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Oct. 1846

BARKER'S CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. KINGSTON, OCTOBER, 1846. No. 6.

“Sapendo doctrina viget.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Extracts from a Journal of 1843 and 1844.....	281
Altham's Tale, (by John S. Cumming, Esq.).....	292
Lines on Modesty.....	303
The Boards of Trade and their Remonstrances (by Gore).....	304
Sonnets.....	310
Legends of the early Settlements, No. 3, (by Ciana).....	311
The Old Oak Tree.....	326
Lines to V. A. H.....	327
The Preacher's Call.....	328
The Commercial Report for September.....	329

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BARKER'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, OCTOBER, 1846.

No. 6.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 & 1844.*

Philadelphia, September.

MY DEAR FRANK,—“Boz” says, “Philadelphia is distractingly regular,” what he intended it is difficult to say, perhaps only an attempt at jocularly. It is a beautiful place, and as regularity is somewhat akin to repose, it produces that sensation.

The affairs of life seem more quietly conducted here; you could almost fancy the horses tread more lightly—there is little of distraction. By those who like noise, Broadway may be preferred; which is a moderately wide street, not to be compared with Oxford Street. Here there is fashion and quiet, and I should say, if one could know the inmates, there is more of that enjoyment, without display, which proceeds from being highly intellectual, and not “regularly distracted.”

They have but one street in New York, ill paved, ill kept—here the streets are like promenades, comparatively, with clean walks, and some of the finest looking women in the world, are to be seen thereon—of a style certainly less intended for show, so far as a stranger is concerned. You know Fanny Kemble says they are the fairest of the fair—about these regions they certainly think her one of the queecest.

There are numerous public buildings and streets here of great beauty; the latter, not only those which intersect the city from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, but transverse streets lined with trees, most refreshing and agreeable to the visitor, after the bustle and confusion of overwrought trade. There are numerous fine Squares with fountains, and Washington Square, though small compared with ours, is a perfect bijou. “Boz” honors it with too little notice. The works of Fairmont which supply this place with water, cost a million and a half of dollars—they are situated on the Schuylkill river, which has been dammed up for that purpose, and is the power by which machinery is moved, to force the water into reservoirs

* Continued from the September Number, page 256.

a great height above it; the grounds around the whole place are tastefully laid out, and a steep ascent of stairs takes you to the large basins which seem miniature lakes, around which you may promenade among balmy breezes. There is a very picturesque suspension bridge and the whole *coup d'œil* might charm even "Boz."

This is the place, where both the declaration of Rights and declaration of Independence were signed, and promulgated. The very room, with the same furniture, is shewn you, where those eminent persons sat and wrought their great work—nearly two centuries ago. Now do stretch your imagination, you may fancy William Penn landing here and treating with the Indians; they shew you the willow still, under which he sat; fancy him, all in good faith, inducing them to surrender their homes, their hunting grounds, and the graves of their fathers; fancy the low sound of the moaning lament, when this ancient people sang their last song over the earth where rested their braves; then wonder at the enthusiasm which supported men who crossed the mighty deep, for such prospects as wilds and forests and gloom and savages afford,—then combine with it the endurance that bore them up through every trial.

Could he look up to the work of his descendants, he would see much to admire, and much to blame. It was here that the ruinous failure of the Bank of the United States occurred, and its late President is still residing here.

I never think of it without dissatisfaction; in contemplating the Head of a great nation combining to pull down a structure which the Government had reared and supported, without recollecting the thousands who had sheltered themselves beneath, and must be crushed by its sudden fall. Could not the affair be supervised and retrieved—could it not be aided by the strong hand of power—could not the crisis be postponed. It is said in extenuation, that Mr. Biddle's resistance to Government, and his having to borrow money at an extravagant rate of interest, to support the institution, caused the downfall. Where did the blame rest? Echo answers *where*. It is a lamentable affair.

My friend and namesake, Major Jack Downing, gives a good idea of the matter. He says, "It is no more Squire Biddle's doing than it is mine—not a grain more. Look at this long list of names—well, these are the owners of the Bank; here we see, in the first place, the nation owns one-fifth, and the rest is scattered round, as you see here, among an everlasting batch of folks all over this country, and some in forin countries; and I am glad to see on the list, old widows, and old men, and trustees of children, who haint no parents livin', and all our own people, they put their money in the stock of this Bank for safe kcepin'—not to speculate—and jest so with the innocent

foriners ; and the best on't is, they have paid our folks a pre ty high premium for every dollar on't. Well, these are the folks then, that compose the Bank. Now, what way do they want this Bank managed? The business of the Bank is to loan money, and is jest for all the world like any rich man whose business is to loan out his money—is it his interest to dabble in politics, or to let politicians dabble with him?—not an atom on't. I never knew one of your rale politicians who could pay his debts, and they aint the kind of folks people like to deal with who want to loan money. I see all this and know every body else must see it, who don't squint at it, but look it straight in the face—its natur' is jest like the natur' of any man who has got property in the country, and that is to have everything go on in harmony ;—no jangles and tangles, and talking politics in bar-rooms and porter houses, hurrain for this man, and pulling down that man—that kind of work don't clear up new lands, nor plough up old ones.—it don't keep the hammer goin', and the wheels turnin', and don't pay interest, nor principal 'nother."

Why, Frank, you've been asleep—no, the cigar fell, and I would not interrupt you. Humph—Was not that a clear view of my namesake ?—uncommon.

The whole aspect of this place is just what one desires, and expects from its founder. Here Mr. Giruard left some millions of dollars for public purposes. The College to be erected and called after him, is nobly endowed with two millions of dollars—but much of the fund was lost in the same national wreck ; much is otherwise unavailable, though not lost ; much spent in litigation, so that there will be little more than enough to complete the building, which is nearly finished externally, and very like the Bourse in Paris, where they sell money, and will take a deposit, at any time, of your extra cash : The word means purse, and if you had learned Fretch, I should not have all this trouble of translation—I never look kindly to it, Jack,—nong, tong, pau.

The Governor of this State is a General of Militia, his Excellency D. Porter, and was elected for three years,—then he turns out—any half-pay, Jack ?—not a sou. Do you think the people here would give you anything after they had done with you, even if you had risked your life, and worn out your strength for half a century in their service ?—not a stiver to buy you a stump.

The State Debt of Pennsylvania is thirty-six millions of dollars—pretty fair for "our young country." It is worth mentioning that twenty-three millions and a half of it are owing to subjects of foreign States, twenty millions are due to England, and about ten millions has been borrowed from the citizens of the Union. This debt have been contracted for canals and

railways—to pay the interest of the public debt—for the use of the treasury—for roads and bridges—for the penitentiary.

The value of the improvements, and other securities, is five hundred thousand dollars more than the public debt, and besides there is a special appropriation for securing the interest, which is a proper precaution, as the receipts from the public works are of course fluctuating. The internal improvements, for the construction of which the principal amount of the State debt has been incurred, consist of seven hundred and sixty-eight miles of canals and railroads completed, and one hundred and sixty-five in progress, and nearly finished.

There are iron manufactories in this State which are estimated at the annual value of twenty-two millions of dollars.—The business gives employment to twenty thousand workmen, who, with their families, make dependant on the iron trade, not less than one hundred and twenty thousand persons.—What do they do, Jack, when business grows slack—do they who have made money put their hands in their purses and divide the surplus among their needy comrades? They know a trick worth two of that, Frank; but you should not interrupt me when I am figurin'.

As New York is the great emporium for trade, so Philadelphia is that for manufactures—the locomotives for railways are made here, and are not excelled by anything in the world. Won't they run off the track? To be sure they will—they do so every where. Oh, I thought they always went *right ahead* among “them critters,” as Mr. Slick calls them.

Now, Frank, I have been endeavoring to give you an idea, I don't mean anything personal, of the State transactions.—The loans for all are procured much in the same way, for similar purposes, and paid in the same manner; but it is evident that a long period of prosperity will be required to extricate them from their embarrassments, and enable them to pay off incumbrances. I hope with all my heart they may get it, Jack,—so do I, Frank.—Adieu.

New York—1843.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I hinted to you before, how completely ignorant they are here relative to the cause and extent of our taxation. I verily think that more than half them believe that taxes are raised from the poor to be put into the pockets of the rich—the hateful aristocracy; and some could easily be persuaded, that when everything the poor have, but their skins, is wrung from them, the proceeds are put into a large place of deposit, and the Queen comes first and takes what she wants, then *my* Albert, the nobility follow, and the plebeians are locked out.

Of course there are some persons much better informed, but they are a small minority of the whole people of this Union. A lady was descanting to me the other day, no relation of Julia, upon the immense wealth of England, but what a shame, said she, to tax your poor so. I replied that the poor do not pay taxes except indirectly upon their small consumption. She seemed incredulous, and answered, "Have they not to pay for the very light of Heaven?"—I said they have not, but the rich have—how shocking—far less ma'am, than to owe debts and not be able to pay them; you ruin your creditors and stare out of two story white frame houses with half a dozen unnecessary windows in each.

But how does the *naked fact* stand? (don't shew this to any ladies) why the laborer, the cottager, the mechanic, pay nothing. The rich only pay for the support of the State, of the helpless and destitute, for the advancement of religion and education—for the blind, the maimed, and the lunatic—many a noble lord pays two hundred dollars a year for his light, and what else—servants, horses, carriages, stamps on legacies, inland bills, promissory notes, foreign exchange, protests, bonds, mortgages, indentures, inventories, appraisments, conveyances, wills,—on houses, on hounds, one hundred and thirty dollars a year,—on lands, and various other things too numerous to mention. By all these the poor are not affected; a house must have more than eight windows before it is taxed. The exemptions from duties are regulated with great care and consideration. If you wished to powder your wig, Frank, you would have to pay one pound three shillings and six pence sterling money, per annum—rather buy cigars with it, thank you.

The amount raised under those rates for the *poor, annually*, would nearly pay the debt of the State of Pennsylvania.—And why are all these taxes required—not to make canals and rail roads, and for other such purposes?

The history of the world tells why. A neighboring usurper, a ruthless destroyer, a scourge of his own and other countries, had doomed England to destruction that he might be left without a rival—by art and other means he had arrayed nearly the whole of Europe against her, and had destined her fair fields for the last act of his bloody tragedy—she turned upon herself and looked there alone for aid—she subsidised monarchies, she supported foreign armies, and to them added her own. The aggrieved from other lands sought refuge and repose upon her shores—the fleets of powerful States came for shelter to her ports—the frustrated invader threatened vengeance by ravaging and devastating her fair homes—she gave him not the trouble, but sought him in his own haunts. For nearly thirty years the thunder of her cannon resounded upon sea and land, and after various success, she gave to him the doom he had meted to others, and designed for herself.

What was the consequence? an enormous, almost overwhelming debt; safety was obtained, but it seemed nearly as terrific as the danger—still she bore herself nobly; other nations could give no aid, they were all equally exhausted, and were her debtors. She turned again upon herself, paid the *interest* to her creditors, and *preserved her honor*.

Was it not better far than fire and sword? Were not the sums annually raised from the affluent, and those having a competency less oppressive than the contributions to support an hostile army? Almost every nation on the continent was the scene of rapine, plunder, and woe; their churches were desecrated, their altars pillaged,—their trophies graced the triumphant entries of the invader, on his return to his own capital, and were placed as monuments of his victories, in the national galleries of his empire. The Italian States alone were forced to yield two millions sterling. England was tranquil, free and happy; she heard the tempest in the distance, but she was not scathed by it.

And would not America put forth her might in time of need, if her homes and her possessions were assailed, would she not give her support and make her contributions; would not man woman and child, rush forth, and say—take all—aye, all, rather than hostile foes shall own our lands; and when restored to peace, would she lament the sacrifice?—Never.

But had not this country something to do with English taxation? Who caused large armaments, and heavy expenditure, near her borders, in a neighboring Province? Were her loafers and mauraunders, and vagabonds, restrained or encouraged during a period of internal trouble, in those possessions? Were sympathetic meetings (as now) lauded, and arsenals robbed to promote aggression? Were, or were not, all these, and more, done to a peaceful ally, increasing her debt in order to escape the strangling embraces of her affectionate friend?—Now stop there, Jack—you've hit the nail on the head at last.

Another great cause of expenditure, is the defence of our numerous dependencies. "Britain's trade claims the whole habitable globe for its operations; her colonies are placed in every direction where man can exist—upon her dominions the sun never sets—her flag waves upon every sea—and volumes would be required to detail the result of her maritime enterprise, and internal trade." To protect all these, a large force is required, at a heavy cost, which swells the amount of her yearly expenses not a little; yet it would be idle to suppose that those very colonies do not furnish an equivalent, directly or indirectly, by fostering trade and encouraging manufactories. Now stop, Jack, I can't stand it—you have stood worse at Quatre Bras.

Did you not retreat from Quatre Bras, Frank?—you know I was at Brussels. The more shame for you, sir, and if we did retreat, it was with our faces to the enemy, and please to recollect that I have still a steady hand, and can see a few paces. Pray don't mention it, Frank.—Good night.

New York—1843.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I select the following from Julia's change:—"The English are wise to learn, and quick to know the faults of other nations, in recompense no doubt that they are stone blind to their own, and if another nation existed with half the means of England, and left its poor uneducated and *uncared* for, when so grievous a thing became known," &c. &c. &c., "nothing can be said too strong, condemnatory of the selfishness, and *silliness*, of the rich here, who refuse food and schools for the poor." If this means anything, it means one of the most grave and serious charges that can be made against a civilized nation. How far it can be applied to the poor, I have endeavored to show.

That the promotion of education has been well attended to in the United States, especially the Eastern, no one wishes to deny; but before assigning any extravagant merit to one party, there are always to be taken into consideration, the circumstances relating to both, otherwise there would be great danger of falling into error, and doing injustice, which the fair Julia would greatly regret, as relates to England.

