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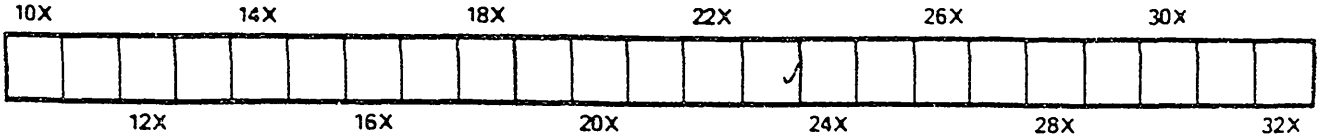

"Yes," she answered, putting both her hands on his shoulders.
Page 269.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

By MRS. CRAIK, (MISS MULOCK), Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IX.

Hannah's waking-up on the morning after her brother-in-law's return was one of the most painful sensations she had ever known, the more so as it was so unusual. To her healthy temperament the morning hour was generally the best of the day. Not Rosie herself, who always woke up as lively as a young linnet in a thorn-bush, enjoyed it more than Aunt Hannah did. But now things seemed changed. She had gone to bed at once, and fallen asleep immediately; for there are times when the brain, worn out by long tension, collapses the instant we lie down—Nature forcing upon it the temporary stupefaction which is its only preservative.

Now even she could not shake off weariness, nor rise as usual to look at one of those glorious winter sunrises which only active people see. She dreaded the dawn—she shrank from the sun. For he brought her her daily duties, and how she should ever fulfil them as heretofore she could not tell.

First, how should she again meet Mr. Rivers? What position should she hold towards him? Had her sister lived, he would have been to her nothing at all; regarded with the sacred indifference with which every pure-minded woman regards every other woman's husband. Now, what was he? Not her brother—except by legal fiction, which he had himself recognised as a fiction. Not her lover; and yet when she recalled his looks and tones, and a certain,

indescribable agitation which had been upon him all the evening, some feminine instinct told her that, under other circumstances, he might have become her lover. Her husband he could never be; and yet she had to go on living with him in an anomalous relationship, which was a compound of all these three ties, with the difficulties of all and the comfort of none. Her friend he was; that bond seemed clear and plain; but then is it customary for a lady to go and keep the house of a male "friend," be he ever so tried and trusted? Society, to say nothing of her own feelings, would never allow it; and for once society is in the right.

Hannah felt it so—felt that, stripping off the imaginary brother-and-sister bond, Bernard and she were exactly in the position of a lady and gentleman living together in those Platonic relations, which are possible certainly, but which the wicked world never believes to be possible, and which Nature herself rejects as being out of the ordinary course of things, and therefore very unadvisable. A life difficult enough to carry on even if the parties were calmly indifferent to one another; but what if they were not indifferent? Though he had never "made love" to her in the smallest degree, never caressed her, even in the harmless salutations which brothers and sisters-in-law so commonly indulge in, still Hannah must have been dull indeed not to have long since found out that in some way or other Bernard was very fond of her; and a young man is not usually "very fond" of a woman, not his own born sister, without, sooner or later, wishing to monopolize her, to have her all to himself—in plain terms, to marry her. And though women have much less of this exclusive feeling—though many a woman will go on innocently adoring a man for years without the slightest wish of personal appropriation—still, when somebody else appropriates him—marries him in short—and the relations are changed, and she drops into a common friend, or less than a friend, then even the noblest and most unselfish woman living will feel, for a time, a slight pang, a blank in her life, a soreness at her heart. It is Nature's revenge upon all shams, however innocent those shams may be.

And poor Hannah was reaping Nature's revenge now. Whether he did or did not love her in a brotherly way, she was cruelly conscious that to go on living with her brother-in-law as heretofore would be a very severe trial. Should she fly from it? The way was open. She could write to Lady Dunsmore, who she knew was again in search of a governess, and would gladly welcome her back. Two days, or one day even, and she might resume her old life, her old duties, and forget this year and a half at Easterham as if it had never been.

For a moment the temptation was strong. She felt hunted down; like the Israelites, with the Egyptians behind and the red sea before, the dreadful surging sea of the future, over which there seemed no pathway, no possible way of crossing it to any safe shore. If she could but escape, with her reputation clear, out of her brother-in-law's house!—that House on the Hill which had been so pleasant, which she had tried to make a sort of home-beacon to all the parish; and now all the parish levelled at it their cruel stares, their malignant comments, for it was exposed to all. For Bernard's sake, as well as her own, she

ought to save him from this—free him from her blighting presence and go.

