpse of light, and they must make us out, if this cursed calm lasts. And come the wind then what way it will,—crippled as we are, they will be alongside of us in no time, and then boy — I would you were with Jake and the rest of them, that's all."

During the remainder of the night, though an air from the north-east might still be felt, it was scarcely sufficient to give the privateer steerage way; with the first dawn, however, it freshened; but, as Ingram had anticipated, as the day brightened, it discovered them to the cruisers, who had stood off, and under the land during the night, but now were seen to square away, and set clouds of light canvas,—still they were many leagues distant, and the Florida shore could be distinctly seen to leeward.

"A stern chase is a long chase, Jemmy,—we may do them yet. I wish Jake was here, as I am but a poor coast pilot in these seas; take the helm, and keep her as she is, while I go and have a squinny at the chart."

Hour by hour, His Majesty's ships came up fast, but the schooner was likewise nearing the land. Ingram could not even guess whether they should reach it in time.

"Take the helm, Annesley,—I'll go look for a soft spot to beach her. Edge her a little more to the northward—there is a reef about a mile off shore running along it, and I think I

can see an opening—so! steady—now take a land mark, and keep her for it.”

“Will that red sand hill do, sir?”

“Yes, boy.” Ingram descended and continued,—“There is a gap in the Reef, a point on our lee bow,—as she heads now, and it is our only chance.” Another half an hour brought them within a mile of the breakers, and satisfied Ingram that it was vain to attempt passing through with the *Xarifa*.

“’Tis far better for you, Annesley, to be taken, than to run the chance of being scalped with me. Let go the top-sail halliards, and bring her to the wind again—we shall still have a few minutes before the Englishers come up, and I must make the most of them,—I’ll take the Reef in the dingy.”

He descended for the last time into the cabin; on returning to the deck, he handed Jemmy a letter, addressed to Captain Brooke, and a small canvas bag of gold, of which, at the same time, he threw half a dozen goodly sacks, together with a rifle, some ammunition, a bottle of rum, and a few biscuits, into the dingy.

“Now, boy, lend me a hand to lower the crafty. Nay, have no scruples as to the cash, ’tis honestly yours—old Quill paid it as your apprentice fee, and no doubt the villain robbed you of ten times as much,—he is not the man to part with yellow hammers for nothing. So now, lower away roundly,—’faith we have no time to spare.”

The boat flashed into the water—Ingram slid down into her, and having cast off, sung out—

“God bless you, young skipper,—if you want to preserve your ship for His Majesty’s service, I should recommend your putting your helm up, and wearing, for the Reef is only a cable’s length ahead of you. God bless you, my boy.—Good bye.”

Jemmy, mechanically did as he was directed, and leant over the rail watching the *Rover*—he had hoisted a lug on his little gig, which was now flying in towards the breakers,—now for a moment they seem to engulf her—another instant, and she is gliding in safety on the lake-like smooth inside,—a few moments more, and she has reached the low shore, and disappeared in a creek amongst the tall mangoe trees.

Annesley now turned his eyes to seaward, the cruisers were close to, and the frigate was lowering her boats to take possession. Leaving some hands on board, the young officer who first arrived, returned with our hero to the ship of war.—Captain Brooke could scarcely credit the report of the midshipman, that Annesley formed the whole crew of the schooner. On reaching the quarter-deck, Jemmy handed Ingram’s letter to the Captain of the frigate, who, on perusing it, desired him to accompany him to his cabin.

“So Ingram commanded that Yankee privateer, boy? He recommends you strongly to my protection, and hints that you are far different from what you seem. He says that you were forced aboard, and took no part in his proceedings,—is this so? Come, tell me all about yourself. I owe my life to this Ingram, and if it is in my power to serve you, I will, for his sake, though to say the least of it, his life of late has not been the most reputable.”

Jemmy succinctly related the outline of his adventures.

“Well, you have not much to thank him for, nevertheless, I wish he was on board my ship.”

“I have experienced nothing but kindness at his hands, sir, whilst on board his schooner; and, although I am very glad to be out of her, I shall always feel grateful for that kindness.”

“Right, my boy. Well, sir, the best way you can shew kindness to Ingram, is never to mention what you know about him. I shall send a boat, whilst we are getting the schooner to rights, to invite him aboard. You had better accompany the officer in charge, and you may tell him privately from me that all will be right.”

The search, however, for the Privateer's captain proved vain. The shore was a low swamp covered to the water's edge, with an underwood of tangled prickly pear, and the tide having fallen a foot or two, they could not even discover the creek into which Ingram had run his dingy. By the time of their return, a jury main-mast was rigged on the *Xarifa*, and, filling on his little squadron, Captain Brooke shaped his course for Kingston, Jamaica, where the news of the Privateer's capture was received with great satisfaction. The bay was full of transports, and on landing, Captain Brooke received orders instantly to embark the —st regiment, and transport them to Halifax, where troops were urgently wanted. When he returned on board, he sent for Annesley.

“I have received the Admiral's permission to give you a midshipman's rating, should you wish to enter the service; or should you prefer it, I will procure you a passage in one of our homeward bounders. What say you, boy? should you determine on the latter, I will give you letters which will insure your being taken care of until opportunity of your joining your friends offers. You have not much time to make up your mind, as I must sail to-morrow.”

“Nothing could possibly offer of which I should rather avail myself, than your kind proposal. I like a sailor's life, sir, and my only unhappiness on board the *Xarifa* was, that she was a Pirate.”

“I fancy that you have chosen for the best. If ever we get home, you shall not want a friend,—so now go join your messmates. You must do with the kit you have till we reach

Halifax,—should you want anything, my servant will supply you. By the way, you should write to your friend, Mr. Bushe; he will no doubt be glad to hear of you. He can direct to my care at Halifax, whence his letters will reach us wherever we may be.”

“I have a letter half written to him, sir,—I shall enclose it to Mr. Dawkins, as otherwise it might fall into wrong hands. I will tell him to send his answer as you direct.”

