

THE ALARM.

"When the news of the capture of Fort Niagara reached Montreal, Sir Sidney Beckwith (commanding the garrison) in his delight ordered, though it was the dead of the night, the artillery of the old Citadel Hill to pour forth its thunder in honour of the event.

"The wonder of the good citizens was great indeed at the sound of cannon at such an untimely hour, and none for a time knew what to make of it, but soon the intelligence spread and they and their startled wives and children sought their couches more satisfied than ever that Canada would not be the prey of the talons of the American Eagle."

(From *Literary Garland*, published 1847.)

It was wintertime and midnight, and the moonlight's
 mellow glow
 Shone upon the city, sleeping 'neath a coverlet of snow.
 That with misty, pallid splendor softly crowned the
 mountain's crest.
 Veiling with a chastened softness bleak Mount Royal's
 rugged breast.
 Men and maidens, youths and maidens, in the fairy
 land of dreams,
 Lived in fancy lives resplendent with the bright and
 mystic beams.
 That the angel Sleep had borrowed, when descending
 from above.
 To foreshadow Heaven's glory, and foretell of Heaven's
 love.
 But the silence deep was broken, and the sleepers in
 affright
 Heard the cannon booming wildly on the startled air
 of night.
 And the stoutest Montaguers started up at the alarm.
 Eager to defend their homesteads and their families
 from harm.
 Wild confusion filled the city as the men rushed to and
 fro.
 Arming for the coming conflict with the long expected
 foe.
 But above the din and turmoil rose a shout upon the air.
 And its meaning spread like wildfire through the city
 everywhere.
 "Fort Niagara has fallen, and the cannon roar in glee
 At the victory of our country, of fair Canada the free!"
 Then the shouting masses mustered all the welcome news
 to hear.
 And the tidings glad were greeted with a great, heart-
 stirring cheer.
 And with cheers for Colonel Murray, and with cheers
 for England's King.
 Far beyond the city's suburbs did the echoes roll and
 ring.
 Men and maidens, youths and maidens, heard the tale
 with flashing eyes.
 Of the march through darkness to the fort, and
 the surprise.
 And the fierce, victorious onset hurrying back the hated
 foe.
 Till the Union Jack was hoisted, and the Stars and
 Stripes laid low.
 Then a wild, ecstatic thronging thrilled through every
 nerve and vein.
 And the crowd right well contented sought their couches
 once again.
 Doubtless the eagle's talon would grasp our country
 for its prey.
 But with torn and bloody plumage would be glad to
 steal away.
 To evade the hunt of the brave red-coated band,
 Marching 'neath the dying colours of our own dear
 native land.

Stayer, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL.

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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CHAPTER XLIII.

A SCANDAL.

On the night when Isabel left her husband's presence, after all her crooked ways, all her folly, and all her sin, had come to light, she hastily summoned her maid Ritson, and, after writing a few pencilled lines, placed them in the woman's hand.

"Take these," she said, "to Captain Warrington, he is waiting outside. Tell him to get a cab, and I will join him at once."

Then the woman spoke up, tremblingly and eagerly—

"Oh, my lady," she said, "don't go. Think a moment what you are throwing away. Go to your father's, and in the morning perhaps Sir George—"

"No," said Isabel, passionately, as Ritson paused, "do you think I would go there, and whine and beg for protection from Lucinda Featherstone? No," she repeated, "he has done it—I will not go back!"

"For Reggy's sake, for your little boy's sake," urged the woman; and for a moment a more womanly look than the hard and defiant one which Isabel's face wore, passed over it.

She paused. The God-given, motherly instinct, which in her cold heart was so slight, so overgrown, and overshadowed by other feelings, for a moment asserted its sway. Then came back the darker thoughts, the angry passions, and the child's little tender touch was forgotten.

"It is too late," she said. "Take the note—tell him I will come. And, Ritson—you stay behind and pack the jewels—I am not going at least to leave them." And Isabel gave a little and defiant laugh.

So she threw it all away! Her good name, her young child's love, the world's respect and honour, and higher and holier blessings still, of which Isabel had never thought. And for what? Let us, oh reader! for a moment follow Ritson's footsteps, and see how Isabel's

decision was received by the man for whom she had sacrificed so much.

