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BARKER'S CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, APRIL, 1847.

No. 12.

“Fovendo doctrina viget.”

No 5

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BARKER'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, APRIL, 1847.

No. 12.

ARCTIC DISCOVERIES

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

BY GORE.

"It is the only thing in the world that is left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."—*Sir Martin Trobisher.*

SINCE Columbus pointed the road to this western world, in his search for the Indies, mankind has been almost constantly seeking another and a shorter route to those regions than that presented to them by the discoveries of Diaz.

The various voyages of the early Spanish navigators, companions or disciples of the great Genoese, soon proved the hopelessness of that expectation by any intertropical course; but the north and south being yet open, thither the spirit of adventure directed many a bold and skilful seaman, but difficulty and peril were wrestled with in vain, one disappointment succeeded another—that langour which precedes the abandonment of any pursuit was evidently checking enterprise, when Balboa, gazing on the broad Pacific, renewed at once the hope and the daring necessary to success.

The firmness of Magalhaens opened in truth a new path to the East, but one longer, wilder, and more perilous even, than that by the strange ocean washing the Cape of Storms.—Success and failure in this, the only fortunate essay, were indeed so nearly equal, as to leave little encouragement to pursue the same course hereafter. Balboa saw the sea in or about Panama, in 1513, and the vessel that bore the fiery Portuguese, in less than seven years after, was tossing on its unknown wilderness of waters. But long before this, even as early as 1463, John Vas Costa Cortereal,* a gentleman of the

* It is not exactly true that no memorial of the fate of the Cortereal's was ever recovered. Cartier, when in the St. Lawrence, heard of certain white men in the interior, who wore woollen garments, and if our memory serves us truly, money of the date of the wreck of these vessels, has likewise been found in circumstances that would go far to prove its connection with them.

royal household, by order of Alphonso the fifth of Portugal, had explored the northern seas. In this voyage was discovered the *Terra de Baccalhuos*, or land of cod fish, (our Newfoundland.) Gaspar, the son of this John Cortereal, steering northward from the Azores, in the year 1500, discovered in 60° land—he gave it the name of *Terra Verde*, and supposes it the land formerly seen by the *Zeni* †—between west and northwest, he visited lands before unknown, surrounded by seas where mountains of ice floated, and in which snow storms were of frequent occurrence—he ran 800 miles along this coast. This new land was undoubtedly the present Labrador; its direction induced him to believe he had reached the north-western passage to India. The following year, high in hope, he sailed with a consort, as far as Greenland; their course was prosperous—there a storm separated the ships, one returned, that which carried Gaspar was never heard of after. This melancholy conclusion, to an adventure of such promise, might have checked further research, had not Gaspar left behind two brothers, united, it should seem to him, by ties of more than ordinary affection, Miguel Cortereal sailed in search of the missing vessel the following year, with three others. As the coast was much indented by rivers and inlets, they separated on their arrival to examine the whole more narrowly, appointing the 20th of August as the day of meeting. Three appeared at the rendezvous, but the fourth, that which bore Miguel, returned no more, nor were any tidings ever received of his fate. On the receipt of this sad intelligence, a third brother, Vasco Eanes, determined to unfold the mystery, but the King resolutely refused his consent, nor could he be persuaded to submit the life of the only remaining branch of the family to the perils of a career which had hitherto been so fatal to it.

We are great lovers of these old tales, so kindly, so naturally told. Among the early pilgrims of the deep, of many but slender notices remain; yet, how worthy were they of more than common comment;—their simple piety, their daring seamanship, their heroic endurance, lift us out of our earthly natures, and make us, as we rise from the perusal of their plain, unvarnished histories, not only wiser, but far better also for that pleasant labor. These voyages of the Cortereals, so unfavorable to themselves, were of immense advantage to Portugal,—extensive fisheries were established on the banks of Newfoundland by the merchants of that country, and prosecuted with much profit and success, until the absorption of that kingdom by the Spanish monarchy.

† This voyage of the *Zeni*, has given rise to many conjectures; some have denied it altogether, others have on the contrary, not only admitted that it took place, but endeavored to show that Columbus himself received the idea of our continent from it.

The next voyage of note was that of *John Cabot* †. This remarkable man came to England in the life time of Henry VII., and settled at Bristol. His reputation as a skilful Pilot must have been of mark, since that monarch, nowise esteemed for liberality, engaged him in his service forthwith. There exists a patent, dated March 5th, 1496, granting to him and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sancius, "permission to go in quest of unknown lands, and to conquer and settle them."

The voyages of the father and the sons, were frequent, and to various places, though chiefly to the north; it is impossible now to assign to each his rightful share, from the confusion in which a similarity of names has involved the record of their fortunes. Either John, or Sebastian, in 1497, gave the name of Primabista, to Newfoundland. Sebastian, after the father, was the most eminent of the family; the one or the other is reputed to have reached the latitude of $67^{\circ} 30'$, in 1517, but whether to the east or west of Greenland, is unknown; if this voyage actually took place to the west, he must have attained the neighborhood of Resolution Island, preceding Trobisher and Hudson, nearly a century, in their great discoveries.

The Cabots quitted the service of England about this time; Sebastian returned in 1548, and on the accession of Edward VI., was created Pilot Major, and placed at the head of "The Society of Merchant Adventurers," with a pension for life of 500 marks. This munificent provision, equal to three or four thousand pounds now, great as it was, entitles us to consider it from the silence of his contemporaries, as worthily bestowed. This able man expressed it as his opinion, that the northern regions of the new continent were all islands, an opinion, now known to be correct.

† There is much dispute about this; some refer the name and discovery to *La-brador*, Newfoundland being at the time well known; in proof of this, they adduce an entry from the privy purse expenses of Henry VII.,—"10th of August, 1497, to him that found the new Isle, £10." All the discoveries of the Cabots are matters of doubt, because after the death of Edward VI., his pension when it was renewed in 1577, was not to him only; one Wm. Worthington was joined in it—it is supposed all Cabot's maps and charts were placed in his hands, and by him surrendered to Philip of Spain, by whom they were destroyed. The voyage to the north, in 1517, which was undertaken in connexion with Sir Thos. Pate, by order of Henry VIII.,—the arrival at $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the naming of sundry places, is by some treated as altogether apocryphal, by others as a voyage to the South;—we think such a voyage north did take place, though great doubt is thrown upon it, by the destruction we have alluded to; yet the belief of its performance among the early mariners, certainly the best judges, almost removes that there was a life of Cabot appeared—London, 1831,—but we have not seen it; when and where he died, we do not know. Burroughs, 1556, speaks of him thus—"The good olde gentleman, Master Cabots, (he is called Kabotta in the patent,) gave to the poore most liberale alms, wishing them to praye for the good fortune of the Serchthriste, our Princesse."—He must have been a Jack indeed, for though then 79 years of age—"For very joy that he had to see the towardness of our intended discovery, he entered into the dance himself, among the rest of the young and lusty companie."

Jaques Cartier. § a mariner of Dieppe, in the service of France; following the track of the Cabots, and that of a Florentine named Berzanani, also in the employ of the French King, (who was in the Gulf certainly in 1525,) entered the St. Lawrence on the day of that Saint, in the year 1534, and ascended its stream as far as Montreal. There is strong reason to believe the Spaniards had been there also before him, perhaps even before Cabot. That they entered the river under Belasco is beyond doubt—the time and extent of their explorations is, however, difficult to fix with accuracy.

This expedition of Cartier's did not lead to anything. It was not until 1608, that settlements were effected by the French Government. Though somewhat foreign to the matter in hand, we may as well state that the name of our province is derived from this voyage. *Canada*, according to Cartier, signifying in the language of the natives, a collection of houses.—Many were the voyages undertaken, of which but slight records remain; yet does it seem that enough of hope, even in the thickness of disappointment, was preserved, to lead to fresh efforts. A Mr. Robert Thorne, of Bristol, persuaded Henry VIII., to despatch "two fair ships, well manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, to seek strange regions." They left the Thames on the 20th May, 1527. Of these vessels, one was cast away on the north of Newfoundland—the other returned. Again, in 1536, a Mr. Hore, of London, "much given to the studie of cosmographie," projected a voyage to the north-west. Thirty gentlemen of the Inns of Court accompanied him. Few attempts, even in those days of calamitous adventure, were more disastrous,—wintering in Newfoundland, they suffered the extremities of Famine; some while gathering roots in the woods, were set upon, murdered, and devoured by their companions. Hore, a man of energy and piety, sought in vain to teach them resignation—the torments of want continued so much to increase, the mutinous crew resolved to cast lots, that one might perish, when a French ship arrived on the coast; of this they violently possessed themselves, and in her, the remainder of the expedition reached at last their native country. A series of disappointment like to these, and the oft told tale of wreck, famine, and death, suspended for some time all attempts at discovery by the north-west, and not until the like failure and suffering, by the eastern path, had rendered it equally obnoxious, were they again resumed; still the great fishing banks were yearly visited by the fleets of many nations; in fact that branch of commerce appears

§ It was Aubert who discovered the St. Lawrence, in 1508. Giovanni Berzani was off the coast in 1524—his surveys relate chiefly to the north-eastern coasts of the United States. Cartier suffered much from scurvy—he brought back the accounts of the Cortereals, as before mentioned; he seems to have been an able man, and returned safely to St. Malo, in July, 1536.

to have flourished then greatly beyond our accustomed belief. These frequent voyages therefore familiarised the minds of the seamen to the dangers of the northern seas, and no difficulty was experienced in manning vessels directed to the west, after the closure of the eastern road was well established.

To reach Cathay by the north was the ambition of every hardy seaman of these days—the western ocean, as the most promising, was again traversed. Martin Trobisher, a name hereafter to be distinguished in the warlike annals of his country, led the way; after fifteen years of delay, under the patronage of Dudley, Earl of Warwick, he succeeded in equipping two vessels, one of thirty, and one of thirty-five tons; as they passed Greenwich, Queen Elizabeth waved them a farewell. If we smile at the needy preparations for so doughty an effort, we cannot but marvel, too, at the dauntless energy which, with such feeble means, could brave the perils of icy seas and coasts, utterly unknown, or chronicled, but in dismal tales of maritime disaster. That so much of success attended these forlorn expeditions, is far more to be wondered at, than their frequently fearful terminations. Much, possibly, of their very success was due to that lightness of draught which fitted them to enter those shallow seas and inlets, in which others of stouter build and lordlier strength would have perished. On the 11th of July, 1576, Trobisher made land, supposed to be the Trieseland|| of the Zeni, by him, but by others, the southern parts of Greenland. Embarrassed by floating ice, he was then compelled to shape a course S. W., by which he reached the coast of Labrador. Sailing to the northward, he entered a straight in latitude $63^{\circ} 8'$. The Esquimaux, in their kajaks, were mistaken by the voyagers for porpoises, or some strange kind of fish. With one of these “strange infideles,” Trobisher set sail for England, where he arrived on the 2nd of October, specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathaia.” A curious incident connected with this voyage, led to the attempt to form a settlement on those desolate shores; one of the seamen chanced to bring home with him a stone, as a memorial of his visit to these inhospitable regions,—his wife throwing it into the fire, it “glistened with a bright marquest of gold.” This accident was noised abroad, and the gold refiners having assayed the stone, reported it contained a considerable quantity of that metal. Elizabeth now took the enterprise under her own protection, and Trobisher, in May, 1577, again set forth, with three ships, one the property of

|| This Trieseland is often mentioned. The Basse of Bridgewater, in the last voyage of Trobisher, sailed along the coast, and saw that the land was fertile, fair to look upon, and covered with wood; it is almost impossible to disbelieve so many unconnected relations as have spoken of this land—it does not now exist.—Barrow supposes it to have been destroyed—swallowed up by an earthquake—as there is a bank in the same vicinity.

the crown. He steered directly for the straight where his preceding voyage had terminated, none of the supposed gold ore could be found there, "no, not a piece so big as a walnut;" on the neighboring islands, however, they obtained it in plenty.— Here they took on board 200 tons of this ore, and having completed their lading, made sail for England, where, though dispersed by violent storms, they all arrived safely. The Queen named this new country, *Meta Incognita*, and determined to establish a colony upon its shores. A fleet of fifteen ships was sent out, and Trobisher appointed Admiral, on whom the Queen bestowed a chain of gold, as a mark of her approbation. Twelve of these ships were to return laden with the ore—three with one hundred settlers to winter there. On the 31st of May, 1578, the fleet sailed; in three weeks it reached the shores of Trieseland, of which possession was formally taken. After this they sailed direct to Trobisher's Straits. Here the utmost difficulties beset them—drift ice chocked the Strait, storms dispersed the fleet,—one bark, having on board the house for the settlers, crushed by the drifting bergs, went down with all hands. The expedition was now for the time abandoned, and the remainder of the fleet returned, though harassed by storms and difficulties of all kinds, they eventually reached England, but in very evil condition. Trobisher in his first and second voyage met with few trials on this coast—a singular instance of good fortune—since by the concurrent testimony of all who have visited it since, there is none, in these regions of ice and storm, where fogs, tempests, icebergs, and perplexing currents, so much prevail. In this vicinity Parry spent two years of almost constant peril; in the same neighborhood, Back was for ten months locked in ice, driving hither and thither, as the storms and currents willed, in momentary expectation of destruction, and the attempt to reach Repulse Bay, by Lyon, in the Griper, adds another instance to the horrible character of the navigation. Though the discovery of the Hecla and Fury Straits, indubitably proves the connexion supposed to exist by the old navigators, between the Polar Basin and the open sea, that voyage at the same time establishes too well the character of the coast and the uselessness of the communication. In this chapter of misery may be fitly related the tale of Knight and his companions, seekers of the famous Straits of Anian, to save further comment on a desolate and detestable locality. The coast and islands of North America, between the 60° and 70° parallels, are the coldest and rudest on the globe;—to these shores, those of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, are comparatively tropical. But to the story:—Knight sailed from Nelson's River, in the year 1719; of his fate, though a vessel was despatched in search, nothing was heard until the summer of 1769. The mournful tale is related by Hearne, who collected the account from the Esqui-

maux, in the neighborhood of Marble Island. This island lies somewhat south and east of Chesterfield inlet, in about 64° north and 91° west, within the limits above assigned; but let Hearne tell his story, there are few more sad:—"When the vessels arrived at this place, it was very late in the fall, and in getting them into the harbor, the largest received much damage; but on being fairly in, the English began to build the houses—their number at this time seeming to be about fifty. As soon as the ice permitted, in the following summer, 1720, the Esquimaux paid them another visit, by which time the number of the English was very greatly reduced, and those that were living seemed very unhealthy. According to the account given by the Esquimaux, they were then very busily employed, but about what they could not very easily describe,—probably in lengthening the long boat, for at a little distance from the house there was now lying a great quantity of oak chips, which had most assuredly been made by carpenters. A sickness and famine occasioned so much havoc among the English, that by the setting in of the second winter, their number were reduced to twenty. That winter, 1720, some of the Esquimaux took up their abode on the opposite side of the harbor to that on which the English had built their houses, and frequently supplied them with such provisions as they had, which consisted chiefly of whales' blubber, seals' flesh, and train oil.—When the spring advanced, the Esquimaux went to the continent, and on their visiting Marble Island again, in the summer of 1721, they only found five of the English alive, and those were in such distress for provisions, that they eagerly eat the seals' flesh and whales' blubber quite raw, as they purchased it from the natives. This disordered them so much that three of them died in a few days, and the other two, though very weak, made a shift to bury them. Those two survived many days after the rest, and frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the south and east, as if in expectation of some vessels coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time together, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together and wept bitterly. At length one of the two died, and the other's strength was so far exhausted, that he fell down and died also, in attempting to dig a grave for his companion. The skulls and other large bones of those two men are now lying above ground close to the house. The longest liver was, according to the Esquimaux' account, always employed in working iron into implements for them—probably he was the armourer or smith."