In a few days the frigate was again rounding Cape Antonio. The marked kindness of the Captain had been a sufficient introduction to the kind hearted lads in the gun-room, and Jemmy's personal good qualities had already raised him high in their esteem,—his chief companion was an oldster, named Smith, to whose particular care Captain Brooke had committed him. Smith was a jolly good humored mate, who had passed for his lieutenantcy some twenty years before, yet who never considered himself hardly used, although many a cub of interest, whether of his own or *his father's master's*, had been promoted over his head, without one-tenth of his practical knowledge.—Poor fellow, he seemed to take it for granted that his present rating was to last for life, and—“Blessed are they who expect nothing, for *verily* they shall not be disappointed.” Annesley and Smith had dined with the Captain, and come on deck on one of those magnificent nights, only to be seen within the tropics,—the wind was light, and the vessel, which had been close hauled to work up the windward passage, had little more than steerage way,—although there was no moon, the night was light. The planets and the larger fixed stars shone with unusual lustre, as though viewed through a powerful telescope, or rather as though they were surrounded with an atmosphere of light, like the watery halo which is sometimes visible around our moon, with this sole difference, that it was indistinguishable from their natural disks magnifying but softening the light, as a ground glass-shade does that of a lamp. All was silence fore and aft, and for some minutes they walked the deck absorbed in the loveliness of the scene,—it changed, the perfect silence was broken by a sound, the reality of which each doubted, so faint was it, yet, though neither at the moment mentioned it to the other, each at the same instant had perceived,—it was like the very distant wailing of a thousand Æolian harps, so striking, yet so indistinct, that pausing in their walk, they bent themselves to catch it more clearly. This had not lasted many seconds, when the heavens put on one of their grandest but least accounted for appearances,—myriads of shooting stars glanced from the westward, shewing first as brilliant specks darting through space, anon, as glowing meteors, and, ere the eye had rightly fixed itself on their flying courses, disappearing in some cases with a burst of flame like a rocket, sometimes discharging a shower of brilliant scintillations,

falling towards the sea. To Annesley this scene was new, and his sensations were of mingled admiration and delight,—not such were those of his more experienced shipmate. The lieutenant of the watch, though a good officer, had served but a short time in the tropical seas, and was enjoying the exquisite beauty of the scene, as much as Annesley, when Smith, for the first time, stirring from the place he occupied when our description commenced, approached him where he stood leaning against the weather rail, and touching him lightly on the shoulder, said—

“Beg pardon, sir, but it is not the first time I have seen these indications; there is that brewing aloft that ought to be looked out for in time; it is not possible to say when, but before twenty-four hours we shall have a hurricane.”

“Thank you, Mr. Smith, I have been admiring the beautiful scene of the last half hour, and I must say, not without some misgiving, though I know not why. I hate to see *any thing new* at sea,—you had better call Captain Brooke,—I can scarcely believe that any change is close at hand, although I have noticed from the commencement of the watch, rollers from the westward, for which I was puzzled to account.”

“I have seen them too, sir, and out of that quarter we shall have it. Do you wish me to call the Captain now?”

“If you please.”

The experienced eye of Captain Brooke verified the forebodings of the old mate, the moment he came on deck.

“Keep her away two points, quarter-master, and let her go through the water as she may. Call all hands to shorten sail.”

The light sails were taken in, the topsails close reefed, the royal masts and topgallant and royal yards sent down, and every thing made ready to haul up the courses. The lieutenant did full justice to Smith's foresight, for which Captain Brooke expressed marked than's, and as for two hours, with the exception of the cessation of heaven's fire-works, every thing continued in *statu quo*, our hero and his friend retired to their hammocks, where, with the thoughtlessness of boyhood, and the feeling of non-responsibility, only acquired by long exposure to the varied vicissitudes of the life of a seaman, (a feeling, by the way, by no means incompatible with the fullest appreciation of the extent of danger incurred, strange as it may seem when off duty,) ere ten minutes had elapsed both were as soundly asleep as though they had seen or dreamt of nothing but fine weather for a month to come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON COLONIAL REPRESENTATION.

BY GORE.

NO. II.

"This, I dare confidently aver, that there are no such enemies to the King's prerogative as those who, advancing it beyond due bounds, do necessarily draw it into dispute—*Prynne on the Sovereign Power.*

THE mighty changes which, in the physical world, are from time to time wrought out, are the effects of agents, generally so trivial, that to detect their action, needs the acute and persevering intellect of a profound scholar.

A few years since, the vast dykes and mounds, the labor of centuries, and work of millions, raised by the Dutch and Flemings, to protect their lands from the sea, were discovered to be ruinous; alarm spread far and wide—the amount of life at stake was enormous—that of wealth incalculable; the agent in all this mischief was a worm, the very humblest of reptiles, yet, had one of the noblest monuments of human industry nearly crumbled beneath its tiny efforts; a severe and long continued frost destroyed this (in one sense) humble plague, and spared the world a terrible calamity. As with the earth and its changes, so is it with the minds of men,—they are wrought, they are moulded, they are swayed,—not by Napoleon or Cromwell, by this leader or that teacher, simply because of his greatness,—but that he is the embodiment of the spirit of the age in which he appears. It is the aggregate of the mental atoms which he represents,—it is the laws of which he is the man, that makes him. We claim attention as an atom of the great future unit—Colonial Representation; others have trodden in the same path, but the time was not ripe; now the minds of all are aroused—peace, steam, the paddle, and the rail, have changed the face of the world, and the ideas of its inhabitants. It is all astir—Commerce, with her hundred arms, is piercing every where its wilds. The Niger has heard the whistle of the escape pipe,—the fenced cities of China the tread of advancing steps,—in the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, the active quest of mercantile adventure is working marvels; the new element of locomotion is knitting the extremities of our earth together—shortening time, it annihilates space,—the dreams of philosophy are becoming facts, and its wonders household words. We feel the impetus with our fellows, and, gazing on our bright and broad heritage, would fain read its future, and the shape of its greatness.—As we have heretofore shown, it has become necessary, from the vastness to which the several Colonies have attained, that those mighty extremities of the Empire should be more closely united to its heart. In the Councils of the Imperial Legisla-

ture alone can we effect this; they (the Colonies) must be taught to look at its debates, and its statutes, as things of their own concern—as resolves of their own will. Now they are but offsets of the parent tree, from whose trunk they may any time be severed by one well directed blow. This existence is perilous, tottering, and unhealthy—pregnant of discord, if not disunion. There should be an arena of power, a chair of sovereignty opened to that high class of political talent, which every colony in the ratio of its population, equally with the mother country, must produce, now that order of mind is of little avail to its possessor, but the consciousness of that gift, and the knowledge of its uselessness in the confined sphere permitted to its owner, festers into discontent, and changes the master tones that in the hour of danger would have rallied to renewed efforts, into the doubtful mutterings of a mutinous servant. Colonial Representation would induce the most humble possession with new loyalty. The Colonies would support the resolves of St. Stephens, because they were their resolves, they would labor to advance the interests of the empire, because those interests would be identified with their own,—they would in short, cultivate the domain as masters over which they now toil as tenants,—their burden and sweat would be not indeed to heap up foreign garners, but to cram with plenteousness their own. Separated from the empire, Sovereignty would be ours, and our chiefs feel it. Merged in the empire by representation, we attain the same end, with the addition of a wider sphere of action. Hope, ambition, and power, are the arbiters of nations, as these operate on those in whom they confide. Hope could not stretch beyond the imperial halls, nor ambition desire that it could not thenceforth reach; as for power, he who wields the destinies of an empire like that of Britain, may smile upon the history of the Cæsars as a thing of small account. Here then we perceive a political necessity exists, demanding the change we advocate,—the existence of that necessity granted, discovers to us a right, a forgotten, a disused, a time-buried right. But truths and rights know no decay, are touched by no statute of limitations, and affected by no desuetude—they are things beyond change. What, it may be asked, is this great unheard right, so suddenly exhumed, and so confidently relied on? That, which every Briton claims,—to be heard by his representative on every question of State. Have we parted with that inestimable privilege, by a traverse of the Atlantic? have the sons of the soil, sprung of the same heritage, lost it by the accident of birth? are we less Britons here than we were there? If we are denationalized, what has entailed the forfeiture?—where shall we look for the crime which has subjected us to our home legislature, and where are its attributes of Sovereignty; our most honorable house—I speak not wantonly in