The lamp-lights were shining on Captain Warrington's handsome face, who was pacing backwards and forwards in the street below, as Ritson approached him. But there was a frown on that handsome face. Captain Warrington hated scenes and exposures, and though he walked not in the straight and narrow way, he had never made himself very conspicuous in the broad one. He was therefore annoyed and disconcerted.

"I hope she's not going to get me into any confounded trouble," he was thinking, and as the thought passed through his mind, he saw Ritson approaching him.

He knew this woman well. She had carried his notes and his love-letters—the notes and the love-letters that were all now lying open before Sir George—and he therefore advanced eagerly to meet her.

"Well," he said, "has there been a row?"

The woman's answer was to place Isabel's note in his hand, and as he read the few pencilled lines by the lamp-light that she had sent him, a curse broke from his lips.

"What!" he cried, with passionate anger; and then, with bitten lips and knitted brow, he stood silent to hear the woman's tale—the tale that left him burdened with a woman for whom he had no love and no respect.

The next day there was a scandal in Brighton. The beautiful Lady Hamilton had eloped, and everyone was eager to tell his or her neighbour the news. Then the scandal spread to town, and crept into the "society" papers, and was talked of and laughed about in the clubs. Capt. Hugh Warrington was a man who was well known, and Lady Hamilton was a beauty, and so the affair made quite a sensation. By and by the story came to Yorkshire, and tongues were loosened, and tales were told, that had only been whispered or suspected before. The dead lawyer, Mr. Hannaway, lying in his untimely grave, once more was talked of and commented on. This person had seen that, another something else. Lady Hamilton had flung away her fair fame, and everyone now was ready to blacken it.

In the meanwhile at the Park, the gloomy master passed his miserable days. It seemed now to Sir George (as he had told Hayward) that the hand of God had smitten him. A settled and profound melancholy oppressed him. The remorse that he had never succeeded in driving from his mind, even during his passionate infatuation for Isabel Trevor, now returned with ten-fold force. He was for ever haunted by his hidden crime. The woman who had loved him—the ignorant, once beautiful Spanish woman—was now bitterly revenged.

But he did all he could now to repair his wrong. He went up to town with Hayward, a few days after he had told his dark story, and saw his lawyer, and gave directions for a new will. At the same time he made a formal declaration of his first marriage, and instructed his lawyer how, in the event of his death, his marriage could be proved. Then he wrote to the Padre at Seville, who had charge of his till now unacknowledged son, and desired him to prepare the boy to come to England. "He is my heir," he said to Hayward, and Hayward, by his wish, started for Seville about a month after Lady Hamilton had left her husband, for the purpose of bringing this Spanish youth to his English home.

After Hayward was gone, Sir George's gloom and remorse grew darker and deeper. He had pressed on, with all the influence that his wealth and position could command, his projected divorce from Isabel. But he had to wait his turn. Other men and women too, were striving to be free from broken or dishonoured bonds, and "the Hamilton case" was one of many.

So alone—with some of the bitterest feelings that human heart can bear, for ever near him—Sir George lived on at Massam. It was a gloomy picture. A man beset by the darkest passions of our nature, and with no hope or comfort on which to lay his hand. Even his love for his little son was poisoned by the memory of his mother. The child had golden hair, and the hue of the little silken curls ever reminded Sir George of Isabel.

With morbid self-torture Sir George now constantly wore the dead woman's ring. He believed that it had been cast up by the waves as an avenging sign to him, and as a token that his sin had found him out. Conceivably, then, this crime-haunted man sitting in his stately home, with his sunken eyes fixed on the glittering pledge of a love that had so dear an end! No wonder that his brain reeled at times, and that his reason threatened to give way.

One day when the dark spirit was upon him the idea entered into his mind to go to Sanda to see the grave of the unhappy woman that he once had loved. He went—wandering in that sea-side churchyard, among the simple grave-stones that recorded many an untimely end. The cruel sea, whose waves were breaking on the rough brown rocks below, had swallowed up the bread-winner, the father, the beloved son. All around Sir George read the tragic tale. But among all the graves, among all the tomb-stones, he saw nothing to tell him of the one he sought. At last he went to Mr. Irvine, and in faltering, almost unintelligible words, asked where the woman's body lay that had been brought to shore by Mr. Hayward.

