

REMEMBRANCE.

"For Love is Life
Since Love remembers."
—The Earl of Dufferin.

The lengthening shadows of four busied years
Have hidden never in our chaste hearts
Springtime memories that cluster lovingly,
Like faded flowers about thy graven name.
That name, which scarce without trembling still our lips
Essay to utter, so fondly cherished,
A pictured hill-side in some sylvan lake
Blurred by the sudden blast and driving rain
Freshens in loveliness when the storm is spent,
Its shadowed outlines softly sinking
Into depths translucent of mirrored sky,
Instinct with vivid beauty, from the wrapt mind
Fades nevermore.

So in nature's surface, by anguish troubled
And for grief's hot rain and tempest of distress,
Some dear face we could not see thro' blinding tears
Deep set in halo of undying love
Is imaged now, purer far and dearer
In the calm vista of that mellowed sadness
Which stricken hearts pityingly enshrine,
Blest image of the lovelier life immortal
Divinely mirrored in the tranquil depths
Of human faith, undimmed by storms of sorrow.
Translat'd thus from mortal Love to spirit Life
By fond Remembrance.

Rideau Bank, Ottawa, 17th April, 1877.

QUIP HAWTHORN'S REVENGE.

STORY OF A CANADIAN LAD.

"Well I declare: there are those Russell girls again. I wonder if we are ever to have the luxury of coming here without meeting them."

The speaker was Miss Smythe, and she expressed herself (*sotto voce*) to her two lady companions as they all seated themselves in rustic rocking chairs, on the deck of the little steamer "Ocean Gem." The outline of her delicate nose was somewhat ruffled, as she spoke.

"It is provoking; and there are those Nugent people, too, in their gaudy display, and they can't find any better amusement than to laugh and giggle with that Hawthorn boy. For my part I can't see how those girls can be spared so much from that millinery shop." It was Miss Buntington (that lovely little blonde) who thus gave vent to her feelings, and it cannot be said that her lady-like face was illumined by a particularly sweet smile as she pettishly turned her chair a little, so that she would not be compelled to look at these obnoxious people.

"It's my opinion, girls," remarked Miss Sunnyford, with an air of utter despair, "there is but one way of doing, and that is not to notice them at all, for, depend upon it, such people cannot take a —"

What the balance of this lady's remark was to have been can only be arrived at by surmise, for she was obliged to leave the sentence unfinished in consequence of their two gentlemen friends having, at this point, succeeded in comfortably ensconcing themselves beside them, and, of course, that bit of dainty conversation was intended only for feminine ears. Marvellous to say, all evidence of recent displeasure vanished instantly, and the faces of the three young ladies assumed expressions the most sweet and pleasing. Indeed, at that moment, they might easily be mistaken for the "Three Graces" personified.

The gentlemen proceed to light their cigars, and then there seems to be a general interchange of quiet little pleasantries, above which can be heard, occasionally, "the silvery ring of soft laughter," as the poet so nicely puts it.

The little party seem to be exceedingly happy. After a time, a little opening having occurred in the conversation, Mr. Arundel (the gentleman next to Miss Smythe) deliberately removed the cigar from his mouth, and, with a little yawn, remarked—

"I quite agree with your remarks of this morning, Miss Buntington; this is not a bad way of putting in an hour or two, these warm days. 'I am glad you are enjoying it,' said Miss Buntington, sweetly, as she brushed away a stray bit of cigar smoke with her fan.

"It would be rather nice, old fellow," leisurely remarked Mr. Spoucher (the little gentleman with the blonde moustache), if it weren't for that swarm of youngsters, over there, kicking up such a perpetual row. What a pity their mothers don't keep them shut up somewhere, at home."

"Why, Mr. Spoucher; how uncharitable you are," said Miss Sunnyford, feelingly. "You ought to remember that the fresh air will do them ever so much good, the little dears."

"It does seem to have an exhilarating effect upon their lungs," coolly retorted Mr. Spoucher, and the witticism met with a nice little unanimous applause.

"A year or two ago," remarked Miss Smythe, plaintively, "these little afternoon excursions to Monckton were very enjoyable, but latterly, they have become so common. It is not pleasant, you know, to be thrown face to face with one's washer-woman's daughter."

