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BARKER'S CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. KINGSTON, NOVEMBER, 1846. No. 7.

“Fovendo doctrina viget.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Extracts from a Journal of 1843 and 1844.....	333
Hunting Song.....	344
Altham—a Tale, (by John S. Cumming, Esq.).....	345
The Kankra—a Tale of the Indian Border, (by Cinna).....	371
The Commercial Report for November.....	386

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BARKER'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. KINGSTON, NOVEMBER, 1846. No. 7.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 & 1844.*

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—You, no doubt, considered my last a heavy infliction, but I was really driven to it in order to expose the injustice of such hasty and uncalled for condemnation, as I there attempted to refute,—my further desire was to exhibit the facilities with which strangers may make erroneous impressions; and I also meant to shew, that because religion is left, in this country, to struggle through, unaided by the State, an ill-natured, ignorant person might have cried out—“Christianity is uncared for in the United States,” and the Americans are an irreligious people.

How false and unjust such an accusation would have been, I shall now endeavor, briefly, to make manifest. In this country, as I said before, the support of religion is left to the voluntary contributions of individuals, and yet religion, so far as I have seen, is cared for,—a comparison between large cities, in this country and Europe, would, by no means, result to the disadvantage of the United States. To me it has afforded unmixed pleasure to witness, on Sundays, the throngs of persons directing their footsteps to the sacred edifices, and seldom late.

I can freely assert, that in Saratoga, the Hotel where I lodged, having nearly three hundred boarders, appeared entirely deserted during the hour of divine service, and, as I said before, every evening at nine o'clock, prayers were read in the dining room, in the most devout manner, for those who chose to attend.

It should be recollected “that in our young country,” the population is thinly scattered; their means also, when first commencing a settlement, are scanty, and great allowance is to be made for the numerous difficulties which are incurred at the outset. I believe there are few instances, *after a reason-*

* Continued from the October Number, page 291.

able time, of new settlements being without places of worship of some kind, and travelling Missionaries are to be found more numerous, and more zealous, than could well be expected under such a system.

There are upwards of fifteen hundred clergymen in this country, many of them not resident in any particular place, and I have no doubt they perform their important duties creditably to themselves and beneficially to the persons whom they have in charge. They are highly respected, are supported, except in the State of New York, by the people, and, so far as I have heard, the charge for their provision is not felt as a burden. The Minister is the privileged one of the great human family which inhabits this vast portion of the Globe. Besides the system I have alluded to, there are various religious societies in this country, the yearly receipts of which amount to about five hundred thousand dollars.

Julia says, "I do not give you any account of the party politics advocated by the newspapers I have been writing about, and for a sufficient reason, I cannot." Wonderful diffidence, after attempting to decide questions on almost every important subject. "It is so difficult to understand the state of parties here, (England) and what are the points and the substances on which they differ:—Tories, Conservatives, Whigs, Whig-Radicals, Chartists, Agricultural, Free Trade, High Church, Higher Church, Low Church, Lower Church, Dissenting, and I know not what."

Change's wonders seem to me very plain English. I shall endeavor to explain the meaning—talking of meanings reminds me—I was excessively amused the other day by seeing in one of the the daily papers an advertisement of Webster's Dictionary—a highly valuable work—in which advertisement we are told, by way of recommendation, "That even the arrogant English themselves could not write a book without having recourse to it." Oh! ye shades of Bolinbroke, Addison, Swift, Pope, Milton, Chesterfield, Montague, what were ye laboring at, by the nightly lamp, and the glare of day, to produce a book? Ye have all failed, for not one word is there which Mr. Webster has since invented. How much better to have said, that the arrogant English, being very Whiggish, and fond of change, have adopted a great many of the new words, very unnecessarily, from this lauded work.

But to resume, for Julia's edification—"Tory" is unhappily extinct. "Whig" means give away a good deal of the Constitution, but keep a little in order that they may ask for more; in the Colonies yield the Prerogative of the Crown, when not even asked for, to the Legislative Assembly, in order that the Colonial Minister, or his under Secretary, may not be too much troubled and importuned. "Whig-Radical" means give a!!, root and branch, and make a job of it. "Chartist" means

give us what we are told by our leaders is *the charter*, and it will bring work, grow potatoes, and furnish two Sunday suits for every man, woman and child of us. "Agricultural" means don't tax heavily for our land, to save the poor from burdens, to support the state, without giving us a light and carefully graduated scale of protection. "Free Trade" means take away all protection. True, we have reached our present height under it—free trade exists no where else, never mind, we are more enlightened than our forefathers,—a fig for Pitt, and Fox, and Liverpool, and Castlereagh,—who cares, wait no trial—dash along—go straight ahead, and fall into the slough at the end, without chance of redemption. "The Church" I give no account of, because, like the amiable Julia, "I cannot."

There appears to be but two prominent parties here—Whig and Democrat. The former being desirous of keeping some check upon the popular will—the latter, of carrying self government to its utmost extent, by universal suffrage.

The author of "Change, &c. &c." says, "I think I have better opportunities to observe the English; for my European education, and my abode in this country, have rendered me, to all appearance, insular."

One would suppose her education must be English, instead of European, for she never could have been, what we call, abroad; or, she must have sighed away her existence, she has so much sensibility, at the poverty, wretchedness, and misery there. As to "her appearance being insular,"—What does she mean by that? Does she look like a small island, or a large one, or is she a nondescript? Perhaps, Jack, she too was a mother and nurse of all natur', which made her look so queer. That is it, no doubt, Frank.—Adieu.

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I suppose I shall have to cut stick, for the cry here is yellow fever. In my opinion, there is no real ground for the report, which may have arisen from the prevalence of some of the ordinary summer fevers, frequently occurring in hot climates.

Julia says, "during one season I was told the fever wards in the Hospitals were insufficient for the number of patients, and the unhappy wretches might spread the infection through their close pent neighborhood. There is a talk of new hospitals: were the deprivation told of Jamaica, how soon would London be called upon to wipe off the stigma of humanity?"

New York, a patriot in distress—an elderly man, named Holly Green, a resident of West Chester, known as an *active veteran* among the American troops, at the memorable battles of Lundy's Lane, Chipawa, and Buffalo, made application to the upper police-office yesterday for *shelter* from the storm, and *food*

to nourish his starving body. He stated, that he had applied at the *Alms House* for aid, but being a resident of West Chester, the rules of the institution prevented him from being received. He was taken care of by the humane *keeper*, and will be sent back by him to his county. Truly may we exclaim—"Republics are ungrateful."

"Were the deprivation told" of Ireland, how soon would New York have conventions "to wipe off the stigma of humanity."

There are nearly an hundred hospitals in London, and it appears "a talk of more," attention therefore has been paid to persons likely to suffer in any way according to the dispensations of Providence, without poor feverish Julia being the least concerned. "In the winter of '37, fever was unusually severe in Spitalfields—an alarm being thereby given, the Commissioners under the Poor Law, considered it their duty to send thither Dr. Arnot, Dr. Smith, and Dr. Kay, to enquire into the cause of the disease." These accomplished physicians, in their report of May, '38, declared the chief causes to be bad draining, and bad ventilation. Their report was laid before Parliament by the Home Secretary; and referred to a Committee of the House of Commons, who would attend to a petition of chimney sweeps,—by the way, Frank, did you ever meet in your *extensive* reading, with a petition of the negro slaves to Congress? Never. Well, they did send a petition—it was kicked out of doors, and it was resolved—"That Niggers had no right to petition." In the most free and enlightened country in the world—was not that cruel, Frank?—uncommon.

It would appear, from the patients in Spitalfields having been attended to, and from *the action* taken upon it, as they say here, that the proper authorities were not wholly inattentive to the sanitary condition of the laboring classes. There are ten thousand lanes and alleys in the City of London—so called in contradistinction to West End—it is therefore a matter of wonder that it is so healthy, and it proves not only the excellence of the climate, but that some care is given to ventilation and draining.

But does not every person know how difficult it is to prevent inattention to salutary measures among the poorer classes, until sickness arrives; in every small family, it must be felt.—What system could be adopted to prevent reckless and improvident persons from letting in air when it should be kept out, and keeping it in when ventilation is required. It should be recollected that the population of London is very nearly two millions—to keep such a population in order, is not quite so easy as dashing off an ill-natured paragraph. I shall make it my business, now that it is said fever may prevail here, to see in what manner Five Points, and Anthony-street, are put in preparation to prevent infection, and if I do not find them

swept perfectly clean, delightfully aired, and properly drained, I shall cry out "the stigma of humanity," and shall hint to the Corporation, the advantage of making Julia the Matron of that "bitter bad" place, lest the "unhappy wretches should spread the infection through their close pent neighborhood."

How easy would it be to deceive the public by a long tirade about the impropriety of wasting water, and of illuminating fountains, "and the scena," and the "swelling vesis of the purse-proud citizens," while the same expenditure would convey water to the poor, gratuitously, would ventilate their houses, and would cool their fevers. Bah! it is all rhodomontade.

When talking of our constitution, *the people* laugh at the idea of the Sovereign being supposed to do no wrong. I tell them it is a necessary fiction to prevent the embarrassment of impeaching His or Her Majesty. They would find it rather awkward here to do so, should King John Tyler desire to send an embassy to King Dan O'Connell. I say, that Ministers are more tangible stuff, and the responsibility sharpens their wits in the conduct of their offices. Besides, I tell them, all in good humor—you know, Frank—in course, Jack,—that they have got a mighty great fiction in their constitution, which leaves nothing but its absurdity and its impracticability behind it—that is, "all men are free and equal,"—the freedom I leave to the nullifiers, the Dorrists, the Mormons, the anti-renters, the repudiators, the slave holders and sellers of slaves, they all have made free, in their way, without much scruple.

The equality is in no country more decidedly contradicted, than in this very republic. In France, in the time of Louis the eighteenth, when I was a mere boy,—haw, haw, haw,—hold your tongue, Frank, you put me out,—I cannot say the precise day of the year, nor in what year,—I saw a Corporal of the Guards dancing at the Tivoli Gardens, in the same quadrille with a Dutchess. In Germany, soldiers walk in the same promenade with their Sovereign.

But do not believe one word you hear about equality in this country—no where are old families more valued. The laws prevent their establishing an aristocracy, but the taste is for the distinguished person who shone before themselves.

No where are persons more valued, for titles really valueless with us—the whole population will, in time, be Colonels and Generals; and why should it not be?—if they would only admit that they like distinction, that having acquired it, they carry it even to the breakfast table, in full uniform—put it on not for *parade*, but to be admired, for that very honor which they blame others for exhibiting much more modestly.

Can any man of reflection, suppose it will ever be otherwise?—the superiority of intellect which nature has given to some over others, must always prevail. Intelligence produces

wealth and elevated station—wealth produces a desire for ease, and that desire produces subordinates, who labor for the wealthy, and are considered inferior to the employer.

It is a short summary all over the world, and there is little probability that nature will change her course.

In Park-lane, London, when routes are given by the wealthy and the noble, you see in the street, below the unpretending edifice, for they are plain looking residences, crowds of the populace gazing through the open windows at the festivities, and upon the luxuriously dressed fashionables who are set down from the sumptuous carriages at the steps of the brilliantly lighted hall,—the poor souls never walk in, fancying themselves invited. So it is here—soirees, as they like to term them, from the French, prevail abundantly—the unwashed look on and admire.

When a ball is given at the United States Hotel, or Congress Hall, in Saratoga, the galleries or balconies, or piazzas, for I do not know which to call them, the French and Grecian always prevailing,—are crowded with the most respectable of the mechanics and merchants, and other citizens, but they are not free to go in, more than in London; they could not even procure the ticket for the dollars, without the proper costume,—where then is all the boasting of freedom and equality—it dont amount to much, does it, Frank!—not a hap'orth, Jack.

One great danger to the interests of this country, is the desire of the people for extension—with territory far greater than can be occupied, they desire to seize upon more—they talk of the grasping disposition of England—I fear “our young country” is a chip of the old block. The late Dr. Channing, in a letter to Mr. Clay, says—“The United States have not been just to Mexico—our citizens did not steal singly, silently, into their land. Their purpose of dismembering Mexico and attaching her distant Province to this country, was not wrapt in mystery. Are we willing to take our place among the robber States? As a people, have we no self respect? Have we no reverence for national morality? Have we no feelings of responsibility to other nations, and to Him by whom the fates of nations are disposed?” and further, “Some crimes by their magnitude, have a touch of the sublime, and to this dignity, the seizure of Texas, by our citizens, is entitled.—Modern times furnish no example of individual rapine on so large a scale—it is nothing less than the robbery of a realm!”

So it is with Oregon—there the citizens of “our young country” are quietly possessing themselves of the land to which we have a just claim, and are petitioning to have forts built beyond the rocky mountains. They may, however, be assured, that should so great a calamity as war occur, it will be carried on nearer home—forts along their frontier will be more needed; and instead of wandering into unknown regions,

from such a favored land, how much better to encourage the occupation of wastes nearer home, and from which profitable returns, might at present be easily made. Mr. Clay, in one of his speeches, says of the public lands—"As to their extent, there is enough to found an empire. Stretching across the immense continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Western Lakes,—the quantity, according to official surveys and estimates, amounts to the prodigious sum of one billion and eighty millions of acres;—assuming last year as a standard, it would require three hundred years to dispose of them." The shores of the Pacific may therefore well be left for the pioneering of future generations;—the present should be content with fairly ascertaining their just right to them, which would not afterwards be interfered with.

Julia does not delight in "bewigged and gowned judges and lawyers,"—by the way, I could give you a chapter on those *heads*,—hold, Jack? pray dont, lawyers, they say, are ticklish things—I never have anything to do with them, so pray dont you. Why you know I came here about law matters. So you did,—well take my advice, praise them all—say they are all honest—that they pay over all monies—deceive nobody,—never make the worse appear the better cause, and always tell the truth.