its disparagement—is but a burgher meeting, a large municipality, within that sphere of action, it is indeed sovereign, beyond it, nothing; it was not for such a limited power we bartered our inheritance, or may be cozened, to admit tamely in its surrender. Questions of peace or war, of exterior navigation, of post-office arrangements, of government expenditures, of colonial improvements, of naval and military erections, of Commercial regulations, were once submitted to us, and now, what do we possess?—we may build rail roads, dig canals, construct bridges, and hang felons! but dare we lay an impost on ought, or remove one if we find it onerous, *without an imperial manipulation?*

These things are not of our order—they are not permitted us; we needed no permission once, we simply exerted a will. We have not, we say, parted with the greater, because we have exercised this lesser power, any more than a citizen of London, voting in the election of an Alderman, would be thereby held to have laid down his rights as a freeholder of Middlesex. We submit then, the rights of Representation is as manifest as its necessity. The question then now is, how shall we reclaim it, by what road shall we reach the desired goal? Let those who peruse these lines of ours, pause, let them go slowly back, and ponder every argument,—if they are indeed satisfied that justice with us, we bid them, in their townships, and in their counties, in their social meetings, and public assemblies, repeat our sayings, until they have percolated through the hearts of their hearers. This done, let them lay their Petitions on the Speaker's table, of the Colonial Assembly, and bid those Representatives address the throne,—this is the legal, this is the loyal road by which to abate abuse. Nor in to-day, or to-morrow, shall they succeed; many a morrow may perchance go by, (for the scheme hath a mighty comprehension, and may not be lightly handled,) ere their confidence be rewarded. We cannot be considered alone—the millions of the East must be courted—the growing greatness of Australia included,—therefore must we bide patiently the time, but never cease from the demand. It will come at last—that acknowledgment of right—we shall see them go forth, *our Representatives*, to vindicate our worthiness, and win for us respect amid the stormy eloquence of the imperial halls. The gushing of pleasant voices shall come to us across the sea, tones from our own hearts, teaching us we are in name and fact, Britons. But there are many reasons, other than those we have set forth, too, that render the necessity of Home Representation, at this time, peculiarly important. We have established, and almost perfected, magnificent internal works, destined eventually to transfer the great seats of commerce on this Continent to new abodes—to stimulate our Colonial marine to an unthought of developement,—it seems highly probable

that Quebec is to become the great mart of exchange, and Montreal to lose its rising glory ; be the event as it may, one thing is certain, we cannot of ourselves carry through *all* the necessary works to completion. A rail road communication with the Atlantic, to a harbor open at all seasons, is imperiously demanded, to render to our canals their full capacity of usefulness. We are aware that companies have been formed to effect a portion of this, yet we hazard little in saying, that adequate rail road facilities from Toronto to Sandwich or Goderich, alone, are utterly beyond the unassisted ability of the Provinces ; admitting the capital necessary to exist among us, which we deny, its investment thus, would cramp the wheels of the mercantile machine, and force us into a general insolvency. At this very date, the amount of produce in transitu, absorbs all the floating capital, and, while each succeeding year will increase the weight to be handled, it is palpably absurd to diminish the existing money means.

Besides, the amount in truth required, to carry through the entire chain, is so vast, as not only utterly to transcend our ability, but to startle even the capitalists of Europe. A rail road of the best construction, fitted for the conveyance of freight, with its cars, locomotives, and station-houses, would cost forty thousand dollars per mile ; and the distance from Halifax to its western terminus, including curves, &c., would reach two thousand, or absorb in its construction, *sixteen millions sterling*. To effect this object, a well digested scheme is not only needed—a thorough connection in all parts—but the support of the home government. To render this vast project successful, to obtain for it the aid of European capital, (in no other way can it be built,) it must come before the world, sanctioned by the British Government, and in some sort aided by it. If we consider the military consequences involved, aside from all others, it must appear likely to receive substantial aid ; but, it is not that we ask for, we can do without that, but we cannot move a step forward, until the stamp of Government patronage has authenticated its claims to notice.—And who but the Colonial Representative will enter into the necessary minute detail ? who, but those directly interested arouse the ministry and the people of England to the facts, and, here, with this stupendous undertaking—by which the whole western trade would pass into our hands, by which the Packet system of New York, with all its profits, would be transferred to Halifax,—about to be commenced, we have not a voice to proclaim its advantages. We say, not a voice to proclaim them, for they who speak, to be listened to, must be men of mark, must be substantive individuals, clothed in the authority of peace. With Representatives on the floor of the English Parliament, this desire would be accomplished, and the improvement of the country throughout achieved. The

avowal of a scheme, so grand as a continuous rail road, from Halifax to Sandwich, may curl the lip of the unthinking, but who so ponders deeply on its effects, will speedily perceive the immense results. With a rail road from Buffalo to Albany, nigh four hundred miles in length, of weak construction too, unfitted for the carriage of heavy freight, and with locomotives of a light weight and moderate power, flour is transported at a cost of one dollar and eighteen cents per barrel through; from this is to be deducted a state toll of thirty cents,—the nett charge is therefore seventy-eight cents, or about a halfpenny per barrel for five miles of distance. With a road of a broad guage, strongly built, travelled by engines of sufficient power, this cost might evidently be reduced one half, or in other words, heavy freight could be profitably carried, at one half-penny per ton, per mile, or the barrel of flour at a cost of two dollars, from Detroit to Halifax. What the grain and provision trade will eventually become, must be at this time matter of conjecture; our exports that in 1844 were little over 150,000 barrels will this year touch 700,000, while those of the United States, from 300,000, will reach a million and a half,—let it be borne in mind that this surplus is from the Western States, and that, with adequate canals, rail roads, and capital, we, from position, could and would handle the whole. This is but a beginning; therefore, do we say, looking at the whole question, that a rail road communication with the Atlantic would be of infinite service to the colony, and a remunerating investment also. Still, is it equally clear, that no work of this character can be constructed but by foreign capital,—ours being already otherwise employed. To induce the British capitalist to embark in this work, we must come before him in other guise than now; we must come with the links of a common nationality about us—we must stand beneath the roof of St. Stephens—we must be *represented* there.