The parson knew the spot, and was ready and glad to repeat the tale.

"The poor soul had tossed many days in the sea," and, little guessing of the agony he was inflicting, he proceeded to describe all the details of the dead woman's appearance to the unhappy Sir George.

Then he pointed out the green hillock where she lay after her long wanderings.

"Aye," said the parson, "she sleeps here! Where, I wonder, poor sea-wail, are her friends and kindred—where, perhaps, the husband of her love?"

With knitted brow and bitten lips, Sir George stood by and heard. Where! It seemed to his maddened ears at that moment that a mocking laugh rang in the air. Where! Was it some devil that laughed, or was Sir George going mad! Almost with a cry of terror he turned from the grave, and the parson in some surprise and dismay followed him. Was Sir George ill? he asked, and urged him in his genial way to return to rest and refresh himself at the Parsonage.

But in brief, harsh words Sir George refused. No, he must go—go at once, he said. He scarcely answered the kind parson's farewells. He did not know how anxiously the good man looked in his face as he wrung his cold and nerveless hand.

All the way on his journey home he heard the sea breaking on the rocks at Sanda. Then, as wave after wave broke with melancholy cadence on his ears, he knew he was going mad.

But he regained his self-control before he reached Massam. He went straight into the library when he got there, and found a letter lying addressed to him from Hayward in Spain. Hayward had found the boy, he told Sir George, and when he received this letter, that he, and the young Juan, Sir George's Spanish son, would be on their way to England.

"He is a handsome lad," wrote Hayward, "with dark fiery eyes and an imperious manner." As Sir George read these words he seemed to see again the beautiful and passionate face of the unhappy mother, as he had first seen it in the bright days of her girlish love. Long years had passed since then. The ardent love had first grown cold, and then had turned to weariness and hate. But Sir George forgot all this now. He only saw the young Spanish girl, with her dark eyes fixed on his, and felt her rosy lips in their first fond kiss of love!

And the boy—how could he meet the boy?—he began asking himself. "Where is my mother?" he would say. "Where?"

As Sir George repeated this last word again and again, he was conscious that his self-control was once more passing away, and that the gloomy terrors of a mad-house awaited him.

"But I shall never go there," he decided, and so deliberately and determinedly he made up his mind to end his miserable life.

He took out a pistol and loaded it, and then with heavy, weary footsteps he went upstairs to kiss the little child. The baby-boy was asleep and made no sign, but the nurses saw that the stern-eyed, gloomy man had left a tear on the rosy, dimpled cheek.

"His wife has broken his heart," said the head nurse indignantly, after he was gone. "I said how it would end, when her ladyship, indeed, could not bear to hear the little angel cry just after he was born!"

After Sir George left the nursery he went out silently into the night. It was bleak and wet, and the wind was sighing through the trees in the deserted park, and the grass was dark and slippery. But Sir George noticed none of these things. He was about to take a leap in the dark; to begin a journey to an unknown land! So he heard the wind, but he heeded it not, and the rain fell in heavy drops on his face, but he never wiped them away. He knew what he was doing, but he knew also that this power would not last long. He felt, in fact, that he was going mad, and that his mind was giving way from the prolonged and terrible strain that had fallen upon it.

There was a long green arcade of trees in the park, where, in his early manhood, he had often lain and dreamed in the summer time a young man's romantic dreams. They seemed to pass before his mental vision now, when they had all ended in failure and in shame. He had done not good, but evil, he kept repeating to himself, and so despairingly and darkly, he went to his self-condemned doom.

He never uttered a prayer. How could he pray! Ah! poor soul, let us then pray, when that death shot rang through the still woods, and then with a wild cry Sir George fell quivering on the grass. There was no one to receive his last breath—no one to see his eyes grow dim and close. He died where he fell—beneath the green arcade where he had dreamed his young dreams, and which waved over his still form, after his wasted and unhappy life was done.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BITTER END.

When the morning broke, and the birds began to stir among the trees in the woods at Massam, and the hares and rabbits to peep out their brown heads from the misty undergrowth, a hurried footstep came stealthily along beneath the green arcade of trees, where Sir George's body lay.