If I had a legacy left me, and there was a flaw in the will, I wouldn't go to law. If I had an estate bequeathed me, and it was disputed, I wouldn't go to law. If I had—now dont put yourself in a passion, Frank,—there is not the least danger of any body's leaving you anything.—Adieu.

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—The self satisfied author of "Change, &c. &c.," says, "until I had been some time in England," which, by the way, *I dont believe*, "I did not know what abundant reason an American has to be proud of the institutions of *his* country." Then *she* should have had a popular meeting, a *mass convention*, in England, and have gone down on *her* knees, and thanked them for those same institutions, which America derived from *their* ancestors.—the better part of the whole code, constitution, laws, &c. &c., is taken from England—the decisions of "the bewigged" judges are still quoted here, and Julia, as juriconsult, will fail, unless she can prove that the interpolations of loco focoism, the retention of slavery, repudiation, nullification, *Dorrism*, *mobism*, annexation, and anti-rent, are improvements. It is usual with most prudent persons, masculine and feminine, to avoid the proud boast, and not value themselves for what has not undergone a complete trial. When residing among a people, "sometime," Julia

should have recollected that their institutions had lasted a thousand years, variously modified and improved—as those which she lauds have existed not sixty years, there is something rather too vainglorious in talking of what they have *borrowed* as being matter of pride, and what they have not *proved* as being “the proud institutions of the American country.”

In Great Britain, men rise in the Church, at the Bar, and in all other professions, from free schools, just as they do in other countries. She speaks of “the son of a working man having taken a prize, when the next competitor was the *son of the President* of the United States.” It need not have surprized any well informed person, when the President may be a working man himself. If one judges of the living specimens of *Presidents' sons*, there would be no difficulty anywhere in finding boys of more talent and discretion; but as Lord Brougham says, “alone, no man is responsible for the egregious fooleries of his children.”

There are nearly forty free schools in London, for the lower orders, and no want of opportunity exists of bringing forward humble merit. Perhaps the lady *does not* know that there is a free school for the education of the children of persons of color, of which the Dutchess of Beaufort is lady patroness, and that there is nothing there to prevent these same children from rising to consideration and office.—while in “our young country” they cannot take a seat in a *first class* car.

During the last half century, many of the most prominent men in England have risen to the highest stations, without owing their advancement to anything but their own merit, and intellectual superiority. There are a late Lord Chancellor and the present Lord Chancellor of England, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, to verify this—it would be too long a list to say what number of persons of high distinction have risen to the first honors, without the aid of adventitious circumstances, and persons, well informed, know, that in every age the chief adviser of the Crown, from Cardinal Wolsey, the son of a butcher, to the present day, required no other qualification than talent of a high order, without pretension to birth.

As regards the vaunted institutions, there are different opinions. What says Capt. Marryatt of “our young country?”—“From purity of manners, her moral code has sunk below that of most other nations. She has attempted to govern herself—she is dictated to by the worst of tyrannies; she has planted the tree of liberty—instead of its flourishing, she has neither freedom of speech nor of action; she has railed against the vices of monarchical governments, and every vice against which she has raised her voice, is more prevalent in her own: she has cried out against

corruption, she is still more corrupt—against bribery, her people are sold—against tyranny, she is in fetters.”

Now, with all this, one need not concur, except in a limited degree, yet the naval writer is no mean authority—read how he prophesied, so long ago as 1840, long before repudiation, respecting the loans—“As long as it depends upon the faith of those who have contracted the debts, the money is safe; but as soon as the power is taken from their hands and vested in the majority, it is gone.”—Further—“The returns of these undertakings are at present honorably employed in paying interest to the lenders of the capital, and if the money is not sufficient, more is borrowed to meet the demands of the creditor. But there is a certain point at which credit fails, and at which no more money can be borrowed;—when, then, no more money can be borrowed, and the returns of the rail roads, canals, and other securities fall off, where is the deficiency to be made good?—In England it would be made good by a tax being imposed upon the population to meet the deficiency. Here is the question—will the majority in America consent to be taxed? I say, no. If they do, I shall be most happy to recant; but it is my opinion they will not, and if so, the English capital will be lost.” Nothing could have been more completely verified—the public works did not afford sufficient to pay—the people would not tax themselves, and for the present the interest is lost to the holder of the scrip—of the principal, the future will be the best criterion.

These prophetic warnings which have been realized, should prevent persons here from being too arrogant relative to the institutions under which they live, and render them more *tolerant* to those which *time* has proved to be solid and durable.

I have no doubt that the people here will tax themselves, and pay their debts, whenever a reaction shall occur, and returning prosperity shall enable them to do so—at present such a measure would shake the Union.

“I asked my conductress,” says the writer of Change, after attending a charity dinner, “if it would not have been better if the two hundred guineas expended in the banquet, had gone to augment the funds of the charity, and these vehemently yelling gentlemen had dined quietly at home? I received no answer.” Surely none was required. It must have been at an *annual* dinner of the Society that these yelling gentlemen had met; there were two objects to be gained—first, what Dr. Johnson says is the chief business of every Englishman’s day, that is dining; and next, largely increased funds, by means of guinea tickets. Strangers whom they would never otherwise meet, seek the enjoyment—an opportunity is afforded to members, of exhibiting, by their own statements, the benefits arising from the Society,—in that way others are induced to

join it, and the affair generally ends by a liberal subscription, which would not have been obtained without the wine and jellies, and other *condiments*, usually swallowed at similar places in New York—chiefly because an opportunity could not otherwise have been afforded of making their benevolent intentions understood. So much for the rubbish on that subject.

“Nearly all the public houses here have servants in livery. Aristocracy, especially in its vanities, is aped even to the twentieth remove.” So says Julia—just the twentieth—how precise these people are. “Governor Bouck would arrive at Piermont at exactly *a quarter past five*.”

Was it vanity, I wonder, to have attendants in livery in the Bank of England, where they had twelve millions sterling in bullion? For my part, I conceive it to be a great convenience in such a thoroughfare, when entering a large establishment of the sort, to know whom you may properly address at once for information, without stumbling upon, perhaps, the son of the reigning, or the next President, who had travelled there to get information about solvent Banks.

They wear livery in the United States, and it is not very uncommon *without an aristocracy*; it may have “a stigma” attached to it, because negroes are there chiefly selected, and the idea of slavery is connected with the badge.

But in England it is one of those customs which have lasted for centuries; no sort of discredit is attached to it; all being a matter of course, and in fact of no more consequence than the white apron you see displayed in this country, which designates *the servants* in hotels, and the best houses here.—I have frequently seen *attendants* in such a trim, as would make any one sigh for the quiet livery usually seen in gentlemen’s families in *our* country.

> Julia, “If the mind is directed heavenward in St. Paul’s Mammon asserts his full right; here is the Stock Exchange on one side, and the new Royal Exchange, in course of erection, on the other—here are the devout untiring worshipers of the one God whose name is Gold.” I wonder what are the transactions in Wall Street, and on the East and North River, and whether all are not nearer to Trinity and Grace Church, than St. Paul’s is to the Exchange, and whether the speculators in every thing, in every place—land agents in Wisconsin, fishers in Davies’ Straits, growers of wheat, bankers and brokers, are not maturing their projects, *clinching* their bargains, and little heeding the vicinity of the sacred edifices. What says Mr. Cooper, the novelist, of “our young country,” his own, by the way,—“The spirit of traffic is gradually enveloping every thing in America, in its sordid grasp. The worst tendency we have in America, is manifested by a rapacity for money, which, when obtained, is spent in little besides eating and

drinking." In America all the local affections are sacrificed to the spirit of gain.—Pauvre Julia. It is strange, that for every defect in older nations, you can find a parallel, if not worse, in "our young country." It has its poor, its proud, its dishonest, its vicious, its irreligious, and its *defamers*, in the "same degree," and quite in equal proportions.

Much absurd nonsense is said, about English persons being surprised that Americans speak English so well; and why should they not be surprised? The Scotch are easily discovered from their accent, even after a long residence—the Irish and the Welch also, and Provincials,—is it therefore remarkable that people having been educated three thousand miles from England, should be supposed to have acquired some peculiar nationality, and that persons should remark such not being the case?—for my part I think it a compliment which I could not venture honestly to pay; for I consider the tones and accents of most Americans as wholly unlike those of the English; there are numerous differences which struck me at once, but did not at all surprise me, when I consider the vast distance between us, and the many causes for a national difference.

The more one reads of the notes, for which this is intended as "Change," the more one is surprised at the constant annoyances which "Boz" contrived to meet with every where; and he appears to have been wholly unprepared for what must, in a new country, be inevitable. Such as crowded steam and canal boats—imperfect roads, and carriages not on patent springs, but suited to bear the rough usage they receive on highways lately stolen from the forest. I must say, my impression is entirely otherwise. I marvel much at the great comforts so cheaply obtained here. In travelling, I have generally found the vehicles as commodious as could be expected, and the Inns excellent. In no part of the Continent, where I have been are they to be compared to those in this country. See the Inns in the small towns of France and Germany, Holland and Italy, and compare them with those of places of less size here, and you will soon find where the balance of comfort lies; and civility is offered you here in equal proportion with other countries, when you can pay for it.

With the ill-humor too prevalent in his work, "Boz" calls the city of Washington "a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness." This is neither very sensible, nor very true. The Capitol is there, no inconsiderable monument, from his own shewing. The residence of the Chief Magistrate, the public departments, the embassies from different nations, all are there, and although all that was expected by the projectors has not been achieved, more has been done than was supposed possible by many. Would it have been wise for a people whose

country is so vast, whose numbers must become so immense, when she is densely filled, to have laid out their capital on a narrow, contracted scale? I should say not, and if there is an error at all, it is surely on the safe side. How has "the project deceased?" are not the Western States rapidly filling up—is not the site annually becoming more central as regards the population, and was not that precisely the anticipation?

Such remarks are not the less irritating, because they are unjust. Julia's fibs provoke, although you know them to be fibs. "Boz" has no excuse for an offensive tone of this sort—it was unprovoked—not called for in defence of any of the institutions of his own land. He is now continuing the same thing, in conducting *Chuzzlewit*, to this country—the number I have seen is an exaggerated caricature, having no existence beyond his own brain, and tending to interrupt a harmony which he had better have used his talents to promote.—Adieu, yours.

HUNTING SONG.

When coursers are mounted at dawn of the morn,
 How lightly the sportsman's heart bounds;
 For his soul's all on fire when he hears the sweet horn,
 And the loud thrilling cry of the hounds.

The steed proudly shares the wild joy of his lord,
 And madly pursues his career,
 High bounding o'er hedges, and skimming the sward,
 Till he snorts at the death of the deer.

And oh! the delights that await us at eve,
 When blithely encircling the board,
 The heart of its care and sorrow takes leave,
 While the nectar in brimmers is poured.

The name old Nimrod had never come down,
 With glory so great to our day,
 But that he ne'er thought it dishonored his crown,
 To join in the cry "hark away."

AL THAM.

BY JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.

CHAPTER IV.

The family were assembled in the breakfast room, next morning, when Henry Dawkins came down,—the party consisted of his father, his only sister, Ellen, who greatly resembled her brother, both in appearance and disposition, and being but one year younger, had been his playmate from infancy, and his cousins, Alice and Isabell^e Brock,—these latter were the daughters of a distinguished officer, who, being almost always with his regiment, had entrusted the care of their education to his brother-in-law. When a subaltern, he had married the favourite sister of Mr. Dawkins, who had only survived the birth of her youngest child a few hours. The young soldier, though at first completely borne down by his loss, was of too ardent a temperament to allow himself to sink beneath it for any length of time; his adored wife had left him a precious bequest in his too little girls, and for their sakes he determined to acquire at least a competence, and betook himself to his profession with renewed energy. He was rewarded by the attention which its exciting duties required, preventing his mind from dwelling too much on his loss, and by attaining, in a few years, a distinguished name, he had, during the American revolutionary war, made his way up the ladder of promotion, and succeeded to the command of his regiment, on the death of the Colonel, who was killed whilst fighting at its head. On his return, Colonel Brock had payed a short visit to his brother-in-law, and had been enraptured with his lovely daughters. Since he had seen them the eldest had, from a mere child, sprung up to the verge of womanhood. In her, her father was delighted to trace a strong resemblance to her mother; she had the same placid dignity of manner, united with unvarying sweetness of disposition, which had first won the heart of the young soldier; she had also her mother's features,—the same dark eyes too, shaded by their long silken fringes, shone with a tempered light beneath her arched eyebrows; her raven curls hung over a forehead of the purest alabaster,—a critic would in vain have sought a defect in her classically Grecian profile; her character and manner were, perhaps, too grave for her years, yet such was the warmth and kindness of her heart, that she was loved by every one who had the happiness of knowing her.

With the sole exception of the warm-hearted kindness of disposition, which formed a conspicuous feature of the characters of both, no two human beings could be more unlike than

* Continued from the October Number, page 303.

the sisters. Isabella was a very personification of mirth and gladness; the house perpetually rung with the sound of her songs, which she carolled with the native sweetness of a skylark, or echoed her merry laugh. Her elder sister's person and face were more striking at first sight, yet scarcely more lovely. Isabella's figure had the airy lightness and grace of a sylph. Her face was neither Grecian nor Roman, but Irish, purely Irish. A profusion of light sunny hair, curling from their very roots, like richly chased gold, flowed in wavy luxuriance over her exquisitely turned neck and shoulders. Her's was one of those faces which the pen and the pencil are equally inadequate to paint—its chiefest charm lay in its ever varying expression. A critic would have discovered abundance of faults in it—he would have said that her nose was too small, her lower lip too large and full, and her forehead too broad—he might even have asserted that her soft, swimming blue eyes were too large—or, or in fact, he might have said many such things; but if he was young, and a man, I strongly imagine that by the time he had ended his critique, he would begin to wonder at his preconceived notions of female beauty. She was a young, happy being, that care had never yet approached, and who seemed likely to make light of, at least, the lesser evils of life. Such were the girls who hung on Colonel Brock's neck, on his return from his American campaigns: Alice having attained her 16th birth-day, and Isabella rapidly approaching her 14th. The Colonel had nearly made up his mind to retire from the service, and superintend the finishing of their education in person, but whilst he was deliberating on the step, his regiment was again ordered on active foreign service, and with his chivalrous notions of honor, his leaving it was out of the question; he accordingly again left England, at its head, after having spent a happy month with his daughters, promising them that when peace should again present the opportunity, he would finally sheath the sword which had now, for more than a quarter of a century been actively employed in his country's service. He was still "seeking the bubble reputation" at the present time. Old Mr. Dawkins was, according to his custom, discussing his chocolate and newspaper together, and the young ladies were laughing at some sally of Isabella's when Dawkins entered the room.

