

one whom they deemed his wife, and by this same young girl, visit the Hall; but, after having viewed it, almost immediately leave apparently quite dissatisfied.

As soon as the trunks and cases were safely deposited in the house, Mr. Vanners paid the teamsters and dismissed them.

Immediately after this, the inmates of Kolsey Hall were busy for some time in arranging the various articles of furniture, and for a number of days that late desolate spot was a scene of great activity. But, at last, everything was duly arranged; and, as Mr. Vanners followed a very sedentary life, Kolsey Hall assumed a monotonous phase. He was very reserved with his new neighbors, visiting them only to purchase such produce as was necessary for household purposes. His neighbors cared not; their chief concern being to eke out a comfortable existence, which demanded their most assiduous attention. Emma, his daughter, made regular trips along the cliffs to the village Post Office, a distance of about four miles, and she generally returned well supplied with magazines and letters for her father, the perusal of which kept his time much occupied. Mr. Vanners, accompanied by Emma and his faithful Newfoundland dog, "Fido," frequently strolled along the cliffs into the distant woods, or down the winding paths to the sea shore.

Let us for a moment glance at Mr. Vanners' life up to the time of his arrival at Kolsey Hall. In the year 1848 he left a village by the name of Edenville, situated on the sea-coast, in the County of Suffolk England, and embarked for America, which he reached in due time, settling in New York, where he remained about a year. Accompanying him was a young, handsome wife and his child, Emma. Shortly after his arrival in New York he proceeded to Toronto, Canada, and so much delighted was he with this flourishing Canadian city that he determined to fix upon this spot as his future home. He returned to New York with this idea, and at the solicitations of his wife, who had friends in Boston proceeded thither. From this he made his first trip to Kolsey Hall shortly after he landed; but, as we have previously mentioned the Hall at that time did not at all suit him, and this gave another impetus to him for early removal to Toronto. However, he returned to Boston, and as Mrs.

Vanners wished very much to remain near her friends, he acquiesced in her wishes, purchased property and settled in that city.

Shortly after this time, a dark cloud passed over Mr. Vanners' life, one whose gloom left sullen shadows about his path until his latest day. His devoted and beloved wife was taken from him by the chilly hand of death, which plunged him in great sorrow. As he mingled with the associations of his late wife his grief became the more intense, and to assuage it he was led to leave his city property and remove to Kolsey Hall, the seclusion of which he hoped might change the sad monotony of his present life. He purchased the once rejected property, removed thither, and in the seclusion of the old Hall passed through those scenes of his life which we are about to narrate in the following chapters.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE RESCUE.

For four years the life of the inmates of Kolsey Hall appeared very monotonous, still they all seemed to feel well satisfied. A considerable portion of Mr. Vanners' time was engaged in the education of his daughter, who being a bright, intelligent girl, rapidly improved in her studies. Mr. Vanners being an excellent scholar was enabled to give his daughter a good English education. Often would he wander with her along the rocks into secluded glens, where, in sight of the roaring sea, he would read to her young enthusiastic mind volume after volume of instructive and interesting lore, which had a great tendency to bind the child's heart much more closely to his own in affection.

About this time a circumstance occurred which broke the monotony of life at the Hall. One evening in October, Mr. Vanners was sitting in his accustomed place before a blazing fire, reading the periodicals that Emma a few hours before had brought from the post office. She was sitting near him, engaged in reading a copy of Longfellow's poems, and the old Hall was as still as death. For two or three days past a heavy storm had raged, accompanied by furious wind, and this day it seemed to have reached the height of its fury, but with the setting of the sun it had considerably abated. The