Not here—not from our own halls, can we be heard,—it is in vain that we essay it,—there, and there only, will our words be listened to; on those debates the eyes of the world rest,—they are canvassed, they are mooted, they are subscribed to or denied; ours, beyond our own circle, awake no hearer—they are lost in the depths of our forests, or, if by chance some echo of them is borne over the wide Atlantic, it strikes there as a wandering, broken, dying sound, signifying nothing. If then there were no other purpose than this to be answered by our Representation—if there existed no political necessity—if there existed no absolute right—this object alone would redeem it from neglect. The enormous mercantile interest, in itself, requires it, and renders an adjournment of the question even, a matter of serious importance. Already, we repeat, with our limited means, our exports have risen, in the article

of flour, to one-half that of New York, the richest and most commercial city of the Union; and, while we in no wise deny our own difficulties, despite the croaking boards of trade, and would-be political sages, we have not yet found freight higher than 5s. 9d. sterling, per barrel, to Liverpool!!!

There is no capacity so slender as not to read, almost at a glance, the consequences which a determined repression of Colonial Representation involves. Ambition denied appropriate roads to power,—talent, a field of fitting enterprise,—mercantile interest, a weight and bearing,—improvements of immense results, an advocate, crush back loyalty, and mould an individuality, a compulsive, national, individuality. We, under no conceivable circumstances, could turn aside from the altars of our youth; but of the masses, it is not and can never be thus—their affections and their interests are brought into fearful opposition by the present system,—not only therefore is its continuance unwise—it is fatal. It is not by words that men are ruled,—power may awhile compel obedience, but even power cannot watch for ever, and if it sleep though but for an hour, it must die. We are not called to look beyond our own hearths. The necessity of the changes we advocate may be elsewhere more or less urgent, but the right exists in every dependence of Great Britain—it is the portion of our birth and none can truly maintain, that the miserable mess of potage bestowed upon us, divests us of that proud inheritance. We tread indeed, apparently, in calm and pleasant ways; apparently, say we, that is on the face, but rend aside the mask, delve below, the earth is mined beneath us,—we sleep on the surface of a volcano—its throes are not yet, may their hour never come; but, oh! how much lies beneath that fearful but,—a single incendiary voice, a single miscalculated step, and the elements of disorder leap into life, and the links that bind us rend like rotten tow. Present this phase of being to a statesman, prove to him its existence, and, startled by that knowledge, if he deserve the name, he will bend every energy to its removal. There is a tide in the affairs of nations, as of men, by which their future is determined,—there is a moment when their destiny vibrates at the will of an individual, it is a moment, only they halt thus, in the next the course is determined, and the fate of unborn millions pushed beyond human reach. He then, who now holds the reins of power in Great Britain, is responsible for us,—now may we be knitted in bonds so strong to our parent land, that the chafing of coming years will only brighten and cannot wear them; or—we cannot paint so sad a picture as the reverse imposes, in which every touch of the pencil must “be wedded to calamity.”

But, neither may we slumber, rights impose duties—one of the chiefest laid on us, is to open the truth to our rulers, to

demand a hearing, to plead our wishes,—they may well be ignorant of that, we lisp not above our breath—we must stir, not as partizans, not violently, passionately, and without thought, but kindly, calmly, steadily, as men undertaking a lofty task, confident in their mission and themselves. The mean and the pitiful, the bargaining merchandizing spirit, that weighs every object by its specie value, must be far from us ; once, this caution was not needed, but the last few years have made it too bitterly true to blot.

The powers of this hemisphere have risen to the stations they occupy, by a process unknown to history ; doubtless the earlier ages of the human family might furnish us a parallel, but the night of time has settled too darkly on the first migrations of our race, to permit us to read its record ; whatever therefore of experience we might have gathered from that past, had it been our lot to preserve it, is but idle conjecture now. Only by a survey of the organic laws of society—only by a reference to the motives that influence masses at all times, can we obtain a correct guide, as it is, for our present or future conduct. Coterminous, on a long and extended line, with a people speaking the same language, but of a widely different organization, in whose system of rule exists (as a vital principle) an unjust and irrepressible spirit of expansion, that from day to day (as the road to eminence within become overcrowded) tends towards external domination and military distinction, we must, it is obvious, to preserve an independent existence, to remain attached to the empire, foster by every method the distinctive principle of our order. Our doom is written already—to the one or to the other we must be allied—we cannot *now* stand alone ; hereafter when our forests have fallen before the axe, when the shores of our inland seas are densely peopled, it will indeed be otherwise ; but the fortune of that future is to be determined now,—if we remain until then, influenced by our existing institutions, a new empire will arise here—a giant copy of our island monarchy—a home in which the roll of our greatness may be deposited, and a form to which its awful mantle may be fitly bequeathed. Alliance, intimate alliance, pervading, percolating, through all, can alone effect this, and Colonial Representation is that alliance ; nor must it be delayed—it must be done quickly—we march fast, our decennial increase is equal to 35 per cent. ; in a few years we shall be a nation in fact, if not in name ; now, and now only, can the great work be achieved. Our internal communications perfected, a connection with Halifax carried through, increased steam facilities with Europe afforded, we shall become a homogenous people ; democratic dreams will die away, and the miserable struggles that have distracted, visit us no more. Proud as the British people are, and may well be, that brotherhood we offer is no little gift—we present them

two millions and a half of honest hearts, a sixth of the tonnage of the empire, and an outlet for their increasing numbers for ages to come ; from a noisy, factious, ill-governed dependence, we rise, it is true, at once to a large and merely distant country. But they, on the other side, lose for ever that sense of exile which has hitherto repressed emigration.

Let then the foundations of this great work be laid,—to this high and holy labor all are called—to its success all may contribute. The mighty results that must flow from it, the most enthusiastic cannot even estimate. We firmly believe that success awaits the attempt, but should it not, we, at least, and those who may join with us in the trial, will possess that precious satisfaction of the heart, which repays at least the exactions of duty.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

N O . I .

“ In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand.”