He was a hunted man this new-comer; hunted, desperate. He had been a clerk, and had tried to rob his master, and the police were closely on his track. But he knew the woods of Massam, and he had lain hidden there for

days, and now desperate, hungry, almost penniless, he was about to try in the early dawn to make his escape.

Suddenly, as he half-ran, half-tramped along, he came to the spot where Sir George lay dead. Even amid his own terror, he stopped at this ghastly sight. The white face, and the half-open eyes fixed upon the sky, were terrible enough to make him, for a few moments at least, forget his fear. He knelt down and opened Sir George's waistcoat to see if his heart were still. As he did so, the clink of gold fell upon his ears. The penniless, starving man started at the sound. A second glance convinced him that Sir George was dead, and a second thought that he might as well make the best use of the chance that had fallen in his way.

So he took Sir George's gold with his trembling hands. He took also the dead man's watch, his pocket book, and his outer coat, and then fled away down the winding paths of the woods, as he had fled before.

And all the day passed, and no other footstep drew near. The sun rose up and shone, and the birds sang, and the sun went down, and the birds were silent, and still Sir George lay there alone. There was no one, in fact, who dared to make any inquiries about him. He had gone out, and left no word, and who was he accountable to? Thus, at least, the servants argued, and thus for two days Sir George's body lay in the woods. But on the third it was discovered. A young keeper going his rounds in the early morning had his attention attracted by the whines and agitation of his dog. He turned out of his way to see what was disturbing the intelligent creature, and came upon Sir George lying dead.

Robbed and murdered. This was the verdict of all who heard the tale. Everything valuable about Sir George's person was gone, and the pistol also with which he had destroyed his life, had disappeared. There was a hunted man who knew better, but the hunted man very naturally was silent. All the country round was searched, and the woods trampled by many feet, but no clue was ever found. The hunted man had two days' start, and he made good use of them, and of the gold he had taken from Sir George.

So when Hayward and the young Spanish boy reached Massam, this tale of murder was told them. Hayward was utterly overcome by the news, and overwhelmed with grief about the death of Sir George. All the way home this young man had been promising himself how he would devote his life to comfort and console his friend. He only knew Sir George's dark secret. He only, when he heard the tale of murder, felt doubt as well as grief in his heart.

He went up alone to the gorgeously and gloomily-decked room where the remains of the rich man lay in state. Sir George was in his coffin, but it was yet unclosed, and the stern, handsome, white face looked stern and handsome still.

But he was not unmourned. Hayward knelt down and kissed the cold brow and the cold hand of his dead friend. Then in heartfelt and broken accents he began to pray. Oh! could he have known of the wild agony that had wrung Sir George's heart before he had gone out to die! But he knew enough; knew of the wearing remorse, of the passionate disappointment and pain.

Before they carried him away, Hayward took up the boy, young Juan, to see his father's face. The lad showed very little sign of emotion. Somehow there was a sense of wrong in his heart, and he had already guessed the truth of the stain on his mother's name. He was a proud, handsome youth, with dark eyes, and as Hayward had written to Sir George, with haughty and imperious ways. So he stood and looked at his dead father, and then with undimmed eyes turned away.

But Hayward was a true mourner. With a pale, haggard, drawn face he followed his friend to the grave. In that long procession he alone knew the truth of the sad life that now was done. But before the day was over, many knew of Sir George's first marriage, and how the young Spanish boy now claimed to be his heir.

After the ceremony was over, the London lawyer who had come down for the occasion, read aloud Sir George's last will. In this he formally made a declaration of his first marriage with Catalina Mendoza, and of the birth of their son. To this son he left Massam, and the chief of the princely fortune that he had inherited. But he left also a large fortune to his infant son, Reginald, and to his "dear friend, Philip Hayward," he bequeathed the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, and left him also the guardian of his two sons; beseeching them always to look upon him with respect and affection.

With surprised glances the funeral guests looked at each other after the will was read. There had always been a mystery about Sir George's life, they were thinking—so this was the mystery—this Spanish marriage and this Spanish son. And what a fortunate young fellow this Hayward had been was the next thought that occurred to some of those present, who ruefully reflected how convenient it would have been if Sir George Hamilton had left such a sum of ready money to them. But there was no one there who made any dispute about the will. Mr. Trevor was not present, though he had been invited to be so, but the proud, vain old man's