"I fail to see anything very grievous about that, especially if the daughter happens to be pretty," said Mr. Arundel, as he looked toward the other end of the boat.

"Oh, Mr. Arundel," ejaculated Miss Sunnyford, in an alarmed manner, and with curious emphasis; then she was obliged to cover her face with her fan for a moment, while the other two ladies looked shocked.

"As there is no law to prevent any one's coming so long as they pay the necessary quarter for a ticket, I suppose we will have to put up with the company or stay away ourselves, or else charter the boat for our own special accommodation," said Mr. Spoucher, after considerable

reflection, and with this philosophical conclusion the subject was dropped and the conversation changed to topics more in keeping with the poetic fancy of youth.

While these most excellent young people, representatives of some of the "first families" of the old town of H—, are thus whiling away the time, enjoying the delightful breeze of the lake and basking in the luxury of conscious superiority, let us take a little peep in the other parts of the "Ocean Gem," as she slowly proceeds on her daily trip to the little village of Monckton.

Those two nice looking, fair haired girls, with blue ribbons, over there, are the daughters of Mr. Russell, a successful bricklayer and stonemason, of H—. The elderly woman beside them is their mother. The rather smart, middle-aged, warm-hearted looking man, to whom she is talking, is Mr. Thompson, the butcher.

He is very fond of the bright little curly headed urchin on his knee and also of the other one which is climbing up the back of his chair. The two black-eyed girls, who are talking and laughing with the Russells, are the daughters of Mrs. Nugent, a widow, whose husband was killed years ago in a railway accident. They have cheerful dispositions and are lively and gay. The happiness beaming in their young faces, it may be observed, springs from a feeling of independence, for they maintain themselves by the use of the needle, as millions of brave girls have done since the world began.

That good-natured, frolicsome young fellow, among them, and from whom the four girls are endeavoring to recover some trifling article which he apparently has just stolen from some of them, is "Hawthorn boy"—Quip Hawthorn, chiefly noted in the town for his good-natured humor and indolent habits.

They are having lots of fun, and, to all appearances, the girls are too many for Quip. By some means his chair gets toppled over and he rolls off on the floor, to the great amusement of all including Mrs. Russell and Mr. Thompson, not forgetting the two little Thompsons. They all laugh heartily, and it is not necessary to use a microscope to detect the contempt depicted in three maidenly faces in another part of the boat. Notwithstanding the frowns that are shot at them, the playful group continue their innocent amusement in this lively manner, for their mirthfulness is all unhampered by the restraints of morbid affectation.

The little steamer contains a goodly number of the townspeople, comprising old gentlemen with spectacles and newspaper; nice old ladies, some of whom are knitting; fathers and mothers with their families, and dozens of young people of both sexes. All appear to be enjoying the delightful sail, and, no doubt, to many these cheap little excursions over the water are a genuine luxury.

The youngsters are running about playfully, mothers are chatting with one another, doubtless describing how their Johnnies and Tommies and Sissies got over the whooping cough, &c., &c., while fathers, sitting by, occasionally join in the conversation or quietly take a nap, just as their inclinations may dictate.

A peaceful, happy scene.

That little bright-eyed four year old girl, climbing up the low railing at the side of the boat, there, is in danger, and its mother moves quickly over and takes it away. In a few minutes, however, the child is back again, and, before observed by no one, has climbed up to the top of the railing and is actually dangling over the water. A woman near by attempts to reach it, but—too late; the little thing loses its balance and falls off into the lake. Instantly the cry goes up, "child overboard." The startled passengers rush towards the stern of the boat, and in a second all is in a wild confusion. The screams of the distressed mother as she cries, "my child, my child," are heartrending, and strong arms have to restrain her from flinging herself in after her darling.

In his commendable efforts to do something, Mr. Spoucher hurriedly throws a chair and a lady's parasol overboard. A dozen voices are shouting, "throw out a rope," "where's a life-preserver," &c., and then a young fellow is seen to tear off his coat and plunge head foremost into the lake. There is an awful suspense until he reappears on the surface of the water. He comes up within a few feet of the drowning child. An instant later he is seen to reach out and grasp the little thing, and is holding its head high out of the water. In the meantime the steamer has been stopped, and a small boat has put out to the rescue. In a few minutes the child is returned to its mother's arms, not much the worse of the ducking, and its brave rescuer is warmly cheered and congratulated.