Upon inquiry, I have found, that at least one hundred and sixty millions of acres of public lands have been surveyed, and perhaps forty millions sold—as much more granted by Congress—for the support of education and for internal improvements—what precise quantity for the former purpose, I have not ascertained. This much, however, is certain, that to make provision for Common Schools, a portion of each township is reserved, besides that for Colleges. Now can there be any fairness in exclaiming?—look at our munificence, with respect to education, and what can you say for your uneducated poor?

If it had been necessary in this country to procure, and they had procured, grants of money from Congress, during periods of war and other pressure, instead of appropriations of waste lands of the Union, obtained in many instances, as Black Hawk, in his talk, best relates, then it would have been just to have made the comparison.

That Great Britain would have done more, under other circumstances, out of her public funds, there can be little doubt—that she might have, even now, no one denies; but there happen to be a party and paltry feeling there, as well as in "our country," which have frustrated the philanthropic attempts of Lord Brougham, and others, for that purpose. I

contend that until it can be proved that the people here have done more in their individual capacities, without the aid of public lands, than the people of England, they have no right to arrogate to themselves any superiority on the subject.

They ought to, and they do very properly rejoice at the advantage, but for it they have no right to claim to themselves merit, since it arises from circumstances connected with *their purposes*. I think it is surprising, with such aid as is afforded from the powers of public reservations of land, that there should be any persons without education in this country; and yet it appears from the returns, that more than half a million of white adult inhabitants are uninstructed. And why is it, that notwithstanding such advantages, Prussia, from her public funds, derived from the people alone, leaves her far behind?

In England, there are the British Foreign School Society—the National School Society—the Sunday Schools, and besides the Universities and large establishments, such as Eton and Harrow, there are four hundred and fifty endowed schools scattered through the different countries. There is now an annual vote of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in aid of national education,—altogether it has amounted to eight hundred thousand dollars, and upwards of six hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed within the same period.—To say therefore, “that the wants of the people as regards education or otherwise, are uncared for,” is a very naughty fib in the *young* or old lady, for which she should be made to write exercises on veracity for a week, sitting on a stool, with her pinafore turned the wrong side out. As to the Universities, grammar schools, and other higher establishments in England, I have little doubt they educate ten times as many as are educated here under similar institutions. They are the following, not including grammar schools—Universities:—Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, London, University College, King's College. Schools:—Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, Westminster, Merchant's, Taylor's, Charter House, Mercer's, St. Saviour's, St. Olave's, Philological. Those ten are in London, all of the highest order. Then come Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Beccles, Birmingham, Bury, St. Edmund's, Dulwich, Geernsey, Leeds, Manchester, Reading, Ripton, Richmond, Rugby, Sherborne, Shrewsbury, St. David's and others—certainly, taken in all, no very indifferent means of affording instruction of the highest order to all classes. But “education is uncared for in England”—fi! charmante Julie.

Read the following, and recollect that unless you rouse yourself and write a book, it will be the opinion of nine-tenths of the people here—write a book yourself, only leave me out—they may scandalum magnatum make it.

Change says—“Unhappily the English are satisfied with mere sound, nay, proud of being so. Christianity, charity and

intelligence are substantially in the land, but so strange is the sound thereof, that the cries of London are outdone in untelligibility." Does that mean Punch and Judy, Jack?—exactly so.

Having shown that *charity* and *education* are not "uncared for," I shall turn to the "strange unintelligible sound of Christianity."

The question, whether an Established Church is expedient in this country or not, has nothing to do with the support of Christianity and propagation of the Gospel—what is absolutely necessary to one country may be ill suited to the other. I should, therefore, feel little disposed to notice the subject, were I not driven to it by so heartless an attack.

That a Church in any way connected with the State could have been established here, it is idle to suppose: that religion and her interests might not have been nationally aided, it would be more difficult to admit. In every thing secular there has been no want of attention to the interests of the people of these States; facilities for transporting themselves and their commodities to the different marts where gain and self interest call them, have been amply provided. Halls have been erected for the statesman, the orator, and the judiciary—education to quicken the faculty for the pursuit of wealth, for transacting the affairs of this world and conducting its various schemes, is cherished and promoted; but no general provision whatever in this favored Christian land is made for Christianity—religion, so far as the national acts are concerned, would appear to be of the least possible consequence. I, of course, mean permanent provision by the Government, which shall supply to those who need that most important of all benefits.

I am fully aware of all the zeal which has been exhibited by societies, and by individuals, in this great and paramount cause; but are religion and its wants ever mentioned in her legislative halls, as a matter of national concern? Do the States, day after day, adjourn their speeches on the subject of the extension of the truths of the Gospel? Do they seek to find out how many in the retired settlements have not the means of holy exercise? Are edifices built out of the proceeds of public lands, for the worship of the Deity? or pastors fed, who may devote their whole time to the diffusion of religion? I fear not.

They say the system is bad—that such provision for religion is injurious, as it lessens the anxiety of preachers to make proselytes, and of congregations to hear them. Your voluntary system, I say in reply, makes the clergy not the servants of God, but of man; his doctrine must please the people, or he must starve,—hence come raving and fanaticism, and all sorts of wild theories.

But has any attempt been made to test the question? There is a large endowment existing in the State of New York, from which assistance and support are given to Episcopal Clergymen of different congregations. Has a close investigation been attempted, to ascertain whether such a system has proved beneficial in places where wealth does not abound, and having arrived at the conclusion that it does so, (which would have been the case,) have any of the waste lands of the Union been set apart to create, by their sale, a fund for the promotion of religion generally, and not to any particular denomination?—I fear not. Has any portion of the land we shall call *conceded*, Black Hawk notwithstanding, been set apart for the purpose of christianizing or civilizing the savage and heathen tribes from whom it was received, for the purpose of bringing them within the fold, and thus affording to the zealous, sure and permanent means of making the attempt? I fear not, but rather that the prospect of driving them into the sea, or wholly exterminating them, is very coolly looked at—very little felt.

In Britain, there are twelve Missionary Societies, which disburse sixteen hundred thousand dollars annually; by other societies, five million six hundred and seventy thousand five hundred and twenty-three bibles and testaments have been distributed. Besides all these, means have been publicly provided to put it in the power of the destitute, the indifferent, the hardened, and the guilty, to approach their Maker, in his own sacred temple, which has always been considered an object worthy of a great and beneficent nation; and in the midst of perils at home, and wars abroad, it has never been lost sight of. When armaments for the safety of other countries were required—when distant dependencies were threatened with internal dissensions, fomented by our allies,—when legislators were at issue on subjects of important policy, and arrayed against each other in eager debate, religion was never forgotten.

The beneficed clergy, alone, of England and Wales, with their Curates, in number, amount to nearly fifteen thousand, not including persons who do not belong to the Established Church. To the poorer classes, who pay no direct taxes, they are not any expense, being provided for them,—and having been sworn to administer to their spiritual wants, they are distributed throughout England and Wales, furnishing aid, instruction and religious consolation in more than as many different places, and affording an example of learning and piety, meekness and excellence, not surpassed in any country in the world; they are removed from dependence and want, by their annual stipend,—they therefore can teach the true doctrine without heeding the cavillings of persons, too loose in their doctrines, or too rigid in their scruples, or too visionary in their zeal.

They must be highly educated to be received—they can therefore account for the faith which is in them; they are subject to a supervision besides that of the public, which must have a tendency to make them scrupulous in the performance of their duties, besides the higher aim which arises from their vows. For their support, upwards of twelve millions of dollars are annually raised and distributed, and through it and their means, christianity is heard, not in “strange and unintelligible sounds,” but in the sweet persuasive voice which religion and which conscience feels. Within a century, five hundred millions of dollars must have been expended for this holy purpose, from funds furnished by the State—add to it the building of churches, the public and private religious contributions, and then let impious tongues assert “that religion has not been cared for in England,” and the all-seeing God will not uphold and bless those acts.

Why, Jack, that sounds very like a sermon.—I’m dropping off. Wait a wee, Frank, you’re not *quite* ripe. Julia should have lived in the times of Cobbet—what an amiable pair of kindred spirits. Did you ever read the grammar he wrote for his son? Never read anything but the army list. I’ll give you an extract or two. Make them short then, Jack, or I shall say as Robin does,—going, gone. “Nouns of number or multitude, such as Mob, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Regiment, Court of King’s Bench, Den of Thieves, and the like, may have pronouns agreeing with them either in the singular or plural number; but we must be uniform in our use of the pronoun,—we must not in the same sentence, and applicable to the same noun, use the singular in one part of the sentence, and the plural in another part.—we must not, in speaking of the House of Commons, for instance, ‘*they* one year voted that cheap corn was an evil, and the next year, *it* voted that dear corn was an evil.’ Figurative language is very fine when properly used; but figures of rhetoric are edge-tools, and two-edge-tools too—take care how you touch them. They are called figures, because they represent other things than the words in their literal meaning stand for—for instance, ‘the tyrants oppress and starve the people; the people would live amid abundance if those *cormorants* did not devour the fruit of their labor.’”

You know he came to this country, after repudiating, to escape the tyranny of England—that is being obliged to pay his debts; he soon declared it was a thousand times worse here—he then dug up a skeleton, packed it among *his fixings*—called it Tom Paine’s bones—shook the dust off his shoes, and returned home. Isn’t that, Jack, what they call carnivorous? No, Frank, only bonivorous—rather a passion for bones.—Adieu.

 ALTHAM.

 BY JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.

 CHAPTER I.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale.—*Milton.*

A NIGHT of storm had terminated a dreary winter's evening ; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled dismally through the deserted streets, as Bushe left the lodging of a brother student, in ——— street, to return to his chambers in College. The clock, on the neighboring Church of St. Patrick's, had told ten, and the last stroke had scarce died on the ear, when it was succeeded by the solemn sound of the great bell of the Cathedral¹. which, repeated at half minute intervals, raised the curiosity of the young gownsmen so much, that, despite the inclemency of the weather, he determined on gratifying it.— He found the old building lighted up, and, as he reached the entrance, a funeral procession, evidently of a person of high rank, entered the close. The black plumes on the hearse and horses waved wildly in the blast, and it, together with the long train of mourning coaches which followed, viewed by the red fitful glare of torches, borne by the undertaker's mutes, clad in long black cloaks and weepers, formed altogether a very striking scene, as they slowly approached. Bushe determined to witness the ceremonial, and entered the church. One hundred oil lamps, and twelve large wax tapers, (the latter on the high altar) shed a flood of mellow light on the groined roof, and the richly emblazoned banners of the Knights of the illustrious order of St. Patrick. Bushe had often attended the Cathedral afternoon service, when it was lighted as at present, but whether it was the contrast with the cheerless darkness of the scene without, or the effect of association, he had never been so struck with the solemn beauty of that ancient pile.— The procession now passed beneath the richly carved screen which divides the nave and choir ;—the Dean, in full robes, reading the beautiful psalms with which the burial service so appropriately commences. After him the coffin was borne.— The Pall of black velvet, on which was elaborately emblazoned the heraldick bearing of Altham and Mountmorris, surmounted by an Earl's coronet, was supported by eight Peers of the deceased, who had been raised to the above titles, though only a younger son. The chief mourners were the Earl of Anglesey, and his younger brother Richard, heir to his titles and estates. A long train of nobles and gentry followed, to many of whom their stalls, as Knights of the Order, were opened by the Verger,—these again were followed by humble friends and

domestics. Bushe noted amidst the lordly mourners that seeming sorrow which decency required, but could not perceive a trace of real feeling; he was, however, struck by a group which stood within a few paces of the bier, it consisted of a man and woman, and a lad of about fourteen years—the two former, (they were apparently endeavoring to console the boy,) seemed to be upper servants of the deceased, and were in a befitting mourning; their young companion was dressed in what appeared the cast off clothes of a lad much his junior, and in a very ragged condition. Bushe was much interested in him, his features, though not perhaps, strictly speaking, handsome, were bold and noble. A profusion of light brown hair hung in rich curls over his neck and shoulders. His eyes were red and swollen, and his cheeks pale, yet despite the deep depression of his air, one might discern a latent energy which needed but circumstances to call it into action. His person was slight but elastic, and even the rude dress which he wore could not conceal its native grace and elegance. When the service commenced he had covered his face with his hands, and remained motionless, leaning against the door of one of the pews, until he was startled by the hollow sound of the earth, as it fell on the coffin, when the remains of him he had so loved were consigned to their kindred dust; for a moment he raised his head and looked around with an expression of deep agony, then resumed his former position—but now his sobs were audible. The new Lord Altham stared haughtily and coldly at him, and beckoning the man who stood beside him, commanded him to keep the lad quiet, or take him out,—the man bowed gravely and returned to his place, but the poor boy's grief was too sacred in his eyes to permit him to disturb it. The new Peer, perceiving himself disobeyed, looked sternly at them, but saw it was useless to reiterate his commands.—When the service was ended, the titled brothers departed with the other mourners, leaving the last sad ceremonies to be performed by the undertaker and his men, assisted only by menials. Bushe determined to remain until all was finished—he lingered in the church until the lights were extinguished, and then went to the tomb. But two flambeaux remained, scarcely making the darkness visible in the vault, against the door of which, crying bitterly, leant the youth in whom he had been so interest'ed,—as he approached he heard his former companions conversing about him :

“Poor Jemmy is breaking his young heart, and yet, John, the old lord shewed little love for him,—I don't know what makes him feel it so, though certainly 'tis a sad thing for him to be left alone, at his age, with only me to care about him in the wide world,—he must come home and live with us, John, and we must be kind to him, for where else has he to go?”

