

GRANTLEY MANOR.

A TALE

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON, Author of "Lady Bird," "Ellen Middleton," &c

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Mrs. Dalton, when she first came into power, had made an effort to establish her authority, but the attempt had so signally failed, owing to the steady resistance of her pupil, seconded by her grand other's unequivocal support, that poor Mrs. Dalton was forced to strike her colors, & abandon the unequal contest, contenting herself in future with a display of power, which was rather agreeable than otherwise to Margaret, who treated her governess somewhat as the subjects of a constitutional monarchy treat their sovereigns, professing humbly to obey them, as long, and just as long, as their will is in perfect accordance with their own.

Having thus attempted to give some notion of our heroine's character, education and position in life, we will now turn to the library, where, after some hours of vain expectation, the party, assembled to welcome Colonel Leslie's arrival, were about to break up for that night.

"Another day of expectation! another day of disappointment!" exclaimed Margaret, as she held out her hand for the candlestick which Walter was lighting for her on her way to the door. "Is it not extraordinary that my father does not come or write?"

"It is indeed," answered Walter.

"When you left him in town, he told you positively that he would be here yesterday. Did he not?"

"Yes, to be sure he did, and actually held out his finger to me at parting. Do not look angry, Walter! You know how anxious I had been to see my father; with what joy I heard the news of his arrival after his long absence, and with what impatience, what emotion, I hastened to meet him in London. During the tedious hours of the journey I had but that one thought. During the night we stopped at Newbury I never closed my eyes—listened to the striking of each hour, and longed for daylight; and when we reached London, when we dashed through the streets, I could hardly sit still; and when I arrived—I shall still say I hate that hotel—Colonel Leslie was out! "Gone out for a walk!" I sat down alone in that square, odious drawing-room, and waited—waited two hours! and then he came in—"

"And was not his manner kind then?"

"Oh dear, yes! very kind. Nobody is ever unkind to me. Dr. Bartlett, or Lord Donnington, when they call here, are very kind. Come, Walter, do not let me deceive myself. I have never had a thought I have not told you, and I must not care about me, and the sooner I shake up my mind to it the better. I shall be a dutiful daughter to him, at least I'll try," she said, quoting the burden of an Irish song she had just been practicing, and smiling, though two big tears were rolling down her cheek.

"This is unreasonable, dear Margaret," said Walter. "You had worked yourself up into a state of romantic excitement about your father's arrival, and pictured in your own imagination a scene that was not realized; and because poor Leslie's manner is naturally quiet—"

"Is yours so very vivacious?" interrupted Margaret, with rather a saucy expression.

"Oh, mine! Mine is the manner of an old dog, who cannot help wagging his tail when he sees those he loves."

"O Walter! dearest Old Walter! I wish you were my father."

A strange expression passed over Walter's face, but he answered—

"Well, I cannot say I do, for I should then deprive Leslie of a treasure, which I am sure he values; and you do not know, Margaret, how much I love your father."

"Not more than me?"

Walter looked as if he could not very well have said anything more than the beautiful little creature before him, but he shook his head, and said—

"Come, come, Margaret, you must be contented to give way to others. You are too fond of the first place everywhere."

Mrs. Thornton joined them while Walter was speaking, and instantly took up the cudgels for Margaret.

"And so she should be; she has always been brought up to it; and who should have the first place among us, if it is not Margaret? As to your vexing yourself, my dear, about your father's not being glad to see you, it is foolish, really very foolish, because—"

"I did not say he was not glad to see me," interrupted Margaret, with a heightened color, for she did not always bear with patience her grandmamma's animadversions.

"But, my dear, how should he be glad to see you? It is only by proving people that we learn to love them," and she glanced at Walter with a glimmering notice that that phrase had been in his line. "I never loved my children when I did not know them."

"And when was that?" asked Margaret somewhat captiously, for it must be confessed that her temper was a little ruffled that day.

"When they went to school, my dear, I always said to my boys, 'Now my dears, I have done with you; I have nothing more to say to you. No school-boys ever care for their mothers, so I wash my hands of you. Don't talk to me till you are grown up; don't let me hear of you; don't come near me.'"

"I do not remember," remarked Walter, "that John and Estance obeyed your directions. They seemed to me to stick close enough to you during the holidays."

"Oh, they never minded a word I said to them," replied Mrs. Thornton. "I always was a cypher, a nothing, a nonentity to them. They would follow me about because I gave them sugar-plums, but they did not love me, they did not care for me; there was no link between us."