"I see, Henry," said the old gentleman, as Henry took his place at the table, "that the wars of those young vagabonds who keep us in hot water every evening, have terminated seriously last night. I cannot, for the life of me, fancy how the gentlemen of the neighborhood have allowed their sons to continue such a discreditable affair so long."

"Merely to keep the lads out of mischief at home, I suppose, Sir,—or, perhaps, to strengthen their thews and sinews; but does your paper mention particulars?"

“No, but it states that one of the young plebeians, it is believed, was killed.”

“The affair is not quite so bad as that, Sir; but a poor boy was very seriously wounded, and one, too, in whom you have expressed some interest.”

“Bless me! who can that be?—a lad that I expressed some interest in!—I’m not clever at riddles—how the deuce can I be interested in any of the scamps?”

“Do you remember Lord Altham’s funeral, Sir, and the boy you were speaking to me about yesterday morning?”

“Yes! do you mean to say that it was he that was hurt?—Poor fellow—I did indeed feel for him—I hope his injury is not serious; but, Henry, how do you happen to know all about it?”

“Why, Sir, thereby hangs a tale.” He recounted to his father the particulars with which the last chapter has made the reader acquainted with. “And,” continued he, “I have promised in your name, Sir, that you will call, and communicate the affair to Lord Altham, this morning.”

“’Pon my honor, I am particularly indebted to you, Sir; but to say the truth, I have no desire whatever to cultivate his Lordship’s acquaintance further than it is forced on me in my official capacity. I sincerely hope there is a chance of his son getting what he richly deserves for his share in this transaction.”

“My dear father, the son is as much the opposite of what you describe Lord Altham, as it is possible to imagine.—Bella, your partner at Lady ——’s, that you talked so much about, is in disgrace, and you must help me to induce my father to intercede for him.”

Isabella had been a much interested listener to the conversation of her uncle and cousin. She blushed deeply at being thus directly appealed to on behalf of a lad, concerning whom she had thought a great deal more than such *very* young ladies are supposed to do. Concealing her embarrassment under an arch smile, she threw her arms round her uncle’s neck, and kissing his cheek, with no great difficulty procured his consent.

“As usual, Bella, you do whatever you like with your old uncle; but tell me, child, how Lord Mountmorris has had the luck to gain your good graces and intercession?”

Isabella blushed again, more deeply than before, as she laughingly replied—“He has to thank Henry, Sir, for my intercession, as you call it, and as to my good graces—why indeed, uncle, he is an excellent partner, and dances very nicely.”

“A most capital reason, and honestly confessed, Bella.—When you are a little older though, I hope you will found your favor on something better than graceful *pirouettes* or *chassées*. Do you know, Henry, there is something most revolting to me in a boy’s taking a knife to avenge himself. It

augurs ill of young Mountmorris, but you say he is penitent, so we must make the best of it. You may as well come with me, since I am to intrude myself on this Lord Altham,—you may be of use, and possibly may be able to bear some testimony in his son's favor, should he be very angry with the boy, which, however, I do not anticipate. It would have been a very different matter in his eyes, I fancy, had poor Jemmy been a person of consequence. Bella, get me my hat and gloves—there now, you puss, give me another kiss, you know I am going on your errand. Come, Henry."

The old gentleman and his son found Lord Altham at home, —they were ushered into the library, where the Peer received them with marked courtesey, through which, however, Henry conceived that he could perceive a latent dislike to his father, to whom he imagined his Lordship's civility assumed, in order to hasten his compliance with his wish to be enrolled on the Peerage list. After the usual ceremonies, Mr. Dawkins entered abruptly on the purport of his visit, stating in a few words the accident of the previous night.

"I much wish," his Lordship replied, "that my son may be cured, by what has occurred, of his propensity for bringing himself into contact with the rabble, and I must therefore appear a little angry. He served the rascal rightly though, who dared to handle him so roughly, as you have mentioned."

"It had been, my Lord, up to that instant, a fair stand-up fight, and I cannot agree with your Lordship in the view you are pleased to take of the matter. Your son, by mingling in the fray, placed himself on a level with his antagonist—had it been he who was wounded, I think your Lordship would view the affair in a different light," replied Henry, forgetting, in honest indignation, that he was speaking against the cause which he had come there to advocate.

Lord Altham stared, as though he scarcely comprehended him, for a few seconds, and then continued without paying regard to the interruption,—“There may, perhaps, be some hush money required, and I will take care that it shall be forthcoming; but, Mr. Dawkins I dont think you have told me where the wounded lad may be found, or his name,—who is he?”

“One, my Lord,” replied Mr. Dawkins, “concerning whom I have before had occasion to converse with your Lordship.—It was your unfortunate nephew's blood, that your son shed!”

Lord Altham's brow grew dark as midnight—“My nephew! How do you presume, Mr. Dawkins, to call that brat my nephew?” then remembering that the insolent tone which he had assumed was extremely impolitic, he continued more mildly—“pardon me, Sir, but you would not wonder at my impatience if you knew the trouble and annoyance which this whelp has caused me.”

“He has suffered the wrong this time at least, my Lord.—Henry was an eye witness to the scene, and describes his conduct throughout as most noble. I must add, that with the exception of the rash and evil act itself, your son, too, acted very creditably.”

At the commencement of Mr. Dawkin's reply, Lord Altham's brow again lowered, and he with difficulty refrained from interrupting him: he did refrain however, and by the time he had ceased speaking, a new train of thought took possession of his mind.

“I entreat you to forget what I said hastily and ill, Mr. Dawkins. Did you not say that the wound was dangerous? I hope the lad has proper care—I will send my surgeon to see him. If anything should occur to him, the consequences may be unpleasant to Mountmorris, and besides, the lad is my brother's son.”

“Your Lordship's care has been anticipated,” replied Henry, looking keenly at the nobleman, whose eyes sank beneath his glance—“Jemmy is at the College chambers of an intimate friend of mine—fortunately the knife glanced, and the wound, though it had nearly been fatal, is but of a trifling nature; in a few days he will be as well as ever.”

“I am most happy to hear it,” replied Lord Altham—“Gentlemen, I am much obliged by your attention in acquainting me with this untoward affair. I wish your friend would allow me to provide for the expenses and care of the boy, it is scarcely fair that he should be burdened with them.”

“Your Lordship need be under no uneasiness on that score, except a trifling fee to the surgeon, my friend Bushe, will not be put to any cost of the slightest consequence. I trust your Lordship will not speak harshly to your son about this matter, he is a fine lad, and feels the share he has unfortunately had in the transaction, quite sufficiently.”

The gentlemen took their leave—the Peer listened impatiently to their retiring footsteps for some moments, then flinging himself into a chair, and pressing his forehead with both hands, muttered—“Oh! that the knife had drunk his heart's blood, but then I wish some other hand than Edward's had planted it there,” he continued, sunk in a reverie for a few minutes, when his attention was aroused by a knock at the room door; he bade the applicant come in, and young Mountmorris entered, his pale cheeks and bloodshot eyes bearing testimony to a night of sleepless remorse—his appearance touched the only cord which still vibrated to a virtuous feeling in his father's heart.

“Father, have you heard all? oh! forgive me—I know not what infatuation possessed me.”

“My dear Edward, I do forgive you, but I hope this will be a lesson not soon to be forgotten. I have often prohibited your

mingling with the rabble—from such associates what could you expect?”

“You would not say so, my father, if you knew the poor boy who is now suffering, perhaps dying, from the consequence of my passion—’tis Mary Weedon’s son—you must do something for them.”

“I’ll see to that, Sir, but you must have nothing more to do with them—they are not fit people for you to know. There, go now, and remember, I command you, as the price of my forgiveness, to have no further communication with Mary Weedon, or her son.”

The disappointed boy left the room in extreme wonder at his father’s renewed irritation; he had promised his friendship to Jemmy, and notwithstanding the recent prohibition, he couldn’t keep his word. Lord Altham perceived his son’s uneasiness—if he had a redeeming trait in his character, it was love for that boy, and a desire to keep him from the evil path which he himself pursued; and secondly, from the knowledge of his own crimes. He determined to watch his proceedings closely, and if he perceived that he was disobeyed regarding Jemmy, to send his son to Eton or Westminster.

After leaving Lord Altham’s, Mr. Dawkins and his son walked for some minutes without speaking—Henry first broke silence, continuing indeed, aloud, in train of thought—

“That Lord Altham is a villain, is a perfectly established position in my mind, Sir. I should be sorry that either he or his *surgeon* had the care of Jemmy; from his scowl at hearing the boy’s name, and an indescribable expression in his eyes, when he offered to relieve Bushe from all further trouble concerning him, I am convinced that he fears him. Is it possible that you may be deceived respecting Jemmy’s birth?”

“No, Henry, his mother declares her own shame, and she seems to feel it too much, not to be telling the truth; besides it would be much her interest to procure the boy his rights, if he had any claim to the titles and estates of his father. I, too, perceived Lord Altham’s looks—there is a mystery in all that concerns him, which I am unable to fathom. But what is your friend, Bushe, going to do with the boy?”

“Indeed, Sir, I am unable to say, and I scarcely think that he knows himself. Poor Bushe is entirely dependant on a capricious old uncle. I am certain, however, that he will not lose sight of Jemmy.”

“Bushe is a worthy fellow; do you, Henry, take charge of procuring a suitable wardrobe for the boy—you can send the bills to me. I think you said his manners were passable?”

“Wonderful, Sir, considering his association, since his father’s death, with the rabble.”

“ Well then, as soon as he is able to come, and you have made his outward man presentable, bring him and Bushe to dinner.”

So saying, the good natured old gentleman and his son parted—the former to his office, and the latter to go to his friend Bushe’s chambers.

CHAPTER V.

Mary Weedon sat beside her son’s bedside, who, wearied with the events of the day, and weakened with the loss of blood, had sunk into a calm sleep, which seemed likely to produce the most beneficial consequences. The candles had gone out, and the grey light of morning had brightened into day, unheeded and almost unperceived by the watcher, who was at length aroused from a long and bitter retrospection by the lad’s stirring. He had been disturbed, but not awakened, by the increasing light—a bright smile played on his pale, but handsome features—he too, perhaps, was dreaming on bygone days, and was, in fancy, again a happy child, wandering with her about the Park of Dunmaine. She gently arranged the bedclothes, and resumed her seat by his side. That smile had vividly recalled the time when she first went to live with the late Lord Altham. It seemed but as yesterday that the child had, for the first time, twined his soft arms round her neck.—In her waking dream his infant caresses and prattle were again present, and for a time she almost forgot intervening events. Then arose more clouded scenes, and the poor woman sighed deeply as she recalled the degradation and penury suffered by her and her outcast boy. Thus the night and morning had passed.

When Bushe entered the room, the lad still slept, and poor Mary, being utterly exhausted in body and mind expressed, a wish to return to her home, to seek that repose she stood so much in need of. To this Bushe, having forced her to take a cup of tea, assented, promising that he would supply her place. A short time after she had gone, Jemmy awoke—he seemed much restored by his long sleep. It was some time before he could recall the events of the past day—his first enquiries were for his mother.

“ She watched by you all night, and has just gone home to seek some rest, but I will be your nurse, Jemmy—is your side painful ? ”

“ Not very, Sir ; I feel quite strong again, but how can I thank you for your kindness to me ? ”

“ By getting well as quick as you can ; my servant is getting breakfast ready, and when you have done, if you feel well enough, I would be glad to hear all you know about yourself.”

“ That you shall with pleasure, Sir, if you wish it ; but indeed I have not much to tell that can interest you.”

"Whatever concerns you, my dear boy, will interest me ; but now take your breakfast, and remember you have to make up for the blood you have lost."

The boy needed not pressing—to the worthy student's great delight, he made as good a meal as though the accident of the preceding evening had never happened. When he had finished, he fulfilled his promise—his simple narrative ran thus :

"The earliest circumstance I can remember, is having been brought by Mary Weedon to my father, on his return to Dunmaine, from Dublin, where he had been attending Parliament, I suppose. My uncle, Richard, came with him—they both danced and caressed me, and gave me play things, which they had brought for me. I have no very distinct remembrance for a long time after that, except that when any people were at Dunmaine, I used to be dressed and carried in after dinner. Some time after, I remember having been carried by Mary to see a lady at Ross, who hugged me and cried a great deal ; she called me her own boy, and told me I must come often to see her, but that I must not tell my father anything about it ; and Mary, as we went home, told me that my father would be very angry with her if he ever heard that I had been to see the lady. Some one or other, however, told my father, and he was in a terrible passion—he was going to turn Mary away, but when I and she promised that she would never take me there again, he forgave her. My uncle Richard told me that the lady was a madwoman, and frightened me so about her, that when I saw her some time after near the Park gate, I ran away screaming. I believe the poor Lady was mad, for she screamed and laughed when she saw me run away from her so much frightened—I never saw her again. My father, shortly afterwards, went away again, and sent a tutor to Dunmaine.—He and Mary were very kind to me, but my happy days were nearly over : my father came back, and brought a lady with him of the name of Gregory, who, from the very first, hated me. I never could account for the bitterness of her dislike.—She told my father all sorts of lies about me. The only person who continued to treat me kindly was Mary, who, about this time, was married to the coachman, John Weedon, and went to live at his house, which was at one of the entrances of the desmense. I spent most of my time with her, as Miss Gregory had got my father to send away my tutor. I dont know how long we remained at Dunmaine after she came, but I think two or three years, when my father removed to Dublin, taking us with him, where also I chiefly lived with Mary, as Miss Gregory had now such influence with my father, that he abused and beat me every time I went to the house. Things went on this way, until last winter, when my father fell sick and died. After his funeral, I went to live with Mary altogether, for where else had I to go, and I would have been very

happy with her, but for her husband, who, though he had hitherto been very fond of me, was no constantly drunk when he came home, and used to abuse and beat me whenever he saw me, so that latterly, when I heard him coming, I generally stole away to bed; but it was as bad to hear him beating Mary, which he never failed to do when I was not in the way.—Indeed, Sir, I am very unhappy—I try to please him as much as I can, but it is in vain, for he finds fault with me whatever I do; and as for poor Mary, I wonder her heart is not broken long ago, for she leads a shocking life with him, and I fear chiefly on my account.”