“Very true, Mary, and so he shall—we must be hard put to before your son shall want, while I have a house to shelter or bread to give him. The new Lord I thought did look angrily at me, when Jemmy, poor fellow, was crying in the church, and surely he had cause enough to be in grief; Lord Altham frowned at me though because I could not stop him, and would not bring him out,—but go and cheer him up; as I said before, he shall never want while we have it to give him.”

“God bless you for that word, my own husband,—who knows but the day may come yet when Jemmy may be as able, as he is always willing, to repay your kindness to him.”

“That may scarce be, Mary; but come, all is over now, so try and coax him away; it will be his death standing here in the cold rain.”

When the kind hearted woman approached the boy, he appeared scarcely conscious of what was going on around, yet when she drew him gently and kindly from the tomb, he sobbed out convulsively, “Oh! why can I not, too, remain with him here?” The woman was joined by her husband, and they left the close, supporting the young bereaved one.

Bushe returned to his chambers, but it was long ere he slept that night; for many hours he mused on the scene he had witnessed. The expression of the youngest brother's countenance was anything but prepossessing; proud, yet mean, and in every respect fortune appeared to have committed an egregious error in placing a coronet on a brow so ill suited to wear it with dignity. The feeling of the newly acquired importance, and the gratification he derived therefrom, were ill concealed by the assumed gravity of his demeanor—indeed, of those who had followed, to his last long home, the being who during his life had been flattered and caressed by all who approached him, not one shed a tear over his ashes, but that poor nameless boy.

CHAPTER II.

Towards the close of a fine afternoon of the summer succeeding the period at which our tale commences, Bushe was strolling in Upper Sackville street, in company with a law student, who, having entered the Inns of Court, was much looked up to by our young aspirant; his opinions on all matters connected with his profession were considered by our friend as infallible, and he deemed his acquaintance as of the highest importance. Both were hard reading, industrious and talented, and as the profession was not at that time over crowded, each had a fair prospect of success in the world, which, however, they entered under very different auspices. Bushe was the son of a country Curate, who, dying whilst he was a child, left him and his widowed mother totally unprovided

and dependent for even the merest necessities on his unmarried elder brother, who had embraced the less honorable but far more remunerative calling of an Attorney; a man of harsh and unamiable manners, who was from morning till night busily employed at his professional business, and whose sole delight seemed placed in the green boxes which held the mortgages and bonds with which his legal skill and money making talents enabled him to entangle the estates of most of his clients. He had nevertheless fulfilled his promise to his dying brother, having afforded an asylum in his house to his widow, (who was not long a tax on his bounty, having within a year, followed her husband,) and provided his orphan nephew a tolerable education. Bushe was grateful to his uncle, and endeavored to please him by profiting to the utmost of the opportunity afforded him, and as he grew older he was the more incited to pursue his studies diligently as he perceived in them a road to independence, for which his generous spirit sighed in secret. His uncle had chosen the Bar as a profession for him as that in which he could most easily push him on, and the choice suited the lad's wishes. Had it indeed been otherwise he would not have dreamt of disputing any arrangement of his uncle's wishes, however much he might be the party concerned, as from his infancy he had been accustomed to look on his orders as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Nor, indeed, had he been consulted on the matter, which was briefly announced to him one evening, while his uncle was mending a pen to finish the draft of a settlement. The pen was mended, and the old gentleman pursued his labors without further comment, considering his nephew's destiny fixed. On his holidays, as a boy, Bushe had accompanied his relative, during assize times, to the courts, and had been charmed with the eloquence and acuteness of the Barristers; and as he grew up, and was better able to comprehend their arguments, his admiration increased. The dull routine of his uncle's office had indeed nearly disgusted him, as previously to his entering College, he had required his attendance for a few hours daily, for the last six months. His Academic career had, though not highly distinguished, been creditable, and the time had nearly arrived when he was to finish his qualifications by eating the wisdom-inspiring commons of the Temple.

His companion, Dawkins, was the only son of the King-at-Arms, a personage of no mean importance at the Vice-regal court, who, together with his liberal official salary, was in possession of a considerable private fortune. Dawkins was a good natured, light hearted fellow, but hardworking and clever. Bushe was indebted to his friend for introductions to the society in which he moved, and was always a welcome guest at his father's house, and those of his acquaintance,—their

friendship had commenced at school, and was one of the rare instances in which these youthful alliances outlive the days of boyhood. Bushe had at the time interested his friend in the lad he had seen at Lord Altham's funeral, and Dawkins had that morning heard, from his father, particulars which had recalled the affair to his memory, and was now communicating them—the reader may best gather them from the conversation of the Students.

“My father,” continued Dawkins, “thinks all is not right in Lord Altham's title—'tis currently reported that his brother had a son by his marriage with Miss Sheffield; this lady, strange to say, is thought to be alive, though hitherto all endeavors to trace the place of her residence have proved abortive. After her separation from her husband, she lived in this city, for two years, in the house of a gentleman named King, and afterwards went to England, and thence on the Continent. My father observed the boy at the funeral, which he attended officially, and at the time thought he might be the heir, but he turns out to be a son indeed of Lord Altham's, but not by his lady.”

“What then has become of him, do you know? I should greatly like to see him again. I have rarely seen a boy with whom I was so much struck—the poor fellow's grief then is accounted for—I took him for a son of the servants with whom he was—does your father know what has become of him?”

“You are too much given to putting a number of questions in a string—it may answer to mystify a witness under cross-examination, but is a bad way to lead one of your own; but truly, friend Bushe, your conjecture was correct, as it seems in part, at least, as the woman was, I believe, his mother, who afterwards married a groom or coachman of his Lordship's.—The man is retained by the present Peer, and your young friend is living with his mother. Lord Altham is latterly very pressing in his claim to be enrolled, as the Session approaches, and, as the title is not disputed, my father has consented. I know his Lordship a little, and if we are to put any faith in Physiognomy, his does not say much for its owner,—there is a mixture of hauteur and nervous uneasiness in his manner which I always distrust. I think him guilty, 'pon honor, and strongly fancy that his brother *did* leave a son, and that he knows it.”

“Why, if it be so, it must out at some time—surely, at this time of day, the heir of a Peer of the realm cannot be spirited away.”

“I don't know! I don't know that! It may be prejudice, but I think the man capable of attempting anything,—'tis a worse world than you fancy it, Bushe.”

“But how was it that if Lord Altham had a son, it was not a well known fact? One would think that in a country neighborhood such an event would make a noise.”

“So it would seem likely indeed, but Lord Anglesey had been so much annoyed at his brother’s marriage with Miss Sheffield, which he deemed unsuitable, that all communication between them ceased, and Dunmaine, where Altham resided at the time, is in a very secluded part of the country. It appears also, that shortly after the period of the alleged birth of the son, he became jealous of a son of the only neighbor who pretended to the rank of a gentleman, and surprising him in Lady Altham’s room, called in the servants, and actually cut off his ear, which, as we may suppose, was a very effectual mode of cutting his acquaintance; the consequence, as regarded his unhappy Lady, was an immediate separation. His circumstances were, at this time, much embarrassed, and his being anxious to sell or mortgage his estates, might probably have led him to conceal the birth of the boy, to whose paternity he perhaps doubted his claim.”

“But then the present Earl and he, were never, I have heard, on good terms—his rights would have interfered as effectually as those of a son.”

“The present Lord was then a dissipated young man, without means, and as, in case of his brother’s death, he was presumptive heir to the vast Anglesey estates, it was perhaps no difficult matter to purchase his consent to the sale of a mere contingency,—the fact of his joining his brother in raising considerable sums is a sufficient answer to your objection.—But what a deuced row those urchins are making, scarce an evening passes now without broken heads,—there is a regular feud between the youngsters of Mountjoy Square, and the raggamuffins of the neighborhood—faith their wars would furnish ample matter for an epic. The urchins shew very fair fight—what say you to closing as near as we may safely, for their stones fly like grape-shot.”

At the period of our tale, Sackville Street had been recently built, at least that part north of where Nelson’s Pillar now stands, and terminated in a road leading to Mountjoy Square, the intervening land was laid out in pasture fields, which were now occupied by the youthful combatants, whose encounter had interrupted the conversation of our friends. Sods, stones, and missives of all descriptions had been unsparingly used by both parties, but at them the bourgeoisie had manifestly the advantage, their opponents were driven to the fences for shelter, when, however, being reinforced by a strong detachment of elder brothers and servants, they soon found themselves in a position to resume the offensive, and in return pressed hard on the former victors, most of whom again contented themselves with their former means of annoyance. A gallant little band, however, maintained a hand to hand fight manfully, under the leading of a remarkable lad, in whom Bushe at once recognized the boy by whose distress he had been so moved

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

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

fellow—did you mark his answer to that young homicide?—Faith! this false deed well becomes his father's son—so young too, to have tasted blood already—'tis a cub of a bad breed, and bids fair to do justice to his pedigree."

"Come! come! Bushe, you are unjust now, I know something of the boy, and there is much in him that you would like. What happened was done in a moment of passion, and you saw how deeply it was repented of on the instant. But allons—I see you have bound up your protégé's side, and right skillfully too—let us bring him as you say, to your rooms—poor fellow, he is but a light burden, so should we not meet a car, we can easily carry him thither.

CHAPTER III.

As Dawkins had anticipated, they had scarcely got out of the fields when they found a car. It was a rough conveyance for the wounded boy, but Bushe had so carefully bound up his side, that when when they laid him on the student's bed and examined the bandages, they found the blood effectually stopped. A skip had been despatched for a surgeon, immediately on their arrival, who now arrived, and on removing the bandage, the son of Æsculapius looked very grave, but when he probed the wound, found that the knife had glanced on a rib.

"This is an affair of little moment; a few strips of sticking plaster, and a couple of days' quiet will set all to rights. Its consequences, had, however, nearly been fatal—how did it happen?"

Bushe, rightly interpreting his friend's look, related the circumstances of the affray without mentioning names, and dismissed the medico with a fee which ensured his silence—he took his leave, promising to call the next day and look to the dressings; and Dawkins, according to his promise, went in quest of Lord Mountmorris, to relieve him with the prospect of the lad's speedy recovery.

Jemmy was profuse in his acknowledgments to Bushe for his kindness; he expressed himself with a grace and elegance which contrasted strangely with his attire, and much excited the gownsman's curiosity to learn his history from his own lips; he refrained, however, from putting any questions to him for the present, as the doctor had prescribed the most perfect quiet, and perceiving the boy's desire to see his mother, and having made himself acquainted with the place of her abode, determined to go for her himself. Bushe had much difficulty in finding the house indicated by Jemmy—it was a miserable one, and disgustingly dirty; a filthy Virago, who was beating a wretched looking child at the door, bestowed a finishing thwak on the urchin, which laid it sprawling in the

kennel, and listened with a suspicious look to his enquiries for Mrs. Weedon.

"And what will you be wanting with her?" she replied, "if it be a fair question?"

"I have something of importance to tell her—does she live here?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose you have. Well, well, it is no affair of mine—you will find her in the room, on your right hand, up stairs."

Bushe left the woman muttering to herself, and with difficulty made his way up the rickety stairs. He found Mary Weedon very much changed in appearance, since he had first seen her: she was dressed in the same mourning, which was much worn, and the neatness of her air had given place to a slatternly, carelessness; she looked worn and squalid, her once handsome features had grown thin and sharp, and scarce a trace of color remained on her cheek.

As Bushe opened the door, without looking towards him, she said in an angry voice—"Well, Jemmy, where have you been all the evening? if you stay out this way again, I'll tell John, and he'll pay you off." She had said thus much when, turning round she saw Bushe, and continued, without considering an apology necessary—"I thought it was my boy, but what do you want, Sir?"

Bushe, in few words, stated what had happened, and the lad's wish to see his mother. The woman's face turned of a still more ghastly hue, and Bushe, who thought she would have fainted, hastened to inform her that there was no danger, and that he had done every thing possible for her son.

"Heaven bless your honor for your goodness to my unfortunate child," she said, with a strong revulsion of feeling. "Oh! Sir, all the world have turned against poor Jemmy, even John Weedon, who used to be so kind to us, is as bad as the rest; since he went to live with this Lord, he is always abusing and beating the boy now. I almost could wish, Sir, that he had been killed outright, and I along with him—you would pity us if you knew all, Sir."

"I do. I do pity you from my heart, my good woman," replied Bushe, much moved. "I will take the best care I can of your boy, if you have no objection to leave him at my rooms, until he is better; he will have good air there, and will be more quiet than you can possibly keep him here. But had you not better come and see him?"

"The Almighty bless your kind heart, Sir. I thank you from my soul—I am ready, and will follow you. I'm not fit to be seen in the streets with your honor."

"Pooh, pooh, come along and cheer up, your son will do well enough, and perhaps there are better days in store for you both."

“No, Sir, not for me at least, I don't deserve them—I have brought sorrow on myself, and must bear it—the time may come indeed when Jemmy will have the good luck he deserves. Oh, Sir, could you have seen the tenderness with which he nursed me through an illness which nearly brought me to the grave, you would have thought I had been as kind to him as—as I have been the reverse.”

Running on in this strain, they reached Bushe's chambers where they found Dawkins and the young Viscount with the boy. The former drew Bushe aside—

“I wish you had seen the meeting between these boys, I think it would have gone far to remove your dislike to the one, and certainly your pretegeé would have lost nothing in your estimation. When I left you I found Mountmorris in the greatest agitation waiting for me at the College gate, and delighted him with the intelligence of the trifling nature of Jemmy's wound. He insisted on seeing him, and I brought him here to witness a scene that I shall not soon forget.—Mountmorris, after expressing his feelings of deep distress at what had occurred, and with a delicacy which was scarcely to be expected at his years, urged the necessary expenses of his wound as an excuse, and pressed a purse on our young friend, a purse containing certainly a larger sum of money than he could ever have dreamt of possessing. All his entreaties and arguments could not, however, procure its acceptance. Jemmy, nevertheless strove nobly to put the boy at peace with himself, by representing that he was chiefly in fault in the affair. You may reckon on it that this occurrence will be a fortunate affair for the boy, as I am much mistaken if the lads be not firm friends henceforward.”