Nigh the same place, about an hundred years before, a similar tragedy, almost, was enacted by Jan Munk and his companions. Munk was the master of a Danish vessel, which sailed in the year 1619, with a consort, to follow out the discoveries of Hudson and Baffin. Finding the west coast of Greenland

encumbered with ice, he steered across the Straits, and entered Hudson's Bay, by the route of that seaman; on the 7th of September he made the coast of America, and entering Chesterfield inlet, there prepared to pass the winter. The want of game compelled him and his crew to live on their salted provisions, and this brought scurvy among them.—When the spring came, though game was then abundant, they were too weak to avail themselves of its plenty, and famine swept off those whom disease had hitherto spared.—All but Munk and two companions, of a crew of sixty-four, perished,—those, either stronger or more enduring than the rest, as the summer advanced, collected provisions for their homeward voyage, and equipping the lesser of the two vessels, at last set sail; their voyage was long and stormy, but in the end they miraculously reached a Norwegian port—three living witnesses of as strange a tale as the chronicles of the sea may furnish. But to continue, chronologically, we hear little of Trobisher after his mishap, perhaps the ore did not turn out very valuable,—certain it is, no farther efforts of settlement were made. In the West Indies, and in the channel, he once more comes into notice,—now as a buccaneering pilot,—then as the gallant leader, wrestling against the Armada of Philip. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to whom a patent had been granted by the Queen, a man of a romantic and generous nature, of large fortune, well born. (the half brother of Raleigh,) well educated, and thirsting for adventure, in fulfilment of its conditions, proceeded in 1583, to take possession of Newfoundland, and the North of America. His fleets of five ships, one of them ten tons, and one of two hundred, reached St. John's Newfoundland, on the 30th of July, having on board two hundred and sixty men. With various fortunes, that colony has to the present endured, many times on the verge of destruction, but ultimately recovering. Sir Humphrey having achieved this, his first object, proceeded with a consort to the coast of America. He himself embarked in the little pinnace; overtaken by a violent storm in the open Atlantic, his vessel foundered in sight of its companion;—when last seen, this gallant gentleman was endeavoring to cheer his ship's company, book in hand, a few minutes before the fatal catastrophe. Many a noble spirit sleeps beneath the waters of the deep sea, but none purer, more single-minded, braver, or more accomplished, than his, has ever been gathered to its depths. John Davis was the successor of the unfortunate Sir Humphrey: "The World's Hydrographical Description," a work written by him contains a summary of his voyages; from it we learn that he reached the headland that forms the S. W. point of Hudson's Strait—Cape Chudleigh; and also that he had attained the 75° parallel, in the open sea, beyond the Straits that now bear his name. Davis was in every way a remark-

able man—like Cabot, he believed, too, the North of America was broken into innumerable islands, and conceived a passage through them could be found, not only practicable, but easy.—After having been some time a bucaneer, he entered the service of the Dutch. The last of Davis' voyages was in 1594; nothing further was done until 1606, if we except an abortive attempt in 1602, under a certain Capt. Weymouth;—a story was then current that a Strait leading to the Polar Sea existed in $62^{\circ} 30'$,—this story must have arisen either from Davis' book, or because some dim knowledge of Hudson Straits previously existed; indeed, as we have already stated, if the voyage of Cabot was to the N. W., such a knowledge might very well be preserved among seamen, and finally reach the public through the customary channels. This voyage led to nothing, as did that likewise under Knight, in 1606, a man accustomed to the perils of an icy sea, having sailed in a Danish expedition the year before, and therefore fitted for the enterprise. On reaching the coast of Labrador, Knight was unfortunately killed, with several of his companions, by the natives; the crew thereupon returned to Newfoundland, and thence to England, after having repaired their vessel. The next year, 1607, Henry Hudson appeared in the field; he was not only an intrepid seaman, but a scientific navigator; his first recorded voyage was to that portion of the Polar Sea lying between Greenland and Spitzbergen,—he made the eastern coast of the first named country, in 70° , and sailed along it to the 73° ; from thence he crossed to Newland, as he terms Spitzbergen, which he fell in with in 78° ; in the 80° parallel he landed; he thought from the color of the sky there, the land stretched two degrees farther north, in this he was deceived, the extreme north of the island being barely $30'$ beyond the point he landed upon. Hudson made many observations with the dipping needle, and remarked, that the neighborhood of land was unfavorable to northern navigation, while the deep sea never froze. On the 26th of August, Hudson returned; he had attempted in vain the eastern passage, first to the north of Nova Zembla, afterwards by the Straits of Waigatz. The next year, he entered the service of the Dutch—in this voyage he discovered the magnificent river bearing his name. His third and last voyage, in which he perished by the hands of a mutinous crew, was that most memorable. He had on board a young man, respectably connected, but of bad character; he seems to have received him (in the hope of inducing a reformation) in the quality of purser. Hudson sailed in a vessel of fifty-five tons, well fitted and provisioned for the voyage, or at least he had what was so deemed in those days. In the first week of June he made the entrance of Frobisher's Straits—steering west, and constantly struggling with the ice, and adverse winds, he at last passed Cape Wolstenholm; keeping be-

tween Digges' Islands and the Main, he found the shore thence to the south, and a vast sea before him; into these unknown waters he boldly ventured, and, steering south, entered Michaelmas Bay. Sometime after continuing this route, he was involved in a labyrinth of islands,—extricating himself from these, he finally reached the south-western shore of that great interior sea, to which his name has been so justly given, and on the 1st of November, he hauled his ship aground, and in ten days thereafter was frozen in. The murmurs and mutinous conduct of the crew, which in the latter part of the voyage had been with difficulty suppressed by their able leader, now for a while subsided; vast flocks of partridges, migrating south, afforded them an abundance of wholesome and nutritious food; to these succeeded water fowl in immense number and variety, but more wary than their predecessors, these were not so readily taken, and the pressure of famine was at length upon them.—Hudson, with a forecast which his ignorant crew were unable or determined not to understand, doled out the remainder of the ship's stores with a careful penury, which Green ascribed to other motives,—this man thus increased the prevailing discontents, and acquired the good will of the seamen; still the evil increased—to abate their suffering, they greedily devoured whatsoever they could obtain that was edible. By the able conduct of Hudson, though with much suffering, they contrived to reach the Spring, and awhile, taking fish in large quantities, their health and strength were alike restored. At length Hudson prepared to return—with tears he distributed the remaining stock of provision that he had so carefully husbanded—it was but sufficient for fourteen days. When, therefore, they had gotten out of sight of land, the fear of want seems to have led the crew, instigated by Green, to determine, by reducing the number of mouths, to increase their supplies; yet somewhat there must have been, other than this, to palliate the conduct of the mutineers, since not only were they not punished, but two of them, Bylot and Prickete, sailed with Sir Thos. Bulton, two years after, and Bylot in 1615, commanded the Discovery, having the more celebrated Baffin, (who wrote a history of his voyage,) as mate.

On the 21st of June, 1610, then after binding themselves by oath to prosecute their purposes, they seized on Hudson, and lowered him into a boat alongside, into which they afterwards thrust nine others, being the number of sick at the time; a fowling piece, some powder and shot, a little meal, and an iron pot, were given too; the tow rope was then cut, and the boat cast loose among the drifting ice. Doubtless these unfortunates soon perished; thus, the great discoverer, sleeps in the bosom of that sea he first opened to mankind. The mutinous crew, who had selfishly doomed their gallant leader, were not long without punishment,—on one of Digges' Islands, Green fell, in

a quarrel with the savages. Robert Ivet, then took the command, and endeavored to reach Ireland,—he also died from absolute want; the remainder, in a state of horrible destitution, existing on the filthiest garbage, were at length driven into the Bay of Galloway, and thus ended a memorable voyage, and the life of a brave man, whose success and melancholy fate furnish a fertile theme both of admiration and regret. How sad soever the end of its commander, this last voyage by opening a new and unexplored sea towards the north, revived the sanguine expectations of a north-west passage, which in truth had become something chilled by repeated disasters. Two ships, therefore, were despatched by some merchants of London,—Sir Thos. Bulton being placed in command. He, as well as his immediate predecessor, was a skilful seaman, and scientific navigator, and, at the time, in the service of Henry, the eldest son of James I. Bulton made directly for Hudson's Straits, thence, steering still due-west, he reached the coast of a large island, (Southampton Island;) from this, holding the like course, he continued, in $60^{\circ} 40'$; he then ran south to $57^{\circ} 80'$, and entering the mouth of a river, to which he gave the name of Nelson, there, on the 15th of August, 1612, he prepared to pass the winter. Though some of the crew died from the intensity of the cold, Bulton suffered less than most of his predecessors. It is said, eighteen hundred dozen of partridges were taken by the crews of the two vessels, during their stay. In April of the following year, Bretton quitted his winter harbor, and steering north, reached the 65° . From thence he turned towards home, and sixteen days after passing Cape Chudleigh, reached England. Prince Henry being then dead, no further steps were taken to prosecute the late discoveries, at the time. But in 1615, the *Discovery*, one of Bulton's ships, was again despatched by the "Company of Merchant Adventurers," and Robert Bylot, of whom we have already spoken, was appointed master, and William Baffin, his mate; to these were added a crew of fourteen men, and two boys. The shores, bays, and inlets to the north and west of Resolution Island were carefully explored in this expedition, and as they found the tide to flow from the north, they had many times strong hopes of success; but at last, baffled by the shoalness of the water, fogs, currents, and icebergs, and finding the season drawing to a close, they resolved to return, and arrived in England in the early part of September, without the loss of a man. This unexampled success stimulated the "Adventurers" to a new effort. The *Discovery* was again equipped for the voyage, of which Bylot had anew the command, while Baffin retained his old post of pilot. They were directed to shape their course, at first for Cape Desolation, a promontory on the southwestern shore of Greenland, then as far north as 80° , if the land permitted, and after this, south

and west to *Gedso* !!! so sanguine were the undertakers of success ; "and so," says this curious document, "God blessing you, with all expedition to return home again." On the 26th of March, 1616, the *Discovery* left Gravesend, having on board a crew of seventeen souls, and on the 13th of August of the same year returned. This voyage along the shores of that great inland sea bearing Baffin's name, is remarkable for the extent and surprising accuracy of the survey. Baffin's account was never fully relied on, until our modern voyagers testified to the fidelity of his narrative. They found the eastern shore encumbered with ice—what would have resulted, had it been otherwise, it is hard to tell ; but considering the energy, perseverance, and intrepidity of these men, had they entered Lancaster Sound, touching at the north of Japan or *Gedso*, from the north-west, might not now be a thing to be accomplished. Alderman Jones' Sound, and that of Sir Thomas Smith, are yet to be thoroughly examined ; the first would lead probably into the Polar Basin, beyond its most northern islands, and may be yet found the most open and direct route to Icy Cape ; by the second, the northern shores of Greenland would be reached, and its circumnavigation perhaps attained. In this voyage the shores of the bay were surveyed from the 70° of latitude on the western shore of Greenland, to the north of 78°, while the opposite coast was also traced as low as 65° 30'. This voyage therefore, as may be well supposed, seemed at once to destroy all hope of a northern passage within that circuit, nor were any to be found who believed otherwise, until time had somewhat darkened the memory and traces of it. Middleton and Fox, and James, did indeed, at an after period, enter Hudson's Straits, and examine many of the inlets to be found there ; and Middleton was sanguine of the existence of the much sought for path in the neighborhood of Repulse Bay ; that hardy navigator was not far from the truth, since the waters of the Gulf of Akkolee are separated from those of the bay, by a very narrow belt of land ; but his very voyage was disputed, at least the course laid down, nor was it until Parry traversed the same route that the cloud was lifted from his name.

With these terminate the list of north-western voyagers.—Men ceased to believe in an arctic basin ; Greenland was joined in the maps to the mainland of America, which it was nothing doubted, stretched in dreary wastes to the Pole. Yet stories of a northern sea were still current among the trappers and hunters attached to the Hudson's Bay Company, and transmitted from time to time by their officers, at distant posts, to the chiefs of the establishment ; but the tale fell on incredulous ears—the prejudice was too deeply rooted to be overcome. In 1771, Samuel Hearne, however, made an overland journey, and declared he had seen the mouth of the Coppermine river, terminating in the sea. Twenty-two years

after, Mackenzie reached the 135th meridian, and there in 69° north, found likewise a large river pouring its waters into a sea also. As the mouth of the Coppermine is in about 115° west; this last discovery seemed to give a continuous sea of at least twenty degrees—it might also be connected with the Strait seen by Behring—while how far east of the Coppermine those waters extended, could be only guessed at. The conclusions of cosmographers were again unsettled; they theorized, dreamed and doubted. There was an admitted current setting to the north, through Behring's Straits, and the whalers were well aware of a southerly drift in the seas about Spitzbergen and eastern Greenland—some said the like existed in Davis' Straits; putting these items together, many were now persuaded of the existence of an arctic sea connected with both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. But ere the thinking had arrived at these conclusions, war had become the business of half mankind—their exclusive occupation. Science, had therefore to adjourn its teachings, until a moment of greater leisure. In 1818, that period arrived,—the great war was at an end—the channel closed by which enterprise had hitherto won note and fortune—the philosopher again began to speculate, and the daring seaman offered his services, that the geography of the north of America might be redeemed from the mystery that still enveloped it. It was an eventful time, too, in those regions; the mighty barriers of ice which bounded the shores of these unknown seas, from some unexplained cause, had been thrown off; icebergs, fields of ice of unusual size, were met floating in the broad Atlantic; the sealed up bays of eastern Greenland were again laid open.—The Admiralty Secretary, Sir John Barrow, seized this favorable moment to revive the long neglected subject—it was graciously approved of by the government, and those scientific individuals to whom they deferred; and, in consequence, the *Isabella*, and *Alexander*, were fitted and despatched under the command of Commander Ross, and Lieut. W. E. Parry. The instructions declare—"The first and most important object of this voyage is to be the discovery of a passage through Davis' Straits, along the northern coast of America." Commander Ross was not precisely the man who ought to have been selected for so important a command; beyond doubt, he was a brave and skilful seaman, perhaps as well fitted for the ordinary duties of his profession, as any that could be named; but he had not those qualifications peculiar and necessary to the undertaking in which he was embarked; neither does he appear to have been impressed with the magnitude of the questions he was about to solve, nor the necessity therefore of the most untiring perseverance and minute enquiry. As might have been expected, his voyage was therefore a failure. On the 30th of August the *Isabella* entered Lancaster Sound—