Again she glanced at Walter, for that last expression had been decidedly poetical, and this time it was not lost upon him, for he smiled, as he again presented the candlestick to Margaret, and was about to reply, when the sound of carriage wheels, the barking of the dogs, and the ringing of the bell, announced the arrival of Colonel Leslie to his home after his long absence. The door was flung open, two dogs rushed in, Margaret stepped forward, Mrs. Thornton looked startled, Mr. Thornton,

whose goat prevented his rising as rapidly as he could have wished, stretched out his hand, while on his fine open venerable face a joyous smile said "Welcome," better than any words would have done. Walter looked graver than usual. Colonel Leslie kissed Margaret on the forehead, shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, and then wrung Walter's in silence. And then there followed one of those spaces of time which are spent by every person present in trying to look very happy, and to feel happy, while they can hardly resist the consciousness that they are extremely uncomfortable, and yet that it is imperative not to suffer themselves or others to think so. Colonel Leslie, indeed, did not seem to think it necessary to make much effort. He sat down in an arm-chair and poked the fire. Mr. Thornton smiled, took snuff, cleared his throat, and then asked him (how difficult to find a question to put to a man whom you have not seen for ten years!) if he had had a pleasant journey. Mrs. Thornton, who seldom allowed anybody to answer a question for themselves when she was present, took the words out of Colonel Leslie's mouth, by asking him in return, "How could it be a pleasant journey, my dear? How can you expect a man who has travelled all over the world, like Leslie, to see any thing to admire at home in our poor little country?"

"Why, my dear Mrs. Thornton," blurted out her husband, who had through life preserved in reasoning with her, a practice which other people had generally dropped, "you might as well say that Leslie would have no pleasure in seeing us all again, because he has been used to a set of queer foreign-looking faces."

There was a dead pause; somehow or other this last speech seemed to have disconcerted Colonel Leslie, and Mr. Thornton to have felt the moment that he had uttered it, that it would have been better left unsaid. This redoubled the embarrassment of the whole party. Margaret, whose cheek had been deepening in color ever since her father's arrival, felt it was quite incumbent upon her to speak. First she looked at Walter, but he had sat himself down by the fire, his long face longer than usual; his long legs extended before him, beyond what appeared their natural size, and his eyes fixed on the fire as if he would never look on anything else again. At last, by some happy inspiration she seized on the front paws of one of the fine dogs which had come in with her father, placed them on her knees without any regard for her white muslin gown, and said timidly, as she glanced at Colonel Leslie, "What a beautiful creature this is, papa?"

He started as if from a reverie, looked attentively at her, sighed deeply, and by a sudden impulse held out his hand. Margaret seized it, drew near to him, and from that moment a considerable thaw took place in the general aspect of things. Tea was brought in for the second time, and Walter, who had perceived the affectionate look which Leslie had cast on his daughter, and the renewed expression of pleasure in those eyes in which he could never bear to see a cloud, shook off his oppressive gravity. He and his friend began to talk of their former haunts and old acquaintances; Mrs. Thornton, who, like the canary birds, always chirped the louder when others conversed, was encouraged to hold forth again in her usual tone; and her husband slowly recovered from that painful shock, the consciousness of having said the wrong thing at the wrong time. And now we must, in another chapter, explain why Mr. Thornton's remark had better not have been made, and how it came to the embarrassment of the assembled family at Grantley Manor.

CHAPTER II.

A short time after the death of his wife, Henry Leslie had left England in order to travel for a few months in Italy. The change of scene and the excitement of the journey, to a man of twenty-three, who had never before been out of his own country town, soon roused him from his home to seek health and amusements abroad; and by the time he had travelled through France, and spent a few weeks in Turin and at Milan, he was just in that state of mind and of feelings which most readily admits new impressions. The acuteness of grief had subsided, for the artistic and imaginative side of life, took strong possession of Leslie's fancy as he advanced into Italy. The influence of its brilliant skies—the magic of its natural beauties—the memoirs of the past—its departed glory and its living charm—operated more and more powerfully on his soul; and for the time being the quiet English country gentleman was transformed into a passionate admirer of that strange land whose very name is a spell: where life resembles a dream—where the past is almost more tangible than the present—where an eternal vitality springs from the bosom of perpetual decay, like pure flowers floating on the surface of a dark and stagnant pool: life in its brightest and most glowing colors—death in its most poetical and soothing form, meet each other at every turn. With her cloudless skies and her tideless seas—the unchanging gray of her olive groves—the brilliant lines of her mountains and of her streams—the solemn silence of her cypress groves—the noisy throngs of her joyous people—her gorgeous churches, with their myriads of living worshippers—her gigantic tombs, with their countless multitude of unknown tenants, Italy is at once and emphatically the land of the living and the land of the dead. This Leslie felt; he did not seek society—he did not enter into noisy amusements—he left his hours and his days to take their natural course—he floated down the current of life, while Nature and Art unrolled before him visions of beauty and scenes of enchantment which appear to those whose souls they touch, not as novelties, but as the realization of a presentiment or of a dream. Have we not, sometimes, in our hours of sleep, known a land, a spot, a home, which in our dreams we recognise—which, in our waking hours, we sometimes long to visit again? Have we not at times, in performing the commonest actions of life, in opening a book, in shutting a window, in meeting (for the hundredth time perhaps) with a person, experienced a sudden, strange, unaccountable feeling, which suggests to us, in what appears a supernatural manner, that we have done that action, thought that thought, met that person in the same manner before, and yet the whole impression is independent of the memory, and is more a sensation than a thought.