“It may be, but I say, Dawkins, how like they are, they might pass anywhere for brothers.”

“They might indeed, yet Jemmy has much the advantage in countenance, as in height.—look how penitent Mountmorris looks, he is, I assure you, a noble fellow.”

“He looks it—come, I am ready to forgive him—will you introduce us?”

“That I will do with much pleasure, the more willingly, as I am sure you will like him.” He beckoned to the boy, and introduced him to Bushe.

The young nobleman expressed himself as he should on the occasion, taking the opportunity to thank Bushe for the care he had taken of Jemmy. “If anything had happened him,” continued he, “I should have for ever looked upon myself as a murderer.”

Mary Weedon, who had hung over her son, whilst the above conversation had taken place, started on first hearing Mountmorris' voice, and learning from what he said that it was his hand had dealt the blow, she sprung to her feet—

"Then it was you who would have murdered him? Oh! I thought evil could not happen him, except from you or yours. May the curse of a heartbroken woman light upon your father's house! Surely, surely, ye had done him sufficient wrong already; beware—human patience has its bounds, and mine is well nigh exhausted. Mark me! ye trample too cruelly on us—I bid ye again beware! ye hold your heads high, yet my vengeance may reach you."

"Oh! hush, mother, hush.—Lord Mountmorris is as sorry as you are at this accident—he did not intend to hurt me."

"I cannot excuse myself as Jemmy does. Mrs. Weedon, but I can truly say that I would give or suffer anything, could I undo the work of this evening; your son have forgiven me, and henceforth we are to be friends—if you would allow me to place in your hands a trifle for his use, which *he* refuses, you would relieve me much."

"Aye! aye! you great folks think money can cure every evil you do, with it you would buy us body and soul, and oh! too often you succeed. Curses on it—it has brought sin and misery home to many a poor man's house, and ours amongst the number: but now —." She leaned again on the bed, and burying her face in the coverlet, sobbed convulsively.

"Mother," said Jemmy, faintly, "it was not like you to speak so to one who already too deeply feels his fault, if fault it be. I was, I repeat, as much, if not more, to blame than he—you must forgive us both."

But his mother heeded him not, nor perhaps heard him.—Bushe perceiving that the scene was too much for his protégé, took her gently by the hand, and said kindly—

"Mrs. Weedon, the Doctor has strictly enjoined quiet as of the utmost consequence, we are agitating my young friend too much. I have had, I believe, everything which you may want, left here.—should you require anything, I shall be in the adjoining room. Good night, I trust I shall find him better, and you more composed, to-morrow, when I have something to propose to you, which, I hope, will meet your approbation. Come Dawkins—Mountmorris, I am sure Mrs. Weedon forgives you."

"The Heavens bless you, Sir. Young Lord, you have contrived to add, though I hope unintentionally, to a cup of sorrow already overflowing—nevertheless, I forgive you, and may God do so also."

Bushe declined Dawkins' invitation to a bed at his father's, that he might be at hand, if wanted, and contrived very well with his sofa and great coat. The young Viscount and Dawkins walked home together, their houses being near each other.

"She said but too truly," said the former, as they sholted along, "that her cup of sorrow was, before this, full to overflowing. Her husband is our coachman, and a more drunken, disorderly ruffian I never saw. I am amazed that my father bears his insolence, and yet he appears a favorite with him.—Her home, poor woman, must have been miserable enough—I wish my father knew of this evening's work—he is indeed always kind and indulgent to me, but I should be afraid to tell him of it—would you do it, Mr. Dawkins?"

"You make too much of this matter. I scarce know your father, but if you wish it, I'll get mine to call on him in the morning, and tell him all about it?"

"You will greatly oblige me—I'm afraid he will be most terribly angry—this is most kind of you, and now, good night, Mr. Dawkins, here is our house."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES ON MODESTY.

THE Queen of love as poets feign,
First issued from the briny main,
All nature without art;
Yet ere she triumphed o'er mankind,
Full half her charms she first confined
And thus she won each heart.

Her auburn locks in ringlets played,
And seemed to scorn the ribbon's aid,
And wantoned in the breeze;
Her snowy bosom heaved and fell,
As Zephyr fanned its lovely swell,
Which scarce he stirred the trees.

Yet e'en such charms as these, in time,
Fail in their zest, and lose their prime,
And cloy the lover's eye;
Then round her waist she girt her zone
And less profuse of favors grown,
Oft heard her votary's sigh.

Charms seen by chance, and hardly seen,
Add loveliness to Beauty's Queen;
And wake each chaste desire,—
The imagination longs to rove
In fields forbid to all but love.
While every thought 's on fire.

Then gentle maids, your charms deny
To every lawless wandering eye,
So may you each be blessed;
So may your lovers husbands prove,
And husbands still increase in love,
Possessing and possessed.

THE BOARDS OF TRADE AND THEIR REMONSTRANCES.

BY GORE.

MANKIND in general, act as if bodies natural and bodies politic, might be safely doctored, tampered and tinkered, perchance in virtue of some peculiar organization of all humanity, prescriptive or instructive. We cannot unless we assume this belief, explain the remarkable prevalence of quackery in these two somewhat abstruse sciences. For ourselves we confess to have studied long and carefully many a political problem without obtaining that clear and satisfactory solution we have desired.—Rising from minute and yet extensive survey of conflicting prejudices, jarring interests and doubtful effects, how often has it occurred to us, to delay the formation of an opinion until some new light has been afforded from without, or some tedious mental evolution within has resolved our difficulties.—Our Political dogmatists know none of these tribulations blessed with that strange inner exotic light to which we have above alluded : they can overleap these trifles—they profess an Electro Galvanic speed of mind, which sets at naught fears and cares ; they can play with the interests of millions, with the lightness of boys at chuck farthing, and with about the same amount of clamour ; and by a similar process of cogitation, settle a disputed Tavern bill, and a doubtful course of Policy, or perhaps, from an innate, and not very unrighteous partiality to self, they may bring something more to the arrangement of the first case, than they would at all admit to be needed to the solution of the last. Such impressions as these were left in our minds by an attentive perusal of strange reasonings alleged by the “Free Trade Association” for the repeal of the Navigation Laws and the opening of the Saint Lawrence.

We are gravely told in this “Memorial,” that the repeal of the “Corn Laws,” urging, as it has, an increase exportation of grain and flour, has so raised the prices of freight at Quebec and Montreal, that nothing short of inviting our neighbors to assist us in the carrying trade will prevent the ruin of those cities : to us it would seem such a profitable business could not long remain so,—that the quick-sighted shippers would soon discover the necessity and the profit too, upon investing some of their loose cash in a steady increase of the shipping of their ports, and that the present and temporary want, might be more readily and more beneficially removed in this way, than in the mode suggested. It seems now the carrier is reaping a rich harvest : we admit it, but the uniform laws of supply will in no long time remove the difficulty : nay, the very evil complained of, is but the commencement of a new and imposing era in the yards of our builders : the advance of freight must infuse new life there, and much of our oak being retained to meet the new

demand, the rise in price consequent thereupon must add something to the profits of the lumbermen, while this terrible difficulty is in the very process of removal. The argument of figures, based on the existing state of the canals and shipping, is totally inapplicable to the future. A calm consideration—an unprejudiced examination of the means and facilities will remove all gloomy anticipations; a class of vessels must be built adapted to the trade of the canal, of draught and tonnage fitted to the size of the locks, yet sufficiently powerful to traverse the ocean safely—vessels of four hundred tons capacity are equal to both these requirements; their construction (and they will be constructed,) will soon show, upon how insecure a foundation the predictions of the free traders have been raised. We may admit the passage by the gulf and river to present more dangers *at present*, than the simple traverse of the Atlantic to New York, and moreover, that the voyage must always be somewhat longer; but on the other hand, the double transshipment for western produce by Oswego or Buffalo, will not only offset this, but, after all, leave likewise a handsome margin to exporters by our magnificent river.

It is a very frequent remark that the navigation of the St. Lawrence opens too late for the spring up freight; this is another fallacy, which has been repeated until it is believed.—The New York State canals are not in a navigable condition at an earlier period than the 20th of April, and the harbour of Buffalo has repeatedly far later been hermetically sealed by the presence of ice; position alone accounts for this, since our lake ports are ever clear before that time, of their winter shroud. Now, the first week of May brings the European shipping to our quays, by the 14th they might be entering the Welland, and by the 21st of the same month, discharging cargo at the wharves of Detroit. The good people of the United States cannot surpass this, and even if by railroad, they deposit in Buffalo at an earlier day, which they may readily do, the spring purchases are still dependent on the opening of the lake, for their final delivery. Vessels of the class we have indicated could also accommodate a large number of passengers, and would transport them commodiously to Western Canada, or to the lake ports of the Western States. If this method of emigration be objected to on the score of time, the safety it affords from the imposition of Hotel, Railway, Canal and Steamboat Agents, is an abundant set off. It has also the recommendation of cheapness. We have but little doubt, that, at a cost of thirty-five dollars, steerage passengers might be thus taken from the wharves of Liverpool, to the piers of Chicago. Nor do we think the time of transit, would on the average exceed two months, a period but slightly exceeding usually required, to make the voyage and overland journey to the same place, by the more accustomed route. The Montreal

dreamers would do well to ponder these inklings: it does seem, something more than commonly strange, that, to obtain a temporary relief, we should be required to make such enormous sacrifices; flour has been repeatedly taken from Montreal at one dollar—with sufficient competition, that would be the ruling price. From New York, although at present one third less, the freight of flour averages that figure. We are to look forward to the carriage of an enormously increased amount of Western Produce, our merchants and ship-owners if they wish to preserve the advantages opened to them, must turn their attention to this fact. The tolls on the canals should be carefully revised, and every possible reduction made, as no more profitable investment can be found, than our shipping now affords: that branch of the transport will proportionably increase.

Were we to describe the amount of tonnage that in a few years will be required, we have no doubt it would be treated as the dream of a heated imagination; still, it were worth the while to consider, what a canal of immense length and moderate power has achieved for New York, even with the disadvantage of a double transshipment, before we decide upon our future prospects. What solid reason has been offered for the surrender of this brilliant future? is a casual want and a temporary benefit to be weighed for a moment against the illimitable advantages before us? a more gross absurdity than this proposal involves can be hardly cited. It has been clearly shewn by the Free Traders, that the carriage of produce from the West has this year increased beyond their expectations,—that the transport provided above, though enlarged beyond that of every preceding period, is still so insufficient, that freights have, as a consequence, immensely advanced. The future effect of this unprecedented road of produce upon the community, is totally lost to sight, in the deep anxiety these gentlemen feel in the inherent accumulation of stocks,—it may be they are holders, and find the profitable margin, at which they purchased, greatly narrowed by the present heavy charges. Their chagrin is natural, yet let them remember these fluctuations of profit, are the incidents of commerce, and must be borne with, like the difficulties of every other calling; they have no equitable right to call upon the legislature to interfere for their behalf, more especially too, when the aid they seek can only be obtained by prostrating other greater and constantly advancing interests. We repeat, the Free Traders have taken a narrow and selfish view of the question,—they have kept out of sight the immense results to all others than themselves, and seek to sacrifice the colonial shipping interests *for ever*, to remedy the evils of an individual mercantile mistake now. We have no idea the Imperial Government, can be either coaxed or bullied into the adoption of any such ill-moulded measures.

It is not either civil or decent to laugh in the faces of grey bearded men, even when senility has not brought wisdom ; if it were, we are certain the reception of a deputation propounding these follies would be such as to deter all future applicants. The presentation of a cap and bells, or a fool's bauble, from the Colonial Secretary, would be in better taste, than a labored argument to disprove their position ; for the imbecility which could evolve a scheme like that of the Free Traders, would be a declaration of their unfitness to comprehend any other reply. Alas ! alas ! for our canals, for our river, for our shipping, for the English operatives, for starving Ireland. The great Illinois canal is near completion too,—what is to be done when it pours the rich abundance of the West upon our already heaped wharves ? None, it seems, from the Free Traders, will embark a shilling more in this mighty trade ; our fathers at home will not despatch their shipping, our builders are seized with a Free Trade panic, and will not construct more ; in these circumstances, these severe and pressing circumstances, now that the monies on our internal improvements are about returning a handsome profits, they propose to obviate the difficulty, and to reinvigorate the finances of the colony, by forcing upon the Imperial Government the most profitable source of income ; and, by way of encouragement to shipowners, to obtain, undoubtedly, their support, they would introduce the competition of foreign carriers. Proposals like these need no reply—the common sense of mankind furnishes a ready negative. We have but to place them simply before the public, to manifest their folly. We are so placed, naturally, and have so improved our position by rest, that in a very few years, the cities of Montreal and Quebec, must become the great centres of North American commerce,—the vast Western States, the granary of this Continent, will there seek their supplies, and there transmit their produce ; the straightness of the market in those cities, at the present moment, springs from this very cause ; the existing means and capital are insufficient to handle this rapid augmentation ; fresh supplies of both are loudly called for, and the energy of the call indicates the profit to be soon. Each succeeding Spring, for many years, will hear the like cry, though the previous exhortation should be lavishly answered too, for the West outgrows calculation, and in productive ability transcends limit,—for this we are to raise a Jeremiad.