In equal dignity see Draper stand,
Law in his eye, corruption in his hand.
His lofty vision on the wool sack beams,
And his bright eye with longing pleasure gleams.
No needy sycophant can gain his ear—
His gifts are measured only by his fear ;
His lofty soul disdains the incense vain,
Of praise that springs but from a hope of gain ;
Nor deem him guilty of ignoble aid,
To friends whose efforts have his fortune made.
Sublime indifference proclaims the fate
Of those who patient on his favor wait ;
But if, perchance, from out the teeming press,
Some pungent writer looks for keen redress,
How soon some office—never known till then—
Proclaims its urgent want for such a pen !
O, Godlike virtue that forsakes a friend,
Preferment to each foe that asks to lend,—
O, more than Spartan, whose ambitious lust
Can make a hero bend to bite the dust,—

How can this feeble pen of mine pourtray
 The bounds that mark out thine eccentric way.
 Like the sweet infant, who unharmed can take,
 The poet says, the basilisk or snake,
 " Pleased the green lustre of his scales survey,
 And with his forked tongue can innocently play,"
 So thou canst cherish ought that hath a sting,
 And from the asp the venom'd poison wring,
 By gentle treatment and mesmeric art—
 Of smiles, not few—and of the spoils a part !
 But who shall blame thee, since the mighty pen
 That crushed thee half, shall never flow again ;
 Secure, within thy panoply of proof,
 So long as he who stung thee holds aloof,
 Thou reignest supreme—but so did Robert Peel,
 Until *his* party spurned him with its heel.

 N O . I I .

O, Daly—thou who never changest—tell
 How dost thou cringe and keep thy seat so well ?
 Years roll along, but thou art still the same,—
 Thy darling office, changeless as thy name.
 If Gosford rules, or if the civil sway
 Gives place to Colborne's military way ;
 If lofty Durham c'er the Province struts,
 Or Sydenham an end to compact puts ;
 If princely Bagot dines from burnished gold,
 Or Nabob Metcalfe's Indian wealth's unrolled ;
 If Cathcart comes—the canny Scot—to save,
 Where lavishly the noble Metcalfe gave ;
 Aye, if the very Elgin Marbles came
 To govern till eternity,—the same
 Consistent, steadfast, truest, firmest friend
 Of every ruler, till his reign would end,
 Thou wouldst remain,—and, like the ancient sea,
 Time could ne'er write that ought was changed in thee,
 Save that the stormy blasts that o'er thee flew,
 To thee some favor or some fortune blew !

 N O . I I I ,

Like Reynolds, now I paint a fancy Head,
 A spirit come to warn us, from the dead, -
 Long since a *bubble* on life's stormy sea
 He floated here, the tyrant crushed to free.

The cattle turned them from the pelting storm, *
 While he rode with it on thy wings—Reform,
 Like Cæsar, armed against a Scythian horde,
 The grievance volume in his mind he stored,
 But could not fathom, so beneath his arm
 The necromancer kept it for a charm !
 He came—he saw—(at least it was so said)—
 He conquered—though 'tis true he was in bed.
 With folded arms, and lips of scornful curl,
 He saw the standard of revolt unfurl.
 Rebellion shivered 'neath his steadfast glance,
 Keen as the petit caporal's of France ;
 So when he left us, and for England sped,
 The Royal Standard floated o'er our Head !
 Did Romney Marsh recall him, 'midst its cows,
 Serene, in having crushed rebellion's rows ?
 No ! he records it that he *had a lark*,
 And opens on the "Emigrant" his bark.
 Think not by *lark* the muse denotes a spree,
 She means an English lark, brought o'er the sea.
 While the *Head* triumphed, and the *Prince* was strong,
 This good lark gave us melody and song ;
 While Arthur tempered mercy with stern right,
 This lark to sing ne'er ceased from morn to night ;
 While Colborne ruled the land with martial law,
 This loyal lark would never hold its jaw ;
 While Durham strutted with his peacock train,
 The good lark, chuckling, sung a loud refrain ;
 While Sydenham bamboozled every Rad,
 The lark sang louder, for no doubt 'twas glad !
 But when poor Bagot to Lafontaine flew,
 The loyal lark had nothing more to do :
 In one sky-piercing note his voice was lost,
 And then this loyal lark gave up the ghost !
 Not so, his master, who the story tells,
 And somewhat proudly on his subject dwells.
 'Tis strange, O Head ! revolt by thee put down,
 Should ever here so popular have grown ;
 But notwithstanding, 'tis the simple fact,
 What force could not get, has been got by tact.
 And though we're governed by the people's choice,
 An English lark can still lift up his voice,
 And sing, aye cheerily, for we are free
 As England's self, the Empress of the sea,
 And as each Briton's land and home should ever be !

* See Sir F. B. Head's Narration.

THE O'DONOGHUE.

A FRAGMENT:

Listen to my tale !
 Within his ancient festal hall, on high
 His chieftain's gathered round—ages long gone
 The great O'Donoghue sat—no voice was heard,
 The harp's wild melody had died away,
 The noisy sound of revelry was o'er—
 Unbroken silence reigned within the hall,
 And gloom sat on the hueless faces there.
 The monarch rose and spoke, his manly voice
 At first was low and mournful, but full soon
 In deeper cadences it fell, and grew
 In power and compass, till it rolling filled
 The vaulted roof, and rang throughout the pile,
 As thus, in purpose firm, his farewell words,
 With prophet voice, he spoke :
 " The hour that summons me to leave you has arrived,
 I feel the hand of destiny upon me ;
 Glorious has been my race, but it is run.
 Shades of my kindred—lo ! ye summon me—
 I come. On earth I have been worthy of ye—
 On earth, my name, like trumpet call, hath sounded,
 And it shall live and flourish after me,
 Long ages hence. I come—mysterious agents
 Of the invisible world—with glory on my brow.
 O ! would that this were all !
 Wars shall arise in this once happy land,—
 Tumults and feuds, and human passion rave.
 Thus, by internal discord weakened,
 The thirsty soil shall drink its children's blood ;
 A hostile foot shall press its sacred shore,
 And mercenary bands o'errun its fields,
 And it shall prostrate lie—a conquest—
 And be called the heritage of others.
 Whelmed in the general ruin, then shall fall
 O'Donoghue's power—never again to rise !
 'Tis done—my destiny accomplished—now, farewell !"
 He ceased—as with a universal impulse moved,
 The Chieftains bowed before him. "Twas in vain !
 Urged by inexorable fate he moved
 To the lake shore. Wondering, they followed,
 And speechless with astonishment beheld
 Him o'er the waters walk unharmed, until,
 As there upon the lake, he seemed to stand,
 Strangely he vanished !
 They did not mourn him dead, for by his words
 They knew he reigned a monarch as of yore.

 THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

 "THE EMIGRANT."

 BY SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD, BART.

 "Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
 Long to reign o'er us—God Save the Queen."—*Old Song.*

 London—John Murray—1846. 8vo., pp. 442.

