

# The Weekly Visitor.



DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF THE DIFFERENT TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

VOL. 1. { PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, }  
113. { F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ PRICE—SIX CENTS PER COPY. } No. 4  
{ POST 300 P. M. } 12.

15 Cents Per Quarter.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1864.

Two Cents Per Copy

KEEP THE HEART AS LIGHT AS  
YOU CAN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

We have always enough to bear—  
We have always something to do—  
We have never to seek for care  
When we have the world to go through!  
But what, though adversity test  
The courage and vigour of man,  
They get through misfortune the best,  
Who keep the heart light as they can.

If we shake not the load from the mind,  
Our energy's sure to be gone;  
We must wrestle with Care—or we'll find  
Two loads are less easy than one!  
To sit in disconsolate mood  
Is a poor and a profitless plan;  
The true heart is never subdued,  
If we keep it as light as we can.

There's nothing that Sorrow can yield,  
Excepting a harvest of pain;  
Far better to seek Fortune's field,  
And till it and plough it again!  
The weight that Exertion can move—  
The gloom that Decision can span,  
The manhood within us but prove!  
Then keep the heart light as you can.

Jack and the Yellow Boys.—"Halloa, Jack, you look very yellow," cried a landlord to a Jack Tar, who had once been a good customer.

"No, no! old Timber toes," cried Jack, "it's my Pocket that's turned yellow since I gave up drinking." Jack, suiting the action to the word, drew about twenty gold eagles from his pocket, and placing them upon the palm of one hand, pointing with the other, saying, "See here, it's my Pocket that's yellow with these yellow boys."

For the Weekly Visitor.

## GRATTON HALL.

BY T. J. H.

(CONCLUDED)

About the middle of the reign of William III, nearly a hundred years ago, there stood, within a stone's throw of this very spot, a round, stone building, about sixteen feet diameter, the walls of which were two feet thick, so that the turret-shaped structure measured but twelve feet inside. The floor was of iron, grooved; diagrams and triangles curiously intersecting each other, the reason of which I will hereafter explain.

In Gratton Hall there was, and is still, in the floor of the main lobby leading from the front door, a piece of ingenious flag work, as though the stones had accidentally been broken. Beneath these broken flags, was concealed an iron trap-door, which, when lifted, developed a rope ladder descending to the gloomy regions below. With the aid of a lamp some damp stone cells could be seen, and a narrow, low corridor connecting with the stone turret before mentioned, the mode of ingress and egress being by a trap-door in the iron floor, the joints and hinges being imperceptible by the grooves. Some sixty years previous to the date of my story, beneath the turret was buried large quantities of powder and shot belonging to the king. Your grandfather Theodolph lit it then at the Hall, he had married a lady from the north country—handsome and fashionable: beauty was her only recommendation—she set her trap, and your ancestor was caught; few and short were their hours of joy, for their bitter cup was a heavy one, and the draught of it was fatal. There honey-moon was scarce over ere a gap was

created, and once begun widened speedily. She was young and beautiful, fastidious in her taste—fond of frivolity. He was stern and morose—given to melancholy. They had one child, in whose veins coursed the stern blood of its father with the generosity of the mother. In their employ was one, Simon, an old, decrepit man, who had been on the farm before your grandfather's birth: he was the only one that had a knowledge of the subterraneous connection between the Hall and the stone turret.

On the farm where John Eldon is now, there lived a Mr. Beckford, who had a son called Adam. Allan Beckford had been in the army. His father had bought him a commission, and he became an officer; he, however, soon wished himself back again to the old homestead, and his freedom was purchased back again. He was a wild, roving desperado—was an adept at love making—had a good personal appearance and bearing, acquired by military drill. With so many attractions, and the close proximity of the two farms, he was a frequent visitor at Gratton Hall. I don't say he was a welcome one. Your grandfather, from his first visit, was dubious of an intimacy between two such ignitable hearts as Allan and his wife.

Days and weeks rolled on—he was till a visitor. Old Simon watched matters, and was full of doubts and fears as well as his master. Theodolph Heathburn was hurriedly called to London, to attend to the proving of a will, to which he had been a witness, and in those days of coaches, such a journey involved ten or eleven days. The evening succeeding the departure of Mr. Heathburn, Allan Beckford bent his steps towards the Hall. The large, richly carpeted drawing room on the first floor was brilliantly lit up, and the fire burned brightly in the grate,