As she lay thinking, turning over in her mind how best to accomplish this—when she should write and what she should say to Lady Dunsmore—there came the usual little knock at her door, the usual sound of tiny bare feet trotting over the carpet, and the burst of joyous child-laughter at her bedside. And when she hardly noticed it, for it pierced her like a sword, there came a loud wail. "Tannie take her! Take Rosie in Tannie arms." Poor Tannie sprang up, and felt that all her well-woven plans were torn down like spider-webs. To go away and leave her child! The thing was impossible.

Our lives, like the year, go through a succession of seasons, which may come early or late, but come in regular order. We do not find fruit in March or primroses in August. Thus, though Hannah's heart now, strangely stirred as it was, had a primrose breath of spring quivering through it, it was not exactly the heart of a girl. She was a woman of thirty, and though she loved—alas, she knew it now only too well!—she did not love romantically, absorbingly. Besides coexistent with this love had come to her that other sentiment, usually of much later growth—the maternal instinct, which in her was a passion too. Bernard's one rival, and no small one was his own little child.

As Hannah pressed Rosie to her bosom, all her vague terrors, her equally dreadful delights, faded away into quiet realities, and by the time she had the child with her for an hour, she felt quite herself again, and was able to carry Rosie down to the Sunday breakfast-table, where the small woman had lately begun to appear, conducting herself like a little princess.

Oh what a blessing she was! the pretty little maid! How her funny ways, her wonderful attempts at English, and her irresistible bursts of laughter, smoothed over difficulties untold, and helped them through that painful hour—those two, who stood to the little one like father and mother, and yet to one another were nothing, and never could be. This was the strange anomaly of their relationship; that while Rosie was her own flesh-and-blood, closer to her than any child not her very own could possibly be, with Rosie's father there was no tie of blood at all.

The usual Sunday morning routine went on—prayers, breakfast, after breakfast play with Rosie—yet neither Hannah nor Bernard ventured once to look at each other, lest they should betray the piteous secret, which, whether or not hers did, the deadly paleness of Bernard's features, and his nervous, excited manner, only too much revealed.

"I scarcely slept an hour," he said. "I had to sit up and write my sermon. And I found so much to do among my papers. I must never leave home again."

She was silent.

Then he asked her if she were going to church—an idle question for one who never missed church in any weather. Perhaps he did not want her to go? And she would have been angry, but for the strange compassion she always had for him—the feeling that, if any trouble came to him, she should always like to bear it herself. And now he

had more to bear than she. He must go up into his pulpit and preach, conscious that all eyes were watching him, all tongues gossipping concerning him! For in Easterham nothing was hid; rich and poor alike chattered of their neighbours' affairs, and James Dixon's visit to the House on the Hill, in all its particulars, was likely to be as fully known as Mr. Morecomb's interview with Lady Rivers, and its purport as regarded Hannah herself.

The Moat House, too, must be faced, for at breakfast-time a note had come asking them to dine there, though it was Sunday, as young Mrs. Melville had come over for the day, and particularly wished to see Miss Thelluson.

"You will go?" Bernard had said, passing the note over to her. Her first instinct had been a decided "No;" till looking down on the bright little face beside her, Aunt Hannah felt that, at whatever cost, she must boldly show her own—at church, at the Moat House, anywhere and everywhere. There were just two courses open to her—to succomb to the lie, or to meet it and trample it down. So again taking Rosie in her arms, she looked up fearlessly at Rosie's father.

"Yes, since Lady Rivers asked me, I will certainly go."

It was Hannah's custom to get ready for church quite early, that she might walk with Bernard thither—he disliked walking alone. Never was there a man who clung more affectionately to companionship, or to whom it was more necessary. But this Sunday he never summoned her, so she did not come. Indeed, she had determined not. She watched him start off alone, and then followed, going a longer way round, so that she only reached her pew when he reached his reading-desk. Then the sad tone of his voice as he read, evidently with an effort, the sentence, "if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," &c., went to her heart.