this, as has since been proved, is *one* inlet to the arctic sea ; every officer on board the ships then thought so likewise, excepting their chief—he did not share in their belief ; he stood in however about thirty miles, but the weather being foggy, and much ice about, unfortunately for his fame, the fear of being embayed led him to put the ship about without any closer examination. The termination of this attempt was any thing but satisfactory either to the government or people at large, who had taken great unwonted interest in its success ; but when it was known that the officers of the expedition did not share the opinions of its commander, there was an universal desire that a new voyage should be undertaken, and its fortunes committed to another. Nor was the required effort long delayed—as soon as the season permitted, two small, but strong vessels, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, left the Thames, well prepared, and supplied with every thing needed, not simply for the purposes of discovery, but to enable the officers and crew to endure the severities of a Polar winter, if accident or the service on which they were detached required such a residence. Parry, the second in command on the previous expedition, was chosen to direct this,—ardent, enthusiastic, confident in himself, fertile in expedients, rapid in design, he was the very man for the work ; he did not indeed succeed, because in this voyage the difficulties he met with could not be overcome ; yet he proved the existence of the long contested passage, and advanced thirty degrees west beyond any previous navigator. In the 74° parallel of latitude, and on the 110° meridian west, winter overtook and arrested him.—Unfortunately, no other voyage of this persevering seaman has had equal success, because, departing from the direct and open channel, he sought to approach the mainland of this Continent, and became entangled amid islands and narrow channels whose waters, it is now plain, are but rarely void of ice, or rarely so open as to admit of navigation. Hudson had remarked that narrow seas were always in these latitudes encumbered, while the main ocean never froze. Parry, himself, too, said that the ice in Baffin's Bay, was in larger masses than that met with in Barrow's Straits ; and though the term berg was applied as before, none were seen to the west, properly deserving it. Few have equalled, and none have excelled Parry's skilful arrangements for supporting the spirits, and preserving the health of the men under his command, during the long winters he passed in those solitudes. On this voyage, but one death occurred in a crew of ninety-four souls. The vessels were absent about eighteen months—of that number, nearly eleven were spent in Winter Harbor, Melleville Island.—Neither the government, the people, nor the commander of this expedition were anywise deterred by its failure, if failure it may be called, from prosecuting a discovery so promisingly

commenced ; but unluckily, the appearance of Regent's Inlet led Capt. Parry to believe a shorter and more direct route was to be found, than that he had traversed, by examining the shores of Repulse Bay, and the land on the Western side of Fox's Channel. The weight of his opinion was sufficient to direct any new project thitherward. Accordingly, in the spring of 1821, on the 8th of May, the Hecla and Fury, accompanied by a transport, sailed from the Nore—the united crews of the discovery ships, amounting to one hundred and eighteen. But it was not until the 2nd of July, in consequence of bad weather, that they were off Resolution Island. The usual difficulties of this part of the coast then crowded thick upon them—numerous icebergs of the largest size crowded the sea,—while in the midst of broken floes, the two ships drifted helplessly for many days ; finally, escaping from this peril, they reached the northern extremity of Southampton Island, and with little effort passed the Frozen Strait of Middleton, and “unconsciously entered Repulse Bay ;” this was thoroughly examined by boats, and the continuity of the land around it established : having settled this point, and restored, too, the fair fame of Captain Middleton, the vessels repassed the Strait, keeping to the north of Bushman's Island, deviously advancing, amid narrow channels and islands, while rapid tides, huge masses of ice, and sluggish needles, required the most constant activity on all sides to evade destruction. Though they were drifted back to the north of Southampton Island, after all, still perseveringly stretching to the northward, by the second week in October, when they entered a bay in a small island at the mouth of Lyon's Inlet—they had examined that, and Gore Bay, and the shores from Repulse Bay, to the present point, with a minuteness that assured them no opening to the Polar seas could there exist. In this Bay they remained until the 8th of the following July,—this long and dreary period of rest, was enlivened by the presence of many Esquimaux, from one of whom, a woman named Iglolik, they learned the existence of a Strait, connecting Fox's Channel with the lower part of Prince Regent's Inlet, (the Gulf of Akkolee.) She traced with a pencil, rudely, but with marvellous correctness, both shores, as we know them now. Need we say how anxious all became after this to escape from their icy chains ; but not until the 8th of July, as related, were they enabled to prosecute their researches. Narrowly, after as it were by a miracle, escaping shipwreck, undauntedly they pressed northward, but it was the 17th of August ere they were able, with all their skill and perseverance, to reach the mouth of the opening so anxiously and unweariedly sought. It was then, to their deep mortification, closed from shore to shore, by compact masses of the last year's ice. At its eastern mouth they continued, as long as the lateness of the season permitted, in

daily hope that this last barrier between them and the Polar seas would at length give way. After a delay of six weeks, however, it remained of the same continuous, impenetrable and hopeless nature as at first; parties were then despatched overland,—the result of their journeys determined the course of the Strait, to be nearly east and west, for a length of sixty with an average breadth of seven miles. This survey effected, they now prepared for winter,—its terrors were already upon them—the harbor fixed upon in the little Islet of Igloodik, they ran for, and entered it, but not without cutting through upwards of four thousand feet in length of ice, in many parts several feet thick, and in the most favorable, from twelve to fourteen inches—there they were to pass ten dismal months. The results of “the discovery of the desired opening,” says Parry, “into the Polar Sea, had been of no practical benefit to the prosecution of our enterprise, for we had only discovered this channel, to find it impassable, and to see the barriers of nature impenetrably closed against us, to the utmost limits of the navigable season.”

The almost heroic endurance of Parry, his officers, and their crews, seem beyond belief. It is true there was nothing of that fearful want, and wearing sickness, so frequently detailed in the relations of the early voyages; but even this, the very absence of aught to rouse and relief the tedium of their stay, increased its monotony. There were the hills in their cold covering, the broad solid immovable ice that held them fast, through long, long, sunless days, as those who had gone before found, but naught else—the rest was a blank,—there was no danger now,—nothing to rouse, nothing to battle with—the struggle was over—they could not even hope,—success must have been felt by all to be beyond their attainment. But not only did they not sink, thus borne down, into that stupid apathy, which has been miscalled resignation, on the contrary, the ordinary duties, were zealously performed, and the vacant hours devoted to improvement, to the purposes of after life.—The chief praise in all this, falls most rightly to Parry; he possessed that precious art which enables a commander to master the minds of his followers, by infusing his own spirit into them. In the long tales of battle, wreck, disaster, and defeat, with which all history is so thickly set, there is no picture so beautiful, so practical and so ennobling to be found, as these forlorn and self-exiled crews presented, in their wild and ice-anchored home, during the second winter—more trying, and more wearying as it must have been, than the first season's delay.

Parry, at one time, determined to make a third effort, intending to supply himself with the requisite stores from the *Fury*, so indomitable was his energy; but on submitting this proposition to the chief medical officer, that gentleman strongly

opposed the project, considering "that a continued exposure to the same deprivations and confinements"—as those already suffered—"the solitude of a single ship, and the painful monotony of a third winter, would in all probability be attended with serious consequences." Thus was the question set at rest; but had the decision been otherwise, it would not have mattered, seeing the 12th of August arrived ere they were wore again in open water.

The return voyage presents little of import. On the 10th of October the vessels reached Lerwick,—amid the rejoicings of the inhabitants, they landed, to be *fêted* and welcomed every where. Parry was in London by the 18th, and on the 16th of November, 1823, the ships were paid off. Thus terminated the second attempt of Parry, after a struggle of nearly three years, with difficulties and dangers, the very perusal of which is most appalling. The knowledge he had acquired in this perilous navigation, his own wishes, and those of government, conspired to place him the next year in command of a new expedition, directed again to the exploration of Regent's Inlet. His instructions were to make through this Inlet a passage into the sea which bounds the Continent on its northern coast, and thence westward to the Pacific.

* * * NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Several of the proper names in the foregoing article are improperly spelled—the sheets were worked off hurriedly, and the proof reader had not fair play. Among other errors, Sir Martin Frobisher appears repeatedly as "Trobisher."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES,
FOR "MISS MAGGY'S" BIRTH-DAY.

BY FUZ.

Just one year old—the forward puss !
How can she be so daring
Her infant tongue vents forth abuse—
Her sex for that—unsparing !
She has a taste for waters, that
I never cared to fish in;
And often is her spear thrown at
Some straggling politician.

Ah ! Maggy—you're a bouncing jade !
A romping, careless hussey ;
A *Cinna-r*, roving through the glade,
Though sometimes rather *Fuz-zy*.
You've grown a bright, amusing child—
Now serious, now jesting ;
You're constant, fickle, steady, wild,
But always interesting.

Mischievous girl ! the world is thine ;
Rove on Mag, and illumine
Spots, where the mind's rays never shine,
And where the voice of woman
Is never heard to whisper sweet
The words of song and story,
That fill the mind with bliss replete,
With hopes of fame, and glory !

Roam on ! the country's fair and wide—
For thee kind tongues will utter
Strange legends, that will rouse thy pride ;
And gentle lips will mutter
Such welcome truths into thine ear,
At which thou'lt feel enraptured,
And fear—what woman loves to fear—
That you are nobly captured.

Arch wag ! sarcastic little prude !
Wild, blooming, May-day flower !
Young, pleasing, artless, playful, rude,
The child of grove and bower !
I love an open, careless heart,
A nature blythe and merry,
Like thine, Miss Maggy, free from art—
But modest—oh ! yes—werry.

Provoking Mag ! I hope to see
Thy infant mind expanding
From year to year—and, that, with thee
On Fame's high summit standing,
Some son of genius, yet unborn,
Thy infant days recalling,
May hail with joy thy natal morn,
Till he—is hoarse with bawling !

ALTHAM.*

BY JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXI.

"She is asleep, good wench. -let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her."—Henry 8th.

The communication by public stage between Dublin and the ancient *city of the tribes*, is one of the oldest in Ireland; and whilst on other routes, at a distance from Dublin, the traveller "rode post" as he best could, either hiring or buying cattle. Even at the period of our tale, a public conveyance was no novelty on the Galway road—slowly, though at a steady pace, it jolted along, racking the bones of its unfortunate passengers. Yet although staging is there of such ancient date, the reader may infer that it *has*, or, at least eighteen years ago, *had* not reached any great degree of excellence, when we inform him, in sober seriousness, that in the year of grace, 1828, we travelled from Loughrea to Connolley's hotel, in the county town, *in a Hearse*, and that such was the ordinary conveyance plying between those places, of which carriage, if we recollect aright, the inn-keeper aforesaid was the proprietor. This *stage* had received some trifling alterations, but still retained its dome-shaped head, and lugubrious gildings might be traced through the coat of rough paint which was intended to cover them. The panel of the door was adorned with a skeleton figure menacing the entering traveller with a brandished sythe; and on the adjoining sides were to be seen angels, skulls, cross-bones, and hour-glasses; nevertheless, although at first we confess to some rather unpleasant feelings, we certify that after we had shaken into our places, a merrier party of six insides never passed over that most bone-dislocating of all earthly roads. True it is, that in such torrents fell the rain, we could only occasionally catch a glimpse at the prospect; but decidedly this was an advantage; for a more desolately dreary view can scarcely be imagined—the country was covered with loose stones of all dimensions, with hardly a vestige of green to be discovered between; but then our *Hearse* was waterproof. We were a party of fellow collegians, and had become very intimate in the canal boat, which brought us to Loughrea, far more comfortably, and quite as fast as we were now finishing our travel, (well might it be so named.) The roughest part of the journey was through the streets of Galway. We were used to the wretched tumble-down appearance of Irish country towns, but this city astonished us by its misery, as much, as judging from appearances, it must have struck our friends, Dawkins and Bushe, by its flourishing prosperity,

* Continued from Number 11, page 573.

when they arrived, as they in safety did three days after we lost sight of them. "Nations and cities die as well as men."—And poor Galway appeared, in 1828, far gone in fever and ague; so tottering, cold, and squalid, did it seem,—having, nevertheless, an air of faded respectability which touched the heart.—Luckily our friends had not to entrust the supplying of their bodily wants to the tender mercies of a Galway landlord—although in olden times, they might perhaps have attained some thing besides salmon and whiskey, the only viands in vogue there eighteen years ago.

They drove at once to Mr. Daly's; the old gentleman received them hospitably, and although for a brief space he could not forget that Bushe was Mr. Quill's nephew, that soon wore off before the student's honest candor; and Mr. Daly was, perhaps, willing to be still more friendly, from the feeling that he had done one friend injustice. They found their host in possession of all the particulars respecting the indenting of Annesley—such proceedings were of common occurrence. The government of the day, much more anxious to settle the colonies, than scrupulous about the means, held out inducements to parents overburdened with large families,—to the guardians of the poor, and the *relations* of *friendless* children, to rid themselves of the incumbrance, by indenting them to captains or owners of vessels, who found the means of transport to the Plantations,—receiving from them nominal apprentices, but real slaves, an engagement to work in the colonies for such shipowners, or their assigns. These indentures they set up, on their arrival, for public auction to the highest bidder, and the slavery of these unfortunates was far more bitter than that now endured, amongst our "free and enlightened" neighbors, by the negro population. * No doubt rested on Mr. Daly's mind that poor Annesley was at this moment eating the bitter bread of slavery, and he had hitherto been unable to strike out any plan for his recovery. Mr. Quill, as Henry Dawkins supposed, had avoided laying himself open to the law. The old rascal appeared very much astonished when, on the morning after his arrival, his nephew entered his sanctum, but received him with his usual manner.

"Why, Amos, what brings you here? Your last letter said nothing of your intention to return."

"Nor did I then intend it, sir. Without preface, I ask what you have done with young Annesley?"

"I have thought it right to relieve you of the burden of his support. I do not exactly see how you could reconcile it to

* We are not aware that the indenting of emigrants is illegal even at the present day. In our own memory, a fellow named Ingram (perhaps some worthy descendant of our skipper) apprenticed a cargo in Cork Harbor, and sold their services at the Cape of Good Hope. The affair made much noise when its nefarious character became known; but Ingram laughed at the public indignation having become affluent by his speculation.

yourself to press more heavily on me than was needful for your own."

"I never exceeded the allowance you gave me, sir; and the little I should have been obliged to expend on the boy, I should have retrenched from my own expenses; but we are wide of the question. I entreat you to tell me how we may regain the unfortunate boy."

"Even if I wished it, that is impossible now. He is earning his own bread, as I have always done, and will most likely do well abroad."

"Am I then to expect no further information from you sir?"

"I have none to give."

"You have been kind to me; but now, sir, you force me to say that I am sorry ever to have received obligation at your hands. I am not without friends, and this unrighteous business shall be sifted to the bottom."

Mr. Quill was not prepared for such resolution on his nephew's part,—as the latter turned to leave the office, he said—

"In what I have done, I have been actuated with the sole view of doing you good. I have nothing to fear from any investigation; but mark me, sir,—should you presume to shew your ingratitude by endeavoring to stir up idle prejudices against me, you have no further favor to expect at my hands."

"I shall not seek it; do you suppose me base enough to be indebted to you, after what has passed. I will work hard to repay the expense you have been at on my account, and that of my poor mother."

"Well spouted, sir; doubtless you deem what you have said as creditable to yourself as it is painful to me; for once, at least, I have conferred favors, and I ought to have expected the usual harvest—my want of foresight is annoying. Leave me."

Without comment, Bushe did as he was bidden, and returned to Mr. Daly's. When he had recounted what had taken place at his interview with his uncle, the old gentleman said—

"You have not a moment to lose, boys, in going to Dunmaine—that rascal will act with determination, now that he is put to it,—my son will ride over with you. It is a rough country, but I can mount you well, and a ride of a couple of hours will bring you to Lord Altham's country place. I passed an evening there once with his rollicking brother.—Egad we have had some hard going fellows in Galway, but the worst of them was slow, compared to him. One night in his house was enough for me,—he had around him as choice a rabble as Comus, and their wassailing was as noisy. I suppose the old place is going to wreck, for it has been long deserted."