Sir Francis Head has been amusing his leisure hours in the composition of a work with the above title, which contains an extraordinary compound of philosophical reflections, political notions, and queer anecdotes about himself and the weather, interspersed with some accounts of his own wondrous adventures in Canada, hitherto unknown to fame. We suppose he culls his book, "the Emigrant," to catch purchasers, for there is no connection whatever between the title and the work.—This book is written in the light readable style of the Bubbles, and is a striking exhibition of the puerile vanity and ridiculous weakness of its author. Works of this description are got up in England without any expectation of being either sold or read by the uncivilized and uneducated barbarians of Canada, and consequently the most absurd statements are permitted to go abroad to the British public without contradiction. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the readers of this work in England will give implicit credence to statements of Sir Francis which in Canada would only provoke a smile. His personal reminiscences of this country are by no means pleasing, and on political subjects he writes with all the bitterness of feeling which characterized him in 1837 and 1838. On the whole we think his work calculated to do much injury to this Province, both by highly exaggerating the inconveniences of the climate, and leading English readers, unacquainted with the country, to suppose that the same asperity of political animosity exists in this country, which prevailed at the time when he was so unfortunate as to be Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, while directly the reverse is notoriously the case. There never was a time in the history of the Colony when less party feeling prevailed, or when all political parties were more completely demolished than at present.

The mind of Sir Francis has remained stationary with regard to Canada for the last ten years. The frightful incubus of McKenzie and his rebellion has weighed down his spirit and prevented him from looking at things as they are. He can only view them through the distorted medium of his own diseased imagination. Canada is described as it was ten years ago, without the least reference to the giant strides which the

Province has made in population, wealth, and every thing which promotes the prosperity of a people during that period. In writing of Canada, the "*one idea*," McKenzie's Rebellion, or "flare-up," as is more properly termed, is ever present to his mind. His remarks with reference to Mr. Bidwell, are characteristic of a narrow disingenuous and ungenerous mind. That gentleman made himself a voluntary exile without the slightest cause, and it would have been much more creditable to Sir Francis, to have shewn a manly forbearance, with reference to him, than to triumph with childish exultation over a fallen foe.

The Englishman who refers to this work for information, with regard to Canada, will find himself woefully mistaken.—It does not contain a single sentence which could be supposed to emanate from the pen of the enlightened statesman or liberal man of the world. He cannot get out of the beaten track of McKenzie, and the Union, which, though he is pleased to consider it an unfortunate political measure, has hitherto astonished all its opponents by working well. He makes an attack upon the now established principle of Responsible Government, quite as Quixotic as his illustrious predecessor, the Knight of La Mancha, did of yore upon the Windmills. His lofty mind cannot descend from the clouds of the Union and Responsible Government, to give any of those statistical or other useful details which would impart the greatest value to a work like this. When he attempts to descend from the stilts of politics he makes a most ludicrous exhibition of puerile vanity and old womanish garrulity, witness his story about the emigrant's lark, which has gone the rounds of the papers. We will proceed to make some extracts from the work, which, we think, will amply bear out every assertion we have made, and prove that our remarks are not dictated by a spirit of prejudice.

Sir Francis after some very sage philosophical reflections, about the climate, arrives at the very satisfactory conclusion, that "swarms of little flies are, and for many years have been, materially altering the climate of North America."

"The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—

"They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and to get rid of their assailants, where ever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them *there*.

"The wily Indian observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that by setting fire to the forest the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed, that the amount of land thus

burned, under the influence of the flies, has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America!

"But besides the effect it is producing on the thermometer, it is simultaneously working out another great operation of Nature.

"Although the game, to avoid the stings of their tiny assailants, come from distant regions to the smoke, and therein fall from the arrows and rifles of their human foes, yet this burning of the forest destroys the rabbits and small game, as well as the young of the larger game, and, therefore, just as brandy and whiskey for a short time raise the spirits of the drunkard, but eventually leave him pale, melancholy, and dejected, so does this vicious improvident mode of poaching game, for a short time fatten, but eventually afflict with famine all those who have engaged in it; and thus, for instance, the Beaver Indians, who forty years ago were a powerful and numerous tribe, are now reduced to less than one hundred men, who can scarcely find wild animals enough to keep themselves alive,—in short, the red population is diminishing in the same ratio as the destruction of the moose and wood-buffalo, on which their forefathers had subsisted: and as every traveler, as well as trader, in those various regions confirms these statements, how wonderful is the dispensation of the Almighty, under which, by the simple agency of little flies, not only is the American Continent gradually undergoing a process which, with other causes, will assimilate its climate to that of Europe, but that the Indians themselves are clearing and preparing their own country for the reception of another race, who will hereafter gaze at the remains of the elk, the bear, and the beaver, with the same feelings of astonishment with which similar vestiges are discovered in Europe—the monuments of a state of existence that has passed away!"

The following account of a Canada climate will be something new and interesting to Upper Canadian readers, who must bear in mind that Sir Francis describes the climate of Toronto. No doubt many English settlers will be induced to go there to enjoy it after reading so exciting an account of the pleasures of frost:—

"But in the continent of North America, the climate, comparatively speaking, regardless of latitude, is both hot and cold; and thus, for instance in Canada, while the summer is as roasting as the Mediterranean, and occasionally as broiling as the West Indies, the winter is that of the capitals of Norway and Sweden; indeed the cold of the Canada winter must be felt to be imagined, and when felt can no more be described by words than colours to a blind man, or music to a deaf one.

"Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the portion of the face that is exposed to it, resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting to see me—a considerable time to relax.

"In a calm almost any degree of cold is bearable, but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes occasionally almost unbearable; indeed I remember seeing the left cheek of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards, across a bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all.

"The remedy for this intense cold to which many Canadians and others have occasionally recourse, is—at least to my feelings it always appeared—ininitely worse than the disease. On entering, for instance, the small

parlour of a little inn, a number of strong able-bodied fellows are discovered holding their hands a few inches before their faces, and sitting in silence immediately in front of a stove of such excruciating power, that it really feels as if it would roast the very eyes in their sockets, and yet, as one endures this agony, the back part is as cold as if it belonged to what is called at home "Old Father Christmas!"

"Of late years, English fire-places have been introduced into many houses; and though mine at Toronto was warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting-rooms, nevertheless the wood for my grate which was piled close to the fire, often remained till night covered with the snow which was on it when first deposited there in the morning: and as a further instance of the climate, I may add, that several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my despatches, I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink; again, after washing in the morning, when I took up some money that had lain all night on my table, I at first fancied it had become sticky, until I discovered that the sensation was caused by its freezing to my fingers, which in consequence of my ablutions were not perfectly dry.

"Notwithstanding however this intensity of cold, the powerful circulation of the blood of large quadrupeds keeps the red fluid, like the movement of the great lakes, from freezing; but the human frame not being gifted with this power, many people lose their limbs, and occasionally their lives from cold.

"I one day inquired of a fine ruddy honest-looking man who called upon me, and whose toes and insteps of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest, and that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet, he took off his boots, and from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again.

His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as rising on his insteps he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick, and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log-house, where he remained suffering great pain, till his cure was effected.