Were they sinners? Was it a crime for her to look now at her dead sister's husband, her living Rosie's father, and think that his was one of the sweetest, noblest faces she had ever seen; that had she met him by chance, and he had cared for her, she could have tended him like a mother, served him like a slave—nay, have forgotten for his sake that sacred dream of so many years, the lost love of her girlhood, and become an ordinary human wife and mother—Rosie's mother. And it would all have seemed so right and natural, and they three would have been so happy? Could it be a sin now? Could any possible interpretation, secular or religious, construe it into a sin?

Poor Hannah! Even in God's house these thoughts pursued her; for, as before said, her only law of conduct was how things were, not in the sight of man, but of God. That love, which was either a righteous affection or a deadly sin, could she once assure herself that He did not forbid it, little she cared whether man forbade it or not. Nor, if it were holy, whether it were a happy love or not.

Thus, during her solitary walk home, and a long solitary afternoon that she spent with Rosie—earning that wonderful rest of mind and fatigue of body which the companionship of a child always brings—her thoughts grew clearer. Rosa's very spirit, which now and then looked strangely out of her daughter's eyes, seemed to say to her that the dead view all things with larger vision than ours, that in their passing

away they have left all small jealousies behind them, and remember only the good of their beloved, not themselves at all.

"Oh, Rosa, Rosa!" Hannah thought to herself, "surely you are not angry with me, not even now? I am not stepping into your place and stealing away your joys; I have only tried to fulfil your duties towards this little one and towards him. You know how helpless he is alone! And his pretty lamb—I have to take care of them both. Rosie, my darling, who could ever love you like Tannie? Yet they say it is all unnatural and wrong—that any strange woman would be a better mother to you than I! But that is false, altogether false. when your own mother comes to look at you, as she may do every night, —I would, if I were a happy ghost and God would let me, Rosie, look at her and tell her so!"

These wild and wandering thoughts, the last of which had been said out loud, must have brought a corresponding expression to Hannah's face, for the child caught it, and fixing on her aunt that deep, wise, almost supernatural gaze she sometimes had, answered deliberately, "Yes." For "No"—given with a sweet decisiveness as if she already knew her own mind—the baby! and a gentle satisfied "Yes" were among the earliest accomplishments of that two-year-old darling.

But when Rosie was put to bed, and left wide awake in her little crib, fearless of darkness or anything under Tannie's "lots of tisses," left to curl round and fall asleep in the blessed peace of infancy, innocent of all earthly cares—then this world's bitterness darkened down again upon poor Aunt Hannah. She went to dress for the Moat House dinner, and prepare to join the family circle, where she, always an uncomfortable excrescence, was now regarded—how and in what light did they regard her? Hannah could not tell; she was going there in order to find out.

Of one thing she was sure, the invitation was not given out of pure kindness. Kindness was not the habit of the Rivers family; they generally had a purpose in all they did. More than once lately, Lady Rivers had told her, in as plain terms as so polite a person could, that she—Hannah—stood in the way of her brother-in-law's marriage; that his family wished him married, and she ought to aid them in every possible way towards that desirable end. Could there be a plan formed for lecturing her on this point?

But no. Bernard would never have allowed it. And if he had, Hannah would not have turned back; she had always faced her fate, this solitary woman, and as she now walked alone in the early winter darkness through Easterham village, she braced up her courage and faced it still.

Externally, there seemed nothing to face; only a bright, pleasant drawing-room, and a circle of charming, well-dressed women; whose conversation suddenly paused at her entrance, as if they had been talking her over, feminine fashion, which no doubt they had. Hannah was sure of it. She knew the way they used to talk over other people—the Melville family above all, till Adeline belonged to it—with that sweet acerbity and smooth maliciousness which only women understand. A man's weapons smite keen, but they generally smite straight

forwards. Women only give the underhand thrusts, of which Hannah that night had not a few.

"What a long, dark walk, Miss Thelluson; only you never mind dark walks. Were you really quite alone? And what has become of Bernard? for you generally know all his proceedings. We thought him looking so well—so much the better for going from home. But what can he have done with himself since church-time? Are you quite sure that——"

The question was stopped by Bernard's entrance—ten minutes after the dinner hour, of which Sir Austin bitterly complained to his son; and then offered his arm to Hannah, who stood silent and painfully conscious, under the battery of four pairs of feminine family eyes.

"I have been home to fetch Miss Thelluson," said Bernard. "Hannah, you should not have walked here alone."

