

which had brought such disaster on the army of the headstrong Braddock. It was to this house that poor Howe was brought back dead from Abercrombie's attack on Ticonderoga. Besides Howe, says Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, the Scottish authoress, whose father, Captain McVicar, about this period occupied a farm on the estate, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Lord Loudoun, General Bradstreet, Sir Thomas Gage, and every officer of distinction throughout North America, were intimate at the house, and no important public measure was taken without the governors of the province consulting the Schuylers.

Among "The American Lady's" favourite nephews were two who afterwards became generals—one, Philip Schuyler, on the "patriot" side of the Revolution, the other Brigadier-General Cuyler, on the Loyalist side. The latter was, in later times, Governor of Cape Breton. A niece, Miss Stevenson, married General Gabriel Christie, one of the heroes of Quebec, and Commander-in-Chief in Canada.

The front portion of the house was burnt about 1770. When the time came to restore it, General Bradstreet sent a force of men to do the work, saying that he considered that his men were on the King's service in rebuilding Mrs. Schuyler's house. The present front seems to be a story lower than the old one, which was described

and drew with him the great families of Van Rensselaer, Van Cortlandt and Livingston, who possessed, with his own, the preponderating influence in the Province. His manor house of Saratoga, together with his mills and other property, were uselessly burnt by order of General Burgoyne in his advance from the north. When Schuyler gave Burgoyne a refuge, after the surrender, in his own Albany home, the British General, overcome, said to him: "Why have you done this to me who caused your fine house and property at Saratoga to be burnt?" "That is the fortune of war; let us speak no more about it," was the reply. A pleasing anecdote is also told by the Baroness Von Reidesel, the wife of the Hessian General associated with Burgoyne. After the surrender she and her children sat weeping in a waggon, fearing the rough American soldiers. As I approached the camp, writes she, "there came out to me a most noble-looking man, who took the children out of the waggon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight." "You tremble," said he to me; "fear nothing." "No," replied I, "for you are so kind and have been so tender toward my children that it has inspired me with courage." Afterwards, the man who had received me so kindly came up to me and said, "It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes." "You are certainly," answered I, "a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness." As soon as we had finished dinner he invited me to take up my residence at his house in Albany.

General Philip also appears directly on the stage of Canadian history in his invasion of 1775. He came as far as Chambly, but falling ill, was obliged to give over the command to Montgomery.

So much for the old house itself and the scenes connected with it. Within a few miles around it are scattered what might be styled its own descendants. Upon the estate in rear are the larger mansions of the eldest lines. At the other end of Albany is the grand old house of General Philip, built about 1770 by General Bradstreet. Its broad halls are a fitting repository of the memorable scenes of Burgoyne's and Riedesel's stay, of Alexander Hamilton's wedding, which took place there to a daughter of the General, and of many other historical traditions. It appears as sound and whole to-day as when first erected. Not so far away stands the beautiful manor-house of the Van Rensselaers, the Patron Lords of Albany, built in 1765, a gem of Renaissance architecture. "The Schuylers and Van Rensselaers," wrote the Duc de LaRoche-foucauld-Liancourt, about the end of the last century, "are inextricably intermarried,—the Schuylers provide the brains, the Van Rensselaers the money."

This is not quite fair to the Van Rensselaers'. It is, however, an exaggeration of a true enough state of things, for if the Schuylers had their gallant history, the last Patron Van Rensselaer "Stephen the Good," in 1840, was proprietor of the two great counties of Rensselaer and Albany, and had an income of nearly a million dollars a year. Another "child" of the house is the Ten Eyck Schuyler Mansion, which stands out prominent across the river. It, though not so old, is the chief historic relic of the city of Troy.

Such is the story of an ancient house and a brave line. The old problems are solved, the old passions have long since found peace, the old swords are rust; but such records do us no harm, but only good, to remember,—for is not the silent homily of every honourable deed and life to fellow-men: Be thou, too, honourable.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Thou Traitor Heart.

Thou traitor heart hast had thy day;
Thou wast my lord from earliest youth,
But now I take thy crown away
And place it on the brow of Truth.

Truth consorts not with love, nor Faith
With woman. Joys I thought to know
Have fled me, like the white mist-wraith
That flees the morning's rosy glow.

Yet I believed thee long, and loved:
But know thee for a cheat at last.
Thy brightest promises have proved
Mere dead leaves in misfortune's blast.

For love I quenched ambition's fire,
Forsook for love the path to fame,
Dreamed love could satisfy desire;
And find love now an empty name.

I know what woman is, a vane
That veers at rumour's every breath.
I know love's deepest, bitterest pain,
And all its happiness—save death.

So thou, false heart, hast had thy day.
I give thy crown to Truth again;
Sweet Truth, that never leads astray,
Nor lures with pleasure into pain.

I look my old love in the eye,
And see her smile, and see her weep,
Unmoved, for in captivity
My heart I now secluded keep.

She calls me back with tender speech,
And opens wide her soft, smooth arms.
Vain her appeal! she cannot breach
Love's dungeon with her rarest charms.

—ARTHUR WEIR.



THE HONOURABLE PETER SCHUYLER.
(From a life-size portrait presented to him
by Queen Anne in 1710.)

as having two stories and an attic, besides a "sunk story" or basement. The whole is of brick and hip-roofed in the Dutch manner. The front door is divided laterally into two halves, in place of vertically as with English doors.

"The American Lady" remained during the Revolution a staunch Loyalist. A piece out of one of the front window-shutters is still in evidence of the malice of a "patriot" soldier on this account. At the fall of Montreal two of the family, Colonels of their regiment, were "in at the death." Another had fallen fighting the French before St. John's, Newfoundland. Another still, a son of John, died defending, single-handed, his fortified house at Saratoga against the force of Marin in 1748, refusing all quarter, and is styled in the French account "a brave man who, if he had had twenty more like himself, would not have been seriously incommoded." He well kept the family motto "Semper Fidelis."

The house also frequently saw General Philip Schuyler, whose strategy, culminating in the battle of Saratoga, decided the war of the Revolution. A man of wealth and honour, and a major in the British army, he became a "patriot" from conviction, threw everything into the scale



OLD MANOR HOUSE OF "THE FLATTS"
Country home of the Schuylers of Albany, built about 1672.