"On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving one bright beautiful day in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unforunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north-west wind, felt himself gradually as it were turning into marble, and by the time he stopped both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen, that he was obliged to have them amputated.

"Although the sun, from the latitude, has considerable power, it appears only to illuminate the sparkling snow, which, like the sugar on a bridal cake, conceals the whole surface. The instant however the fire of heaven sinks below the horizon, the cold descends from the upper regions of the atmosphere with a feeling as if it were poured down upon the head and shoulders from a jug."

What a noble race of men are the Anglo Saxons! The poor Aborigines of Canada were not to compare with them in powers of endurance. Who can doubt it after reading the following paragraph:—

"It is with pride that one observes that while the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating before the approaching winter, like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-

Saxon race stand firm! and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as the winter, when it does arrive, turns out to be a season of hilarity and of healthy enjoyment."

Sir Francis enlightens the public with the interesting results of his pedestrian and equestrian exercises. It appears that he managed a horse with equal facility in the forests of North and the plains of South America:—

"Although the temperature of the water in the great lakes is infinitely below freezing, yet the restless rise and fall of the waves prevent their congelation. As a trifling instance, however, of their disposition to do so, I may mention that during the two winters I was at Toronto, I made a rule from which I never departed, to walk every morning to the end of a long wooden pier that ran out into the unfrozen waters of the lake. In windy weather, and during extreme cold, the water, in dashing against this work, rose in the air; but before it could reach me it often froze, and thus, without wetting my cloak, the drops of ice used to fall harmless at my feet."

His mode of "extricating himself from all danger," or, in other words, finding his way home to dinner, when lost in the woods, will be a piece of information of great utility to farmers and new settlers, and we quote it with that intention.—If Sir Francis had conferred no other benefit on Canada, than giving this useful piece of information, his administration ought to be remembered:—

"On these occasions, however, without any difficulty I always extricated myself from all danger by the following process:—

"I threw my hat on the ground, and then riding from it in any direction, to a distance greater than that which I knew to exist between me and the road I was anxious to regain, I returned on the footmarks of my horse to my hat, and then radiating from it in any other direction, and returning, I repeated the trials, until taking the right direction, I at last recovered the road; whereas, if, without method, I had wandered among the trees in search of it, I might, and most probably should, have been lost—a victim to the allurements and beauties of spring. Of course, on reaching the road I had to recover the hat to which my head had been so much indebted."

What a melancholy circumstance would it have been to record in the future history of Canada, that "the Lieutenant Governor perished in a muddy forest, radiating about an old hat," for it must always have been muddy to enable him to see the "footsteps of his horse," an innocent "victim to the allurements of spring." He only wanted the company of "the gentle Joseph" to have completed the resemblance to the nursery story of the Babes in the Wood, and no doubt the robin red-breast would have covered the victims with foliage, and dropped a tiny tear over their leafy graves.—There is something so affecting in the very idea, as to move our extreme sensibility almost to tears. Little did the inhabitants of Upper Canada imagine, until this veracious book was published, the perils, hairbreadth 'scapes, and "moving accidents by flood and field," which our good ex-Lieutenant Governor valorously encountered for the benefit of the people.

At page 20, he makes some very abstruse scientific discoveries regarding heat and cold, and gravely informs the world that "the heat of boiling water is a fixed quantity," and concludes his dissertation with the following amusing paragraph:

"The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their "crops of ice" just as an English farmer talks of his crop of wheat."

The following description of a Canada Spring is rather rich:—

"But while this joyful process is proceeding in the vegetable world, the interminable forest is once again becoming the cheerful scene of animal life. The old bear slowly descends, tail foremost, from the lofty chamber in which he has so long been dormant. The air is filled—the light of heaven is occasionally almost intercepted from morning till night—by clouds of pigeons, which, as the harbingers, of spring, are seen for many days flying over the forest, guided, I have been credibly informed, by a miraculous instinct, not only to the particular remote region in which they were reared, but to build their own nests in the very trees upon whose branches each individual bird was hatched! but it, as is well known, they are instinctively led to the country of their birth, it is not improbable that when they reach it, they will readily search out for themselves their own "homes."

We wonder if any of our Canada readers have ever travelled until they "came to a hurricane?" If not let them read the following, and weep for their ignorance:—

"But awful as are the effects of the lightning of heaven, there are occasionally in Canada sudden squalls of wind, which create havoc, on a much larger scale. Indeed, when a traveller inquires for a road to any particular place, he is often told to proceed in a certain direction, "until he comes to a hurricane;" which means, until he finds in the lone wilderness a parcel of trees torn up by the roots, and in indescribable confusion lying prostrate on the ground."

He arrives at the sage conclusion that though the climate of Canada is more "destructive," it is more "healthy" than that of England, and concludes chapter the first with a couple of hacknied lines worthy of his profound poetical research. For "pleasures and palaces" read "forests and log-cabins:—

"On the whole, I am of opinion that the climate of Canada is more healthy and invigorating than that of England, but infinitely more destructive to the skin, hair, teeth, and other items of what is termed "personal appearance." In short, those who admire pretty children, green fields, and out-of-doors exercise, may justly continue to sing,—

"Through pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

On the whole, we find his book so very funny, not witty or humorous, kind reader, for it is intended to be as serious as become the gravity and dignity of an ex-Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, that we shall probably continue our quotations, and as the work is just out, and there are very few copies

in the Province, our elegant extracts will be interesting as well as instructive to the people of this benighted country.— We avail ourselves of this opportunity of thanking Sir Francis, or Mr. Murray, his publisher, we are not sure which, for their considerate kindness in sending us a copy, which proves that the literary fame of our Magazine has extended to London, and we believe this is the only publication in Canada which has been so highly honored, a distinction which we have shewn we duly appreciate.

Since the foregoing was written, the Harpers of New York have republished this work, and our readers can form their own opinion as to the correctness of our remarks.

A bundle of MSS., in prose and verse, has been kindly forwarded to us from a gentleman who conceals his name; but as no anonymous contributions can be received for our Magazine, the said MSS. are at the disposal of the sender. As a specimen of this writer's style, we select the following:—

ODE TO VIRGIL.

Since first thou sangst thy lay,
Ages, famed Mantuan, o'er thy head have rolled;
And yet thou singst to-day
As sweet and swanlike, as thou didst of old—
Thou dost, and wilt for age;
Death-dealing time has got no dart for thee—
When thou shalt cease to play
Upon thy pipe, the world shall cease to be.

Rome once arose, 'tis said,
And doffed her cap in veneration true—
The same respect she paid
To thee, as Cæsar's self, but 'twas thy due—
Of all her bards, thy strain
Most princely was, and equal are thy charms,
When carolling like swain,
Or pouring forth the clang of clashing arms.