And he would have taken a seat beside her, but Lady Rivers signed for Bertha to occupy it. Fenced in by a sister on each side, he had not a chance of a word with Hannah all dinner-time.

It was the same thing afterwards. Miss Thelluson would have been amused, if she had not been a little vexed and annoyed, to see herself thus protected, like an heiress in her teens, from every approach of the obnoxious party. Mother and daughters mounted guard successively, keeping her always engaged in conversation, and subjecting Bernard to a sort of affectionate imprisonment, whence once or twice, he vainly tried to escape. She saw it, for somehow, without intending it, she always saw him everywhere, and was conscious that he saw her, and listened to every word she was saying. Yet she made no effort to get near him, not even when she noticed him surreptitiously take out his watch and look at it wearily, as if entreating "Do let us go home." Every simple word and act of a month ago had a meaning, a dreadful meaning, now.

Hannah was not exactly a proud woman, but she had a quiet dignity of her own, and it was sorely tried this night. Twenty times she would have started up from the smooth, polite circle, feeling that she could support it no longer, save for Bernard's sad, appealing face and his never ending endurance. But then they loved him in their own way, and they were his "people," and he bore from them what he would never have borne from strangers. So must she.

So she took refuge beside Adeline's sofa. Young Mrs. Melville had never been well since her marriage; they said the low situation of Melville Grange did not agree with her. And ill health being quite at a discount among the Rivers girls, who were as strong as elephants, Adeline lay rather neglected, watching her husband laughing and talking with her sisters—flirting with them, people might have said, almost as much as before he was married; only, being a brother now, of course it did not matter. Nevertheless, there was at times a slight contraction of the young wife's brow, as if she did not altogether like it. But she laughed it off at once.

"Herbert is so merry, and so fond of coming here. Our girls amuse him much more than his own sisters, he says. Just listen how they are all laughing together now."

"It is good to laugh," said Hannah quietly.

"Oh, yes; I am glad they enjoy themselves," returned Adeline, and changed the conversation; but through it all, the pale, vexed face, the anxious eyes, heavy with an unspoken anger, an annoyance that could not be complained of, struck Hannah with pity. Here, she thought, was a false position too.

At nine the butler came in, announcing formally, "Miss Thelluson's servant."

"It is Grace. I told her to call for me on her way from chapel. I wished to go home early."

"And without Bernard? I understand. Very right; very nice," whispered lady Rivers, in a tone of such patronising approval, that Hannah repented herself of having thus planned, and was half inclined to call Mr. Rivers out of the dining room and tell him she was going. But she did not. She only rose, and bade them all good-night. Not one rough word had broken the smooth surface of polite conversation; yet she was fully aware that, though with that convenient plaistering over of sore or ugly places peculiar to the Rivers family, they said nothing, they all knew well, and knew that she knew they knew, why she was going, and the instant her back was turned would talk her over to their hearts' content. Yet she walked out of the room slowly, calmly, with that dignified, lady like presence she had, almost better than beauty. Yes, even though she saw lady Rivers rise to accompany her up-stairs—a piece of condescension so great that there was surely some purpose in it. Lady Rivers seldom took trouble without a purpose.

Yet for a moment she hesitated, sat pulling her rings off and on, and eyeing with her critical woman-of-the-world gaze this other woman, who fulfilled the apostolic law of being in the world, not of it. The long strain of the evening had worn Hannah out, and she was in doubt whether Bernard would like her stealing off thus—whether, since Lady Rivers thought it "wise," it really was not most unwise thus to condense the cloudy scandal into shape by paying it the respect of acceptance. As she tied her bonnet, her hands trembled a little.

"Are you ready? Then Miss Thelluson, may I say just one word before you go? As a married lady and the mother of a family, speaking to a young—no, not exactly a young, but an unmarried—person, may I ask, is it true what I hear, that you have had a definite offer of marriage from Mr. Morecomb?"

Hannah started indignantly, and then composed herself.

"I do not quite see that the matter concerns anyone but myself and Mr. Morecomb. But since you have heard this, I conclude he has told you. Yes, it is true."

"And what answer did you give? You may as well tell me: for he will; he is coming here to-morrow."

Hannah waited a moment. "I have given the only answer I could give—No."