It is Quip Hawthorn.

All on board had of course been thrown into a state of intense excitement, and for the remainder of the trip not much else could be talked of but the narrow escape of the child and its gallant rescuer.

"Very cleverly done," remarked Mr. Arundel. In which apposition Mr. Spoucher signified his concurrence.

"Who would ever have thought it was in him," soliloquized Miss Sunnyford, and a little while afterwards the dainty little Miss Buntington actually smiled and spoke a word or two to Quip.

The kind hearted Mr. Thompson went up to him and, putting his rough hand on his shoulder, said, with moist eyes, "You're a brave lad, Quip; why the little thing would have been drowned, shure, if it hadn't been for you."

Next evening the daily "Observer and Despatch" contained a paragraph briefly describing the incident. It spoke favorably of Quip's prompt action and concluded as follows:—"This brave young fellow who is known as 'Quip Hawthorn' has rather a singular history which has now for the first time been brought to our notice. He is about eighteen, and for the last twelve years he has resided in this town with Mrs. Mayhew, a kind old widow lady without children of her own. Nothing is known of his parents or antecedents. Twelve years ago, it seems, the boy was placed on board the cars at Montreal by a gentlemanly-looking man who requested the conductor to see him safely off at the station in this town. A letter addressed to Mrs. Mayhew was also given in charge of the conductor. In due time the railway officials safely delivered the child at Mrs. Mayhew's house, where he has remained ever since. The following is a copy of the letter which accompanied the boy:

MRS. MAYHEW.

Dear Madam,—I wish you take charge of my little son, Quip, for a few years, until I return to this country. That was the last wish of his mother, (now dead) who was a niece of yours. Enclosed you will find two hundred dollars for his first year's expenses, and at the beginning of each year you will receive a like amount or more. Be kind to him, and when he is old enough send him to school. Upon my return I will arrange for his further education and will amply reward you for all your trouble.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD HAWTHORN.

"Strange to say, Mrs. Mayhew cannot recollect ever having known any one of the name of Hawthorn, nor was she aware, at the time, that she had a niece in Montreal. For eight years the remittances came regularly to hand through a private banking company of New York. Four years ago, however, the remittances ceased, and from that time to this she has heard nothing whatever in regard to the mysterious affair."

The strange history of the boy was a matter of talk in the town for many a day, but as the months went by the matter was of course forgotten, and Quip continued to be known as "that Hawthorn boy."

II.

The old town of H— has long borne the reputation of being a decidedly aristocratic kind of place, but it was while a detachment of Her Majesty's — Regiment was stationed there that the social lines became definitely drawn. These lines continued to strengthen even after the troops had been removed. As is no doubt the case, in most all places in most all countries, the people became divided into two or three classes, each of which revolved exclusively within itself.

Unfortunately for Quip he seemed to belong to no class whatever, and as he grew older he found himself obliged to stand aloof from the whole of them. The first, or upper class, would have nothing to do with him because he had no position to entitle him to consideration. The second, or middle class, could not take him up and make him one of them with any safety to his reputation, because he was tabooed by the first. Consequently he had to constitute himself a class by himself, and was denied all the little social privileges which tend to make the young happy.

As his years increased he felt his social ostracism so keenly that at times he almost began to believe in his own insignificance. Nevertheless he never permitted the public to catch the slightest glimpse of his mortification. In fact, he endeavored to maintain the utmost indifference. He went about much at his own pleasure, always looking happy and cheerful, and the considerate people put him down as a good-natured, indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, and the more promising portion of the rising generation of the town was warned against associating with him.

But how little the people knew him. There is, after all, a great deal of truth in the old adage, "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

As time went by any one who would take the trouble to notice him might have observed a remarkable change in him. He grew reserved in his manner; his mind was wonderfully reflective, and there was about his eyes an expression indicative of considerable penetration. None of the mirthfulness which always characterized him, and which had landed him into so many youthful scrapes, had departed out of his nature; it was still there, but it had been brought under control, and thus he was educating himself and he had already acquired the art of reading human nature as easily as he would a book.