And when, by chance, a break
Is found behind thee in thy epic chain;
Where is he, that can make
A fitting link to join the parts again?
Many have tried to show
Their skill; but then the critic's sure to cry,
"That's none of Maro's." No—
Only thyself the defect couldst supply.

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

(Our quotations are the prices of articles of the first quality.)

MONTREAL. January 1, 1847.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	1	3	0
Pearls	1	3	0
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good,) $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
FLOUR—Canada Fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. 196 lb	1	7	6
Superfine	1	10	0
American Superfine	1	10	0
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, $\frac{1}{2}$ 60 lb	0	5	3
Middling do. do.	0	5	9
Lower Canada Red, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	5	0
Barley, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	3	0
Oats	0	1	9
Pease, boiling	0	4	3
IRON—English Bar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton	14	0	0
English Hoop, do.	18	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	6	7	6
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English bist. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	9
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, $\frac{1}{2}$ box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	1	8
OILS—Linseed, Boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	3	2
Linseed, Raw, do.	0	3	0
Olive, do.	0	4	3
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	0
Seal, pale do.	0	2	11
Palm, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Castor, do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Primo Mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	2	7	6
Prime, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	2	2	6
Pork, Mess, do.	3	15	0
Do. Primo Mess, do.	3	0	0
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Butter, do.	0	0	8
SEEDS—Clover, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	10
Linseed, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	4	6
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Canadian, do.	0	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	2	11	0
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	2	9	0
Bestards, white	3	5	0
TEAS—Gunpowder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	4	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Hyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twankay, do.	0	2	0
Congou, do.	0	2	0
Souchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pung. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	6 $\frac{1}{2}$

KINGSTON PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY MR. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, 1st January, 1847.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES.—Pearl, \textasciitimes cwt.....	1	0	0
Pot	0	18	0
Sal Eratus (Morton's) per cwt.....	1	5	0
FLOUR.—Superfine, \textasciitimes bbl. 196 lb.....	1	7	0
Fine, do.	1	3	9
Middlings, do.	1	2	0
HIDES.—Cow, \textasciitimes 100 lb.....	1	0	0
Calf Skins \textasciitimes lb.....	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
PRODUCE.—Wheat, \textasciitimes bushel, 60 lb.....	0	4	0
Barley, do. 48 lb.....	0	2	9
Oats, do. 34 lb.....	0	2	0
Pease, do.	0	3	0
Beans, do.	0	5	0
Rye, do.	0	3	0
Corn, do.	0	2	6
Buckwheat, do.	0	2	0
Hay, \textasciitimes ton.....	1	5	0
PROVISIONS.—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	0	20	0
Beef, mess, \textasciitimes bbl.....	2	15	0
" prime mess, do.....	2	0	0
" prime, do.....	1	12	6
Mutton, \textasciitimes lb.....	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, \textasciitimes lb.....	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. mess, \textasciitimes bbl.....	3	10	0
Do. prime mess, \textasciitimes bbl.....	3	0	0
Do. prime, \textasciitimes bbl.....	2	10	0
Potatoes, \textasciitimes bushel.....	0	2	6
Turnips, do.	0	1	9
Butter, \textasciitimes lb.....	0	0	9
Fowls, \textasciitimes pair.....	0	2	0
Eggs, \textasciitimes dozen.....	0	1	0
SEEDS.—Timothy, \textasciitimes bushel.....	0	5	0
Red Clover.....	1	15	0
STAVES.—Standard.....	20	0	0
West India, do.	5	10	0
Black Oak, W I do.	4	0	9
Headings, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.....	10	0	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
SOAP, \textasciitimes lb.....	0	0	2
TALLOW, \textasciitimes lb.....	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Candles, \textasciitimes lb.....	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
TIMBER.—Pine, \textasciitimes cubic foot.....	0	0	3
Oak, do.	0	1	0
Plank and common Boards, \textasciitimes thousand feet.....	1	15	0
Cleared do. \textasciitimes thousand feet.....	2	5	0
Black-Walnut, \textasciitimes thousand feet.....	6	5	0
WOOD, \textasciitimes cord.....	0	12	6
WOOL, \textasciitimes stone of 8 lb.....	0	10	0

DALEY'S HOTEL, LATE RASCO'S, ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

J. H. DALEY,

HAVING removed to Montreal, and taken that extensive Establishment long known as "Rasco's Hotel," has entirely remodelled the whole of the premises, and he is thus enabled to offer to Travellers and Residents, all the comforts and conveniences which are to be found in the most celebrated Hotels on this Continent.

THE SLEEPING APARTMENTS

Are airy, and will be, in the cold season, carefully maintained at a due degree of warmth.

THE LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SITTING ROOMS

Will be found replete with every luxury that the most elegant taste can suggest, or the most lavish expense procure. No pains have been spared to render the Furniture and arrangements of this apartment equal to that of the most *recherché* Drawing Room.

THE BILLS OF FARE

Will always include the most seasonable delicacies which can be obtained in the excellent Markets of this city; and it is believed, that the performances of the culinary department, conducted by a most able *Chef*, cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious.

THE WINES

Will be always selected with scrupulous attention to the quality. None but the very finest of their class can ever be admitted.

After all, perhaps, there is scarcely anything so necessary to the comfort of the inmates of an Hotel, as the very best

ATTENDANCE,

And in this particular, it is confidently expected that DALEY'S will be found without a rival. A complete corps of Waiters, all thoroughly experienced in their duties, have been chosen with considerable research at New York, and placed under the direction of a very assiduous Head Waiter.

BATHS OF VARIOUS KINDS

Are constantly ready on the Premises, and

OMNIBUSES

Will always attend at the arrival and departure of the Coaches and Steamboats, which run between this City and every part of the American Continent, free of charges.

The Proprietor of this Establishment begs to inform the Gentry of Canada, and the United States, that in accordance with their frequent solicitations, which he has had the honor to receive during the last three years, he has now assumed the management of the above Hotel. He has entirely changed the system observed by the former Proprietor, and his first care is to ensure the comfort of those who may honor him with their support.

From its admirable and healthy position—fronting on the St. Lawrence—no better situation in the City can be found; and the premises are supplied with every convenience—Reading Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Hot and Cold Baths, Saloons, Private Apartments, Horses and Carriages,—no expense has been spared, and the house has been entirely re-furnished, in the most lavish and elegant style.

Visitors to Canada, during the Summer Months, will find at this Hotel every convenience to render their stay agreeable, and the accommodation of the Ladies, more particularly, has been consulted with the greatest care.

The Proprietor superintends every department himself, and he will feel particularly thankful by Visitors reporting to him any negligence or want of attention.

JOSEPH H. DALEY,

Formerly Proprietor of the British American Hotel, Kingston.

N. B.—The Proprietor wishes the Public particularly to mark that Rasco's Hotel is now under totally different management.

October, 1848.