Here Jemmy ended his story. Bushe had been much struck with his calling Mrs. Weedon “*Mary*,” instead of *Mother*, as he had always hitherto done; but, unwilling to interrupt him, had allowed him to finish before asking him the reason.

“Why do you call Mrs. Weedon, *Mary*, now—I thought you always called her *Mother*.—Is she not then your mother?”

“She likes me to call her so, Sir; but as I told you just now, she was not married, until lately—she was my nurse.”

“Then, who was your mother?”

“Indeed, I don’t know, Sir—I don’t remember ever seeing her—she must have died before I can recollect.”

Bushe was not satisfied, but did not like to press the boy farther on so delicate a point, on which besides he was manifestly ignorant; he determined, however, to question Mary on the subject.

“Well, Jemmy, I have taken a great fancy to you—what say you to coming to live with me? You will be done with beatings then, and I’ll teach you as well as I can.”

Jemmy was silent for a few minutes, at length he said, in an embarrassed tone—“I hope you won’t consider me ungrateful, but I cannot leave *Mary*.”

“I never meant to take you without her consent; but if she is willing that you should stay with me, have you any objection? you can go and stay with her every day, as long as you wish.”

The boy’s looks brightened at the latter part of what Bushe said, “I never can thank you enough, if *Mary* makes no objection. I’ll be very glad to live with you, Sir, but she will be so lonely, I must go to her every evening.”

“So you shall, my good boy, believe me I shall only think the better of you for your affection to one who you say was so unvaryingly kind to you; but now you must compose yourself to rest again; you know I am your nurse at present.”

There was a gentle tap at the door, which Bushe opened—it was *Mary Weedon*.

“I could not rest, Sir, until I knew how Jemmy was when he awoke.”

“He is doing very well, Mrs. Weedon, and has been just telling me his history, a sad tale it is.” A hectic flush spread

over poor Mary's pale cheeks, which induced Bushe to defer putting any questions to her which could cause her pain, at least until he had ascertained whether she would be willing to accede to his projects for the boy. "But," continued he, "I have something to propose to you—will you step with me into the next room, you know the Doctor ordered your boy to be kept quiet for a few days, and I almost fear I have induced him to speak more than was good for him already."

Mary stooped over the boy and kissed him, which he, throwing his arms round her neck, fondly returned,—she then followed Bushe into the outer room.

"I wish to ask you, Mrs. Weedon, to let *Jemmy* live with me; I promise you I will take as much care of him as I can.—He consents, provided you are willing—have you any objection?"

Mrs. Weedon was unable to answer for a few moments—"I find it difficult to part with him, Sir—he has long been the only comfort of my life; but he has had wrong enough at our hands already—take him, Sir," she continued, the tears bursting from her eyes, "and God bless you and him—yet it will break my heart to part with him."

"But for that there is no occasion, Mrs. Weedon; your boy made it a special condition, before he consented to my plan, that he should go to see you every day, and stay with you as long as you wished. I would be sorry to part him from the only one who seems to love him."

"'Twas like him to remember kindness, but it was little I had it in my power to shew him. Since I am to see him sometimes, there is nothing I could wish more for him than that he should be with you, Sir."

"Well now, Mrs. Weedon, I consider it all settled—never fear, he shall be taken good care of—you see he is doing well. You perceive how much I am interested in your boy, and I hope you will not think it intrusive in me, if I ask you some questions which nothing but that interest could excuse." The poor woman was so much agitated that Bushe almost repented his intention of touching on so delicate a subject: it was now, however, too late to recede, so he continued—"Jemmy has informed me that you are not his mother, as I had hitherto supposed—I see, and am sorry for the pain I put you to, but it is necessary that, on his account, I should ask you who his mother was?"

Mary's heart throbbed audibly, the veins of her thin neck and temples swelled out like thick cords, she tottered to a chair which the alarmed student brought towards her, he feared such intense agitation would be too much for so slight a frame; however, after some moments, she partially recovered.

"God forgive and pardon me," she gasped out, "I am justly

punished," then after a pause added, "Mr. Bushe, Jemmy loved me, and how could I tell him?"

Bushe was much moved by her interior agony, he blamed himself for having given occasion for it, as his reason might easily have suggested the cause of Mary's passing herself to Jemmy for his nurse, without his having tortured her with questions on a subject which was evidently fraught with the deepest bitterness.

"I see it all now, and was most stupid in not understanding it before; and now, Mrs. Weedon, will you not go home, and take some rest? you really look very ill."

"I'll go, Sir, but it is little I shall sleep. May God preserve you, Sir, from ever feeling the wretchedness of guilt."

She entered the boy's room again, he was asleep, she gently kissed his forehead, and retired. The student took a book and sat in the bed room, but he did not pay much attention to the volume before him. A couple of hours slipped swiftly away, whilst he was occupied in laying plans for his future proceedings as regarded Jemmy, when his friend Dawkins came to tell him of his interview with Lord Altham, and to enquire for his patient. Bushe communicated Jemmy's story, and his conversation with Mary, he also told how he had arranged that the boy was to live with him.

"I thought you meditated somewhat of the kind, and my father has commissioned me to put his wardrobe to rights—I hope you will allow us the pleasure of giving your protégé an outfit."

"Willingly, for to say the truth, my exchequer is not in a flourishing condition at present, and I never ask my uncle for money."

"How soon then is Jemmy to be well? The girls are longing to see him, and my father wishes you to bring him to dine, as soon as is he strong enough."

"Oh, I don't apprehend that it will be a tedious matter—but here comes one who can give you better information on the subject."

The surgeon, who had the evening before dressed Jemmy's side, was crossing the court, Bushe opened the door for him—he found the lad even better than he had anticipated, and gave him leave to get up the next day,—the cut had been a large one, but was clean and almost healed already.

Lord Altham, much annoyed at finding that the affray was a current topic of conversation in town, and the wounded lad was much enquired for, returned from his club in no very pleasant mood,—he ordered Weedon to be sent into the library. That respectable personage was, as usual, considerably intoxicated,—indeed such was now his constant practice—he supported himself against the door-post.

"How now, sirrah! how is this—drunk as usual?"

"No, no, my Lord—I'm not to say drunk—a little flushed or so, perhaps, but not drunk—no, certainly not drunk, my Lord"—(hic-cough.)

"Very much like it however; but, drunk or sober, tell me, fellow, how comes it that you allow that brat to keep me constantly in a state of alarm? You and Mary must instantly leave town, and take him with you."

"And where are we to go to, my Lord?"

"To the devil, if you like, so you take him out of the way: you may go and stay at Dunmaine, there is no one about the place but the old deaf housekeeper. I think you will be out of mischief then—there now, do you hear—be off, what do you stand gaping there for?"

"Why, my Lord, a trifle of money would be useful, the more so, if we are to stay at Dunmaine, (hic-cough). I don't think there is a single bottle in the cellar there"—(hic-cough.)

"Begone! you insolent scoundrel—but here, (he flung him a well-filled purse,) take that, and be off." The man, with some difficulty, made his way to where the purse fell, picked it up, and then staggered out of the room. For some days, Lord Altham saw no more of him—he went not to Dunmaine, however, as we shall see.

"A pretty scoundrel that, to be obliged to succumb to," muttered the Peer, "but needs must, when the devil drives.—I must keep the rascal in good humor for the present, at least. I think they will be sufficiently out of the way at Dunmaine, now; but I must take measures to rid myself finally of them—there is no safety whilst one is in the hands of that drunken rascal, even though he should not intend to be false. Well, if I am driven to extreme measures, it will be their own fault, not mine—but how to get quit of them is the question. Well I can settle that at some future time—'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

The quotation vouched the truth of the proverb, that "the devil can quote scripture."

CHAPTER VI.

"What heart-felt prayer, what wild despair,
Are centered in that word farewell."

A few days completed Jemmy's recovery, and he accompanied his kind friend Bushe, to Mr. Dawkins'. Henry's tailor had done justice to his figure, and the young ladies (of course the best judges) were unanimous that they had never seen a more elegant looking lad than Mr. Bushe presented to them as Mr. Annesley. His manner had none of the awkwardness which they had anticipated. Henry had, by his father's desire, invited Mountmorris, and Lord Altham, supposing that he had been

obeyed by Weedon, whom he had not seen since the interview which we have noticed, and willing to stand well with Mr. Dawkins, did not object to his going. He had been there some time when Bushe and Jemmy arrived. His frank address, and the fairness with which he confessed how much he had been to blame in the affray, together with the evident delight with which he heard that his late opponent was to form one of the party that evening, had won on all, but especially on the quiet Alice, to whom he had chiefly addressed himself.—Isabella was piqued, though she scarcely knew why, and on Jemmy's entrance, she took her seat by him. Mountmorris joined them, but *she* was not the magnet which attracted him; he merely came to say a number of kind things to Jemmy, and to excuse himself for not having visited him—his father having sent him on a visit into the country for a few days, whence he had only that morning returned. Jemmy returned his kindness with interest, and in the half hour before dinner, the boys had improved their acquaintance much to their mutual satisfaction. Mountmorris being eager to make amends for the past, and Annesley as anxious to make him forget it altogether. Both the sisters were deeply interested listeners to their conversation. Alice, with the prejudices of rank more developed by age, sympathised more with the young noble, whilst Isabella, with perhaps greater justice, was more pleased with the generous anxiety of Jemmy, that the past should be entirely lost sight of. During the evening, Alice and Mountmorris played chess, whilst Isabella initiated Annesley in the mysteries of backgammon. A new and delightful feeling stole sweetly over the boy's senses, as he gazed on his lovely instructress—she was so different from any being with whom he had hitherto been brought in contact. Her soft voice and bright smile when she chid his stupidity at not at once comprehending her lessons, and her beaming eye, and still brighter smile, when he made some progress and moved as he ought, impressed themselves deeply on a young heart which had until now, during his short life, encountered only the fierce billows and dark storms of existence. Bushe and Miss Dawkins sang duets—the student had a mellow voice and an exquisite ear; Ellen, too, sang with taste, though with no great power. I can't tell why it was that Bushe preferred singing with her, to any other, but such was the fact. What with music and musical chat, they contrived to pass the time very pleasantly.

It seemed to Annesley but a moment since they had left the dinner room, when Bushe rose to take his leave—Mountmorris followed their example. When they had gone, Henry put an arm round the waist of each of his fair cousins—

“Well, girls, what think you of Annesley—which of the cousins do you like best?”

“We have not had time, Henry, to form an opinion,”

answered Alice, "but," she continued "I see much to like in Lord Mountmorris, which I had not given him credit for before. I have scarcely seen anything yet of Mr. Annesley."

Well, Isabella, what think you?—your conclusions are generally more quickly formed."

"Oh! I like Annesley a thousand times the best; Lord Mountmorris has not half his sense, and Annesley is much handsomer."

"What an inconstant little being you are Bella; for three weeks no one was like Mountmorris, and now he is completely eclipsed by my friend Jemmy, in as many hours. By the way I should like to know how Annesley manifested the good sense you attribute to him?"

"As usual, you are a tease, Henry. If you go on this way I wont give you a kiss—I am going to bed—well now for that penitent look you shall have one—there—good night," and the laughing girl tripped over to her uncle, who was snugly ensconced in his easy chair, and, having kissed his forehead, made off to her room to indulge in fancies—but with them we have no business.

When Mountmorris got home, the servant who opened the door for him told him that his father was in the library, and wished to see him before he went to bed. When he entered, the Peer arose, patted his light curls fondly, and bade him take a seat.

"Well, Edward, what sort of an evening have you passed—who were at your party?"

"I have had a very pleasant evening—there was no stranger except Mr. Bushe, and the lad I was so unfortunate as to hurt the other evening."

"Did I not command you, Edward, to make no acquaintance with that boy. How comes it, Sir, that you have dared to disobey me?"

"I did not know, father, that he was to have been at Mr. Dawkins' until he came into the room; but indeed if you knew him you would not object to my being with him."

"I have good reasons for my determination on this subject. I am satisfied, since you did not know that the boy was to be at Mr. Dawkins', you were not to blame—I will take measures to prevent your meeting in future; but this was not what I wanted to speak to you about—I sent for you, this evening, my son, as I leave to-morrow for London, where I may probably be detained some time, to ask you an important question: It is my wish that you should embrace some profession which may render you independent of the vicissitudes of life to which all are exposed. With the late example of France before our eyes, it would be but wanton blindness in us to suppose ourselves exempt. I do not wish to hurry your decision—indeed I had rather you gave the matter the consideration

which its importance demands. The Bar, or the Church, I consider most suitable to your rank, and in either, my interest will be of great service to you."