We think the Free Traders might have found, too, another cause by which the rise in freight has been assisted—we allude to the falling off of our sea going tonnage. The diminution will, it is likely amount to about 100,000 tons before the close of navigation ; many causes have led to this—the chief one is, however, the extreme activity of commerce throughout the world, at the present time : the mercantile marine of the empire is for the moment insufficient, but the

evil will work its own cure. There is not a ship yard in England but is employed to the full of its ability—orders have in many instances been rejected, the amount of work on hand precluding their reception. We give the Free Trader the benefit of this argument, but it would puzzle him to draw any very great support from it. Time, one chief element of greatness, is alone wanting to develop our resources, and to concentrate both labor and capital, in the most productive channels. Time will carry through the Rail Road to Portland. Time will achieve a yet greater work of connection—the Halifax and Montreal Rail Road—it is but talked of now, or hardly more—a few years and this talk will be a portion of its history,—trains that have swept from the waters of the Gulf, will then deliver in the heart of our cities, freight and passengers, that in a few hours more, by a similar conveyance, will be resting on the shores of the Huron, or reposing on the wharves of Sandwich. Such are our prospects, and such is commercial activity,—such the heaped capital, undrawn upon by war, that conception and execution tread fast upon each other.

The Free Traders propose also the removal of the existing differential duties, the justice of this claim we grant, and so doing, we admit the policy of the change asked for; we desire the Colonies of Great Britain, in all things, to be placed on an exact and equal footing with the parent land. In view of this, and because we esteem such a change not only desirable, but necessary to the perpetuity of the present connexion, we have elsewhere advocated other measures also, of which this one would be an inevitable result. There is something peculiarly asinine in the *lament* of the Toronto Board; they have discovered the combination of a *few* merchants has been the chief cause of the great rise of freight this season, a *wealthy few* they must be, to own eight hundred thousand tons of shipping; suppose we put their value at twenty dollars per ton, we have the trifling total of sixteen millions thus invested,—verily, there are but few even of *our* merchant princes, who would not consider the thirty-second part of this amount, a very comfortable heritage; a goodly number might esteem it possible to wear through this troublesome world, with one-half even of that, and we are moreover of opinion, not a few would be quite contented with even a fifth of this latter sum. Surely no manifesto put forth by men of place, ever bore the stamp of absurdity more deeply marked. What, the merchants of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Leith, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and the other cities of the empire, have met, and arranged a tariff of prices, have embarked millions of dollars in a sneaking, miserly, miserable, attack on the big-bellied purses of the good people of the far-famed city of Toronto. Shame! shame! to these wicked merchants, and great glory and extraordinary

laudation to those keen-sighted members of this new Gotham, for the wonderful and unexampled discovery. But a truce to such follies, the old Fable of Æsop might teach us the necessity of exertion—if we would be aided, we must begin by assisting ourselves, instead of miserable laments over the Corn Laws, and snivelling remonstrances about freight,—let us endeavor manfully to avail ourselves of that we possess. What, in sober and earnest truth, do we need to render the changes that have taken place at home less onerous than they now seem? much, doubtless. But we are so placed as to command and hold the trade of the Lakes, and the far-West. This we derive from nature; the communication is not yet perfect; even when the Lachine canal is completed, another link in the great chain must be wrought, before the roadway is made clear; the Lakes, Superior and Huron, must be united, the products of the mineral region secured, this achieved, we shall possess a more extensive shore, a more productive area, than any nation on the globe. The Portland and Montreal Railway must also be carried through energetically, and be brought to connect with the other projected lines. The mighty iron rib from Halifax is beyond our unaided efforts—well we know that, but the necessity of its construction—the benefit it will confer, both military and civil, must be loudly proclaimed, and repeatedly enforced; the Government and the people of England must be taught to appreciate its value. Will they learn it if we slumber? will our supine and childish inactivity be a ready mode of teaching? will they not draw from our wordy foolish and *licentious* brawling, the very reverse of that we desire?—The memorials to which we have drawn attention so often, sin most sadly in this manner, they are indirect *threats*, yet they are as short-sighted as splenetic—look only to direct interests—to the morrow; true policy will go a *little* farther—will embrace a wider circle. The effect of the Corn Law, may be momentarily injurious—for the sake of the British millions the change has been wrought; however, we cannot, any more than the burdened landholders of Great Britain, resist the pressure that led to the repeal; the necessities of the parent State compelled the change, but, it is for a moment only injurious.—The steady demand created by that opening will carry thither not only all our surplus, a *trifle*, but likewise all that of the Western States of the Union, which we can contrive to forward. Our present difficulty arises from a deficiency of sea going vessels,—the falling off ranges nigh one hundred thousand tons,—it is yet very possible this may be overcome by increased arrivals. The fall fleet may go beyond our anticipation—if so, the evil is a thing of little moment; but suppose the reverse—admit the diminution to continue,—in a few months the profits of the trade will call to our harbors all the shipping we can fill. We are in a state of transition,—New

York, by a mighty and much to be praised effort, has for years, diverted into forced and unnatural channels, the products of her distant co-States. Slowly we awoke to a knowledge of this—more slowly still, to the exertion required to restore the primitive order of commerce; we have succeeded, so much beyond our expectations, too, that the result is overwhelming—all our capital, all our lake craft, all our shipping, are employed, and are insufficient,—still the work of restoration is incomplete, and as it progresses, threatens more of abundance; the violence of our good fortune has become an evil—we are lost in a burst of success,—a very pretty cause for “sighing and grief,”—a very precious reason for lamentation, truly; yet, over this, our wonderful sages of the Board of Trade, are poring and puling, sighing and swearing,—no, they do not swear, they only intimate swearing,—while dexterously interweaving republicanism, and covert treason, in single threads amid the varied colors of that Joseph's coat, which they are pleased to call a “remonstrance,” and “sifflication.” Figures, it is said, will not lie, neither will a knife rise up and maim us—the assistance of a human hand is necessary to turn either to an evil purpose. We make this remark because we have seen numerous calculations paraded in the papers, showing the great advantages resulting to shippers who transmit their produce by the port and canals of New York.

We will not enter into the question of their correctness, but stating a fact, leave our readers to infer the value of these vaunted figures. *We know flour has been, and is now, constantly shipped from the City of Rochester, to Great Britain, by the Montreal route.* The Navigation-Laws-Repeal Gentlemen, had better, before they proceed further, settle this slight discrepancy between facts and figures, and when they have done so we will add a few more last words to this paper.

SONNETT.

We live, and laugh, and love, and mourn, and die,
 Happy, if love and laughter overleap,
 The sorrows that all human pathways steep,
 Gold, station, power, ward not mortality.
 Races and ages have been, as the sweep
 Of wave on wave, we follow in their wake,
 Like them, in noise and foam, at last to break,
 Then backward sink in the all-gulphing deep,
 And why should we, mere units in the sun
 Of poor humanity, so grieve, and strive,
 And trample on the present, but to live—
 To live! and in a future that is dumb—
 Aye, dumb! some bubbles may their peers outlast.
 A moment, bah! and these are of the past

LEGENDS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

BY CINNA.

NO. III.

DE SOULIS,

THE RUNNER OF THE WOODS.

In an article in the first number of this Magazine, mention was made of the precipitous rocks below the town of Brockville, which form the banks of the St. Lawrence; and of a young Indian's leap from the same to escape the pursuit of a pale face who owed him no good will from the causes there stated. These rocks have other traditions connected with them, which we are determined not to have any thing to do with at present, intent as we are on being exceedingly serious, that the more sedate and retiring portion of the community may look up to us with affectionate esteem personally, and entire confidence in our assertions, while pursuing a rapid journey with us, on one of our magnificent steamers, some few miles down the St. Lawrence.

By being closely examined, the face of the cliffs above mentioned, will be found painted over here and there with red and scarlet paint, after the Indian fashion. Rude representations of canoes, filled with men, are to be seen in several different spots, against which the rain beats, and the rough waves of the river dash, in vain to erase the memorials.—Five and twenty years ago we saw them first, in the company of an old *voyageur*, in whose canoe, we thought then, (and think still,) we were much better employed than being kicked, cuffed, thumped, and foully belabored, at school. The old *voyageur* dropped his paddle, when passing these rustic devices of his brothers, the Aborigines, and reverently crossed himself.—We felt we ought to have done the same, but did not have time to know what to do, before the current had taken us past. What François told us then, it were needless to relate here. In a brief way we state that a long while ago—a very long time ago—certain Indian families were overtaken by a storm, while passing these cliffs in their gossamer canoes, and men, women, and children, were all drowned together, beneath the spot where the unfading mementoes of them, sketched afterwards by an unknown hand, are now to be distinguished. We have some suspicion that these paintings might very justly be accounted for after a manner altogether different, but not near so briefly, and therefore we give no weight to the suspicion whatsoever, it being far less trouble to be concise at the present time, than otherwise. We saw those paintings

five and twenty years ago. They were bright and unfaded.— We saw them to-day, and they were still the same. It is said the coloring dies away in autumn, and returns again with super-added lustre in the early spring. This is the Indian's story, and after all the protests entered into by us, we do not know how we can avoid telling it, seeing that the fit is upon us, and so we go on at once, before forgetting what we would be at.

A long time before the earliest French discoverers had ventured on the upper waters of the St. Lawrence, for the purpose of taking possession of the country, in the name of His Most Christian Majesty, the peninsular country between the Ottawa and our own river, had been more than once explored by a party of young men, who, under the guidance of some friendly Indians, had with much determination, penetrated the unbroken forest, and carried on a limited trade with several tribes, or families, who never yet had presented themselves at the principal trading station at Quebec. These were the original "*Coueurs des Bois*," or *Runners of the Woods*, a class which became afterwards so extremely useful to the Merchants as purchasers of furs in those remote deserts that could not be reached, or made available, without them.— They were in fact the originators of the North West Company, and many succeeding *Coueurs des Bois* were afterwards either employed as clerks, or became associated as partners in that stupendous commercial enterprise. Our narrative is, however, connected with one who lived long before such companies were thought of, whose name was De Soulis—a Frenchman by birth, young, remarkably beautiful, both in form and feature, and possessed of that restless enthusiastic temperament, which Canadian history fully proves to have been far more prevalent among the natives of La Belle France, during the sixteenth century, than we can anywhere perceive it at the present day. * De Soulis had the Indian appellation of "Nita" conferred upon him by the tribe with which he had become connected in trade: for what reason cannot be surmised. *Nita*, in the Knistenaux tongue, meaning "my brother-in-law," in English, a term somewhat restricted in its application with us; nor can we perceive precisely in what manner three or four hundred warriors could legally become entitled to make use of the semi-fraternal appellative in reference to De Soulis, save that being adopted into the tribe, he became connected with each and every one of them, which, we suppose, was the case. He was most certainly not married at the time, however

* We felt certain we were correct in the above statement, and almost at the time of writing, we saw in the *Montreal Pilot* of Sept. 15th—"The French of the present day are by no means the exclusively polite people they used to be, but it cannot be denied that they still carry the palm of politeness from all others."—Alas! the days of dancing masters are gone for ever!

anxious he may have been to have had the ceremony duly performed between himself and Ominee, the daughter of one of the leading war chiefs, and nearly related to one of the head chiefs of the tribe. Ominee, the Dove, was not so readily to be won and wedded as De Soulis might have supposed, from the patronising manner in which her father called him his brother-in-law, and offered him sundry other civilities indicative of his good will towards him. Ominee looked upon the young Frenchman with absolute indifference, notwithstanding his handsome person, and importunate addresses, and preferred to him a young hunter, with whom she had been associated since her childhood, named Mascawa. This was sufficiently humiliating to De Soulis, and having been left alone in charge of the post, by his co-partners, who had gone to Quebec for the summer, he determined to leave it, and to betake himself to the lodge of the war chief, who had gone with a number of families to spend the period of the "fishing moon" among the thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. He arrived from below on a bright morning in July, in a small canoe, which he managed alone, with all that ease and grace which a taste for the athletic pastimes of the woods had enabled him to attain. He was dressed in the Indian garb, consisting of "leggings," or pantaloons made to fit closely to the leg, with a fringe on the outer seam, composed of variegated beads or quills; a belt of dark *babiche* secured tightly around the waist; a close vest, fastened with ribbons behind; a cap of dressed skins adorned with many feathers, and a robe thrown over one shoulder, and fastened under the right arm, so as not to impede its action, in all probability, completed the costume. Compared with our broad-skirted, or swallow-tailed coats—our horrible trousers, made expressly to hide lean calves, or crooked legs; our despicable hats, girdling our heads as with a zone of fire, and weighing us down with the premonitory symptoms of a brain fever upon us; our still more detestable cravats, or stocks, choking us outright into the asthma;—compared with these, and our pinched shoes and boots, crucifying our feet into one mass of blister and inflammation;—who would not at once lend his suffrage to the Indian's, instead of the pale face's costume? We, for one, most decidedly, for it has a singular resemblance to the Roman, and that, we imagine, by far preferable to any inventions of the Don Cossacks, from whom we borrowed our trousers, or the Boors of the Borysthenes, from whom our ponderous hats, and our clattering boots, were stolen.

"My brother-in-law is welcome," said the war chief, as De Soulis approached to where he was sitting, under the shade of a tree, surrounded by innumerable children and idlers; it being in the heat of the day when the Indian always reposes himself, the morning and evening being the times for his operations, while we swelter our lives away in the noontide.

"Nita offers thanks—he knew of his welcome with the great chief of the Knisteneaux. Ominee encountered her father's friend on the river, and ensured him a welcome," replied De Soulis, advancing and taking the Chief's hand, after the childish custom of Europeans.

"Where?" enquired the chief, while he eyed De Soulis keenly, admiring exceedingly his magnificent dress of cloth of gold and Vevasian satin.

"She was far below among the Islands, and departed for the shore of the Mohawks. I warned her of her danger, and besought her return, but to no avail. Nita pays no regard to that, but still he fears for her safety on account of his friendship for the great chief."