Three years after the occurrence of the incident with which this little story begins, the daily "Observer and Despatch" again concentrates the attention of the townspeople upon Quip by copying the following startling advertisement from a New York paper:—

"PERSONAL.—Information wanted of the son of the late Richard Hawthorn, Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica, and formerly of Montreal, Canada East. The boy was left many years ago in some small town in Western Canada, and (if living) would now be about twenty-one years of age. A handsome reward will be paid for particulars

that will lead to his identity, whether dead or alive. Canadian papers please copy.

"SHUTE & SHUTE,
"Barristers, &c.,
"No. — Wall Street,
"New York."

Quip immediately answered the advertisement by telegraph, and next day received the following brief despatch in reply:—

"New York, —, June 186—.

"QUIP HAWTHORN, Esq.,
"H—."

"Come on at once. Bring all papers and documents with you. The facts, if sustained, are sufficient.

"SHUTE & SHUTE."

Inasmuch as the documents and papers in Quip's possession which, in any way, bore reference as to his origin, were of such an exceedingly limited number, not much time had to be wasted in their collection. He was, therefore, ready to start by the first train.

The townspeople now began to manifest considerable interest in the matter, and were everywhere speculating as to the probability of Quip's ultimate identity.

Many were of the opinion that he was, without doubt, the person advertised for, while some contended that he could not be, for they had always believed him to be the son of nobody of any consequence.

This unsettled state of public opinion continued for a couple of weeks, at the expiration of which the same New York paper contained a long article entitled "Romantic Story," which may be briefly summarized as follows:—

"Twenty-two years ago, Richard Hawthorn, and his beautiful young wife arrived from England and settled in Montreal. Mr. H. brought with him a moderate amount of capital, which he invested in the wholesale grocery trade, in that city. A year later, their happy home was further blessed with a 'son and heir.'"

"Five year afterwards, Mr. H. was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his beloved wife, and, when she was laid away in the grave, it seemed as though his heart had been buried with her. Before she died she expressed a wish that their child should be sent to be reared by an aunt of hers, who then resided in a small town in Upper Canada. A few months after the death of his wife, Mr. H. disposed of his extensive business in Montreal with the intention of settling in the West India Islands. The little boy was, accordingly, sent to the aunt, as desired by his wife, and Mr. H. immediately proceeded to New York, from whence he was to sail. While in this city he deposited the sum of four thousand dollars in Mercer & DeLorn's private bank, with instructions to forward the interest accruing thereon, to the above-mentioned aunt, annually, to defray the expenses of maintaining the boy.

"He then proceeded to Jamaica, where he purchased a plantation and engaged extensively in the export of sugar. Ten years after, Mr. H. died suddenly, and, having no relatives on the Island, the Government took possession of his estate and set about discovering his relatives. The banking firm of Mercer & DeLorn was, of course, immediately communicated with, but no reply was returned.

"It was afterwards discovered that the firm had collapsed a couple of years before and no one knew anything of the whereabouts of any of the officials. Thus, all trace of the aunt and the boy was lost. Advertisements, however, were inserted in the Canadian papers, from time to time, but without success, until only a few days ago, when the veritable son was discovered by Messrs. Shute & Shute, barristers of this city, who have the matter in charge.

"The lucky fellow's name is Quip Hawthorn. He has ever since been living with the kind old lady in Canada.

"He is a fine-looking young fellow and possesses some literary talent, as some of his productions have already appeared in one or two of the weeklies of this city.

"We understand he leaves this city to-morrow, accompanied by his attorney, for Jamaica, where it is believed he will have no difficulty in proving his claim to the vast estate of his father."

This romantic story was, of course, widely copied in the Canadian papers, and, as might well be expected, created a sensation in the old town of H—. The people, for a time, forgot all their old prejudices and began to speak of Quip in glowing language. They were delighted to refer to him as their "fellow townsman," for, somehow, his good luck seemed to reflect honor upon the whole community. Almost everybody could now remember having, long ago, observed some favorable trait in his character. An odd citizen, here and there, might be found who declined to believe a word of the story about that Hawthorn boy's good luck, and occasionally the opinion was expressed that it would make no difference any way, for, no matter what amount he might fall heir to, he would soon run through the whole of it. But these people were the exception, and their uncharitable opinions had but little effect upon the general favor with which Quip and his good luck were regarded.

III.

Several months later, an item announcing the return of "Quip Hawthorn, Esq.," from Jamaica, was included in the telegraphic news from New York, and it became known in