There was something very revolting to young Mountmorris in the idea of entering the Church as a *mere profession*, and for the Bar he had no taste—like most boys, he longed to serve in the army. It was not with him, as with the generality of lads—the glittering trappings of the profession did not attract him; but he felt it to be pre-eminently the calling of a gentleman, and there was something which accorded well with the high tone of his character, in the chivalrous daring with which his fancy invested the life of a soldier. His mind was, therefore, made up—if he was to be of any profession, he would be a soldier—therefore he had no hesitation in answering his father—"If I now, for the first time, that on this subject, father, I should be much obliged for the time you propose to give me for its consideration; but the army has been my dream for years, though I never could find courage to mention my wishes to you."

"I had rather your choice had fallen elsewhere, nevertheless I will think about it, and before I leave you shall hear my determination, and now, farewell, my boy, 'tis very late."

When Mountmorris had retired, his father continued some time buried in thought—"So here is this boy," he muttered, "quite at home in as good society as the city affords—I must endeavor to rid myself of him. As to Edward, perhaps, after all, the army is the very best profession he could have chosen, as then interest and money may push him on quickly to a standing in society, which would render him independent of mere factitious rank; but the other matter must be cared for, and that at once." He rung the bell for his valet—this man was much in Lord Altham's confidence, having lived with him several years, he did not, however, trust him more than he was obliged by circumstances. He was a smart clever fellow, and appeared content to be well paid for the services required of him, without troubling his head with what did not concern him—such was the character of Williams, who now entered the library, as far as it was known to his employer.

"I want you, Williams, to find out a Mr. Bushe in the College—you will enquire into his character and circumstances, as also about his connections. I wish you also to find out on what terms he has taken a boy called Annesley to live with him—I mean, whether he is permanently settled there, or merely for a time. You must be in possession of this intelligence by breakfast-time to-morrow."

"I will do my best my Lord, and indeed I do not anticipate much difficulty in picking up the information your Lordship wishes."

The man bowed respectfully, and was retiring when he was stopped by Lord Altham.

"Have you any idea, Williams, what has become of John Weedon?"

"No, my Lord—I thought your Lordship had sent him to Dunnaine, on business."

"Well, so I did, but it appears he has not gone—find out where the drunken scoundrel has hidden himself, and bring him to me."

"Yes, my Lord."

"You will first, however, get the information I have desired you about Bushe and the boy,—it will be time enough to find out Weedon afterwards."

"Your Lordship shall be obeyed."

At breakfast, next morning, Lord Altham announced to Mountmorris that he had determined on procuring him a commission. The boy was delighted—his long cherished day-dreams were about to be realized, and his future castle building would have at least a more solid foundation. In fantasy he was already a hero, his visions of future glory were interrupted by his father's remarking—"I do not wish you to leave Ireland without paying a visit to a connection of ours in the South. She is wealthy, and has no nearer relative living (at least none that she chuses to acknowledge,) than ourselves. She is, I have heard, a coarse, vulgar woman, very much inflated with the idea of her own consequence. I have reasons for wishing to be civil to her, and as she has often pressed me to visit her, I will write by you a letter, which shall serve at once for an introduction, and at the same time apologise for my not paying my respects in person. I do not anticipate that your visit will be a pleasant one, and I do not require that it shall be of long continuance; but while you remain you must endeavor to please her."

"I will try to do as you wish, my father,—is she not my aunt?"

"You will do well to call her so. Edward,—your mother's brother was her first husband—she afterwards married a trader of more wealth than reputation, and now, even the means of vulgar display which he has left her, cannot do away with her soreness at the vulgarity of the connection, though she herself was far the least respectable party of the two. I mention all this to you, that you may regulate your proceedings by a knowledge of her character." Lord Altham retired to his library, leaving Mountmorris to ruminate on the new prospects opening to him. Williams soon made his appearance.

"Well, Williams, what news—have you succeeded in obtaining the intelligence I wished?"

"Yes, my Lord, Mr. Annesley it appears, is to live with Mr. Bushe—that gentleman is about to enter the temple. He is dependent on an old uncle, an Attorney, who was, during your brother's time, agent to your Lordship's estates in the Queen's

County. The uncle, I am told, is an old miser, who is said to have become immensely rich by the tricks of his cloth, to which he has added usury and extortion of every description. Mr. Bushe bears a fair character among his fellow students, and has passed creditably through College."

"Very well, that will do—I wish you would go in search of Weedon, now."

Lord Altham wrote a letter, which he addressed to Bushe's uncle, and sealed it with his arms. Though we are acquainted with its purport, it does not suit us just now to communicate our knowledge. By the time the letter was finished, Williams tapped at the door.

"Weedon is below, my Lord, it appears he has been staying at a public house in the neighborhood, since he left, as your Lordship supposed, for Dunmaine."

"Send him up."

In a few minutes, Weedon appeared, he was unusually sober, and seemed not by any means at his ease, when Lord Altham bid him enter and close the door.

"Now, Sir, how is this? when I supposed you and Mary with that cursed brat, quietly at Dunmaine, I find him residing in the College with a Mr. Bushe, and dining in a gentleman's house in my immediate neighborhood—do you think me a man to be played with? I have borne with your drunkenness and insolence so long, that you think you can venture a little farther with me, but you will find yourself mistaken."

Lord Altham had never assumed so high a tone with Weedon before, and the fellow quailed beneath it. "My Lord, I am not so much to blame as you suppose; for, indeed, I did every thing in my power to obey you, but Mary was obstinate; she said Heaven had taken the lad into its own charge, and that she would not interfere again: and when I tried to compel her, she threatened to tell every thing to Mr. Bushe. She has fairly got the bit in her teeth, and I cannot manage her as I used to do."

"And why did you not come and tell me all this, instead of hiding yourself? I tell you again you shall no longer trifle with me—Mary and you, at all events, must go off this day to Dunmaine."

"She wont object to that, my Lord, provided your Lordship consents that Jemmy shall stay with Mr. Bushe, she wanted me to come and tell your Lordship so."

"Oh! oh! so she dictates terms to me. Well, tell her the brat may stay with Mr. Bushe, as long as he will keep him, if she goes at once."

"She shall do so, my Lord, though it will kill her to part with him."

"I am sure I hope so,—that would rid me of one torment at least," muttered the Peer. "Hark ye, sirrah! I gave you money a week since—where is it?"

"All gone, my Lord."

"Well, I'll give you an order for a weekly sum on the Steward, at Dunmaine,—you shall keep sober until you arrive there, at least; places shall be taken for you in the stage coach. When you get to Dunmaine, the sooner you drink yourself out of the world, the better I shall be pleased. Now get you gone—be ready by two o'clock—Williams will see you off."

Weedon retired, well pleased to have escaped so well; he cared little for poor Mary's feelings at parting from the boy, and for his own part, the order on the Steward, at Dunmaine, insured the means of prosecuting the worship of his favorite divinity—his anxiety was to get there.

Jemmy had been a regular visitant at Mary's abode every evening, since he had been able to get up, until the last, which he had spent with the Dawkins'; during the morning he generally read to Bushe for a couple of hours—they were thus employed when Mary Weedon rapped at the door—Jemmy opened it, and was folded to her heart; her eyes were red and swollen, and as she pressed him again and again to her heart, she sobbed violently.

"What is the matter now, Mary?" Bushe asked—"No new misfortune I trust."

"Oh! yes, Sir, and one that I am scarce able to bear—I must part altogether with Jemmy, and if my forebodings speak truly, never to see him more."

"But why part, Mary—what reason have you to say so?—It would be nearly as severe a blow to Jemmy as to you."

"My husband and I, Sir, have orders to go to Dunmaine to-day, and we are to remain there—I know not how long.—I feel that my time in this world is short, and oh! Sir, this parting will shorten even the span left me."

"But what necessity is there that you should obey this cruel order? I will endeavor to procure you a place in town, let then your good-for-nothing husband go alone, if go he must."

Poor Mary was much embarrassed. "It must not be, Sir, John Weedon, though a cruel one, still is my husband, and I must go with him."

"Well, Mary, I am truly sorry for you, though I own I cannot see that you are bound to accompany that drunken scoundrel."

"I must go, Mr. Bushe, that is a thing settled—I must go, though my heart-strings are bursting asunder."

Hitherto Jemmy had made many fruitless attempts to speak, he now gasped out—"Mother, if you go I will go with you, I cannot see you suffer so much at parting me, and remain here in comfort, while you will be in wretchedness at Dunmaine."

"It cannot! It must not be, Jemmy—here we part to meet I trust in a better world, if it is the will of Heaven that in this we meet no more. Providence has provided you a kind

friend in Mr. Bushe, who will make you happier than it has ever been in my power to make you. And, oh! Mr. Bushe, remember that under Heaven my hopes for this orphan boy are in you. Watch over and protect him, and above all, I implore you not to let him fall into his bad uncle's hands; however, should, by any accident, that happen, do not lose an hour in letting me know it. I see my husband waiting impatiently for me outside. Mr. Bushe, *Jemmy must not* come with me even to the door—God bless you both." She again strained her boy, for the last time, to her nearly breaking heart, and rushed from the room.

Bushe, with difficulty, kept Jemmy from following her; he much wondered what the motives of her strange demeanor were, but he was convinced they were strong ones. He employed himself in comforting the poor boy, who had thus so singularly been abandoned entirely to his care. The blow was a severe one to Jemmy's affectionate heart; but at sixteen the feelings are elastic—torrents of tears afforded their wonted relief, and in two hours after Mary had left them, the friends, for so we may now call them, were conversing calmly, though sadly, on the events of the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

"Throw thine eye

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way."—*King John.*

Each day, Jemmy became more and more a favorite at Mountjoy Square, where he and Bushe were now constant visitors. One evening the postman brought a letter for Mr. Dawkins, the contents of which evidently caused him much pain; all suspended their employments, and waited anxiously to learn what had happened.

"You must not be alarmed, my dear neices, matters are not so bad as I had reason to apprehend, from the beginning of this letter: your father has been severely, but I trust not dangerously wounded; at first, very serious consequences were looked for, but the regimental surgeon, who has, by his directions, written, says that he is out of danger, and is ordered home by his medical attendants,—this letter is dated nearly a month since, and he is, perhaps, now on his way home."

This intelligence deeply affected both girls: Alice pictured to herself her old father suffering on his lonely bed, wounded, perhaps dying, without a relative to smooth his pillow, or sooth his anguish; the coloring of the picture which her imagination had conjured up became stronger and more vividly present, until it quite overcame her, and she was carried to her room in violent hysterics. Isabella loved her father perhaps even more fondly than Alice, nevertheless, she bore the shock with much greater firmness, and after she had succeeded in calming

her sister, returned to the drawing-room, smiling through her tears. "I hope papa will stay with us now—surely they wont expect him to join his regiment any more. Oh! Mr. Annesley, you will so like papa—I long till you know him.—When do you expect him, uncle?"

"I hope the next packet may bring him, my love, and I trust you may be correct in your hopes that he will now leave the service; but I dont know how that may turn out; at all events we shall have have him some time with us."

A few days after the surgeon's letter had been received by Mr. Dawkins, the Colonel arrived. Jemmy had never seen a more noble looking man. Though not passed the meridian of life, toil and climate had blanched his hair, but it still curled in undiminished luxuriance around his lofty forehead. Habitual command had added to the expression of a countenance naturally striking in the extreme: a deep sabre scar across the nose and cheek, with the soldierly erectness of his carriage, which even recent suffering could not bend, marked the veteran, and declared his profession to even the most casual observer. Mr. Dawkins had told his brother-in-law Jemmy's story, and Isabella had been loud in his praises,—so that when our hero was presented by her to her father, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception. The old officer found in the boy a freshness of feeling which pleased him greatly.—Jemmy and Bella were delighted listeners to the tales which he loved to tell—with intense interest they heard of scenes to which the varied life of Colonel —— had exposed him. In a few days Jemmy became an especial favorite,—thus a month ran on,—perhaps the happiest periods of our existence are those of which there is least to be recorded which affords interest to others.

Lord Altham having according to his promise procured a commission for his son in a regiment lately sent to the Canadian Provinces, gave him orders to join him in London, and the young noble passed an evening with his friends at Mountjoy Square, on his route. His description of the neighborhood which he had visited greatly amused them, though Alice tried to look grave at sallies which she thought he should not have indulged in at the expense of a relative.

A presentment had been passed by the County Grand Jury for a road through the ground in front of her house, for the injury done by which, she had received ample compensation; nevertheless, as it had passed in spite of her endeavors to the contrary, she kept up a continual warfare against the contractor, a stubborn old quaker; both parties at length, wearied with attorneys' bills, agreed to leave all matters in dispute to the arrangement of a neighbor, whose good natured award, after hearing patiently the arguments on either side, was—"Pooh!

pooh! kiss and make friends." The lady drew her uncouth figure up, and with high indignation addressed the arbitrator:—

"I am astonished, Mr. C——, you forget yourself, Sir; how dare you propose such a proceeding! it is most ——"

"Fear not, Elizabeth," interrupted old Sober-sides, "thou needest not get thyself into a passion about the matter, for I have not the least intention, nor, in verity, inclination to kiss thee."

"The arbitration," continued the laughing boy, "fell as you may suppose to the ground, and my worthy aunt sent her attorney instructions to fulminate all the thunders of the law against the contractor. He, it appears, is a merchant, and having sold her some timber, rode up a few days afterwards and sent in his account by the footman. The old lady was enraged at his presumption, and desired the servant to tell the *person* to go round to the kitchen, as she never allowed tradesmen to enter the hall. My aunt was hugging herself at having thus mortified her opponent, when the servant returned unwillingly, ushering in the angry quaker. He entered the room with his hat on, and thus addressed my astonished relative:—

"Verily, Elizabeth, if thou dost not instantly defray the charges herein set forth, and legally due by thee, I will this day, ere sunset, have thee removed in the custody of him they call the Sheriff, and placed in secure keeping in the common prison."