"Far below among the Islands—ha! that is not good—a woman should never go beyond the protection of the great war chief of the Knisteneaux," replied the warrior, drawing from his belt a small looking-glass, (for which De Soulis had a few days before received only three packages of beaver skins!) and proceeding straightway to admire his valorous countenance.

"She had her protector with her in Mascawa, who can doubtless secure her from all attacks of the Mohawks," replied De Soulis, watching the effect of his words upon the Chief. The reply of that worthy was one of perfect indifference, while he continued to admire the image of his warlike countenance reflected in the mirror. He certainly did, however, venture the remark that none but himself, the great war Chief of the Knisteneaux, was fully competent to protect his daughter or any body else from the Mohawks. De Soulis was disappointed in not finding the Chief more interested in his suit, and perceiving him determinedly engaged in the pleasing occupation of examining in the mirror his classic mouth, nose, and distended eyes, clothed above with a fiery, martial, and death-defying brow for the occasion, he withdrew from his presence, and repaired to the lodge of another warrior, to whom he had also become known, but who had not yet been enabled to acquire the necessary number of beaver skins to entitle him to the possession of a glass, like the Chief, wherewith to shadow forth his likeness. He was received with a faint growl of satisfaction by the warrior, in whose mind the presence of De Soulis called up many wandering visions of a great number of beaver which he was to catch in the Autumn, and of numerous looking glasses which were to dangle at his breast at the grand Council in the Minouscanning. De Soulis at once unrobed himself of his fine garments, and came out in the ordinary hunting garb of the Knisteneaux, finding that all his efforts in the way of dress would have very little effect in dislodging the comely form of Mascawa from the affections of Ominee, judging from the casual interview that had occurred with them on

the river, and he determined now on taking another course.—His canoe was lifted on the bank of the Island, and it displayed to the wondering gaze of the Indians a large assortment of all those weapons of the chase, and for fishing purposes, which every denizen of the woods is accustomed to admire more than aught else in the nether world perhaps, if we may except his wife, when he has been so fortunate as to get one. Carabines, fishing spears, rods, and curiously wrought bows and arrows were taken from the canoe in succession and carefully conveyed to the lodge of his friend, who had every idea that the trading post of De Soulis was about being transferred to the island; and again phantoms of beaver in abundance were seen in the dim perspective, and far shadowy shapes of the gilded invention of the pale faces arose before his anxious eyes, until his over-wrought feelings became so intensely joyous as to call forth one loud shout of welcome to De Soulis, far exceeding anything he had received from the warrior before his imagination had been thus aroused and thoroughly enkindled.

“Allons!” said De Soulis—“now let the sports commence in honor of my arrival,” and he presently had assembled around him the whole force of the encampment, to contend for the prizes which he set apart as the reward of those who might excel in the different games and trials of skill which he instituted. A highly polished brass mounted carabine was set apart for the victor in the race; a bow and arrows, ornamented also with brass, for the most expert bowman—while rods and lines and fishing spears were to be given to the best swimmers, and the conquerors in the canoe races. One looking glass only had he brought with him, on beholding which the chief with whom he lodged gave another shout of satisfaction, and straightway prepared himself to enter the lists with one and all in whatever trial De Soulis should determine to be worthy of the mighty prize. But De Soulis hung it around his own neck, intimating that he had no intention of parting with it, having brought it for his own use, and proceeding to admire himself, after the manner of the war-chief, amid the envy and wonderment of the surrounding beholders, particularly his host, whose imagination still continued excited on the subject, and who scowled gloomily on finding that he would not have an opportunity of outrunning the wind itself, in competing for a prize for which he so ardently longed.

De Soulis was himself the sole arbiter in the contests, and in the race, in which all contended, even the war chief himself, it was said that he shortened the distance to be gone over, purposely to give the father of Ominee an equal chance of winning with the others, he having somewhat injured his wind as was supposed, by over indulgence while reposing on his laurels already acquired in various wars. However this may have been, it is certain that the war chief and his host, the

Big Buffalo, were coming in neck and neck, with the latter slightly ahead, if possible, when the war chief, by a dexterous movement, prostrated the Big Buffalo, and bounding over him, came in before him. This was declared foul by the Buffalo, with vast vociferation, but De Soulis awarded the carabine to the Chief, notwithstanding, which gave rise to the assertion, probably unfounded, that more regard was paid by De Soulis to the war chief having a pretty daughter, than to his doing justice between the parties. Luckily for themselves, the Indians have no mode of swearing in their tongue, otherwise it is presumed that the Big Buffalo would have seriously committed himself, for he waxed both loud and insulting in his taunts aimed at De Soulis. The war chief became excessively rejoiced in receiving the prize, not only because the gun had not then been introduced among them, and it was deemed of great account in time of war, but because the trophy indicated no waste or diminution in those corporal powers by which his renown formerly had been obtained. He at once took De Soulis, now more than ever his "brother-in-law," under his protection, sent to the lodge of the Big Buffalo for all his baggage and merchandize, and insisted on his taking up his quarters in one of his own lodges. The Buffalo denounced mortal hatred against De Soulis for this further outrage upon him, and withdrew from among the competitors in the other games, with a countenance darkened by intense anger, though it cannot be denied that his savage spirit became somewhat moderated in its resentment, whenever he lucklessly happened to shift his gaze on the mirror suspended to the neck of his insulter. That sight was rather too much for his stoicism.

The games proceeded and continued to afford much amusement until the close of the day, by which time all the prizes had been distributed. De Soulis repaired to his lodge amid the shouts and cheers of the whole field, and shortly afterwards he launched his canoe again on the water, and accompanied by one of the young braves, he steered a course for the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, with the intention of enjoying a night's spearing of fish by torchlight. He contrived to steer more down the current than was thought advisable by the young brave who wished to attain the head of a large bay, as the place most likely to afford employment for their spears, but this divergence from the direct route was doubtless owing to his desire of again encountering the beautiful daughter of the war-chief, and they accordingly met her with two other maidens, in the canoe of Mascawa, who was seated in the stern bringing them home from an excursion after berries in the neighboring forest. De Soulis greeted them gaily at meeting, but concealed any desire he might have had of remaining long in her company, and at once set off in pretended haste to commence upon the sports of the night. This was so different from his usual

conduct towards her, that Ominee could not but reflect upon it, and this was probably the first time that she became aware that the warmth and favor of the young Frenchman's addresses, although not entirely acceptable to her, still were far from being displeasing. She thought him much changed since they had left the trading post below—there he was all that could be desired by a young girl anxious to be known to have a train of admirers—here love seemed entirely to have been superseded by the excitement to be found on the river. She could not account for it, and when they arrived at the encampment, learning all that had passed in the course of the day, the magnificent prizes awarded by De Soulis, and heard from every tongue such over-wrought eulogisms on him, a feeling of disappointment came over her that she had missed so much in the foolish excursion which had detained her the entire day. And Mascawa, too, the ingrate—he might have known better—but he probably preferred dancing attendance on them in the pretended fear that they ran a risk of being captured by the scouting Mohawks, than to be bravely contending for the handsome trophies of the Frenchman, with the chance of his having something to show to her on her return, like her father and the others. Mascawa was in fact entirely to blame for all her disappointment, and this she would take the opportunity of informing him ere long. De Soulis was not entirely free from censure either, for he pretending so much admiration for her, and wishing her to become his wife, he might have delayed the pastimes until her return, had he not been an ingrate also. It was clear that every one was ungrateful to the young chieftainess, even down to her father, but this he stoutly declared was not the case, so far as himself was concerned, while he held the prize carabine on his knee, and gazed into his mirror, at first complacently, afterwards with a grim scowl, aimed at the Mohawks, and which, had they seen him, would have made them particularly careful how they confronted so terrific a war chief afterwards.

De Soulis returned the next morning with his canoe burthened down with fish, and in the highest spirits. It was so much relief to him to throw off the restraints of business connected with his post—he had enjoyed himself so much—he was so happy that his friends had left him—now he could follow his natural inclinations, and live in the woods a few moons, alone—all this he said to the Chief, and it may have been heard by Ominee, for she was inside the lodge, and he spoke very softly, but very distinctly, in her own language.—Probably she heard it, and possibly the young Frenchman intended she should hear it. Refreshments were offered De Soulis, and Ominee could do no otherwise than make her appearance. She appeared cold and distant to the guest of her father—her lustrous black eyes being averted from him,

save at the moment of her calm greeting, and yet De Soulis could perceive in the throbbings of her superbly turned neck, and the tremor of her small rounded hand, that feelings and passions were at work in her young breast, which in the end would either ensure his happiness, or be irrevocably ruinous to his hopes. He continued to appear in the most joyous mood, chatting and making merry with all around, until he had finished his meal, and then he expressed his determination of making an excursion for the day to the north shore of the river, for the purpose of shooting the wild pigeons which resorted there in great numbers. The war chief gave him strict charge to return early in the evening, by which time he would have a grand supper prepared in honor of his arrival among them; and to this De Soulis readily assented. He had not seen Ominee but once, and that only for the brief space at the commencement of his repast, and he now lingered in the lodge under the pretence of arranging his sporting gear in the fond hope of once more beholding her ere his departure. A shrewd observer might have perceived at once that the shallow artifice of his hilarity had only been adopted for the occasion, and that at a sacrifice of all the feelings which were uppermost in his mind. The Chief had left the lodge, and De Soulis continued there alone. He heard the light step of Ominee in the inner apartment, and once or twice he fancied, by the sound of her rustling dress, that she was on the point of coming forth, and then his heart leaped for joy, and his pulse beat high, in the blissful anticipation of being near her—of gazing upon her full, voluptuous person, and into the pure, dreamy depths of her love-inspiring eye: but he waited in vain, and not until he called her by name several times, did she appear, and then only at the entrance of her apartment, without uttering a word, in apparent astonishment that her name had been called. He could perceive that her face was flushed by a more than common emotion, but at the same time he saw that she had adorned herself in one of the rich dresses of silk, which her father had indulged her in purchasing at the trading post, at the expense of a great many beaver skins.

“Was it the voice of Nita which spoke the name of the daughter of the war chief?” she at length enquired, gazing full upon him.

“It was Nita’s voice,” replied De Soulis, “and he wishes Ominee to take from his neck this bauble which he brought for her among the other presents for her people—he is going on an excursion and he may lose it,” he continued, undoing the small, round mirror, set in silver, from his neck. “Will Ominee receive it from him as a token, not of his love for her, for she has forbidden him to mention that, and he obeys her every wish, but of his thanks for the continued friendship of her father the great war chief?”

Of all the trinkets by which the red man has been robbed of his property, from the time of Columbus to the present day, the simple article of merchandize, which De Soulis then held in his hand, was, and is, the most attracting to the simple minded, but at the same time proud and coxcombical Indian. And why should it not be? We see hundreds of civilized white men rushing in crowds to the Daguerotypist, or the miniature painter, to get fac similies of themselves, even in these days, that they may behold, when they arise in the morning, what heroic, handsome looking men there are in the world; and when the Indian first saw the mirror, which would take him off at once, scowls and all, as we have seen in the case of the great war chief of the Knisteneaux, why should he not wish to possess it? If you do not deem human nature the same, call the portrait of your best friend, very unlike—tell him that he wears a regular Bardolph nose, smacking strong of Malmsey; that his lips are like rolls of butter, and his mouth horribly capacious, and if you do not get hustled out of the house, or grossly insulted, we will give the question up at once.

“Ominee never accepts presents—her father, the war chief, can purchase all she requires,” replied the Indian maiden, when tendered the mirror by De Soulis, and the young Frenchman could not but admire her the more for her self-denial, making allowance for the circumstances in which she was placed.

“Ah! I perceive,” replied the Frenchman, turning on his heel, and carolling the snatch of a song. “I wanted to get rid of it from my neck because it is in the way of my gun; but Ominee thinks Nita is so craven-spirited as to wish to conciliate her by presents—ha—ha! Nita is a Chief and a Brave, in his own country, and does not sue in that way,” so saying, the young adventurer commenced his preparations for his departure.

“Will not Ominee allow Nita to carry her and her friends to the opposite shore to pluck the *misqui-menac* for which she went yesterday with the brave, her lover?” enquired he in a bantering tone.

“Ominee has no lover—she is the daughter of her father, the war chief, and none dare love her,” replied she, indignantly, with flashing eye.

“We missed the brave at the sports yesterday, and some pretended that he had been softened into a woman,” continued De Soulis.

“I know nothing of him—the pale face is insulting,” she answered, and was about to return into her apartment; but De Soulis attracted her attention for a moment, laughed in high glee at having excited her indignation—implored forgiveness,—he felt so light-hearted on getting away from his post—he was so quite wild, like the escaped partridge—she must forgive—on his knees he asked it. The face of Ominee turned

pale. Never had her feelings been so harrassed. The pale-face was so strange and incomprehensible to her—so gay—so soft in his language—so insinuating, and withal so eminently handsome, in the full flush of youth, so brave, and so lavish of his wealth—when she found him on his knee looking so imploringly for her pardon, with his fine dark eye resting on her countenance, and dazzling with its brilliancy,—in her heart she forgave him, and this was the beginning of what afterwards grew and strengthened apace, and the result of which must in a brief period be known. De Soulis saw the indications that her spirit had relented towards him, and seizing her hand, he pressed his burning lips to it before she had time to withdraw it, and then at once bounded from the lodge.

De Soulis went on his expedition, and paddled his canoe with the same dexterity over the sweeping currents of the full, flowing river, and handled his gun with his usual success while in the forests on the North Shore, but he was a changed man from that hour. "She will love me—and I shall not be alone!" he mused. "Here have I found that ministering spirit for which my soul has sighed and longed. Now, indeed, is my lot for ever cast—far away from my country and my friends. Country and friends! what have they ever profitted me?—Nay—the wood and the river—savannah and upland mountain—love, and Ominee—and farewell to my country—here shall be the home of De Soulis."

