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TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Once on a time, in this happy Canada of ours, where ready hearts and willing hands find wide scope for earnest enterprise, a worthy German and his wife, by honest labor and ceaseless economy, came boldly up from the ranks, and, intent on their calling as dealers in fur, accumulated in time so great a fortune, that in their old days they deemed it fit to build a suitable residence in which to spend their declining years and live quietly on the produce of their mutual exertions.

Some miles away from a large city, is a romantic village, famed for its lumber trade and the comparative wealth of its inhabitants. Heathfield, as we shall call it, is situated on an inland river, broken at intervals by charming falls, and shaded by grand old trees, which could, were their voices intelligible, recount many a wild story of Indian life, and of the brave hardihood of the early voyageur. To this lovely spot, in days long gone by, the furrier came. Delighted by all he saw, he immediately purchased a fine property on the outskirts of the village. There he built "Tecumseth Hall," as the beautiful home was named by his only child, Eloise, a pretty girl of nineteen

summers. The wish of the German and his wife was thus gratified, and they were the possessors of a country home, which, built as it was, on a rising ground, towered above Heathfield in the valley, and overlooked for miles around sloping meadow-lands and fields rich with fruitage, through which with many a curve, and "clatter over stony ways," wound the sparkling Wa-wee. Behind the Hall, at a little distance, rose great hills crowned with dense forests, which had never felt the keen edge of the woodman's axe. Nestled at the foot of these elevations, murmured a brook which ran from the quarry-pond to join the river on the eastern side of Tecumseth.

Having surrounded his family with every wished-for luxury, the furrier prepared to enjoy his ease and live a life devoid of care. A few happy months were granted to the old man; then Eloise was snatched away in her fresh young girlhood from those who would have gladly sheltered her life from every storm. A little while, and the faithful wife slept by the well-loved daughter. The furrier was left alone in the midst of his grandeur—a disconsolate, weary man, without kith or kin, far away from his early home. In his sorrow his heart