"Leave the house! audacious scoundrel!" was all my aunt could reply—her at all times rubicund visage almost black with passion; I really feared that she would burst a blood vessel.—Obediah quietly obeyed the haughty mandate, but I plainly saw, with the full intention of putting his threat into execution, and with some difficulty I prevailed on my aunt to commission me to settle the affair, in which, with the assistance of a check from her agent, I had of course no difficulty. She is indeed a strange old quiz: I saw her one day indignantly throw down a volume of a sea novel, with which a few minutes before she had expressed herself highly pleased,—anxious to find out what had annoyed her, after she had left the room, I took up the book, and found that her rage was occasioned by the author's casually mentioning the brand on a cask of mess pork as that of Sir J. McTale & Co." Thus Mountmorris ran on, and even Alice could not help joining in the laughter which his anecdotes produced. As the time approached at which he was to take his leave, he found occasion to speak to her apart:

I have endeavored to be gay, dear Miss, but I would not have you suppose that I can part with friends who have been so kind, without feeling it deeply,—I trust we may soon meet

again. My father's wishes, and my own feelings tell me that I should not content myself with an idle life. May I hope that I shall not be entirely forgotten when away—nothing would contribute more to comfort me on leaving Ireland, than the belief that I was esteemed worthy of your friendship."

Alice had felt hurt, she knew not why, at the young noble's apparent spirits during the evening ; she was now convinced that they had been assumed as a cloak for other feelings, and she scarcely could conceal her emotion as she replied : " You may be assured that you will always be esteemed by us as a cherished friend, with whom, should fortune favor us, we shall be most happy to renew our acquaintance." The grateful boy pressed her offered hand, hurried through his other adieus, and sought his pillow to dream of other days ;—in the reviews of his age the future is seldom a clouded picture.

Lord Altham had dispatched his business in London, and seen his son off ; immediately on his return to Dublin, he dispatched a letter to Bushe's uncle, summoning that worthy, on whom he had conferred the agency of his Galway estates. The conference of the Peer and his new man of business, will best inform the reader of the motives which led to this appointment, and of the intended future proceedings meditated by them. We must, however, first introduce to his acquaintance the respectable confederate with whom his Lordship had thought fit to associate himself for the furtherance of his schemes. We have before intimated that he was an Attorney, who far exceeded in meanness and villany even the usual rapacity of his sordid and pettifogging brethren ; his appearance suited well with his calling—he was very lean and tall, but stooped so much as not to appear above the middle height : his face was pale and sallow, and had the appearance of a habitual guard over the expression of any feeling whatsoever which might indicate what was passing within,—aye, and villany had wreathed his mean forehead and skinny cheeks into deep furrows,—if the reader add to this a sharp up-turned nose, small twinkling grey eyes, and a stealthy pair, like that of a cat in the act of stealing on his prey, and a constant nervous habit of rubbing his hands, he will have a faint idea of Mr. Quill's personal agreeabilities.

" Well, Mr. Quill," said Lord Altham, after the usual greetings, on this worthy limb of the law entering his usual place of audience, the library, " do you think that you can oblige me by disposing of this boy—you know what urgent reasons I have for wishing to rid myself of him."

" My Lord, I have given the matter deep thought, and have come prepared to suggest a plan by which I think your Lordship may dispose of the boy. I must admit that it is a dangerous experiment, but we must in desperate cases try perilous

remedies, and your Lordship's rank will probably enable you to carry it into effect without suspicion."

"No, no, Mr. Quill, all must be yours, both plan and execution—I must not be implicated in the transaction."

"But, my Lord, as I before observed, my plan is a hazardous one, and therefore ——"

"And therefore must be well paid for—I suppose that is what you are driving at, my good Sir! Well it shall, so you need say no more on that head,—pray inform me how you intend proceeding?"

"Pardon me, my Lord, I should like to understand you more explicitly before we proceed farther. I am well aware that your Lordship has no spare cash at present, but your Galway tenants owe you a considerable sum, and are most of them responsible men, though they have no great inclination to pay. Would your Lordship be content to make over these arrears to me if I rid you of Annesley? It will go hard if I do not manage to compel these gentry to pay up the amount, together with a reasonable compensation in the shape of bills of costs for the time and trouble their collection will cost me."

Lord Altham listened with no very pleased expression to this proposition; however, he felt how much the Attorney's knowledge of his affairs placed him in his power, perhaps he even regretted having conjured up this spirit of evil to his aid, but it was now too late to recede; he therefore, after some moments consideration, intimated his acceptance of the proposed terms. "And now, Mr. Quill," he continued, "will you favor me with your plans?"

"With pleasure, my Lord. It has been customary to indent young men, either voluntarily or as vagrants, before the Mayors of corporate towns, or Magistrates of counties, to serve in the plantations. I daily expect Capt. Ingram, of the Xarifa, who has been some years engaged in this trade;—my proposal is, that Annesley be apprenticed to him, and my word for it, once in his hands, this lad will never trouble your Lordship more."

"But how do you expect to induce him to indent, or how will you withdraw him from your nephew's protection? Mr. Bushe, as I learn, entertains a strong regard for him. I scarcely think you will be able to accomplish what you propose."

"Leave that to me, my Lord. I must beg your Lordship to procure me the Commission of the Peace for the County of Galway, and that you give instructions to Weedon to place himself under my orders. He shall in the usual form demand that the boy be indented as having been thrown on him as an infant, without any provision for his maintenance. The boy himself has only, as I learn, a vague idea of his parentage, and

I shall easily be able to persuade my brother magistrates to look on him as Annesley's natural guardian ; so far, I think the difficulties may be easily got over. The main obstacle in our way is my nephew—from what I have heard, I fear it will be no easy matter to get the boy out of his hands."

"I should suggest," said Lord Altham, "that you employ Bushe on some legal business in England, for a time. I can easily furnish you with a sufficiently plausible mission for him."

"No, no, my Lord, that would not do—I must not appear to him in any way connected with your Lordship at present.—That would furnish him with a clue that would not fail to excite suspicion ; even if he knew of my recent appointment to the agency, I should not probably be entrusted by him with the care of the boy. I think, however, that your Lordship's suggestion is a good one, so far as it relates to sending him out of the way for a time ; I can easily find a pretext for it, and he will naturally be glad that Annesley should find a friend in me. My first impulse, on receipt of your Lordship's first letter, was to order him to turn the boy off ; I am glad I did not do so now, as we shall have him much more in our power as it is. I will therefore find full employment for my nephew in town for some months to come, by the end of which time all will be completed."

"But from what I have heard of your nephew, he does not appear likely to abide contentedly the disappearance of his protégé ; how do you propose to account to him for it ?"

"When it is done my Lord, he is not likely to make much noise about it ; he is, as you know, entirely dependent on me, and, I fancy, has too much common sense uselessly to risk my displeasure ; but should he prove so fool-hardy, I shall be in a position to set him at defiance. As to the world, I shall seem only to have acted a prudent part in ridding him of a dependent who could only be a burden on him—at all events I have little uneasiness on that score."

Lord Altham considered the project submitted to him ; under the urgent circumstances in which he was placed, he saw the necessity of instant action, and though he could not avoid entertaining fears from what he had heard of Bushe's character, yet he thought it not improbable that when his interference could no longer control the destiny of his protégé, he would yield to his interest and not blazon to the world his uncle's doings. Come what might, he himself should not appear an actor in the transaction, and he should by it be relieved from the harassing suspense under which he at present labored ; could he but make certain that Annesley could never find means of returning to his native country, he should be once more at ease. Being unwilling to express his thoughts

distinctly, even to old Quill, after some hesitation he asked him—

“What is the destination of Captain Ingram’s next voyage, and in what manner does he generally dispose of his apprentices?”

“I should rather think he returns again to the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch settlers there always afford ready purchasers for his living wares. He is a strange fellow though, and, I suspect, adds to his ways and means from other sources, so that he seldom knows himself whither he is bound when he leaves port. On his last return he bought lands which were in my hands for sale, and spoke of giving up the sea after one or two more voyages. He was then loud in praise of the Cape as a market, having trebled his venture in a year. By all accounts, between marsh fever and the Caffrès, it is not likely to be soon over stocked, so I fancy this will be again his destination.”

“Well then, Mr. Quill, I entrust this matter entirely to your management, and have only to add that should you bring it to a happy and satisfactory issue, I shall be happy to add to the remuneration you have proposed.”

Lord Altham rang his bell, and bowed out the Attorney, who retired to his hotel to digest his plans. The next morning as Bushe and his friend Annesley were at breakfast, Mr. Quill was announced. Having, by strict economy, provided for the boy out of his allowance, the student had not thought it necessary to inform his uncle about him—the surprise was therefore far from an agreeable one, as he was uncertain how his relative might be inclined to view the affair. The old man, however, greeted his nephew cordially, and at once opened to him the business which he informed him had called him to town. Without taking any notice of Annesley, he communicated to Bushe the instant necessity of his dispatching a confidential agent to London, on a matter of a high importance, to one of his principal clients. He should be furnished with a letter of instructions whereby to regulate his proceedings, as well as one of introduction to his uncle’s correspondent who would assist him in the details, and from whom he should learn more at large the nature of the case; he was to communicate with his uncle, and await his orders. Of course the student could not for a moment hesitate to obey his uncle’s wishes; he stated his readiness to undertake the mission, merely desiring to know at what time it would be necessary that he should be ready.

“We cannot afford to lose a day, so you must be off at once. But who is your young friend?—he appears a fine lad.”

Bushe introduced Annesley, and briefly narrated to his

uncle the circumstances under which he had become an inmate of his chambers. Quill appeared, to his great joy, much pleased with his protégé, with whom he entered into conversation with the apparent design of learning his qualifications. After some moments he seemed to remember the necessity of disposing of the lad during his nephew's absence.

"By the way, Amos, what do you mean to do with Annesley while you are away?"

"I have been thinking of that, Sir. Jemmy has some other friends in town, and I think Mr. Dawkins will not object to a visit for the few weeks I shall be in England."

"Aye, that would do very well—he looks like a good lad, and now that I think of it, I am in want of an assistant in the office.—How would it suit him, think you?—you should not bring him up in idleness."

"You are very kind, Sir, but I fear my friend Jemmy is scarcely fit for the duties you propose to entrust to him."

"He is young enough to learn, and we can at least try him; if he should wish to return to you on your return, I shall not object, though his is not a time of life at which such an opportunity should be thrown away."

Bushe readily acceded to his uncle's wishes, and having during the day made the necessary preparations for his departure, received full instructions from his uncle, and, together with Annesley, paid a farewell visit to their friends at Mountjoy Square, and taken an affectionate leave of them, sailed next morning for England. Mr. Quill and Jemmy mounted the lumbering inconveniency, which proposed, God willing, to set them down in three days, accidents excepted, at Blake's hotel in Galway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE KANKRA.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN BORDER.

BY CINNA.

CANTO II.

"The whites do ye this song unto them sing,
The woods shall to ye answer, and your echoes ring."—*Spencer.*

I.

All human sound hath died away,
Where marshalled late the war array ;
The moon-tide sunbeam's piercing glance
Shot seething o'er the wide expanse ;
Far in the distant horizon
The glittering arms of horsemen shone,
Swart rifler, and the prancing steed,
In mingled masses slow recede ;
Abandoned is the fatal heath,
But late the scene of strife and death ;
From out the camp's deserted bound,
Arose nor living voice, nor sound ;
Around the watch-fires' smouldering heap,
The dense and heavy vapors creep ;
The raven and the vulture whet
Their beaks above the banquet set ;
The wild dog and the fox repair
To hold their lazy feasting there,
Where forms of those untombed repose,
Who died in terror and despair.

II.

Along the sloping upland height,
Sparkled the summer's mellow light ;
Enchanting in the sun-lit view,
Lay nodding groves of larch and yew—
Within their fragrant breezy screen,
Wandered the west wind's breath serene—
Expanded by the warm caress,
The wild flowers ope as if to bless ;
And sweetly tune the birds of June,
Their happy warblings numberless.
The cheerful influence intrudes
Where shady fountain soft exudes,
Awakes the heron in the reeds,
And to his roving journey leads ;

* Continued from the September Number, page 265.

The cranberry in changeful dress,
 Besaging early fruitfulness ;
 The hazel grove, the sumach bower,
 Accept the gladness of the hour ;
 While blithely the horse-martin hums,—
 The partridge in the covert drums,—
 And, screaming from his airy spray,
 Uneasy skips the busy jay ;
 And in the pine-tree branches swung,
 The matron robin tends her young ;
 And from the taper tamarack
 Brown-hammer gives his doubling crack,
 As lancing lightly at his ease,
 The swallow flirts through dewy seas,
 And gaily, from his loop-hole high,
 The squirrel peeps with prying eye ;
 While all exult with loud acclaim,
 " Here marring pale-face never came ! "

III.

Who sleeps beneath the hazel shade !
 A ponderous rifle by him laid,
 His frame in tawny vestments bound,
 Stained with the trace of recent wound,
 And by his side a slumbering hound,
 That startles at the rustling leaves,
 And closer to his bosom cleaves !
 Who sleeps so sadly and so lone !
 His hand upon a war-axe thrown,
 With high brow to the breezes bared,
 All fearfully and deeply scarred !
 Who sleeps so calmly and so mild,
 Like nature's free-born forest child,
 His nervous form, in manly grace,
 Wrapped in oblivion's close embrace,
 Above whose head the rose-bud blows,
 To steep with fragrance his repose,
 Whose song to him the throstle sings,
 While beauteous insects wave their wings !

IV.