In the evening he returned, in time for the grand feast of the war chief, but the equanimity of that worthy was somewhat disturbed by the unexplained absence of his great rival, the Big Buffalo, before whom he wished to have the pleasure of exhibiting his much prized trophies, the mirror and the newly acquired carabine; to which said Big Buffalo he had much satisfaction in believing they would have been more than gall and wormwood, after what had transpired. The feast was, however, concluded, after two or three grand flourishes in honor of himself and his unapproachable prowess, by the Chief; and De Soulis was greatly relieved in being allowed at an early period to retire to the privacy of his own lodge.—Here he reposed himself until the morning, dreaming of the dark eyes of the Indian maiden, and dwelling in the fanciful paradise of the Indians, with her by her side, until the wild pulse of his laboring heart awoke him from the trance, with a sense of suffocation, which caused him to repair to the outer air for relief.

He had not seen Ominee since his return, she not having appeared at the feast, although strongly urged by her father to do so in honor of the pale-face. Determined to bear himself as usual, lest the natural timidity of Ominee should cause her to shrink from his company altogether, De Soulis, on the next morning, was early out upon the river, wielding his fishing

spear with the other young men with much appearance of enjoyment of the exciting sport. At length he succeeded in fixing his barbed iron in the back of an immense sturgeon, that came up to gambol in the sun-light, between the strong current and the eddy at the point of the island, and not understanding, or rather forgetting, the necessity of allowing him to run with the rod, he maintained his hold, and was immediately precipitated from the small canoe, in which he had been standing, into the river, down the angry current of which he was swept. This excited no more than the laughter of those engaged in the pastime with him, among whom there was always a rivalry on such occasions, and in a short time he found himself, despite his exertions, making fast out for the centre of the stream.

“Na-may, na-may”—shouted he—“the sturgeon—secure him in the first place,”—regardless of himself; but when he perceived the sturgeon secured, and no effort being made to come to his rescue, he at once saw the necessity of his exerting himself to greater purpose than he had yet attempted. With all his efforts he now found it barely possible for him to hold his own, and some time having elapsed, a feeling of exhaustion came over him, so that he was obliged to give way, and allow himself to be borne down by the angry tide. He was soon beyond the hearing of any one from the island, and fast approaching a narrow gorge between two rocky islets, through which the mad waters pressed with a force which dashed the spray high on the rocks. He turned one look more on the island he had left, and at last saw that efforts were being made for his rescue. The war chief and his daughter appeared on the bank—the latter seconding the exertions which her father seemed evidently making, to have some of the canoes proceed to his assistance. At length the Chief apparently became indignant at their delay, and rushing to the shore, he dashed a canoe swiftly into the stream, and seizing a paddle, he stood erect in the stern, and made at once for the point where he might take the current. Ere long, De Soulis saw the tall form of the Chief looming above the foaming currents which he had just passed, and coming down like the wind scud of the river, the small bark canoe appearing to dart from beneath him at every stroke he so steadily gave with his long arms and pliant paddle. De Soulis now came into the gorge between the islands of rock. He attempted to strike out for one of them, but had not the strength to make the least approach to either. The water seemed to press upwards in a ridge of foam towards the centre, and tossed him like a feather, hither and thither. His presence of mind never deserted him, and supported by that cool courage which he had schooled himself ever to maintain in the many scenes of danger to be expected in the daring life he had chosen, he exerted himself barely

sufficiently to preserve himself on the surface, and made no further effort towards the land. The Chief had now also urged his canoe in the gorge, and came down upon him with a shout that echoed far above the stunning murmur of the rapid. His canoe was kept steadily on its course by the tremendous power which he applied while bending his body far forward, and seeming to keep the little paddle continually in the water.

"Ha! astin conetha—my brother-in-law—we are in the mouth of the bad Monedo, but this shall show him what it is to contend with a Knisteneaux war-chief, on the river of his sires. Ominee! the war chief will rescue his brother-in-law, and he has taught his daughter the use of the paddle," cried he, at a breath, while he hissed past De Soulis with the suddenness of an arrow. De Soulis, from amidst the foaming torrent, cast a look half imploring on the canoe as it sped safely by him, and how his faint heart leaped, even in his exhaustion, on beholding the daughter of the Chief occupying a seat in the bow of the bark, and seeming to reach towards him, to save him from impending death? His eye was dull with a mortal sickness, and yet could he perceive her waving her hand for him to struggle on, and on, for her. The war chief now gave one glance at the shore to the right, and planting himself firmly, with one sweeping dip of his paddle, wheeled his canoe, as if it were turned on a pivot, so as to cause its bow to cut the current, and now commenced the most desperate struggle which he had yet had to maintain, in his efforts to hold the bark stationary.

"I am coming, my brother-in-law—the evil Monedo is strong, but it is the Knisteneaux war chief, on the waters of his fathers, whom he has to encounter, and my brother-in-law must not yet belong to him," cried he, straining to the utmost his every muscle and limb. He scarcely held his own, and once the canoe swerved to the one side from the rude shock of a bursting wave, until it nearly filled, thereby lessening greatly the chances of his success.

"Ha! Matchi-Monedo! it is I—the war chief—with whom you contend," shouted he, nothing daunted, still putting forth, but more cautiously, all his amazing power. Ominee cast an agonised glance at her father, as if doubtful of his ability to continue the struggle, and at this time De Soulis was borne furiously past them by a branch of the current which parted at the very moment when the Chief was certain of having him within reach.

"Ah! my father!" cried his daughter, looking up to him with a countenance of intense anguish,—“will you not save Nita?”

"My brother-in-law must live, or the war chief perish," cried he, again sweeping round his canoe, and hurling it down with inconceivable velocity, full upon the form of the now thoroughly exhausted Coureur.

"Nita! it is Ominee—it is the war-chief's daughter, coming to save Nita," cried the maiden, as she seized one of his hands in her own, and then by an uncommon exertion, managed to sustain his head above the foam and spray. De Soulis was drawn swiftly along by the canoe, while above him the war chief towered like some good angel, strong and majestic in his efforts to save. His lip was compressed, and his eye, fixed on the rapid before him, was dark and lowering with anxiety; for he felt he had not the same command over the canoe as before. It seemed as if they had not yet encountered the most dangerous part of the channel, for now rocks began to appear, and to dash the spray high in the air around them. The war chief prepared for the crisis, and shouted to his daughter in the Indian tongue; she pointed to a spot not far below them, and beckoned him towards it. He brought the canoe gradually nearer to the island on the right, and then with a cry, intended to give himself heart for the occasion, he brought nearly the broadside of the bark to the current, and in the midst of breakers, and conflicting columns of the arrowy stream, he made directly for a small inlet in the island. The floating form of De Soulis came several times in contact with his paddle, but still the indomitable Chief continued his exertions.

At length he caught the eddy playing at the mouth of the inlet, and the canoe commenced circling round and round. Unintimidated by the circumstance, he allowed himself time to regain all his strength, and then, by one superhuman effort, he hurled it, filled with water, into the sheltering recess of the cove, and De Soulis, although insensible, was saved. In the moment of peril, Ominee gave no indication of doubt as to the issue of her father's exertions, or fear for her own personal safety, but continued steadily to gaze up into his face with a look half imploring, and yet of such confidence, as materially to inspire him with determination, and give vigor to his arm, in his hazardous attempt to gain the shore. Mayhap the daughters of the pale-faces might advantageously take a lesson from her book, and not, when our horses are started to run, or a squall overtakes the skiff in which we are taking them out for an airing, lustily to cry "Mercy!" and "Oh! horror!" and seize us by the arm; a course not only likely to upset our equanimity on the instant, but almost inevitably to lead to another upset over a gate-post into the ditch beyond, or bring forth our swimming properties for their safety in a long stretch for the land. More particularly would such a catastrophe be sure to arise, were we seized around the neck! But we refrain from pursuing the subject any further, having sufficiently established the fact, as we conceive, that the daughter of the war chief acted very discreetly in not interfering with that valiant gentleman in any way, in his matchless contest with his enemy, the

Matchi-monedo, in that dangerous gorge, termed the Devil's Grip.*

Whether she was equally discreet afterwards in assisting her father to restore De Soulis to consciousness, may be more a matter of question, but we decidedly take part for the young lady, and highly applaud her humanity.

At length De Soulis gave signs of returning life, and the war chief remained with him no longer, but set out for the upper end of the island, to call another canoe to his assistance in transporting the Coureur back again. Ominee held the head of the young Frenchman in her small trembling hand, and continued to chafe his temples, and apply to his nostrils an aromatic herb she had found, until a long drawn sigh proved to her that he would soon arouse himself, when she gently yielded his form, which half reclined on her arm, to the thick moss of the rock, and withdrew a few paces, still watching him intently. In a few moments he opened his eyes—his reeling senses became fixed and regular, and he would have moved to arise from where he lay, but the exhaustion consequent on his long struggle and exposure in the water, prevented him. In the effort, however, he had turned his head, and his eye rested on the form of Ominee standing near to him, but with averted face.

"Ah! Ominee—so near, and yet render me no assistance," he sighed, still continuing his efforts to rise.

"Nita must not move until he be more recovered," replied the maiden, now approaching him with that natural timidity which added such lustre to her beauty, in the eyes of De Soulis.

"I will not move then, Ominee, but do you come near me—I think I am dying," gasped he, again fainting down upon the moss. It was but the work of an instant, when the maiden again flew to his assistance, and kneeling down, she raised his head once more, and finding on his countenance a deathly pallor, the idea was conveyed to her mind that he was indeed dying. She leaned over him with a look of despair and intense agony, endeavoring in vain to glean some faint indication that he yet existed. Her long hair hung down her neck and mingled with his, as he lay in her arms, and as she again, with a trembling hand, essayed to apply the remedies which before had been successful in restoring him, while the big round tear-drop rolled from her cheek in the intensity of her emotion.

"Nita is gone," she moaned, "gone to the spirit-land, from her who loved him,—gone with no word spoken by her that she ever hath loved,—from the broad lake, the river, and the islands, he hath departed for ever, leaving no sun to glad the long night remaining for Ominee. Why hast thou left me, my pale-face lover?"—she sighed, while her large passionate eye

* If the Devil's Grip be bad enough now, to the canoe-man, what must it have been when the river was thirty feet higher, which it must have been, judging from its water-worn banks?

was lit up with a strange fascination, that spoke of a grief and a woe too deep for consolation or relief. Her gaze was not upon Nita, but fixed on the far off western horizon, the beautiful paradise of the Indian, whither she deemed his spirit had taken its flight.

De Soulis, however, had only fainted from the weakness consequent on what he had undergone, and shortly afterwards he again gave signs of returning animation. Ominee had her hand upon his brow, when she felt the slight symptoms of restoring warmth. She started with a thrill of uncontrollable joy, and commenced her efforts afresh to restore him to life.— Her exertions, and his robust constitution, united, soon brought back again his wavering senses.

“Nita must not move again until he gathers strength—it is Ominee who holds him,” she whispered to him softly, as the glad, green shade of the distant forest again waved before his bewildered vision, and he once more attempted to exert his strength to rise. He turned his eyes slowly upon her, as if to assure himself that what he had heard was not the whisperings of his disordered imagination, and in doing so, caught the full gaze of her eye which dwelt upon his, with an expression so pathetic, so beseeching, and withal so indicative of her all-absorbing affection, that he could no longer remain in doubt. A smile of rapture stole over his features, and raising himself as best he could, he again fixed his gaze upon her, seemingly again to re-assure himself.

“Let the pale-face Nita be at rest—the runner of the woods need run no longer in search of the love of Ominee. Does he not see that she has become his own, after all the efforts she has made to avoid her fate?” said the war chief’s daughter, in her soft, winning tones.

“Yes—yes—ah! this is all real then,” he faintly whispered in her ear, while he drew her lips to his, and remained a willing captive in her arms.

They were at length interrupted by the return of the war chief, with a party of his followers, to convey De Soulis to the camp-ground above. The valiant warrior congratulated his brother-in-law on his recovery, but took no notice of aught further, which he may have suspected, leaving, very wisely, the propositions, proposals, and offers of marriage, which De Soulis would, in all probability, soon make to him, to be a matter for after consideration, in which a shrewd calculation was to be made to get back some of the packs of beaver skins which he had squandered with De Soulis, for the mere brass baubles that he wore.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The old oak tree ! the old oak tree !
Five hundred years ago
Its first weak shoot sprang out of earth—
It first began to grow.

What a change has been since that proud tree
Then looked upon the sun,
So gnarled and hoar—those arms are links
I' th' fated path we've won.

Back ! back ! they bear the spirit back,
Until in fear we tread,
So thick, their gaze strows in our track,
Th' innumerable dead.

The iron men of *Runnimead*,
Once stood beneath that tree,
And it rocked before their gladsome shout
Of *Chartered Liberty*.

And gentler tones, too, those rude boughs
Have heard, from time to time,
The whispered words, that young hearts love
The Sabbath's holy chime.

The hunter's shout, the courtier's song,
Have found an echo there ;
And there the wearied have sunk to rest,
And stirred its leaves in prayer.

Now down before the biting axe
It falls with a fearful crash,
But soon away o'er the sounding sea
That lordly oak shall dash.

In sunny days, through storm and fire,
Our gallant flag to bear,—
It was our pride when it graced the glade—
Our pride it shall be there.

TO V. A. H.

Oh! thou art beautiful!
 Thou with thy sunny hair!
 And in thine eyes, so spiritf^{ul},
 Hope hath a lovely lair;
 Making a covenant with our hearts,
 That each day strengthens as it parts.

Into the void of Time,
 The voiceless Future's waste,
 How like, (as o'er a drowned world's slime
 The dove went forth,) we haste
 Too, the eager heart hath pressed,
 Nought, nought, whereon in truth to rest.