Accompanied by young Daly, our friends were soon cantering across the park at Dunmaine. It was a wide expanse

of wood and lawn; much of the timber was evidently the remains of the primeval forest. Magnificent avenues shaded by old knarled oaks, led across it in various directions, and underneath reposed immense herds of deer. At a distance might be seen the old mansion-house, grey with time, but having its steep gables, and curiously twisted chimneys, wreathed with luxuriant ivy. It was a bright, frosty winter evening, and the half dozen spaniels which followed Daly, now chased the hares which each moment started from their forms—now flushed the skirring coveys, long unused to such intrusion. The park, at least, had been well kept, and the Earl's game-keepers had done their duty.

"By Jove," cried Dawkins, "it puzzles me much how the owner of such a place as this can condescend to hang about our farce of an Irish Court; if I were he, my visits to town would be few and far between. What a prince this Lord Altham might be here."

"Most likely he would be about as happy as the late Lord," replied Bushe. "He is not a man to enjoy the country; but young Mounmorris will be of a different stamp—I can fancy him one of these days a regular patriarch; but here we are—the old house seems shut up—I wonder whether we shall get in?"

Loudly and repeatedly they rapped, and rung peals of the sonorous hall bell, which resounded from basement to garret, through the empty old house, but had nigh given up the effort in despair, when an elderly lady was seen coming through a door in an old moss-clad wall, which probably enclosed the garden. The young men ceased their clamorous demands for entrance, as she slowly approached. She did not perceive them until within a few paces, when she stopped and gazed on the unwonted presence of strangers, with unfeigned astonishment. Her voice was harsh and imperious as she asked—

"How got you into the park, sirs?"

"Why faith, madam, very much against the wish of the good woman at the gate, by which we entered; fortunately we found it on the latch—a young girl having just passed out, and once we were in, the portress vainly tried to persuade us to return," answered Bushe. "The truth is, Madam," he continued, "my friend, Mr. Dawkins, and I, knew a poor woman named Mary Weedon, who now resides here, in Dublin, and having something of importance to tell her, have taken the liberty almost to force an entry into the domain. May I ask, madam, where we are likely to find her?"

"Unless your business is of very great importance to others, sir, you must not intrude on her now. With earth and its concerns she has well nigh done," answered the lady in a softened tone.

"It is of the utmost importance to one whom I am mistaken if she loves not more than her own life."

"It must then relate to the boy whom she calls Jemmy.—She has, poor thing, during long delirious nights—sometimes accusing him of deserting her, and again thanking God that he was safe. Know you ought of him, young sir? The question was accompanied with a quick, enquiring glance, which assured Bushe that the old lady was not unacquainted with Annesley's history.

"It is on his account that I wish to see Mary Weedon—our interview should take place at once."

"It shall, sir; but you must come alone—she is not in a state to admit the presence of strangers."

"Our conference should have witnesses, lady, and for that purpose I have brought these gentlemen."

"I cannot consent to it, sir, it would kill her—my evidence will suffice to corroborate your statement of what may pass. May I ask whether your name is Bushe?"

"It is, madam."

"Well, sir, we will go together to Mrs. Weedon's,—meanwhile tell me if all is well with Jemmy?"

The question was embarrassing, but Bushe saw that it was put with anything but hostile motives; he, however, parried for the time, answering merely—

"I trust it may be, madam."

The old lady's keen eye had been intently fixed on the student, as if endeavoring to anticipate his answer, which she heard with a disappointed sigh, and turning to his companions said—

"I presume, gentlemen, that I need not apologise at leaving you for an hour to amuse yourselves—we shall scarcely be detained longer. Come, Mr. Bushe."

The good lady's dress was that of a house-keeper, or lady's companion in a noble's family; but there was that in her demeanor which convinced Bushe that if such in reality were her situation, she had sought to shelter age in a very different sphere from that in which she was brought up. In her expressions of interest in Annesley and Mary Weedon, he felt that unhesitating confidence which is the freemasonry of honorable minds. Thanking his stars, therefore, for such a fortunate alliance, he followed her towards the gate in the moss-grown wall, whence she had first issued—it led to an old garden, kept in the fashion so much in vogue a century ago: the hedges and standards cut into grotesque shapes, and the walks of raised velvet turf; a show of flowers at that season of the year was, of course, impossible, but the neatly trimmed beds with their mat-covered shrubs and plants, shewed that the gardener did not neglect his duty. In passing through, they

found him superintending some laborers. He greeted the lady with a deep reverence, but gazed on her companion with unconcealed wonder.

"Lord Altham's orders prohibit strangers entering Dunmaine," she remarked. "These good people are astonished at finding them transgressed—more especially at my countenancing it. I risk much by so doing sir, but I could not refuse your wish to see poor Mary; her hours are numbered, and she has shewn such anxiety to hear of her boy, that I have little doubt it would kill her at once to learn that I had prevented it." They had now passed through the garden, leaving it on the other side by a wicket similar to that by which they had entered. An avenue, shaded by ancient trees, led them a few hundred yards to a cottage so embowered by evergreens that Bushe was not aware of its existence until on the threshold. The old lady raised the latch and entered, followed by the student; a woman nearly her cotemporary was busied at the fire preparing something for Mrs. Weedon,—her wonder was still greater than the gardener's at seeing the housekeeper so accompanied.

"Any change since I left?" asked the lady, taking no notice of the obvious amazement of the nurse.

"No madam, at least none for the worse; Mrs. Weedon is asleep, and has not for weeks slept so soundly."

"Alas," thought Bushe, "my tidings will not contribute to her rest."

"We must await her awaking," said the housekeeper. "It would be a sin to disturb her: poor thing, she rarely enjoys a sleep of even a few unbroken minutes, nor do I anticipate that we shall have long to wait."

For half an hour they sat silently, expecting the invalid's waking, of which they were made aware by the tinkle of a bell with which the housekeeper's kindness had furnished the cottage. Intimating to Bushe that she went to prepare Mary to receive him, the lady entered alone. She found poor Mary re-invigorated indeed by her long sleep, but her experienced eye told her verging on one of infinitely longer duration. A burning hectic spot glowed her otherwise wan cheek; her eye was bright, but shone with a fitful lustre which deluded not—it was the momentary flash of an expiring lamp.

"This is kind indeed, honored lady—I did not hope to see you again to-night."

"My poor friend, you must nerve yourself for an interview which I fear may be painful. Mr. Bushe is in this house, and I am certain brings tidings of Jemmy."

A slight scream escaped the invalid—"Nay, nay, dear Mary, be calm, all may be, and I trust, is well. I dared not enter on the subject with him—I wished to find out something from him, but he manifestly was unwilling to trust a stranger, and

I feared to let him suspect the deep interest I had in learning the news he brought. You must endeavor to be yourself, my ever faithful friend; even he must not know our secret, at least at present. Do you think that you are equal to this meeting?"

"Oh, yes, madam,—I must see him, and hear what he has to tell. God grant that it may be no ill tidings, for I fear I could not bear *them*."

Again a slight tinkle of the bell was heard, and the old nurse having entered the sick woman's room, returned and beckoned Bushe to follow her. The student stole on tiptoe into poor Mary's room—the first momentary excitement over, she had sunk on her pillow, panting and exhausted. Weak and faded as he had last seen her in Dublin, he started at the change which had since taken place; were it not for the hectic blush which still burned on her hollow cheek, and the hurried breathing ever interrupted by a hollow cough, one had thought her an exceedingly emaciated corpse, so wan appeared her face and neck; but on his entrance, she raised herself on her wasted arm and gazed in his face with mute but eloquent questioning. On his hesitating to communicate tidings whose effect she feared, she gasped out—

"For God sake, speak sir, and tell me all."

Thus adjured, he succinctly narrated how Mr. Quill had got him out of the way, and with Weedon's assistance, kidnapped the boy.

Mrs. Weedon bore the recital with more firmness than he had expected; when he had ended, she said—

"At length then they have gone so far, that though a dying woman, I feel it my duty to break an oath, which I never should have taken. That oath, and its consequences, have rendered my life accursed, but it was imposed by Jemmy's father, and he swore that it was for the boy's good; by it I pledged myself never to tell what I knew of occurrences at Dunmaine. Now then, cruelty to its legitimate heir, (for so my poor boy is,) has passed all bounds, and I consider it my duty to tell you all. Nay, dearest lady, I know Mr. Bushe—fear him not, he is all kindness and honor. In that wronged lady, sir, you see our poor boy's mother. The Lord Altham, who is gone to his account, (God be merciful and pardon him,) shortly after Jemmy's birth, sought occasion of quarrel with my lady, and cast her off, and so managed matters that the country believed they were never married: the witnesses are dead or absent, and the parish registers show no entry of the marriage, altho' they do of parties married on the same day. I often in long past days spoke with persons who had been by at the ceremony, but on my return here last autumn, sought in vain for any of them. You may imagine my astonishment when I found my honored lady acting as housekeeper. By the aid of her true

old servants the steward and gardener, she had been represented to Lord Altham as the widow of a gentleman in the neighborhood, and he employed her, little imagining that she was his brother's widow; he had indeed long supposed her dead, as I also did."

"But, lady," asked Bushe, "what induced you to allow a doubt of your son's right to the succession?"

"Alas, sir, my story is a most unhappy one; deserted by my kindred, my lonely situation induced Lord Altham to indulge in designs against my honor; finding himself frustrated, he sought me in marriage; young, unexperienced, dependant on the bounty of unkind relatives, who seconded his suit with all their power, I at length consented, though with a foreboding heart—would to God I had listened to its promptings, or had rather married the poorest peasant on his vast estates. My husband was a capricious tyrant, whose passion having quickly subsided, treated me with the utmost barbarity; by mutual consent we separated, and for twenty years all intercourse ceased, when unfortunately we met at the house of a mutual acquaintance in Dublin, where neither expected the other's presence. Lord Altham could assume any character he chose, and, notwithstanding my previous knowledge of him, his pretended penitence deceived me, and I suffered myself to be persuaded that he had changed. A renewal of intercourse took place, and we came to live at Dunmaine; but, alas, my eyes were soon opened—he assembled around him a horde of his most vicious acquaintances—days and nights were passed in mad riot and sottish debauché, whilst to me his conduct was more cruel than at first. I however bore up as well as I could, for I was about to become a mother. Increased uproar and revelry marked the period which heralded my unfortunate son's birth; for his sake I lived, for I felt what situation his would be if I suffered my weary frame to sink. Years passed during which my only comfort was my boy, whom I removed to my faithful Mary's house. About this time, Lord Altham first met a being who contrived to render my misery still more acute. During one of his short residences in Dublin, a Miss Gregory had fascinated him, and thenceforth he strove by all means in his power to drive me from his house; finding neglect and cruelty unavailing, he at length succeeded by bringing an abominable accusation against me. This drove me to despair—I returned to town, and only twice since have seen my poor boy. As long as his father treated him with common decency I was satisfied: but finding after a time that he was regarded as illegitimate, I summoned resolution once more to see Lord Altham,—he received me at first more courteously than I expected, but on my alluding to his treatment of our son, stated in coarse terms that I had never been legally his wife, of which I might easily satisfy myself: that the party who offi-

ciated at the mock ceremony was not in orders, and that the parish register would prove that no such marriage had taken place—that as for Jemmy, he would have him brought up as befitted his future station in life.

“I was struck dumb with astonishment and horror—I knew Lord Altham to be capable of the baseness of which he had accused himself. I was carried fainting from his house, and never saw him again. On my recovery from a severe illness, which was the result of this interview, I employed a person in whom I could confide, to investigate the truth of my destroyer’s assertions, and his report fully corroborating them, determined to hide my shame in a foreign convent; and selling my jewels and other remnants of former days, I went to France; but continued ill health rendered me unable for some years to carry out my resolution, and on my partial restoration, finding that Lord Altham was dead, the advice of my medical attendants together with an eager desire once more to see my son, induced me to return to Ireland. With a beating heart, I sought Mary Weedon at Dunmaine,—even my old servants did not recognise me, such was the alteration which sorrow and long sickness had wrought. I then formed the plan of residing here permanently, under an assumed name, and made myself known to the steward and gardener, both of whom loved their old mistress well. Shortly after my arrival, Lord Altham sent instructions that a new housekeeper should be employed in the room of one who had lately died, and on the steward’s mentioning the matter to me, I determined to assume that character. I dreaded to write to Mary Weedon, (who, I found, was in Dublin, her husband being a servant of the present Lord’s,) fearing that my letter might fall into wrong hands, and determined to wait until the steward went to town, to lay his quarterly account, before Lord Altham; but ere this time came, poor Mary arrived at Dunmaine; she too had suffered much, and her constitution being unequal to the burden, was sinking fast. Her account of my son’s situation on the whole comforted me, although it deferred indefinitely my prospect of seeing him. You know all, Mr. Bushe—may I enquire what course do you propose to take?”

“I confess, lady, that I am at a loss how to proceed.—Weedon must be in the confidence of his employer;—do you think we can do anything with him?”

“It must be tried at least, Mr. Bushe,” said Mary. “I feel that my end is near; I will see him once more—it may be that he will harken to me, at least I will —”

“It must not be, Mary,” interrupted lady Altham—“you are unequal to such an interview; it would but hurry your death most probably, without resulting in any good.”

“And what matters, dear lady, whether I die a few hours sooner or later. Believe me I should be worse if I felt that I

left aught undone which might benefit poor *Jemmy*. I must see *John*, and that at once, for time is most precious now."

"Be it so then—I will send to the steward's, and have him brought hither. Mr. *Bushe* and I will return before he can be here—meanwhile, my poor *Mary*, endeavor to rest."

CHAPTER XXII.

ARTHUR.— * * "You are sad?"

HUBERT.—"Indeed I have been merrier."—*King John*.

"I trust, Mr. *Bushe*, your friends will pardon our long absence," said lady *Altham*, as they emerged from the garden, and approached the house. "Gentlemen," she continued, as they rejoined *Bushe's* companions, "our interview with *Mary Weedon*, has been much longer than I anticipated, otherwise I should not have left you so unceremoniously. We must go round by the eastern entrance." Lady *Altham* introduced them by a glass door, situated in a recess between two projections of the old building, and led the gentlemen into a comfortable sitting room, in which a large wood fire burned cheerily, and having directed her deaf old domestic to place refreshments before them, said aside to *Bushe*—

"I think, sir, that I had better go over myself to the steward's. Although *Weedon* has not recognized me, I have by some means or other acquired a greater influence over him than is possessed by any person here, and it may not be amiss that I should have some conversation with him before he sees *Mary*."

"Will it not be too great an exertion for you, madam?"

"By no means. Though not strong, I am accustomed to exercise, and it is not more than half an hour's walk to and fro."

"Then will your ladyship permit me to accompany you?"

"I think not, Mr. *Bushe*—*Weedon* might recognize you, which perhaps would alarm him; in three-quarters of an hour hence I shall expect you at the cottage."

"I feel that you are right madam,—I shall be punctual."

Lady *Altham* having first seen the wants of her guests supplied, set forth with her old attendant. After they had gone, *Dawkins*, whose curiosity had been excited by their private conversation, asked—

"How sped you, *Bushe*—have you learned anything from *Mary Weedon*?"