Lady Rivers sprang from her chair. "Good heavens! Are you mad? My dear Miss Thelluson, I beg your pardon; but really—to refuse such an offer! If Mr. Morecomb had come and asked me for one of my own daughters, I would at least have considered

the matter. To one in your position, and under present circumstances——"

"Excuse me, Lady Rivers; but I am myself the best judge of my own position and circumstances."

"So gentlemanly of him, too—so honourable—when, he knew, as everybody knows, the way you are being talked about!"

"He did know, then—" and Hannah checked herself. "Will you oblige me by telling me what he knew? How am I being talked about?" And she turned her face, white as that of a traveller who walks up to face a supposed ghost by a churchyard wall; shuddering but still facing it. It may be only a dead tree after all.

"I am very sorry," said Lady Rivers; and no doubt she was, for she disliked saying unpleasant things, except in a covert way. "It is a most awkward matter to speak about, and I have kept it from the girls as long as possible; but people say in Easterham that it was not for nothing you took part with that unfortunate Grace—Dixon I can't call her, as she has no right to the name. In fact, I have heard it suggested plainly enough that the reason of Bernard's not marrying is because, were it not for the law, he would like to marry you."

Hannah stood silent. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still too.

"We do not believe it, of course. Neither does Mr. Morecomb. Still it is generally believed at Easterham,—and worse things too."

"What worse things? Tell me. I insist upon hearing."

Hannah spoke, as she had listened, with a desperate calmness; for she felt that at all costs she must get to the bottom of the scandal—must know exactly how much she had to fight against, and whom.

"Miss Thelluson, you are the very oddest person I ever knew. Well, they say that—that—— Excuse me, but I really don't know how to tell you."

"Then I will tell you; for I heard James Dixon say it, and before my own servants—as of course you know; everybody knows everything in Easterham. They say, these wicked neighbours, that I, a woman not young, not pretty, not attractive in any way, with her dead sister's memory yet fresh in her heart, and her dead sister's child in her arms, am living in unlawful relations with that sister's husband. Lady Rivers, I do not wonder that you shrink from repeating such an atrocious lie."

The other was a little confounded. She had been so very patronising, so condescendingly kind in her manner, to this poor Miss Thelluson, who now stood and looked at her face to face, as much a lady as herself, and ten times more of a woman. Nay, the fire in the grey eyes, the dignity of the figure, made Hannah for the moment even a handsome woman, handsome enough to be admired by many a man.

"Pray don't talk of lies, Miss Thelluson. We object to such an ugly word out of the schoolroom—where, however, your experience must chiefly have lain. This is what made me resolve to speak to you. You cannot be expected to know the world, nor how important it is for Bernard, as a gentleman and a clergyman, that this gossip should be stopped at once. Of course, I only refer to the nonsense about his wishing to marry you. For the rest, his own character—the character of the family—is enough denial. Still, the thing is unplea-

sant, very unpleasant, and I don't wonder that Bernard feels it acutely".

Hannah started. "Does he? Did he tell you so?"

"Not exactly; he is a very reserved person, as we all know; but he looks thoroughly wretched. We, his family, see that, though you, a stranger, may not. The fact is, he has placed himself, quite against our advice, in a most difficult and painful position, and does not know how to get out of it. You ought to help him; as, most providentially, you have now the means of doing."

Hannah looked up She was being pricked to death with needles; but still she looked firmly in the face of her adversary, and asked, "How?"

"Do you not see, my dear Miss Thelluson, that every bit of gossip and scandal would necessarily die out, if you married Mr. Morecomb?"

Hannah was but human. For a moment the thought of escape—of flying out of this maze of misery into a quiet home, where a good man's love would at least be hers—presented itself to her mind, tempting her, as many another women has been tempted, into marriage without love. But immediately her honest soul recoiled.

"Lady Rivers, I would do a great deal for my brother-in-law, who has been very kind to me; but not even for his sake—since you put it so—can I marry Mr. Morecomb. And now"—turning round with sudden heat—"since you have said all you wanted to say, and I have answered it, will you let me go home?"