It is a vain essay,
 And love alone may tell,
 As it knits, from day to day,
 Its strong bonds fast and well—
 The fate that shall be in its plies,
 The secret of the future lies.

Shall there be broken hearts?
 Look to the days of youth,
 Deep, ere the plastic hour departs,
 Grave the strong lines of Truth;
 Then it may be the soul shall bear
 Thy tracery, despite life's wear.

Like fresco paintings,^{ere}
 The hand may add a tone,
 The heart turns cold and sore,
 And *or*, not *is*, the stone
 We add the rest, and but in vain,
 The first storm leaves it blank again.

Oh! beautiful indeed
 Are the pictures Hope portrays
 Of the smiling ones that plead
 For peace amid our ways;
 But, of those sunny scenes, how few
 Will last life's blighting changes through?

The rust eats through the steel,
 And the worm the iron wood,—
 Poor frail things, we feel
 That they had well withstood,—
 We feel who yet hath closed his eyes;
 Undimmed by tears o'er broken ties.

Then rather let us pray
 That we may seek no more
 Of hearts that are but clay,
 Than clay hath held before;
 So shall we love and pity when
 A loftier measure would condemn.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
 And loving too, yet still
 Thou wilt play out thy part,
 Be it in good or ill;
 And we must mourn or smile, as that may be,
 But still cling on undoubtingly to thee.

THE PREACHER'S CALL.*

A gospel preacher, who in the hot bed
 Of the New England States was born and bred,
 Had got the cant fanatic all by rote,
 And preached extempore—not e'en a note:
 Deep in his nostrils, he'd the nasal twang,
 No fist like his the cushion so could bang.
 Where he held forth, in flocks, old women ran,—
 They never heard, before, so fine a man.
 Such was his fame;—the only thing he got—
 For riches, tho' he loved them, he had not—
 Saints thick as mushrooms o'er the States appeared,
 Each shaving close, or singeing t'others beard.
 To shear his flock, he tried all he could do,
 But 'twas as said at home—"Pse Yorkshire too."
 Though from one sect t'nother he did veer,
 Some other had the congregation's ear.
 Religion, oft'ner than his clothes, he'd change,—
 With Baptist or with Anabaptist range.
 Uni—and Trini—tarians were the same—
 Arians and Necessarians, when turn came.
 At last, disowned by all, he'd not a place,
 Of public worship where to shew his face.
 In shambles, on the butchers' blocks he'd mount ;
 In fields—on tubs, but small was the account.
 To his wit's end it did the preacher drive,
 His worldly matters did no better thrive.
 At length, the ways of savages to mend,
 The pious government resolved to send,
 Some missionaries who might pray and preach,
 And civilization to the Indians teach :—
 In other words, to get them under thumb,
 And purchase all their hunting grounds for rum.
 Our preacher offered, and was sent away ;
 Four hundred dollars was his yearly pay ;—
 'Twas no great thing, but somewhat might be made,
 'Mongst his new Indian friends in way of trade :
 In rum—tobacco—he laid out his store,
 Counting his gains at five for one or more ;—
 He'd heard who nothing ventures nothing wins,
 And so he drove a decent trade for skins.
 Once, on a Sunday, he would preach and pray,
 And made hard bargains every other day.
 The Indians were so often by him bit,
 They said the devil had not half his wit.
 The limpid stream so overcame his rum,
 The Indians saw that "it no make drunk come—
 "No make ting and dance, and placé run round—
 "No makee tagger—tumble on de ground."
 Ungrateful rogues! Our preacher found no fault,
 With any of the skins and furs they brought.
 He took them all, the little with the large,
 First made the Indians drunk—then made his charge ;
 So heavy were his chinks, that one would think
 He made them pay, to warn them noi to drink.
 When they'd their money's worth, and senses clear,
 They cry "Rum vera good, but debblish dear!"
 Fortune's full blaze now shona upon his lot ;
 A new appointment soon our preacher got :

* "The Preacher's Call"—in our opinion not original, being a versified edition of an old Joe.

Eight hundred dollars was the stipend clear.
 The time to leave his flock did now draw near ;—
 A farewell sermon the occasion brought,
 Wherein he hoped they'd mind what he had taught.
 'Twas grief to leave them, for he loved them all,
 But he must follow God ALMIGHTY'S CALL.
 An Indian, rising, when to the end he came,
 Cried, " Massa Walkee, (Walker was his name)
 " Pray, now, how much you get for preachée here ?"
 " Four hundred dollars," he replied, " a-year."
 " Well, Massa Walkee, ven you go great way,
 " Where God-a-mightee, call, how much your pay ?"
 " Eight hundred dollars," he replies, " a-year."
 " Ah! lookee, Massa Walkee, lookee dere—
 (The Indian cries, and archly shakes his head)
 " Money draw you, like crow the horse dat's dead.—
 " When God-a-mightee call from four to eight,
 " Den Massa Walkee hear,—him follow straight !
 " But God-a-mightee call from eight to four,
 " No Massa Walkee hear—if God should roar !"

FORSYTH & BELL'S PRICES CURRENT OF TIMBER, DEALS, &c.,
 FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING MONDAY, 28th SEPT., 1846.

QUEBEC, 28th September, 1846.

	a.	D.	s.	D.
White Pine, according to average manufacture :—				
Inferior	0	3½	@	0 3¼
Ordinary rafts	0	4	@	0 4¼
Good do.	0	4½	@	0 4¼
Superior do.	0	4¾	@	0 5¼
In shipping order, according to average and quality	0	4	@	0 5¼
Red Pine, in shipping order, 40 feet average.....	0	11½	@	1 0
In the raft, according to average and quality.....	0	9	@	0 11½
Oak, by the dram.....	1	3	@	0 0
" In smaller parcels.....	1	3½	@	1 4
Elm, in the raft, according to average and quality.....	0	5½	@	0 9½
Ash according to average.....	0	3	@	0 7½
Tamarac, flattened.....	0	5	@	0 6½
Staves, standard & M. fair specification.....	£37	10	@	0 0 0
" All Pipe.....	38	15	@	0 0 0
" W. O. Pun., Merchantable.....	11	10	@	12 0 0
" Red Oak do.....	10	0	@	0 0 0
" Barrel.....	4	0	@	5 0 0
Pine Deals, floated.....	1st	£10	&	¾rds for 2nds.
Do. Bright.....	1st	£11	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 for Culls—
 if sold in shipping order, the expense of shipping only is to be added.

REMARKS.

For the last fortnight, owing in some measure to the great prevalence of westerly winds, keeping back the inward bound vessels, we have had but little activity in our Market, but prices remain stationary, and since the news by the Steamers there is a better feeling in the Market, and holders show little inclination to give way—still we do not alter our quotations.

WHITE PINE still continues to arrive, and choice rafters find buyers at 5d @ 5½d. Owing to the extreme lowness of the waters, many rafts are still delayed, and fears are entertained, from this cause, that some will not reach the Market, but the quantity that has been measured is very large. The accounts from England are to the 31st ultimo, where there is a fair demand; and parties look forward with confidence to an increasing trade.

RED PINE is not arriving in any quantity since we last issued our Circular.

OAK is arriving pretty freely, and we do not notice any great enquiry, except for good undersize.

ELM is moving off more freely, and many lots have changed hands from 5½d @ 7½d, though for 42 and 44-feet 8d @ 10d is asked, in shipping order.

STATES continue to arrive in greater quantities than was expected. Cull pipe are scarce, and there is a good enquiry for Puncheon, both white and red Oak.

IN DEALS we notice no change, except an increasing demand for 2nd and 3rd quality Spruce.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF TIMBER MEASURED TO THIS DATE :

	1846.	1845.	1844.
White Pine, feet.....	22,107,450	17,904,443	11,733,640
Red Pine, do.....	4,274,805	3,448,723	4,099,482
Oak, do.....	1,789,990	1,284,697	734,861
Elm, do.....	3,186,190	1,540,170	660,135
Ash, do.....	248,692	406,472	146,430
Basswood, do.....	80,712	36,587	7,871
Butternut, do.....	20,315	8,702	2,925
Tamarac, do.....	517,449	202,200	19,681
Birch and Maple, do.....	237,064	157,043	69,931

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT of Arrivals and Tonnage at this Port, in the years 1845-6, up to the 25th September, inclusive in each year :

	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1845.....	1,292	495,867
1846.....	1,070	418,860
Less this year.....	222	67,007

FORSYTH & BELL.

FREIGHTS—FROM MONTREAL

To London, Freight, 4s 9d @ 0s 0d; Ashes, 30s 0d @ 0s 0d; Wheat, 8s 0d @ 0s 0d.
" Liverpool, do 4s 9d @ 0s 0d; do 30s 0d @ 0s 0d; do 8s 0d @ 0s 0d.
" Clyde, do 4s 6d @ 0s 0d; do 30s 0d @ 0s 0d; do 8s 0d @ 0s 0d.

EXCHANGE AT MONTREAL.

Bank.....60 days on London.....	10 @ 10½ per cent. premium.
Private.....90 days on do.....	9 @ 9½ do do.
Bank.....3 days on New York.....	1½ @ 0 do do.
Private.....do do.....	1½ @ 0 do do.

KINGSTON PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY MR. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, 1st October, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pearl, & cwt.....	1	0	0
Pot.....	1	0	0
Sal Eratos (Morison'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, & 1 st lb.....	1	0	0
Calf Skins & B.....	0	0	5 ¹ / ₂
PRODUCE—Wheat, & bushel, 60 lb.....	0	5	0
Barley, do 48 lb.....	0	2	0
Oats, do 34 lb.....	0	1	9
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, & B.....	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, & B.....	0	0	3 ¹ / ₂
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, & B.....	0	0	9
Fowl, & pair.....	0	2	0
Eggs, & dozen.....	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, 2 ¹ / ₂ feet by 1 ¹ / ₂ inch.....	10	0	0
SALT, & B.....	0	0	2 ¹ / ₂
TALLOW, & B.....	0	0	5
Candles, & B.....	0	0	6 ¹ / ₂
TARRED—Pitch, & cubic foot.....	0	0	3
Oak, do.....	0	1	0
Plank and common Boards, & thousand feet.....	1	15	0
Cleated do, & thousand feet.....	2	5	0
Black Walnut, & thousand feet.....	6	5	0
WOOD, & cord.....	0	9	0
Wool, & stone of 5 B.....	0	10	0

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

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

MONTREAL, September 29, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	1	3	0
Pearls	1	3	0
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good,) $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
FLOUR—Canada Fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl 196 lb	1	7	3
Superfine	1	8	9
American Superfine	1	8	0
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, $\frac{1}{2}$ 60 lb	0	6	9
Middling do. do.	0	5	9
Lower Canada Red, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	0	0
Barley, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	3	0
Oats	0	1	9
Pease, boiling	0	4	6
IRON—English Bar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton	34	0	0
English Hoop, do.	16	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	6	7	6
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blst. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	4
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, $\frac{1}{2}$ box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	1	8
OILS—Linseed, Boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	3	1
Linseed, Raw, do.	0	2	11
Olive, do.	0	4	1
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	6
Seal, do.	0	2	8
Palm, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Castor, do.	0	10	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Prime Mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	2	1	3
Prime, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	1	36	3
Pork, Mess, do.	3	10	0
Do. Prime Mess, do.	2	15	9
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	9	5
Butter, do.	0	0	8
SEEDS—Clover, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	10
Linseed, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	4	6
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	2
Canadian, do.	0	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	2	10	0
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	2	9	0
Bastards, white.	3	2	0
TEAS—Gumpowder, $\frac{1}{2}$ 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
Twinkay, do.	0	2	6
Congou, do.	0	2	0
Souchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	4
Pug, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	6 $\frac{1}{2}$

DONEGANA'S HOTEL, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

THE PROPRIETOR of this UNRIVALLED ESTABLISHMENT in returning thanks to the Public for the liberal share of patronage bestowed upon his uncle (Mr. Rasco) and himself, during the twelve years they conducted the establishment so well known as RASCO'S HOTEL, begs to inform them that he has now removed into that

SPLENDID BUILDING,

In Notre Dame Street, formerly the property of Wm. Bingham, Esq., and the Vice-Regal residence of Lords DURHAM and SYDENHAM, which has been greatly enlarged and fitted with every convenience and ornament which comfort or luxury can desire.

THE SITUATION

Is central, and within an easy distance of the Champ-de-Mars, the Cathedrals, Bishop's Church, the Banks, the Government Offices, Court House, and other public buildings.—The openness of the site and the elevation upon which the Hotel stands, ensures it abundance of light and air, while it commands upon every side an excellent view, including the River, the Island of St. Helens, and the opposite shore, the Mountain and the adjacent picturesque country.

The Establishment has been furnished throughout with NEW and COSTLY FURNITURE, and fitted in every way worthy of what it is,—THE FIRST HOTEL IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

Among the conveniences will be found

SIX BATHING ROOMS, AND A BILLIARD ROOM.

The TABLE will be supplied with every delicacy of season, and while the Proprietor will spare no expense to give satisfaction to all who may honor him with their patronage, the large number which the extent of his Establishment enables him to accommodate, will admit of his charges being very reasonable.

CARRIAGES

Will be in attendance to convey parties to and from the Steamboat Wharves, and the Upper Canada and other Stage Offices. And the Proprietor will spare no exertion to make his New Establishment worthy of the liberal patronage which he received as Lessee of Rasco's.

Montreal, July, 1846.

J. M. DONEGANA.

THE ATHENEUM BOOK STORE, BAGOT STREET, KINGSTON,

Is the best and cheapest Store in Western Canada for the purchase of Stationery, Blank Books, Prayer Books, Bibles, Testaments, School Books, &c.—New York Cheap Publications.—Music for the Million!

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☞ LONDON SAUCES AND PICKLES, WARRANTED GENUINE. ☞