"Much, my dear fellows, and hope to get still more out of her husband—I hope the rascal will not be drunk. All I know to a certainty, is, that our poor boy is *Earl of Altham*, (though how to prove it is another matter,) and that the lady who has just left us, is his mother; it is too long a tale to enter on now, the proofs of her marriage with the late *Lord Altham* are want-

ing." It is unnecessary to our tale to follow the conversation which ensued—during it, however, Bushe came to the determination to question the steward and gardener, and find out how far their evidence might avail. The time approached at which he had promised to meet lady Altham at the park cottage, he therefore left his friends, promising to return as speedily as possible.

He reached the cottage before her, and the nurse informed him that Mary had slept from almost the moment they left.—After a few minutes, preceded by lady Altham, the steward and Weedon entered. Habitual debauchery had worn the latter to a shadow; he was now sober, and evidently touched by the lady's description of his poor wife's situation. His brow contracted on seeing Bushe, but other thoughts mastered his rising petulance. The house was as still as a tomb, save when the nurse moved lightly across to listen at the door of the sick woman's room. After passing an hour communing with their own hearts, lady Altham broke the long silence, saying in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper—

"I am sorry indeed to disturb your wife, Weedon, but you must see her once more before she dies."

"Good God, madam, is there no hope for her?" asked he, deeply affected. That quiet hour of forced self communion, had brought back vividly to his memory days of love, ere his intemperance had wrecked their happiness for ever—he was softened. Such a mood was that, during which the projected interview was most likely to produce the desired effect.

"I am sorry to say that I have no hope, Weedon; nay scarcely do I think that Mary will see to-morrow's sun."

She took a lamp from the table, and softly entered the invalid's room. After a brief absence she returned much affected.

"It is too late—the misery of this wretched world has no longer power over poor Mary. She has been some time dead."

The wretched husband, with a piercing shriek, rushed into the chamber of death, and stood stupefied by the bedside.—Lady Altham had left the lamp on the table, on which stood also the last drink the nurse had made for poor Mary. Her brow, lately furrowed with suffering and care, was serene and calm; her naturally beautiful features stood forth more prominently than in life, in chiseled loveliness; a sweet smile appeared on her lip, shewing that her last moments at least had been peaceful—nay, happy. Her attitude rendered it likely that her spirit had departed whilst she slept. One delicate hand was half hidden by her cheek, and a few raven curls which had escaped from beneath her cap. One felt the presence of death, but scarcely his terror.

"The calm, the placid air—
The rapture of repose was there."

Repose, how sweet to that worn frame and weary spirit,—
how welcome

“That first dark day of nothingness—
The last of danger and distress,”

is to many, whose earthly pilgrimage has been a tissue of
scarcely interrupted miseries. How eagerly does the soul long
for the time when it shall

“Flee away and be at rest.”

Mary's appearance was that of sweet sleep, and were it not
for a something awful yet indescribable—

“Some moments, aye, one fleeting hour,
One still might doubt the tyrant's power.”

Weedon was not originally an unfeeling, or even an ill-tempered man. At one time he had warmly loved her, who was now (as the still small voice of conscience whispered,) mainly through his instrumentality, stretched on her bier. The indulgence of one grovelling passion had for years blunted his better feelings, and during its paroxysms (lately of almost constant recurrence,) he had been a cruel tyrant to her. The floodgates of his heart were opened, and torrents of long un-wanted tears burst forth. What would he now have given for one half hour to express contrition and entreat pardon; but she was gone—gone for ever, and as he felt that it was so, he writhed in agony—the time which he spent alone with the dead wrought in him, for the present at least, a thorough change of character; but few minutes had elapsed, when he remembered how *she* had loved Annesley, and how *he* had wronged him. He bent his lips to that cold marble forehead, and mentally devoted the remainder of his life to the service of him she had loved, and called her son. As these thoughts passed through his mind, a waister fell from the lamp, which shed a brightened light on poor Mary's face, and her husband, for the first time, noticed the serene smile which dwelt on her lips. He felt a momentary gush of blood tinkle through his veins—did she know and approve his intention? Again he kissed those cold lips, and remembering that in Bushe he should have an useful assistant in the career he proposed to pursue—he went to the door and beckoned the student to enter.

“You have come here, sir,” he said, with more calmness than was to be expected, “to hear of Mr. Annesley. She loved him, and I loved them both, as long as I cared for anything. Lord Altham's gold, and my love of drink have for years made a brute of me—there is the consequence, as far as my poor wife is concerned. As to Mr. Annesley, I may still serve him, and I will, to the utmost of my power. In one thing I have resisted temptation—my lady thinks I do not recollect her—I alone *did* until she made herself known. I was but a boy when she first came to this accursed place, yet I well

remember being present at her wedding, for I am the oldest servant of the family now remaining."

Bushe saw the immense value of the evidence thus offered so unexpectedly, but he distrusted the steadiness of a man who had for years been a habitual debauché; he therefore asked coldly and even sternly—

"Can we rely on you, Weedon?"

"I do not wonder that you should ask, Mr. Bushe. Before this awful night you could not; but now, sir, by her that is gone—by my hopes of her forgiveness, and that of God—by this last kiss of her cold lips, I swear never again to taste spirits in any form. They have made me what I am, or rather have been. I must go with you, for here I dare not stay; I feel that, notwithstanding the oaths taken in your presence, I need the support of one who was by when they were sworn. Beside, Lord Altham is capable of anything, and even my life would not be secure if he found out that I had been speaking to you."

"But, Weedon, we must go hence to-night—I will come again for you in a day or two."

"No, sir; I know what you mean: but poor Mary would, if she were alive, approve of my going with you at once.—Lady Altham will have her decently buried, and now, sir, the sooner we are gone the better. I dare not speak to my lady, but tell her that on account of all the wrong I have done—but still more for her kindness to my wife, and because of Mary's love for her son—I will do all in my power (and it is more than I have had time to tell you.) for him."

They returned to the house—Weedon cast one fond glance on his dead wife, and followed them. Bushe communicated to Lady Altham all that Weedon had said; by her orders the steward had directed a horse to be brought round for the coachman. All were ready to mount, when the steward, who had remained outside in deference to his lady, entered with a disturbed countenance.

"A man, madam. (whose horse has evidently been ridden hard,) has just arrived, bringing orders from the agent, that Weedon should be forthwith sent to town."

"And so he shall, Mr. Forester," replied lady Altham, "but not to Mr. Quill. Make yourself easy, my good friend, all will be right at last."

"God Almighty grant it, lady; but I fear that Quill—his enmity is deadly."

"We shall find means to render him harmless; he has long triumphed both in my — in the old Lord's time, and since his brother succeeded, but his day of reckoning is at hand."

"I should not despond madam, seeing you bear up so stoutly; Mr. but what am I to do with this messenger of Quill's?"

"Oh, tell him to stay till morning—that you know on what business his master wants Weedon, and that he shall be in Galway early to-morrow; and so he shall, although the Attorney's office is not his destination."

Our friends, accompanied by Weedon, now mounted and galloped across the park, by the light of a glorious frosty moon, and a galaxy of stars, more brilliant than are to be seen from any other country in the world. Fine, hard, frosty nights are few in Ireland, but when they do occur, the "suns of distant systems" shed a more beautiful and gem-like light than is to be seen elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On their arrival, they found Mr. Daly anxiously awaiting their return. Bushe quickly recounted the information they had acquired.

"You have been fortunate indeed, far more so than we could have hoped, Bushe; but the business of the day is not yet over—we must not trust too much to the continuance of Weedon's penitence. I will take his deposition of all he knows of the astounding proceedings of these Lords of Altham."

"Although I have little fear of his totally relapsing, I think you are very right, sir," answered Bushe. "Now he will not hesitate to tell the whole truth, however it may implicate him self, whilst at a future time he might be inclined that it should appear that less guilt lay immediately with him; and such a proceeding would render his evidence open to successful cross-examination, so that its value might be totally lost in court."

"Well argued, Bushe," said Dawkins. "We must have Weedon up to-night."

In an hour, Weedon's testimony, duly signed and authenticated, was in their possession. It embraced the fact of Lady Altham's marriage, by the then Rector of Dunmaine; the birth of a son—his baptism in Dunmaine Church, and that Weedon had not lost sight of the child so born and baptized, (except during the short period of his residence with Bushe,) until he had apprenticed him to Ingram; and what was still more important, he completely identified both Quill and Lord Altham with the abstraction of Annesley, in confirmation of which he produced a letter from the latter, ordering him to go to Galway, and obey all Quill's directions respecting the boy.

"On this deposition we might go into court, could we but recover poor Annesley—his authority alone is wanting," remarked Dawkins. "I think we should return to town to-morrow; we may count on the steward and gardener's testimony in corroboration. I thought you meant to have questioned them whilst at Dunmaine."

“I thought it better not afterwards, particularly as Weedon’s evidence was so much fuller than we anticipated; and as moreover, we can get at them at any time, as Lord Altham has no idea of their being in our interest.”

Mr. Quill waited anxiously the next morning for Weedon’s appearance; hour after hour passed, and as he came not, that anxiety became so intense that the attorney determined to drive over to Dunmaine, and ascertain its cause. On making enquiry at the entrance, he learned to his dismay that the coachman had on the preceding evening, ridden in the direction of Galway, in company with three gentlemen who had been for some hours in the domain. He drove to the house, but found it vacant; at length he learnt from one of the laborers that the housekeeper was at Weedon’s cottage, where Mary lay dead. This somewhat relieved the attorney, as he supposed it possible that in consequence Weedon’s absence might be satisfactorily accounted for; he hurried to the cottage where he found lady Altham. Many years had passed since he had seen her; he did not recognise her, yet there was something in her calm, pale face, which awakened unpleasant feelings; he strove to cover them by assuming even an unusual degree of rudeness.

“I learn that the coachman’s wife is dead—even that should not prevent his obeying my orders—where is the fellow now?”

“I cannot exactly say,” quietly answered lady Altham. “I have not seen him since last night, and supposed him to have gone to town, as I understood that he had received orders so to do from Mr. Quill. I suppose I now speak to that gentleman?”

“Even so; but if the rascal went to Galway, he came not to me. I heard at the gate, that he left, in company with three strange gentlemen, last night. Do you know who they were?”

“Yes, sir; two of them introduced themselves as Mr. Bushe and his friend, Mr. Dawkins, from Dublin. They wished to see Mary Weedon, on business, as they stated, of the utmost importance. Although the poor woman was exceedingly ill, I did not like to refuse telling her of their arrival, and she prayed so earnestly to see Mr. Bushe, that I allowed that gentleman to be shewn into her room—he continued there for more than an hour; and it is probable, that as they were returning to Galway, Weedon accompanied them on the road.”

“The attorney had listened in terror—more than once he was about to interrupt, but knowing the advantage which is often derived from letting one tell a long story, he refrained; when, however, Lady Altham had finished, he let loose the torrent of his fury.

“Did you not know, woman, that Lord Altham had given strict orders that no stranger should be admitted to Dunmaine?”

I'll make you all rue this disobedience. How dared you permit these people to remain here, even for a moment?"

"You are rude, sir," she calmly replied. "I for one never received orders from Lord Altham on the subject."

Mr. Quill was used to exact as great servility from those whom he considered his inferiors, as he was wont to pay to those in superior stations,—he was therefore astounded at the tone of independence assumed by his companion. It cost him an effort to keep up his arrogant manner—she was a woman—an unprotected widow, as he supposed, so he succeeded.

"I shall inform my lord of your doings by this day's post, so you may pack up your things."

Lady Altham could not refrain from a smile at the fellow's insolence, which the attorney perceiving, seized his hat, and rushed from the cottage with a curse on his lips. On his return to Galway, he learned that Weedon had been seen in company with young Mr. Daly, and two others, entering that gentleman's demesne; he felt that the net which he had twined was enmeshing himself—that he was falling into the pit which he had dug for others; and it was with a foreboding heart that he sat down to give his principal an account of recent occurrences; nor did he fail to dwell on the instrumentality of the new housekeeper, at Dunmaine, in bringing about the mischief. Rancorous malice filled a large portion of his bad heart, and though he felt his own situation to be most alarmingly perilous, he forgot not to seek revenge on the poor widow.

He had scarcely despatched his letter, when a thought struck him on which he highly felicitated himself. Should he by any means be able to get Weedon into his hands again, he had no doubt that he should be able to influence him to anything he wished. It must have been on one of Lord Altham's horses that he came to Galway, and although Quill could not of his own knowledge be certain of it, he forthwith repaired to a neighboring justice, and having lodged an information on oath against Weedon, for horse-stealing, procured a warrant for his apprehension. Filing an affidavit is so common an occurrence with attorneys, and so much looked on as a matter of mere routine, that the respectable brotherhood seldom trouble themselves further about truth, than to keep clear of the pillory. Knowing that Mr. Daly would probably interfere, but thinking that he would be thought obliged to commit the accused, he thought the best way was to act boldly, and therefore, despatching a messenger to Dunmaine to procure the attendance of the steward, he accompanied the constable to Mr. Daly's.

Nothing could exceed that gentleman's astonishment at learning that the attorney was in his house, and sought an interview with him. He desired him to be shewn into the steward's office, where he shortly after joined him, and not concealing his displeasure at his presence, asked—

“To what am I to attribute your visit, sir?”

Mr. Quill did not like the tone in which the question was put; he feared Mr. Daly, well knowing how superior he was in intellect to the vast majority of the booby squires of Galway; he had therefore been assiduously servile in his flattery at county meetings, and on the bench; but it was in vain—Mr. Daly entertained the same contemptuous dislike as before; nay, the feeling was enhanced by the cunning petty-fogger's name appearing in the same commission with his own—so deeply indeed did he feel the insult of such an appointment, that nothing but his habitual laziness had prevented his resigning on its having taken place.

It was therefore with more than usual lowliness that Mr. Quill explained, that having obtained a warrant in consequence of a robbery which had taken place at Dunmaine, and learned that the delinquent was in Mr. Daly's house, he had come to request permission for the constable to do his duty.

“He needs no permission from me or any one else. I presume the party to whom you allude is Weedon. May I ask what he is accused of stealing?”

“One of Lord Altham's horses, sir. I am the more concerned, as I find he left the domain in young Mr. Daly's company.”

“Who must therefore be an accessory to the robbery, Mr. Quill. Pray why do you not obtain a warrant against him also?”

“I make no such charge, sir,” said the abashed limb of the law. “The young gentleman was not obliged to know how Weedon obtained the horse he rode.”

“'Tis well, sir; I will assist in investigating the charge.”

To this Mr. Quill had nothing to object—he knew Mr. Daly's dislike to magisterial business, and scarcely supposed that he would have made Weedon's case an exception; he therefore said—

“The warrant directs that the prisoner shall be brought up for examination to-morrow, when we shall be most happy to have your assistance.”

“I cannot consent, Mr. Quill, that a man whom I consider innocent shall pass the night in gaol. I will, therefore, on my own responsibility, hold him to bail.”

Defeated on every point, Mr. Quill became exasperated.—“You will do as you think best, sir; but the responsibility will be heavy if the culprit escapes.”

“Pray, do not annoy yourself about that, Mr. Quill,” replied Mr. Daly, with a contemptuous smile. “I really enjoy your having once outwitted yourself; depend upon it *the culprit*, as you call him, shall be forthcoming—and now I have no more time to waste on you. I will satisfy the constable, and to-morrow shall meet you and my brother magistrates at the court-

house, at noon, when you will be good enough to have your witnesses in attendance."