(To be continued.)

Regina Notes.

The ladies of our congregation under the patronage of Madame Royal and the energetic presidency of Mrs. T. J. Bennett have recently organized themselves into a benevolent association under the name of the Altar Society. Already good results are flowing from the union not the least of which are the spiritual ones attendant on mass being frequently offered for the intentions of the society. Father Caron read on Sunday last a letter from His Grace the Archbishop approving of the society and conveying His Grace's blessing.

Father Caron commenced on Sunday a series of instructions based on the Apostles creed which are to extend throughout Lent. From the instructive sermon which formed the initial number his hearers look forward to a very fruitful exposition of that inspired creed during the Lenten season.

Father Lenteux is away on a well earned holiday trip to Butte, Montana, whither he went to bless the marriage of one of his brothers.

A new lawyer has hung out his shingle in Regina and this time we welcome Mr. Rimmer a young English Barrister as a member of our congregation. Mr. Rimmer has entered into partnership with our own eloquent politician and Q.C., Mr. N. F. Davin and surely the latter's proved ability and reputation will bring plenty of grist to the company's mill.

Our "No. 1 hard" weather has furnished both skaters and curlers with uninterrupted ice on which to while away many a pleasant hour. The skating rink under the management of Mr. Dan Murphy is very well patronized and the Carnival held last week proved a complete success.

In the curling rink matters occasionally become interesting the "points" competition commencing with over 30 entries having narrowed down to two subscribers for the Review Messrs. A. Macdonald and E. McCarty who are to play off for the gold medal on Monday.

Mrs. Dr. Seymour of Fort Qu'Appelle has been a visitor here as a guest of Mrs. J. A. Kerr and evidenced the advantages of a Lake Shore residence by carrying off the prize for best lady skater at the late carnival.

The Review is to be commended for its enterprise in furnishing its readers the full text of Mr. Ewart's able argument on the school question before the cabinet sub-committee.

World's Fair.

As the location of the educational building, for which the world's fair executive committee appropriated \$120,000 last month, is not central, it has been decided to place the educational exhibits in the gallery of the manufacturers' building. In this department space has been allotted for the Catholic educational exhibits. Considering the great number of schools that will take part in the diocesan and other classes of exhibits, the management urges that quality rather than quantity be regarded in selecting the matter to be exhibited.

An important feature of the Catholic educational exhibit will be a complete collection of all books written in English by Catholic authors, and at present in print, and of which a catalogue will be published. It is also proposed to print an illustrated souvenir of the Catholic exhibit and to make it a complete history of Catholic education in the United States.

Business Went on Just the same

Now-a-days, when a subscriber gets so mad because an editor differs with him on some trivial question that he discontinues his paper, we remind him of a good anecdote of the late Horace Greeley, the well-known editor of the New York Tribune:

Passing down Newspaper Row in New York City one morning, he met one of his readers, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Greeley, "don't do that."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I intend to stop the paper."

The angry subscriber was not to be appeased and they separated. late in the afternoon the two men met again, when Mr. Greeley remarked:

"Mr. Thompson I am very glad you did not carry out your threat this morning."

"What do you mean?"

"Why you said you were going to stop my paper, didn't you?"

"And so I did. I went to the office and had your paper stopped."

"You are surely mistaken; I have just come from there, and the press was running and business was booming."

"Sir," said Thompson very pompously. "I meant I intended to stop my subscription to your paper."

"Oh, thunder!" rejoined Greeley, "I thought you were going to stop the running of my paper and knock me out of a living. My friend, let me tell you something: one man is just like a drop of water in the ocean. You did not set the machinery of this world in motion, and when you are underneath the ground things upon the surface will wag on the same as ever."

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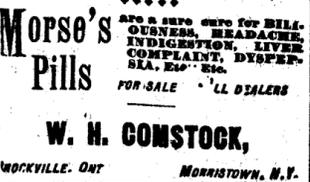
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