Ah ! now his face with gladness beams—
 He wanders in the land of dreams ;
 The quick tides through his heart-strings press,
 With truant boyhood's joyfulness ;
 Spread ample o'er the level plain,
 He sees bright villages again ;

He seeks the rustic wigwam's side,
 Where looks and tones of love preside,
 He hears a mother's accents wild,
 Rejoicing o'er her long lost child ;
 Seated beside the frugal store,
 He tells his wand'rings o'er and o'er ;—
 Anon he mingles in the throng,
 Where games the twilight hours prolong,
 The shaft impels, in mimic war,
 Or hurls the axe, or lance afar,
 Or joins the mystic warrior dance,
 Beneath the blazing faggot's glance,
 Or to the Council circle hies,
 Where gravely sit the old and wise,
 And from their high-wrought legends learns
 What in the patriot bosom burns.

v.

Again in visionary joy,
 He wanders a wild hunter boy ;
 Where waving beaver meadows glow,
 He traces out the timid doe ;
 Unseen on streamlets' banks he strays,
 Where shy the otter comes and plays,
 Or, o'er the full lake's limpid blue,
 Skims, ghost-like in the swift canoe,
 And plunging down its cooling waves,
 Seeks lilies in their secret caves ;
 Or angles for the yellow fin,
 Its deeply delved wells within,
 Or hoists the thinly matted sail,
 And, cloud-like, looms before the gale.
 Again on storm-rent cliffs he sits,
 Where snowy gull around him flits,
 Plies him with arrows as he flies,
 And imitates his warning cries,
 Till soaring high, with wing elate,
 Far off he seeks his moaning mate.

vi.

Dreaming, beside the fairy pool,
 He lies along its margin cool :
 Amid the rushes, hidden still,
 The dainty curlew sings his fill ;
 The grey duck, of his presence shy,
 Keeps steady watch with restless eye ;
 The beaver seeks his watery den,
 And glides the mink within the fen,

While safely perched, high over all,
 The fire-eyed osprey gives his call,
 And whistling shrill, with sweep and veer,
 Bald eagles toward the Heavens career,
 From where, reclined, mid saffron dyes,
 The wild boy weaves his reveries.

VII.

Another scene the vision shows,
 And warmer still his bosom glows ;
 Entranced in love's all conquering power,
 He seeks the fond one's woodland bower,
 With light step near her presence comes,
 Unseen 'mid amaranthine blooms,
 And through long years of woe and pain,
 He hears once more her love-lorn strain :—

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S SONG.

Oh! where are thou, young Kankra—
 Say whither wanderest thou ?
 I've wreathed the wild rose wreath for thee,
 To deck thy youthful brow ;
 The hunter's belt I've wove for thee,
 With quills and thread of gold,
 To gird thee in the merry chase,
 Or in the battle bold ;
 I've decked the falcon plume for thee,
 Made bracelets for thine arm,
 Inlaid with flowers medicinal,
 From ills a certain charm,
 That when thou meet'st the mountain cat,
 Or mingles! in the fray,
 Thou may'st go down to victory,
 Like falcons on their prey.

Pride of the Indian's fatherland !
 Too far thy footsteps stray,
 That thus thou leav'st me languishing,
 Lamenting thy delay.
 I've laid the bed of down for thee,
 Plucked from the cygnet's breast,
 Where thou may'st lay thy weary limbs,
 With me to guard thy rest ;
 Within this bower of amaranth,
 'Mid flowers of varied dye,
 Here shall thy youthful form recline,
 And danger come not nigh ;
 Not long the spring-tide fragrance lasts,
 Or summer flowers remain,
 But with thee, near thee, by thy side,
 Their influence still shall reign.

VIII.

Like wind sigh on a choral main,
 Wild, sad, entrancing, rang the strain ;
 A bright cloud o'er his spirit hung,
 As round his bride once more he clung,
 Drank passion's draught from her bright eyes,
 And hushed her fond heart's timid sighs ;
 Dwelt in that fragrant bower of joy,
 With none to trouble, or annoy ;
 But ah ! too soon the vision changed—
 On bleak and shrubless heaths he ranged,
 Where dwelt his tribe, a desert wold,
 All barren, waste, and sunless, rolled ;
 Where late the wide-spread village stood,
 Cold silence ruled the solitude,—
 No longer ring the joyous cheers,—
 No being o'er the plain appears,—
 Rest the amaranthine bower,
 Crushed the rose, and tendril flower,
 And she, the beauteous one, unseen,
 Who wove for him its fairy screen.
 Where now thy dotting mother's joy,
 Thou wild and truant hunter boy !
 Where the high gleaming Council fires,
 Surrounded by thine aged sires !
 Who now await thy high commands,
 Proud leader of the dusky bands !
 All—all—are gone—and o'er his brow
 Swept tempests of o'erwhelming woe ;
 Within his heavy heaving breast,
 Lay all that is of grief, comprest ;
 A pallor o'er his features stole,
 As when there cow'rs the parting soul ;
 The spirit, all too proud to weep,
 Fell prostrate 'neath that anarch sleep,
 Torn by those ghastly shades that lie
 Beneath the dull, inactive eye :
 The rout, the midnight chace, the fray
 At fearful odds, brought no dismay ;
 That burning soul which Nature gave,
 Might then support the stately Brave ;
 Engulphed in cold obscurity,
 Grim shadowy phantoms round him fly,
 Usurping demon-like control
 In triumph o'er his haughty soul,

IX.

The winds of summer came and played
 Beneath the sheltering hazel shade ;

Cool winding waters glanced along
 Where wild birds sat entranced in song ;
 The partridge brought her wand'ring brood
 To bask beside the fountain flood ;
 The moss-rose and wild daffodil
 Along its marge their sweets distil ;
 Far off the beaver meadows lay
 Effulgent in the summer ray,
 And distant mountains, frowning hoar,
 Survey wild Huron's rocky shore,
 Repelling back the thunder tone
 That booms from out its caverns lone.

X.

Awakened by the hen-harm's scream,
 The Kankra started from his dream ;
 Dashed the cold moisture from his brow,
 And drank from out the fountain's flow ;
 Bathed in its depths each aching limb,
 Then loitered vacant near its brim ;
 When frenzy fires the feeble clay,
 Stern reason shrinks abashed away,—
 The whirlwind gust of madness gone,
 Again she mounts her awful throne,
 Ordaining anguish—writhing care—
 Beneath thy scorpion lash, Despair !
 The cold, oppressive, spectre shade,
 Still round the warrior's spirit played ;
 No vista re-illumed his fate,
 All friendless, homeless, desolate ;
 He looked on Nature—over all
 Dejection spread her solemn pall ;
 He gazed upon the glorious sky,
 Emblazoned 'neath the sun's red eye,—
 He turned towards the mountains piled
 Above the Huron's waters wild,—
 He called on his good spirit's name !
 No peace—no joy—no solace came,—
 No ministering spirit brought relief,
 To tranquilize his speechless grief ;
 Of all a warrior's greatness shorn,
 He stood an outcast, lost, forlorn :

* * * * *

Why stood the lonely wanderer there
 So mighty in his mute despair !

* * * * *

XI.

Beside the Wabash (a) water's pure
 The peaceful red man dwelt secure,
 His humble wishes scant and few,
 Supplied by his good Manitou ;
 Happy—if left to light his fires
 Above the green graves of his sires ;
 The pale-face came ! and with him rude
 Advanced the trampling multitude, (b)
 Pale fear behind, and in the van
 Their Creed ! to rob their fellow man !
 With souls of treachery—tongues of shame—
 Unblushingly they made their claim,—
 " That *red men*, unapproved of Heaven,
 Must yield their homes—to *white men* given !"
 Sleeps the avenger ! Mark the tale
 At midnight told, by wood and wold,
 In man's—and ah ! in woman's wail !

High on a lofty rock
 That beetled o'er the wood,
 Enwrapped in sable cloak,
 An Indian warrior stood.

Majestic, calm, and stern,
 His glance around he threw
 O'er hill, and cairn, and glistening tairn,
 And landscape fair to view.

The sun was circling fast
 Adown the western sky ;
 The desert blast swept shrilly past—
 The clouds sped wild and high.

Hark to the screech-owls scream !
 A spirit's voice —— Anon !
 The Wabash stream casts fitful gleam,
 Far weltering in the sun.

Along the lowland glade
 Lay grain-fields ripening wide,
 Beneath the shade the youngling played,
 Where strangers there abide.

Mild grew the Chieftain's mien
 Beneath the gladsome view,
 For there, along the village green,
 He saw his home anew.

(a) " The Ohio, which was then, and long afterwards, called the Wabash."—*Bancroft's History.*

(b) " Ho heard in the distance, the footsteps of the advancing multitude that were coming to take possession of the valley."—*Ibid.*

By stream and wildwood there,
Earned was his hunter's fame,—
Unknown despair, and harrowing care,
Till pale marauder came.

Came—and the vision fled,
To shine on him no more ;—
Who ruled instead ! Go ask the dead
Beside the Wabash shore !

Like mountain mists exhaled,
Like dew from the summer mead,
With war-fire pal'd, and death-song wailed,
The tribesmen fast recede.

Recede—to climes afar,
Like wolf-dog to his lair—
The blood-red star of woe and war
Portending o'er them there.

Hid in the gloom of years
Those felon deeds remain—
Till lo ! a lofty form'appers
To tread that land again.

Hark ! to the owlet's moan—
The raven's croak of woe !
The wind sighs down a warning tone
To those who toil below.

All motionless the Chieftain stands,
Till evening shades grow dim,
When rose the harvest song of mirth,
Echoing along the meadow-lands,—
An alien strain to him.

Hark ! to the screech-owl's cry—
The forest's rustling tone !
And whence those forms approaching nigh ?
And came he not alone ?

Unheard, along the upland's side,
A myriad footsteps fall—
All silent, trackless, on they glide,
And *he* the Chief of all.

Like leaves in the tornado's track,
When autumn woodlands roar,
His voice had swept the exiles back,
To their rifled homes once more.

Clustering in the hazel shade,
 Reclined amid the fern,
 By tree, and rock, and mound arrayed,
 They form the circling ambuscade,
 And towards their Chieftain turn.

The moaning wind blew shrill and drear,
 The shrouded moon sank low ;
 The watch-dog howled a note of fear,—
 Hushed was the river's flow.

Impending o'er the fated land,
 The Chieftain stood on high ;
 Approached the hour—his gathered band
 Around him hover nigh.

A strange wild man, with features wan,
 Before him slow upstood :—
 " Why linger'st thou ? " his accents ran,
 " The hound hath scented blood—
 To kindle up the sacrifice,
 Thy Monedo bids thee arise,
 Thy Country calls thee to her side
 To hurry back the 'whelming tide,
 Thy Prophet brother o'er thee stands,
 To bless thee with uplifted hands,—
 Go—and may future warsmen tell,
 The deed was quickly done, and fell ! "

Trembled the Chief—and to his eye
 A flash of radiance broke ;
 He raised his threat'ning hand on high,
 And bounded from the rock.

Swift down the steep he springs,
 And issues on the plain,—
 The fatal war-whoop rings
 His bands pour down amain.

The pale-face starts in dread,
 That echoing sound to hear ;
 Full soon, among the dead,
 No sound shall greet his ear !

The flames ascend on high
 From roof-trees all around ;
 The war-shout cleaves the sky,
 And shakes the tufted ground.

No soul is left to mourn
 The darkness of decay ;
 On Fate's swift pinions borne,
 They all have passed away.

No longer shall the young
 Sport out the glad some day,
 Their sepulchres among
 The wolf shall chase his prey.

The aged and the strong
 Are flattening all the dell ;—
 They did the Indian wrong—
 By Indian arm they fell !

XII.

The tidings told, from near and far
 The woods rang out the din of war.
 With roll of drum and bugle song,
 The border horsemen scour along ;
 In mingled might, their wild parade
 Awakes an echo in the shade ;
 From highland peak to lowland fen,
 Their tread reverberates again ;
 Affrighted quakes the wolf-dog near,—
 The eagle seeks his upward sphere,
 The vulture screaming far behind,
 Scents blood and slaughter in the wind,
 The wild deer from their coverts flee,
 Hushed is the throstle's minstrelsy,
 As on, and onward still, they go,
 With trumpet, drum, and hoarse so ho !

XIII.

From Huron's wave—Missouri's strand—
 Behold another gathered band !
 Where wide Superior's billows lave,
 Rushed wildly forth the tawny brave ;
 The war-shout echoed fierce and wide
 Along the fatal (c) river's tide ;
 Far from the mountains of the north,
 Tall leaders led their warriors forth ;
 On mild Moingona's chrystal sheen,—
 Where Altahama glides serene,—
 O'er Winnipeg's unfathomed blue,—
 Full freighted glanced the light canoe :

(c) The Mississippi—thus called by La Salle.

From plain, from river, lake and hill,
The living tide pours forward still,
While gay their war equipments seem
Advancing in the summer beam.

XIV.

Who with the wild assemblage comes,
To combat for their native homes,
Commingling ever here and there,
With stirring word, and lordly air,
Assigning each his separate range,
Arousing hatred and revenge,
And pointing to the mountain's gorge,
Where fast the pale invader's urge?
Of all the leaders of that band,
Who stalks the proudest in command,
The first in cunning, and in wile,
To lead to battle, or beguile,
To hurl the axe, to bend the bow,
And headlong thunder on the foe?
'Tis *he*—the haughty Kankra—still—
Who leads them, plastic to his will,
Their native soil again to save,
Or by their hearth-stones find a grave.

XV.

He led the wild disordered mass
To covert in the mountain pass:
The scouts on high denote the way
Came trampling on the war array,
With fife, and drum, and ensign cast
Full fluttering to the desert blast,
While through the dingle glen they went,
With rude and boisterous merriment,
Beneath stern Kankra's eye of flame,
Far glancing as they onward came.

XVI.

No stir nor token might declare
Where crouched the red man in his lair;
The keenest eye might not discern
Aught hostile in the tangled fern,
Which, here and there, in varied shade,
Concealed the bristling ambuscade.