Burning with passion, Mr. Quill returned home. An hour afterwards, Mr. Forrester, the Dunmaine steward, was ushered into his office.

"How came you, Forrester, when I was at Dunmaine to-day, not to let me know that Weedon had carried off one of Lord Altham's horses?"

"God bless me, sir!—your messenger ordered him to come into Galway, with all haste, and as none of his lordship's cattle were at hand, I had my own saddled for him."

Mr. Quill was in a *fix*, and he felt himself to be so; the steward's account acquitted Weedon, and although it was an equivocation, was certainly a perfectly fair one. The attorney now turned his attention to making good his retreat, as well as he could, from his very unpleasant situation; after thinking a few minutes, he said—

"This entirely alters the question, Forrester,—I knew not that he had your authority for bringing away the horse."

"And if he had not," replied his blunt subaltern, "surely, sir, your orders would have justified him in riding any of my lord's horses."

"Yes, if he had obeyed them, which he has not. All is right however—you may return. You will oblige me by seeing that no more strangers trespass on Lord Altham's domain—I am very much displeased that his orders were totally disregarded yesterday."

"I fancy you are," thought the steward, "and would be more so if you knew all;" but he only said, "it was not my fault, sir;" and, as he had been directed, took his departure.

Mr. Quill seldom acted without deliberation. The desire of getting Weedon into his hands, even for a few hours, had hurried him into bringing an accusation, which he could not substantiate, against the coachman; it was now difficult to withdraw it—paying a due regard to appearances, which at present he saw great need of keeping up: the result of half an hour's consideration was the following letter to Mr. Daly:—

"DEAR SIR—

"I am happy, at the earliest instant, to inform you that my charge against Weedon arose from misapprehension: as I now learn from Lord Altham's steward, that he authorized him to take the horse from Dunmaine, which he rode last night. I therefore withdraw my accusation.

"I have, &c.,

H. QUILL."

Mr. Daly and his young friends were amusing themselves by anticipating Quill's appearance on the morrow, for which Dawkins and Bushe had determined to wait, when a servant

handed in Mr. Quill's note,—on reading which, the old gentleman said—

“The fellow finds himself caught in his own trap—it would be glorious fun to see his struggles to get out; nevertheless, boys, the intelligence you have obtained is of such importance, that as Quill's note frees Weedon, I think you had better start to-night, taking him with you to town, as you originally intended,—meanwhile, doubt not I shall have my eyes open.”

“I hope yet, Mr. Daly, to hear poor Annesley thank you with his own lips, for the assistance you have given us,” said Bushe. “One request further, I have to make, which is, that should any attack be made on lady Altham, you will protect her.”

“I shall ride over to-morrow to pay my respects. I well remember how deeply I sympathized with her, poor woman, on the day I had the misfortune to spend at Dunmaine—although I only saw her pale, sorrowful face for half an hour before dinner, in the drawing room; for, of course, she never mingled with the herd which wallowed in her husband's epicurean sty. The coach starts at eight—so you had better get ready. I shall always be glad to see you here, Mr. Bushe,—I need not say so to you, Henry.”

In a few minutes the servants had packed their luggage, and after a stay of not exceeding forty-eight hours, Bushe and his friend were again jolting away towards the *Metropolis*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE'S NO SUCH MAID AS MINE.

TUNE—“*There's no such girl as mine.*”

There's no such maid as mine
In all the wide world round—
Her hair hangs down like twine,
And her voice has a creaking sound;
Her eyes look behind and before,
And quick is her ear so fine,
She listens at every door—
There's no such maid as mine.

And she has such innocent ways,
You'd think her a maid without guile—
You may scold her as long as you please,
There's still that angel smile;
For each cupboard she's got a good key,
And she drinks all my brandy and wine,
She steals all my sugar and tea—
There's no such maid as mine.

She dwaddles about the streets,
Retailing whatever she hears—
She gossips with all she meets,
And sets all the folks by the ears:

When she's angry, she bangs the stores,
And breaks all my china so fine,
She wears my stockings and gloves—
There's no such maid as mine.

She's deaf as a post when I call—
I might just as well have been dumb—
The more I shout and I bawl,
The more she never will come;
She looks so ragged and poor,
To court her no one does incline,
Tho' she's still looking out at the door—
O! there's no such maid as mine.

O! sure there never was seen
Such a dirty and mischievous elf—
A help she never has been,
For she only helps herself;
Enchanting she looks in her bed,
She snores like the grunting of swine,
With a stocking tied round her head—
O! there's no such maid as mine.

LEGENDS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

BY CINNA.

NO. III.

DE SOULIS,*

THE RUNNER OF THE WOODS.

PART III.

De Soulis and Wasga arrived at the encampment only in time to see it taken possession of by a large band of strange Indians, whose terrific cries, and wild demonstrations of joy at the success of their surprise, for a moment petrified the young men to the spot which they had reached, situated within a few yards of the lodge formerly occupied by De Soulis.

"Is the the pale-face ready to die the death of the Franc?" enquired the young warrior, crouching low, and drawing his companion down with him, to prevent the flames, which now began to arise from numerous points of the village, from revealing them to their enemies.

De Soulis made no reply, but throwing his mantle from his shoulders, he drew his hanger, and at once sprang down the declivity towards the lodge of the war chief, which in a few moments he reached. At its entrance he encountered two savages in the act of bearing away such articles as had come within their reach, while they were employed in firing the fabric. With one of these he immediately became engaged, and who, with a tremendous swing of his war-club, would have beaten him at once to the ground, had not Wasga intervened to ward off the blow, and brain the savage with a single sweep of his arm. The remaining Indian fled from before them, making the air resound with those peculiar cries only uttered by the red man when in extremity of danger, and which Wasga knew would soon bring numbers to his assistance.

"The war-chief's daughter—haste—haste—while Wasga will remain to guard the entrance; Nita can convey her by the secret door," ejaculated the young warrior, and De Soulis, following his injunctions at once, made his way to the apartment of Ominee. Calling her name, he in vain sought her out where but late he had left her, and although the lamp still remained lighted, and everything the same as when he was last there, she for whose safety his feelings grew into an agony of excitement, could no where be found. Leaning against the side of the partition, he endeavored to collect his thoughts sufficiently to enable him to divine in what way he was next to

* Continued from Number 9, page 456.

act, when he was suddenly startled by the appearance of Mascawa, who rushed headlong past him, evidently intent on the same mission as himself—the safety of Omince.

“Thou here, dog of the pale-faces?” he cried, hastily advancing, when his eyes encountered De Soulis. “Where hast thou conveyed the daughter of the war-chief, traitor, allied to the Mohawks?” he continued, raising and poisoning his tomahawk for the fatal cast.

“Back—or thou diest, reptile,” muttered De Soulis through his clenched teeth, while he raised one of the pistols in the act of firing. Wasga now pressed forward between them with an ejaculation of anger, and casting one glance around the apartment, he perceived that their search had been vain.—Acting on the instant, he cried—“here has been no Mohawk—the war-chief’s daughter has fled—our friends require our aid in the wood. Will the pale-face and Mascawa stay to settle their quarrel at the death-fires of their enemies?” and he opened the secret outlet, through which Mascawa and De Soulis mutely passed without further delay. The war-shouts from the wood now approached so near, that the attention of the band which had attacked the village was directed towards them. The hostile warriors began to withdraw from the scene of plunder and burning, to assume a position near the verge of the wood towards which the Knisteneaux party were evidently being borne back. The light from the burning lodges had now become so widely spread, as to enable all their movements to be discovered by De Soulis and the two young warriors; and they, at the instigation of Mascawa, who seemed to have forgotten his late imputations on the good faith of the Frenchman, prepared to take advantage of the circumstance. Concealing themselves in the long grass which abounded along the acclivity, they approached silently the ambuscade which was being formed for the reception of the retiring Knisteneaux.

“Can the pale-face command his weapons of thunder to speak in the night time?” enquired Mascawa, in the ear of De Soulis, while they lay crouching along the ground in the immediate rear of the ambuscade.

“He can—and their voice is more terrible than when the light of the great spirit shines on the river,” replied Wasga, by whom the question had been heard. “Did Mascawa not hear the sound of Nita’s Pitheuseu, when the warriors of the tribe were in pursuit of Nita?”

“He did—but he thought the great medicine man of the Mohawks had stolen the thunder of the pale-faces to attempt to terrify the Knisteneaux warriors. He heard it but once, and why was this, if it belonged to the pale-face?” enquired Mascawa, still in doubt.

“Because Nita was too much hated by the friends of the

war-chief, to engage with their enemies," replied De Soulis, in a tone of asperity.

"And will the pale-face now lead the friends of the war-chief to victory over their enemies, with his weapons of thunder?" enquired Mascawa, in a subdued manner.

"For Ominee—and to convince them how unjust the red man has been to the stranger," replied De Soulis,—upon receiving which assurance, the young men prepared to approach nearer to where their enemies were concealed. They could now perceive the stragglers from the burning village approaching the line which had been formed for the ambush, along which they would drop into the long grass, and be no more seen.

"I hear the voice of the war-chief—he is leading back his warriors to die by the wigwams of his tribe—the pale-face can save him," whispered Mascawa, still doubtful of the fidelity of De Soulis.

"And will, for the sake of his daughter," replied the Frenchman, with the same pertinacious remembrance of the wrongs with which he had been visited.

The sounds of conflict now approached so near that De Soulis sprang to his feet with the intention of commencing that diversion in favor of the war-chief, which the difficulties of his situation demanded.

Ere he could unsling his carrabine from his shoulder, he was again seized by Wasga and Mascawa, and drawn down within the shelter of the long grass, and well for his safety that his ardor was in this way restrained, for an arrow sped sharply past his ear as he again betook himself to his shelter, which would have proved fatal to him, had it not been for the precaution of his companions. This missile had been discharged by some unseen bowman behind them, who had evidently been closely following them, and on this discovery being made, the two young Indians endeavored to evade the observation of the lurker, by withdrawing De Soulis to a clump of trees not far to one side of where they had taken their station. The precaution, however, came too late; and while they were in the act of creeping stealthily through the tangled furze to reach this spot, they heard the peculiar cry of alarm, usually given by the savages, proceeding from their rear, and at the same time they saw between them and the light of the burning village, the heads of four or five of their enemies raised above the herbage for an instant, and as quickly withdrawn, so that they had no reason to doubt that all their movements were being watched, and that their most imminent danger lay in that quarter. The cry had moreover excited the attention of those in front of them, and a movement took place by which a part of the line of the ambuscade was changed, and a portion of one of the flanks had been detached to sweep that part of

the field where they were concealed. The sounds of conflict from the wood were now more distinctly heard, and scattering bands of the Knisteneaux were soon seen flying from before their enemies, and bursting from parts of the wood into the cleared spaces on the brow of the acclivity. Cries of consternation were heard from them when they beheld their burning village, and they appeared thrown into inextricable confusion by an event so sudden and unlooked for. Presently a large body of men also appeared withdrawing from the wood, as if borne back by a superior force, and one look of De Soulis convinced him that this was the moment for him to lend his aid, if he wished to do any service to the father of Ominee against the enemies that were encompassing him on every side. This appeared also to be the opinion of Wasga and Mascawa, who immediately started to their feet, and commenced uttering a succession of the most fearful cries, at the same time that they set forward at full speed in the direction of their friends. De Soulis was left slightly behind by them while preparing his gun and pistols for immediate use, and ere he regained their side, they were flourishing their war-axes in the very centre of their enemies, who had now arisen as one man from their ambuscade, to meet this new force, which had surprised them into a betrayal of their position, before the party of the war-chief had come fairly within their grasp. Surrounded by numerous enemies, and borne back to the ground by the convulsive spring of a warrior who had been struck by the axe of Mascawa, the Frenchman had no time to use his fire-arms ere his enemies were driven from about him, and he found himself borne along by the living tide of men that surrounded the war-chief, down to the outskirts of the flaming village. Here a stand was attempted to be made in that singular manner adopted by the Indian while panic-stricken, and which consisted in surrounding their chief in a dense body, like the young of the partridge fleeing to the overshadowing wings of their natural guardian, against the impending swoop of the circling hawk.

The arrows of the Mohawks began now to do fearful execution in the solid mass of beings clustering around the war-chief, and De Soulis found many struck to death by their shafts, in his immediate vicinity, before he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to take any part in the contest with his fire-arms. In making his way out of the press of men by which he had been borne along, he unexpectedly came in contact with the war-chief, who was surrounded by the Big Buffalo, and other noted chiefs, whose reverence for his rank, and regard for his safety, prevented them from leaving his side for an instant, although their presence among their followers would have been a far more effectual mode of ensuring his safe retreat.

"The hound of the pale-faces!—has he come to mock those whose ruin his treachery has accomplished?" shouted the Big Buffalo, on observing him, and wielding over the head of the Frenchman an enormous war-club, already dyed with the blood of many of his foes. The hanger of De Soulis flashed one moment in the lurid light, as he threw himself back in a defensive posture, but he was prevented plunging his weapon into the exposed breast of the savage, by the interference of the war-chief.

"My brother-in-law comes in time to save his friend, and show himself a warrior. Why does he not terrify the enemies of the war-chief, by turning against them the lightning and thunder which he holds in his hand?" ejaculated the chief, in a deprecatory tone, confronting De Soulis, and glancing upon him with a look of intense anxiety and dread lest the Frenchman should refuse to lend them his assistance.

"For thy sake, and her already in their power, will Nita show the war-chief's enemies the way in which the pale-face wars," replied De Soulis, moving fast through the throng, followed by the war-chief, until he had regained the outside of the circle. Stepping a few paces forward until his form could be distinctly seen by the enemy in front, he discharged his carrabine directly at a crowd of them, while they were in the act of precipitating themselves upon him, and drawing his pistols, he rushed towards them, shouting the war-cry of the Knisteneaux, and letting off his pistols at intervals. The shock was instantaneous on the hostile band, among whom the flash and report of fire-arms, coupled with the deadly effect of the missiles propelled from them, could be accounted for in no way save by the direct agency of the Great Spirit,—although they had become partially accustomed to them in their communications with the English Colonists on the Atlantic. An interval of silence ensued on all sides, during which DeSoulis threw himself in the long grass, and re-loaded hastily his fire-arms. Again arising, he bounded towards the position occupied by the Mohawks, and at the echoing sound of his carabine, the whole mass arose in confusion and fled with cries of fear and astonishment to gain the shelter of the wood.

"Now, braves of the Knisteneaux, bring forth your women to pursue the plunderers of your homes—they at least will not dread the Mohawk slaves." cried De Soulis, in a voice to be heard by all, while he wielded his hanger above his head, and pointed towards the flying enemy. The band of Knisteneaux appeared equally subdued, by fear, with the Mohawks, and remained for a time immovable. At length all eyes were turned in the direction of De Soulis, towards whom had glided, unseen by any, the daughter of the war-chief, and took her station by his side.

“Thou here, Ominee!—I sought thee in vain, and deemed thee the captive of the Mohawks,” cried De Soulis, advancing to meet her with uncontrollable joy; but she repelled his advances, and with an eye flashing with excitement, glanced for an instant on the retreating enemy, and then on her own tribe, who remained inactive, notwithstanding the favorable opportunity afforded them for retaliating on their invaders. Hastily snatching one of the pistols of De Soulis from his girdle, she pointed it towards the Mohawks, and with a clear, sarcastic voice, cried—“On—on—Sagatahas and children—will ye allow the pale-face brave to do battle for ye alone?—shall he whom ye would have destroyed in your envy, be the sole protector of the Knisteneaux’ wives and daughters?”

The tones of her voice were distinctly heard by the band of warriors, and stung to action by her taunts, with one accord they set forward after the Mohawks, with such weapons as they then had, making their wild and frantic cries to echo and re-echo from bank to bank of the broad, placid river. In front of all dashed the Frenchman, closely followed by Wasga and Mascawa; but so widely spread had become the panic among the Mohawks, that with the exception of some few whose wounds prevented them making the same speed as their companions, in retiring to their canoes, very few of that warlike tribe, which from time immemorial had been the scourge of the Indians of Canada, fell victims in the pursuit.

PART IV.

On the morrow after the battle, a Council was called by the war-chief, for the purpose of deciding whether the encampment was to be broken up, and a movement made towards the country of the friendly tribes below. De Soulis had not been seen since his return from the pursuit on the previous evening. His lodge was vacant, and although the war-chief and the leading dignitaries of the tribe had sent out their runners in different directions, for the purpose of obtaining his attendance at their consultations, on account of the important services he had rendered to them, yet all had returned unsuccessful from the search, and the only information that could be obtained regarding his movements, was, that he had been seen standing on the strand of the island after their enemies had been beaten off, and that Wasga, his tried friend, had been discovered in a canoe, shortly afterwards, moving away in that direction.—Wasga was sitting in the council, but the canoe was still missing. On these facts becoming known, the war-chief interrogated the young warrior on the subject, but received none but

evasive replies. It was at length decided on that the tribe should repair down the river to the islands adjacent to the post of the Frenchmen, where their friends from the Ottawa could be informed of what had occurred, and be enabled to render them assistance should the Mohawks continue their incursions. The Big Buffalo still remained the inexorable enemy of De Soulis, and failed not to impute cowardice as the moving cause of his withdrawal at that time from them, but he had but few to encourage him in this course, so recent and important had been the services rendered by the pale-face.

The river was slightly rippled by the prevailing summer wind of the vale of the St. Lawrence, the soft and balmy south, or the "Sawena-woon-thoutine" of the red man; and gay and resplendent over the far looming waters shone the numerous fleet of canoes, constructed of white and yellow birchen bark, which the Knisteneaux war-chief led that morning towards their destination below. Deeply laden as were some of the barks with the numerous women and children of the tribe, yet so admirable was the construction of their canoes, (which continue now to be re-modelled after the same fashion as then, and will ever be so constructed in all probability, so long as a single red man remains to perpetuate, in this respect, the inimitable handicraft of his ancestors,) and so well accustomed were even the softer sex, and the very children, to their management, in which they all took a part, that they glided down the current with the velocity of the wind-scurd which played around and before them. On the evening of the day they arrived at the Ourana, the first of that cluster of islands at the head of the long rapids, and immediately opposite to the small island on which the station of the Frenchmen had been established, which they had designated by the title of "Isle Royale," a name which it preserved until General Amherst destroyed its fort, in 1759, after which the romantic and imaginative appellation of "Chimney Island" was conferred upon it, and by which it is now generally known. The first duty of the war-chief was to urge his canoe across the head-long current to Isle Royale, in quest of his friend, the Frenchman, to whom he had felt under still greater obligations, since the effective aid he had rendered him in his battle with the Mohawks. He was accompanied by Ominee, though with a reluctance which scarcely yielded to the urgent commands of her father; but on their arrival at the post, they found it uninhabited, and the main entrance to the rude stockade, surrounding the block-house, strongly chained and locked in the same way in which it had probably been left by De Soulis.

"The pale-face is not here—the war-chief is disappointed, and will return," said the chief, taking the direction of his canoe at the foot of the small island. Ominee remained after him for a brief period, and gazed with a look of anxiety at the

abode of her lover, unable to account for his absence, and fearful lest he had fallen into the hands of their dread enemies the Mohawks. While leaning against the stockade near the gateway, absorbed by those painful reflections, she was startled by a noise behind her, and on turning, she found herself suddenly seized by two powerful Indians, and instantly conveyed within the stockade, through an opening which had previously been made by the removal of one of the palisades. She was effectually prevented from giving the alarm to her father, by having a mantle cast over her head, and held closely by one of her captors, while she was being transported to the interior of the block-house. When the covering was removed from her face, she found herself in the midst of a numerous band of warriors, crouched for concealment on the basement story of the building, who set up a general murmur of satisfaction on her appearance, which was immediately stilled by the command of a tall warrior who exercised the influence of a chief among them, and who came forward to meet Ominee, with a waive of his hand to his subordinates to retire. After gazing upon her some few moments, with a smile of gratification, he at length spoke.

“The Knisteneaux maiden is welcome to the lodge of the Mohawk warrior. Mouswa will take her to his own country, when he chastises her tribe for holding alliance with the perfidious pale-face. She shall be the wife of Mouswa,” continued the chief, still regarding with admiration the surpassing beauty of the maiden.

Ominee looked affrighted around her with that confusion which the suddenness of her capture, and her fearful position amongst such enemies, would have inspired in the breast of the greatest warrior of her tribe. She scarcely heard the words addressed to her by the Mohawk warrior, and at length, when she came to understand his intentions towards her, the native pride and dignity of her lofty spirit came to her aid, despite the frowning countenances of those about her.

“The Knisteneaux daughters never wed the thieves of the snake land. The war-chief of the Knisteneaux will tread the serpent’s head under his feet, and the pale-face warrior will fright them, like the timid fawn, with the thunder and fire of his weapons of war,” she scornfully replied, turning away from him with a supreme disdain flashing from her angry eye, and speaking in every feature of her flushed countenance.

The chief’s attention was here diverted for a moment from her, by one of his followers who had entered the block-house from without, and communicated with him in a low tone, yet not without being overheard by Ominee. She glanced furtively around the room, and remarked the situation of the stair which led to the story above. With the flight of a bird she

bounded past the group of dark warriors on either side, and sped up the stair. Rushing to one of the narrow loop-holes which the French builders had left for their protection, in case of their being driven to a defence of their station, she shouted wildly to her father to make his escape, that the Mohawks were near him, and she in their power. She heard the rush of men from below, and the next moment she saw her father fleeing towards the foot of the island, he having returned to ascertain the reason of her delay, pursued by a number of his enemies with upraised tomahawks. Finding himself too closely beset to admit of his launching his canoe, the chief plunged into the water amid a flight of arrows, and was at once borne away by the current out of the sight of his pursuers, whose shouts of disappointment reached the Ourana island, where his tribe were encamped. Finding that their presence in the block-house had in this way become known, the Mohawk chief, Mouswa, immediately caused several canoes to be brought forth from within, and leading the way in one of them, he set out down the stream in pursuit of the chief, followed by such of the Mohawks as were nearest at hand, in the other canoes.

The war-chief allowed himself to float down with the stream until far beyond an arrow's flight, when rising to the surface, he shouted his defiance at the Mohawks, and echoed the war-cry of his tribe, until he had the satisfaction of perceiving all his friends fully aware of his situation, and launching their canoes to come to his aid. The Mohawks were, however, now on the water, and, owing to the set of the current, had much the advantage of them in the struggle to reach the war-chief. The war-chief soon became aware that the enemies with whom he had to contend were not likely easily to be thrown off, by any expedient he might adopt to prolong the time of his capture or death. One of the canoes forthwith came within bow-shot of him above, and perceiving the Mohawk warrior preparing to discharge an arrow at him, he again dived beneath the surface, but instead of following the stream downward, he endeavored to stem it with all his strength, that his enemies might pass below him, and thereby increase his chances of escape. When he again arose to the surface, he had the satisfaction of perceiving that his *ruse* had fully succeeded, and that the three canoes had passed below him so far, that he was for the time out of reach of their missiles. Exerting all his strength, with a strong arm he now directed his course across the swelling tide towards the northern shore. While this was transpiring, Ominee was left to herself in the upper part of the block-house, from whence she looked with trembling and agony upon the whole scene. The Mohawks had quite deserted the building, and were clustering upon the shore in the act of embarking in their canoes to rescue their chief from the strong

force threatening him from the Ourana. Ominee, on perceiving the expedient which her father had adopted, to evade the imminent danger which threatened him, began to entertain hopes that she herself might be enabled to effect her escape in the confusion which prevailed, and she accordingly glided lightly down the stair, and out of the open door, unperceived. Fearful of attracting attention, she avoided escaping from the palisade where the pickets had been withdrawn, and sought to effect her purpose on the opposite side. By the cross timbers which aided in the support of the line of defence, she gained the top with facility, and with the aid of her mantle, which she hastily fastened to the pointed upright posts, she descended to the ground unharmed. Great was her joy, in passing through a thicket of alders towards the southern shore of the island, in finding that her escape had been entirely unnoticed, and she there continued until the shouts of the Mohawks led her to believe that they had all embarked on the river. Pursuing her way to the lowermost point of the island, she gained a station where unseen she might observe all that was passing. The cries from the river continued, and on casting her eyes in the direction where she last saw her father, great was her joy in finding that one of the canoes, in which she was certain she recognised the forms of Mascawa and Wasga, had succeeded in picking up the war-chief, and was now turning towards the Ourana.

“Ah! the war-chief is no longer himself, thus to leave his daughter, with the Mohawks before him, on the river of his fathers,” sighed the maiden, when she saw them retiring; and higher still her indignation arose, when she also observed the whole of the Knisteneaux canoes turning from their enemies, and also making their way back to the Ourana. The Mohawks at the same moment raised a cry of derision, but contented themselves with this manifestation of their valor, instead of pursuing the war-chief's party back to their island, and entering into a strife where the victory would be more than doubtful, with double their own numbers against them. They also began to make their way back to the island which they had held, and Ominee had ample time to reflect on the course which she should pursue for her own safety, while they were toiling by slow degrees up the strong current which they had to encounter.

While she reflected on the certainty of her again falling into the hands of the Mohawks, through the indifference of her tribe to her fate, she could not but recall the image of the chivalrous Frenchman who had but a short period before saved herself and her father from this same enemy, and bitter were her feelings when she could not account for his absence in any other way, except through the ingratitude with which all his services and hazards on her account had been met.

"Were Nita here, the daughter of the Knisteneaux war-chief would not want a defender in her hour of danger," she murmured, as the foremost canoes of the Mohawks had regained the eddy below, and were now leisurely approaching. While the words were being uttered, she turned her head, and there before her, crouching in the same thicket in which she herself was concealed, she saw the form of De Soulis, his whole attention seemingly directed towards the approaching enemy.— In an instant she had arisen and fled to him with a cry of joy that was heard by the advancing enemy.

"Ominee ! and in this place !" cried the Frenchman, starting to his feet, and receiving her in his arms, as she almost fell to the ground in the tumult of her emotions on seeing him, and knowing that where he was, there would there be safety for her, so long as life remained to him. Ere she could explain to him the particulars of what had occurred to her, the Mohawks had approached so near as to render any further stay in their then exposed situation, to the last degree unsafe ; and Ominee, after casting a glance at the approaching canoes, turned with a look of anxiety on her lover, and remained silent.

"The daughter of the war-chief would know what Nita is to do? Has she not confidence in him to extricate her from this danger?" enquired he, regarding her calmly, and without any show of uneasiness or excitement in his lineaments.

"The war chief's daughter will share the fate of Nita, whatever it may be," replied the maiden, hesitatingly.

"And that fate shall yet be a happy one, Ominee, despite the Mohawks, or his enemies among your own kindred," said De Soulis, looking once more out on the advancing canoes, some of which were on the point of landing, and after having waited until their intention again to occupy the block-house became evident, he took the hand of Ominee and withdrew her still further into the thicket, until they came to a spot where the interwoven branches became to all appearance, impenetrable. Skirting this *chevaux de frize* to the left, they at length came to a large rock, behind which the brushwood and briars offered an effective screen to a trap-door, covered with drift-wood and gravel, which De Soulis proceeded at once to raise, and down which he passed with Ominee, suffering it to fall and regain its place so soon as they had entered the narrow cavern beneath. The passage had been in part formed by nature, and partly by art,—a range of rocks which followed the embankment of the river, being on one side, and through the interstices of which, a view could be gained of the eastern shore, and the broad belt of water between ; but the Mohawks were advancing on the other side of the island, and De Soulis possessed no means of ascertaining their movements from his place of concealment.

“The Mohawks will discover the cave of Nita—they are even now on his trail in the thicket, and will soon be upon him. The war-chief’s daughter does not see him armed with his weapons of war,” said Ominee, evidently placing more confidence in the fire-arms of the pale face, than his capacity of outwitting the Indian by any attempt at concealment.—De Soulis, in listening intently, became aware, that what the maiden had stated was too true, for he could distinctly hear the stealthy feet of his enemies over head, and had no doubt of their being enabled to discover his retreat, did not the evening prevent them, which was now drawing to a close. He therefore took the hand of Ominee, and hurried her along the covered way until they arrived at a large apartment which appeared to her to be directly under the block house. The tread of numerous feet shortly afterwards on the floor above, convinced her that this was the case, and it became evident to her that this was a secret passage of escape prepared by the adventurers at the time of the erection of the building, of which the pale-face had availed himself for her protection. The warriors seemed now to be assembling above, and with a strong reliance on the valor of her lover, and the efficacy of his terrible war-implements, Ominee could not but shudder at the awful proximity of such an overwhelming force of infuriated enemies, and gave evidence of her dread by grasping more closely the hand which she held. De Soulis re-assured her in every way in his power, but at the same time kept his attention momentarily directed to the passage through which they had come, as the point from whence the greatest danger was to be anticipated. Ere long, however, he became convinced that the search had been discontinued, and he then applied himself to the task of ascertaining the designs of the enemy. He learned from the directions of the leading chief, which he managed to overhear, that it was their intention to hold the block house until reinforced by their friends from above, and it became evident to him from this, that they formed no part of the force which had been dispersed at the Knisteneaux village, and were not aware of the retreat of that body. Shaping his plans accordingly, at the nightfall, he imparted to Ominee his intention of endeavoring to communicate with her father.—She would have accompanied him, but he urged upon her the necessity of her remaining concealed, lest their movements should be discovered; and leading her to the extremity of the passage where all sound of their terrible enemy might be shut out, he again re-assured her of his speedy return, and immediately proceeded to raise the trap, and took his departure.—Ominee had become aware of his having now assumed his war-weapons, so dreadful to the Mohawks, and had no doubt of his ability fully to protect himself against any of their attacks. She remained seated at one of the apertures between

the rocks, which formed one side of the cavern, intently watching the moon as it arose above the trees of the distant forest, and began to shed its silver sparkles over the intervening water, when her attention was at once fixed upon the figure of a man which passed before the broad belt of light, and the place she occupied, who was evidently making his way with great caution from the lower end of the island towards the stockade. Continuing to regard the spot he occupied with intense interest, she saw him joined by another figure, and again by another, and by a fourth and a fifth. Her feelings now became intensely excited with doubts and misgivings as to her own safety, and that of De Soulis, having every reason to believe that the Mohawks were still abroad, and probably in search of her, knowing her to be still on the island. To relieve her mind from the agonised emotions which oppressed her to the earth, she arose, and made her way silently towards the vault underneath the block-house. She had scarcely had time to seat herself on a block of timber, and to recover herself slightly from the strange terror that had seized upon her, when she became aware that she was not alone in the dismal chamber. She distinctly heard the footsteps of more than one person on the rocky floor, betrayed by the grinding of the gravelly particles beneath their tread, though she could readily ascertain that they were aiming at secrecy and silence. She sat without the power of motion, expecting every moment again to fall into the hands of the ruthless chief from whom she had escaped, when, how great was her astonishment to hear her name syllabled in a low tone, but yet in the well remembered accents of her lover. Starting forward, she threw herself upon the ground, in the wild delirium of her joy, from whence she was immediately raised by De Soulis, who hurriedly explained to her that the vault was then being occupied by her tribe, whom he had encountered on the river, intent on making a night attack on the position of the Mohawks, and that he had returned with them.