XVII.

The forward squadrons onward drew—
Then up to Heaven the war-cry flew!

Terrific as the turbid call
 Down dark Niagara's waterfall—
 Loud as Ontario's long drawn wail,
 When thundering winds his depths assail—
 And dauntless all, his foes before,
 Up rose each hardy warrior.

XVIII.

As ceased that startling battle cry,
 Rifle and shaft came to the eye—
 One moment fell they stood in view.—
 Then sharply twanged the fatal yew,
 And thund'rous rang the rifle keen
 Above the battle yell between,
 While from the stubborn border horde,
 Confused a doubling clangour roared,
 As vengeful dashed the deadly shaft,
 And crimson tides the bullet quaffed,
 Ere hand to hand, to win or die,
 The red man met his enemy.

XIX.

They met in close revengeful strife,
 With broad sword, axe, and glittering knife,
 With war-club's full terrific strike,
 And furious thrust of lanceman's pike,
 'Mid oath, and groan, and rallying peal,
 And sweep, and crash of shivering steel,
 Where steedsmen charge, and ranks display,
 With blood-red pennons fluttering gay,
 And all that hate to hate can owe,
 Bides in the swift descending blow,
 Or flashes from the petronel,
 To shrilly bow-string answering well,
 Till grappling sob and dying cry,
 Wrung from their hearts, who never yield,
 Though backward borne upon the field,
 Proclaim the transient victory.

XX.

Headmost of all in war's wild road,
 With sweeping arm the Kankra strode ;
 Louder the frightful din arose,
 When, vengeful all, he sought his foes,
 And hotter flashed the sulphur gleam
 Where glanced his eye's unearthly beam,
 As high his light war-axe he swung,
 And through the closest phalanx sprung,

While well his bounding foot evades
 The quick descending sabre blades,
 And well the foe his presence tell,
 As fierce he spoke the battle yell,
 'Mid sobs and groans of fruitless wrath,
 Pervading o'er the tiger path,
 Where, scowling death and dying doom,
 Appeared aloft his sable plume.

XXI.

Commixed, confused, and overborne,
 The border forces backward turn,
 And from the narrow mountain gorge,
 Dismayed before the tribes emerge :
 Ere yet the thicket shades they won,
 Behind the hills down dropped the sun ;
 Volumes of light of blood red dye,
 Bedecked the evening summer sky,
 While havoc, breathing pain and woe,
 Dire stalked the startled earth below.

XXII.

Still raged the tide of battle high,
 When rearward rose a distant cry,—
 And foot and horse, in order set,
 With glittering lance and bayonet,
 Came rushing swiftly by :
 Then fainting bands their fears restrain,
 Join in the gathering ranks again,
 And cries of rescue o'er the plain,
 With echoing war-shouts vie.

XXIII.

The Kankra saw the threatening storm,
 Drew proudly up his pliant form,
 Spake brief and hurried to his band,
 To guard with life their fatherland,
 And frowning warlike in their front,
 Withstood full well the serried brunt ;
 But soon they waver in their course,
 Borne down by strong o'erwhelming force
 Of infantry and thundering horse,—
 One moment heaving, they remain
 Like wind-swept fields of yellow grain,
 Then hopeless, wildly disunite,
 And through the wood and hill in flight.

XXIV.

Long plied the victors the pursuit,
 With trumpet blast, and far-heard hoot,

O'erwhelming in terrific grave
 The true and generous forest brave,
 Exulting, with remorseless cheer,
 Above his silent bloody bier :—
 Hark ! to the Huron's waters wild,
 Lamenting o'er the desert child !
 Hark ! from the distant fairy vale,
 A deeper and a sadder wail,—
 There woman, in her anguish, weeps
 For him who cold and lowly sleeps,—
 Departed at the set of sun,
 The beautiful, the manly one,
 And fires funereal still shall flame
 In memory of their lasting fame ;
 The patriot heart, the daring hand
 Shall yet their country's foes withstand,
 When Time, their glorious, hapless fate,
 In living lines shall consecrate,
 By rock, and tree, and running river,—
 A record living on—for ever !

X X V .

And he their Chief, of hope bereft,
 In maddened mood the combat left ;
 A passing blush sat on his brow,
 To yield, at odds e'en, to the foe,
 And some, by evil fate led on,
 Dared cross the path he trod alone,
 Relentless all, they made their bed,
 With scalps snatched from the reeking head.
 He hurried up the mountain height,
 Unharm'd amid the shades of night,—
 Like fainting stag he stood at bay,
 Where grim the giant huntsmen lay,—
 He mused far up the mountain's blue,
 Lamenting o'er the brave and true,—
 He wandered in the spirit land,
 By desert breezes gently fanned,—
 And vacant, by the fountain's flow,
 He lingered in his speechless woe !

X X V I .

* * * * *

Far distant o'er a sultry plain,
 What wandering one appears again,
 Above whose head a sable plume,
 Droops o'er a darkened brow of gloom,
 A stag-hound clinging by his side,
 In truth and virtue near allied—

Sole solace in his lone exile,
Save his good spirit's answering smile!

XXVII.

* * * * *
Beside dark Huron's heaving main,
What lonely one is seen again,
With outstretched arms, exulting o'er
Its vastness, and familiar roar!

*
XXVIII.

Who urges on the light canoe,
Above its hissing waters blue,
Toward the Spirit Isles in view
In emerald radiance all,
Beneath the mildly setting sun,
And crimson clouds of spray that run,
To be their coronal!
Within their delved coral cells
The Spirit of the Forest dwells;
Enthroned on high in dazzling state,—
With mystic symbols—Love and Hate,—
Here shade-land worshippers repair
In grief, in peril, or despair,
To learn their future fate.
And thitherward, at hour of eve,
While Huron's billows calmly heave,
The outcast turns his fragile prow,
To read his doom of weal or woe.
Night falls! thou lone one, fare-thee-well!
Safe conduct over Huron's swell—
If thy good Monedo commands,
Again to tread thy father lands,
Proud leader of the dusky bands.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

NOTE.—Nothing to say. There is the second Canto for you. If you are dissatisfied, so is the writer. Quantum suff. Sufficient unto the day (and for two months) is the bad rhyme thereof. The third Canto will interfere with Dr. Dunlop's premises on the Huron. We have an idea of bringing in the Tiger himself. Who knows but he may be the Kankra? But it is quite unfair, this kind of discussion; and now, to-morrow at the farthest, we take to the woods, in dread of the reader, for a week. The editor will oblige by enquiring of Col. Prince whether the deer be in season now, and if so, whether he has thrust any laws down our throats against watching their proceedings on All-Hallow-E'en?

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

FORSYTH & BELL'S PRICES CURRENT OF TIMBER, DEALS, &c.,
FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 24th, 1846.

QUEBEC, 24th October, 1846.

	S.	D.	@	S.	D.
White Pine, according to average manufacture :—					
Inferior	0	3	@	0	3½
Ordinary rafts	0	4	@	0	4½
Good do.	0	4½	@	0	4¾
Superior do.	0	4¾	@	0	5½
In shipping order, according to average and quality	0	4	@	0	5½
Red Pine, in shipping order, 40 feet average.....	0	11	@	0	11½
In the raft, according to average and quality	0	9	@	1	0½
Oak, by the dram.....	1	2	@	1	3
“ In smaller parcels.....	1	3	@	1	4
Elm, in the raft, according to average and quality.....	0	5½	@	0	9½
Ash according to average.....	0	3	@	0	6
Tamarac, flatted.....	0	5	@	0	6½
Staves, standard & M. fair specification.....	£37	10	@	0	0
“ All Pipe.....	38	15	@	0	0
“ W. O. Pun., Merchantable.....	11	10	@	12	0
“ Red Oak do.....	10	0	@	0	0
“ Barrel.....	4	0	@	5	0
Pine Deals, floated.....	1st	£10	0	&	¾rds for 2nds.
Do. Bright.....	1st	£12	10	&	¾rds for 2nds.
Do. Spruce, 1st quality.....	£	7	15		
Do. do. 2nd quality.....	6	0	@	£6	10

Parties in England will bear in mind that Timber sold in the raft subjects the purchaser to great expense in dressing, butting, and at times heavy loss from culls— if sold in shipping order, the expense of shipping only is to be added.

REMARKS.

During the last fortnight our port has been exceedingly crowded, and the transactions have been on an extended scale, although we do not increase our quotations on any article, for the stocks are heavy and parties anxious to realize.

WHITE PINE—The quantity arriving is now comparatively small, and rafts are not very readily placed, but still buyers are found at from 3d to 5½d.

RED PINE—A good many rafts have lately changed hands at from 11d to 12½d. **ELM** continues to arrive, and provided it is well dressed and of good sizes, meets a ready sale at our quotations. The quantity of inferior on hand is large and unsaleable.

OAK is still shipping extensively, and the enquiry is better than it was. The stock on hand is not by any means large.

STAVES—White Oak Puncheon are moving off as fast as they come down, at £11 10s to £12. Red Oak are very scarce, and would command any price.

DEALS maintain our quotations, the parties are anxious to sell, and might at this advancing season submit to some small reduction in price.

Since preceding review of our market, for the last fourteen days, we have received the letters and papers by the Royal Mail Steamer Caledonia, bringing dates to the 4th instant, when a steady demand for timber, White Pine especially, was experienced, owing to increased consumption as well as a great falling off in the supplies. White Pine has advanced, since our last advices, from 15¾d @ 16¾d to 17d @ 17½d per foot, the latter rate being for good quality and size. Elm and Oak were also improving articles, and Standard Staves were in better request; but Red Pine had dropped to 80s per load in London, owing to the effect of competition with the Baltic. Our friends in Upper Canada must remember this competition will be more fierce in 1847, when a further reduction takes place in the duty on Foreign Timber.

FORSYTH & BELL.

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

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

MONTREAL, October 31, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, & cwt	1	4	0
Pearls	1	4	0
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good, & lb	0	0	8½
FLOUR—Canada Fine, & bbl. 196 lb	1	11	6
Superfine	1	12	6
American Superfine	1	12	0
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, & 60 lb	0	6	0
Middling do. do.	0	5	9
Lower Canada Red, & minot	0	5	9
Barley, & minot	0	3	0
Oats	0	1	9
Pease, boiling	0	5	0
IRON—English Bar, & ton	14	0	0
English Hoop, do.	18	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	6	7	6
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blst. & lb	0	0	9
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, & box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, & gallon	0	1	8
OILS—Linseed, Boiled, & gallon	0	3	2
Linseed, Raw, do.	0	3	0
Olive, do.	0	4	3
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	0
Seal, pale do.	0	2	11
Palm, & lb	0	0	5
Castor, do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Prime Mess, & bbl.	2	7	6
Prime, & bbl.	2	2	6
Pork, Mess, do.	3	15	0
Do. Prime Mess, do.	3	0	0
Lard, & lb	0	0	5
Butter, do.	0	0	8
SEEDS—Clover, & lb	0	0	10
Linseed, & minot	0	4	6
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, & lb	0	0	2
Canadian, do.	0	0	2½
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, & cwt	2	11	0
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	2	9	0
Bastards, white	3	5	0
TEAS—Gunpowder, & lb	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	3	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Hyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twankay, do.	0	2	0
Congou, do.	0	2	6
Souchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, & lb	0	0	4½
Fig. & lb	0	0	6

KINGSTON PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY MR. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, 1st November, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES.—Pearl, & cwt.....	0	18	0
Pot	0	17	6
Sal Eratus (Morton's) per cwt.....	1	5	0
FLOUR.—Superfine, & bbl. 196 lb.....	1	7	0
Fine, do.	1	5	0
Middlings, do.	1	2	0
HIDES.—Cow, & 100 lb.....	1	0	0
Calf Skins & lb.....	0	0	5½
PRODUCE.—Wheat, & bushel, 60 lb.....	0	4	6
Barley, do. 48 lb.....	0	1	9
Oats, do. 34 lb.....	0	1	11
Pease, do.	0	3	0
Beans, do.	0	5	0
Rye, do.	0	2	9
Corn, do.	0	2	0
Buckwheat, do.	0	2	0
Hay, & ton.....	1	5	0
PROVISIONS.—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	0	17	6
Beef, mess, & bbl.....	2	15	0
" prime mess, do	2	0	0
" prime, do	1	12	6
Mutton, & lb.....	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, & lb.....	0	0	3½
Do. mess, & bbl.....	3	10	0
Do. prime mess, & bbl.....	3	0	0
Do. prime, & bbl.....	2	10	0
Potatoes, & bushel.....	0	2	0
Turnips, do.	0	1	9
Butter, & lb.....	0	0	9
Fowls, & pair.....	0	2	0
Eggs, & cozen.....	0	0	6
SEEDS.—Timothy, & bushel.....	0	5	0
Red Clover.....	1	15	0
STAVES.—Standard.....	20	0	0
West India, do.	5	10	0
Black Oak, W I do.	4	0	0
Headings, 2½ feet by 1½ inch.....	10	0	0½
SOAP, & lb.....	0	0	2
TALLOW, & lb.....	0	0	5½
Candles, & lb.....	0	0	7½
TIMBER.—Pine, & cubic foot.....	0	0	3
Oak, do.	0	1	0
Plank and common Boards, & thousand feet.....	1	15	0
Cleared do. & thousand feet.....	2	5	0
Black Walnut, & thousand feet.....	6	5	0
WOOD, & cord.....	0	9	0
WOOD, & stone of 8 lb.....	0	10	0

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

J. H. DALEY,

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

THE SLEEPING APARTMENTS

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

THE LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SITTING ROOMS

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

THE BILLS OF FARE

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

THE WINES

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

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

ATTENDANCE,

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

BATHS OF VARIOUS KINDS

Are constantly ready on the Premises, and

OMNIBUSES

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

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

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

Visitors to Canada, during the Summer Months, will find at this Hote' 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.