"My father! where is he?" enquired she hastily.

"The war-chief is by the side of his daughter, for whose rescue he has come, and to punish the Mohawks, as he before has done," replied that magniloquent worthy, approaching his daughter, and receiving her caresses, while he held in either hand a tomahawk and tremendous war-club.

"And is it here that the war-chief intends to meet his enemies?" enquired she, regaining her wonted presence of mind, and anxious for the fame of her father.

"The Mohawks are rats—and in this way must they be encountered, that none of them may escape," replied the chief, when De Soulis enjoined silence upon him, and straightway proceeded to conduct Ominee out from the vault to the cavern

at the end of the covered-way, and finally left her there, after communicating with Wasga, who had remained at the trap, and who at once repaired through it to the open air, to convey the commands which he had received to those who were beleaguering the station without.

In the hurried movements of De Soulis, Ominee could perceive that he was highly excited, and partaking in the feelings which the eve of a struggle, so desperate as theirs would probably be, could not but induce,—she remained only a few moments in the cavern, and then hastily returned unperceived to the door of the vault, in which were congregated the leading warriors of the tribe. She now saw plainly, by the aid of a *flambeau* of pine which De Soulis held in his hand, that the warriors were clearing away the refuse from a passage which led directly to the story above. When this had been accomplished, they remained silent for a time, until the signal appeared to have been given for the attack from without. Deep under the surface as the passage was, the maiden could yet hear the reverberations of war-cries in all quarters above her, and the instantaneous rush and shouts of men in the room over head. At this moment De Soulis was standing on the steps of the passage, holding the *flambeau*, when she saw him felled to the ground by a blow from behind, and his light extinguished in the fall. This appeared to be no impediment to the course of the war-chief and his party, who, with one simultaneous shout, made their way with headlong speed upward into the room above, through the trap which had been left for the purpose of communication. Ominee saw no more, but faltering forward, she threw herself upon the body of her lover, and became insensible to all further occurrences on that hideous night.

P A R T V.

“ This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved, or him he slew.”

Morning on the St. Lawrence ! A morn in summer on the mighty Cadaracqui ! The brimming waters shone gladly beneath the crimson flashes of the full red sun, which ever shines with redoubled lustre when coming up above the distant mountains of the Horoon, and the dewy waving tree-tops, to shimmer his gladsome freckles around the crisping eddies of l'Isle Royale,—the south wind came, as it now fans the cheek of the solitary fisher, anchored in his light *chaloupe*, behind the point of the Ourana,—the sweet sky of the Mediterranean was above, and the green, deep forest around, and all was joy and repose.

From the sloping beach of *l'Isle Royale*, a light canoe is thrust out upon the foaming river, in which are two beings with light hearts, and joyous countenances, one of whom seizes the paddle, and gracefully commences urging the bark against the stream; the other is seated in the bow with her face turned towards her companion, dimpling all over with smiles, while the air rings with her joyous laugh at his efforts to conquer the swift flowing tide.

"Take care, Ferdinand! you will drown your young wife, and then we will have nothing but sighs, and the discharging of pistols at a head in which it would be a good shot to find any brains. Ah! Ferdinand—you had better give the paddle to your wife—you know she saved you from the *Matchi Monedo* before. Ah! Ferdinand—Ferdinand," cried a wild young man from the shore, who, with a number of his companions, stood laughing at the efforts of him in the canoe.

De Soulis, for it was he, replied in a bantering tone, still continuing his exertions until he had gained the smooth water above, when he arose in his canoe and swung his plumed hat in triumph towards his companions, his wife laughing immoderately the while.

"Ah! Ferdinand—Ferdinand—give my love to your father-in-law, and tell him I want him to get me a wife who will save my life from the *Matchi Monedo*. Ah! Ferdinand—the *Big Buffalo* will be on your trail—take care of the *Mohawks* on the *Fishing Islands*, Ferdinand," continued the young adventurer, from the shore, amidst the laughter of his companions.

De Soulis remained joyous under the jibes of his comrade, but at the mention of the *Big Buffalo*, all the hilarity of his companion disappeared.

"You smile no longer, *Ominee*, why so suddenly changed?" enquired De Soulis of his wife, when he had again taken his seat, and was quietly urging along his canoe up the centre of the stream.

"*Nita* is aware that the name of the *Big Buffalo* is disagreeable to *Ominee*, since the night he aimed his war-club at *Nita*, when about to aid her father in vanquishing the *Mohawks*," replied the daughter of the war-chief.

"He is a dog whom I will spurn the first opportunity, *Ominee*, for the foul blow he gave me; yet, why think of him now when we are moving upward to the great feast of the war-chief, where all are expected to bring joy?" returned De Soulis, cheerfully.

"The war-chief's daughter misdoubts him still, and dreads his enmity," she replied musingly.

"When *Nita* left the *Fishing Islands*, after the defeat of the *Mohawks*, in anger at the treatment he had received, he grieved less at parting even from *Ominee*, than in leaving

without having first inflicted punishment on the treacherous chief; and when he found his lodge at l'Isle Royale in the occupation of the Mohawks, he felt it less contaminated by such enemies, than afterwards by his presence, on the night when the war-chief attacked and slew them. The blow he then gave Nita must yet be atoned for, but this ought not to be a subject of sorrow with the war-chief's daughter," replied he.

"The wife of Nita has no feeling but for his safety. The treacherous chief is separated from her tribe by her father's command—he is seen often on the river, and may yet work evil to Nita," she continued.

"Ha! Nita will rejoice to meet him, and would go far to gain the opportunity," said De Soulis, with a slight frown, but changing the subject, he again became merry and light-hearted, gradually leading the mind of Ominee away to the theme of their intended visit to the home of her tribe among the islands, and to the expected gala days there to be enjoyed, until all sign of care and uneasiness was banished from her countenance. De Soulis was dressed in the gay, fanciful attire of the Indians, whose mode of life he had partially adopted, and on this day one of his companions had playfully suspended from his neck, with other ornaments, one of those small silver-cased mirrors such as he had worn on his first appearance at the Knisteneaux village. Continuing to converse with Ominee, he had now succeeded in reaching that part of the river opposite the first of the Thousand Islands, and over against the rocky parapet on the northern shore. At the suggestion of Ominee, he made for these rocks that she might obtain some flowers which hung drooping from the crevices in extraordinary luxuriance. While urging along his canoe at their base, he was startled by a scream from Ominee, whose eyes were directed above, and on looking upward, he saw the form of the Big Buffalo poised beside a tree which grew in the interstices. The malignant chief next bounded to the top of the height, and drawing an arrow from his belt, he, with the quickness of thought, discharged it full at the breast of the Frenchman. The dart struck De Soulis, but the silver mirror which had been the origin of all the deadly animosity of the chief, warded off the heavy flint point, through the intervention of which his life was saved, although his arm was wounded as the missile glanced away. De Soulis had sufficient presence of mind to raise his gun ere the chief could discharge another arrow, and his life was again saved in this way in all probability, for his assailant, upon seeing his fire-arms, immediately retired beyond view, with a cry of fierce rancor and disappointment.

Ominee had now assumed a paddle and shot the canoe away from the rocks, so as to be beyond the reach of the savage's

weapons, and De Soulis, after reflecting a moment, and bridling his feelings with a strong effort, again began to urge his bark against the current. The cheek of his wife wore a deadly pallor, and she leaned her head on the side of the canoe for support. After gaining a few hundred yards, De Soulis again approached the shore, and when within reach, he swung the bow out into the stream, and leaped upon the strand with his carabine.

"The wife of Nita will remain," he muttered between his clenched teeth, and strode into the wood.

In a brief space, the war-chief's daughter heard the report of fire-arms on the brow of the height below—then the suppressed shouts of men came to her ear, as when engaged in mortal conflict—but soon all was still.

A sickness of the heart came over her, and her head drooped upon her bosom. "Nita!" her lips feebly uttered, and then all consciousness left her. When next she revived, the soft winds of summer were fanning her cheeks out upon the waters, and De Soulis was whispering in her ear the soft accents of his early love. Bathing her forehead and neck in the bright sparkling water, he continued to soothe her until she had entirely recovered,—he then resumed his seat in the stern, and commenced singing her a *chansonnette* which had become a favorite with her. His countenance wore a slight expression of sternness, but his manner was gay and sprightly as in the morning.

Gradually Ominee recovered her composure, and without once referring to the frightful scene which had occurred, they arrived in due time safely at the Fishing Islands, and were received by the whole village with those demonstrations of joy and rejoicing which were the rightful meed of an Indian princess, and the pale-faced gallant whom she had condescended to wed. The war-chief gave his grand feast, and was even prevailed upon by his son-in-law, and brother-in-law, (for he still persisted in so entitling him,) to discharge his prize carabine more than once, in honor of the occasion—a feat which he had no doubt would soon be known in the Mohawk country, to the great terror of all those Mohawks whom he did not kill at l'Isle Royale, in his last grand onslaught and unequalled victory.

The incident which occurred to De Soulis at the pictured rocks, never transpired; but some few days afterwards, some of the hunters of the tribe pursued their game in that direction. They found the body of the Big Buffalo propped up erect on the verge of the cliff, with a bow in his hand, and what astonished them more than all, with a silver chain around his neck, and a small arrow, broken and indented, suspended on his breast. Lifting up this bauble, they found a slight perforation beneath in the breast of the chief, from which the

blood had oozed and become coagulated. His skull had also been cloven, apparently by the blow of a heavy knife.

His death was laid at the door of Nita, but none, save the wife of the pale-face, was there to testify, and with her the secret remained locked up for ever. The war-chief possessed himself of the chain and broken mirror, and vowed to visit the death of his stout retainer on the heads of all the Mohawks whom he should encounter, and so the tragedy was forgotten, save by the slain warrior's kindred. They, at stated periods, perpetuated the remembrance of his valor, and of his untimely death, by those rude memorials on the wave-washed rock beneath. The hands of his descendants, or of beings from the spirit land, still continue to retouch them from year to year, and so they remain fadeless and undying.

The Runner of the Woods received a pension from the French King, for wedding the Indian Princess, and held high court at l'Isle Royale, up to the times of *le grand Monarque*.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

- "Father, thy long-lost, wandering son
Before thy face appears,
And wilt thou turn away from one
Who pleads his cause in tears?
On bended knees do I implore
Thy pardon—give it me—
Oh, give it, and I'll sin no more
Against my God, or thee.
- "Ah! say not, that I've lost thy love,
Tho' I have earned thy hate—
There's mercy still in heaven above—
No, we can't sue too late.
My follies, if thou shalt forgive,
A lasting change thou'lt see—
Oh, take me back, and I will live,
Obedient will I be."
- "My son, thou'rt welcome to thy home;
And I've not ceased to mourn,
That thou could'st be the fool to roam,
Or would'st not thus return.
Go ye, my servants all—away!
And let the calf be slain—
High festival we'll hold to-day,
For I've my child again."
- "What gracious words are these that come
To cheer my woe-worn heart?—
"My son, thou'rt welcome to thy home!"—
Father, how good thou art!
- Altho' to kick against thy will,
And fly thy roof was mine,
With open arms thou hail'st me still,
And kindly call'st me—thine.
- "I hardly hoped thou would'st relent,
Or pardon one so base;
Now do I see, that to repent
Was to obtain thy grace.
Nay, more—thou giv'st thyself to joy
Within thy banquet-hall,
And merry mak'st the day that I
Return—the spurned of all.
- "Friends, while I had the means to spend,
To me were many bound;
But when those means were at an end,
One friend could not be found.
The hand, that I was wont to get,
Was given to me no more;
And frowns—repulsive frowns I met,
Where smiles had beamed before."
- "My son, thou know'st what all have
That felt the shaft of need—
Who trusts in Friendship's strength will
He leant upon a reed.
But if thy friends have looked with scorn,
When thou to them did'st flee.
Rejoice, my boy! thou'rt newly born
To heaven, thyself, and me.

 THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

 THE PUBLISHER TO HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH this Number, the First Volume of the "Canadian Magazine" ends.—Whether the Magazine has terminated its career or not, depends upon the wishes and good will of its supporters. It was commenced under the idea, that a vehicle for literary communications, of a nature different to those which find publicity in the columns of a newspaper, was wanted in Canada; and it was continued until the close of the year, because a pledge was given to those Subscribers who paid for the work in advance, that it would be so continued, whether adequately supported by the public or not. The publisher regrets to add, that in a pecuniary point of view, the "Canadian Magazine" is a failure; that is to say, the amount of subscriptions received has not equalled the amount of expenditure for labor and materials alone, to say nothing of what ought to be paid for literary assistance. The number of Subscribers to this Magazine is somewhat less than four hundred; while an edition of one thousand has been worked off. Consequently, six hundred copies remain unsold and are on hand. Now, as the Publisher has every wish that his Magazine should remain in the land of the living, he is naturally anxious to do all in his power to forward so desirable an object; and he therefore hereby undertakes to forward, free of expense, to all new Subscribers, the First Volume complete; and to all old Subscribers, such numbers of the first volume, as may be lost or damaged, that their sets may be completed. At the same time, he is imperatively compelled to state, that Ten Shillings, per annum, is too small a sum to cover the necessary expenditure; and that if continued, the price of "Barker's Canadian Monthly Magazine" in future must be Fifteen Shillings a year. And as some counterpoise to this increase in price, the Publisher pledges himself to increase the pages of letter press to 64, and to work off the entire edition on fine paper.

Having said so much, the Publisher earnestly entreats all and every one of his present Subscribers to furnish him, as soon as possible, with their determination to continue or relinquish their subscription; and this can be done by post or otherwise, as the parties may deem fit; bearing in mind, that if unaccompanied by a remittance, unpaid letters are but ill received. He himself will not be idle in the matter, and will spare no pains in placing the merits of his publication fairly before the public.

Should the publication be resumed, the First number of Volume the Second will be issued in July next.

 THE EDITOR TO HIS CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor of the "Canadian Magazine" cannot close the labors of the year, without expressing publicly his sense of the obligations he lies under to his numerous and able Contributors, for the valuable aid by them afforded. To "Cinna," "Gore," "the Conservative," "the Reformer," and the authors of "Altham," and "Extracts from a Journal," he is more particularly indebted, for their labors to promote the prosperity of his Magazine have been unwearying. He regrets he has nothing but thanks to offer them, but those thanks are sincere.

HOTEL.

RASCO'S,

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.

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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 recherche Drawing Room.

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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

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And in this particular, it is confidently expected that DALEY 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 charge.

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 remark that Rasco's Hotel is now under totally different management.
October, 1846.