Home! As she uttered the word, ending thus the conversation as quietly, to all appearance, as it had begun—though she knew it had been all a planned attack, and that the ladies down-stairs were all waiting eagerly to hear the result of it—as she spoke of home, Hannah felt what a farce it was. Had it been a real brother's home, there at least was external protection. So likewise was there in that other home, which, when she had saved enough, she had one day meant to have—some tiny cottage, where by her own conduct a single woman can always protect herself, keep up her own dignity, and carry out, if ever so humbly, her own independent life. Now, this was lost and the other not gained. As she walked on towards the House on the Hill—that cruel "home" where she and Bernard must live henceforward, as if in a house of glass, exposed to every malicious eye, Hannah felt that somehow or other she had made a terrible mistake. Almost as great a one as that of the poor girl who walked silently by her side, asking no questions—Grace never did ask any—but simply following her mistress with tender, observant, unceasing care.

"Don't let us go through the village," whispered she. "I'll take you round a nearer way, where there are not half so many folk about."

"Very well, Grace; only let us get home quickly. You are not afraid of meeting anybody?"

For Jem Dixon was still at Easterham, she knew, though nothing had been seen of him since that night.

"No, no," sighed Grace, "nobody will trouble me. The master frightened him, I think. My sister told me the master did really

speak to the police about him in case he should trouble us while he was away. Look, Miss Thelluson, there he is."

Not Jem Dixon, but Mr. Rivers; yet Hannah instinctively shrank back under the shadow of a high wall, and let him pass her by. She made no explanation to her servant for this; what could she say? And Grace seemed to guess it all without her telling.

It was a bitter humiliation, to say nothing of the pain. As she bade Grace keep close to her, while they hurried along, by narrow alleys and cross cuts, the thought of that happy walk home under the stars, scarcely a fortnight ago, came back to Hannah's mind. Alas! such could never be again. Their halcyon days were done. In her imaginary wickedness, her sinless shame, she almost felt as if she could understand the agony of a real sin—of a woman who loves some other woman's husband, or some man besides her own husband—any of those dreadful stories which she had heard of afar off, but had never seemed to realize. Once, no power of will could put her in the place of these miserable sinners. Now, perhaps, she was as miserable a sinner as any one of them all.

When reaching the gate she saw Mr. Rivers standing there waiting. She drew back as if it were really so—as if it were a sin for him to be watching for her, as he evidently was, with the kindly tenderness of old.

"Hannah, how could you think of starting off alone? You make me miserable by such vagaries."

He spoke angrily—that fond anger which betrays so much; and when he found he had betrayed it to more than herself, he, too, started.

"I did not know Grace was with you; that alters the case a little. Grace, take Miss Thelluson's wet cloak off, and tell the servants to come at once to prayers."

He was wise and kind, Hannah recognised that; in spite of the bitter feeling that it should be necessary for him to be wise and kind. She came into his study after all the servants were assembled there; and as she knelt near him, listening to the short service customary on Sunday nights, her spirit grew calmer. No one could hear Bernard Rivers, either in his pulpit, as that morning, or among his little household congregation, as now, without an instinctive certainty that he was one of the "pure in heart," who are for ever "blessed."

The servants gone, he and she stood by the fire alone. There was a strange look upon both their faces, as if of a storm past or a storm brooding. Since this time last night, when, after her sore confession was wrung from her, Hannah had tottered away out of the room, she and her brother-in-law had never been one minute alone together, nor had exchanged any but the briefest and most commonplace words. They did not now. They just stood one on either side the fire—so near yet so apart.

A couple that any outside observer would have judged well-suited. Both in the prime of life; yet, though he was a little the younger, he did not seem so, more especially of late, since he had grown so worn and anxious looking. Both pleasant to behold, though he had more of actual physical beauty than she; but Hannah had a spiritual charm about her such as few handsome women possess. And both were at

that season of life when, though boy and girl fancies are over, the calm, deep love of mature years is at its meridan, and a passion conceived then usually lasts for life. And these two, with every compulsion to love, from within and without, pressing hard upon them—respect, tenderness, habit, familiarity—with no law, natural or divine, forbidding that love, in case it should arise between them, had to stand there, man and woman, brother and sister, so-called, and ignore and suppress it all.

That there was something to be suppressed showed plainly enough. In neither was the free-hearted unconsciousness which, when an accusation is wholly untrue, laughs at it and passes it by. Neither looked towards the other; they stood both gazing wistfully into the fire, until the silence became intolerable. Then Hannah, but without extending her hand as usual, bade him "Good night."

"Good-night? Why so?"

"I am going up-stairs to look at Rosie."

"I believe if the world were coming to an end in half-an-hour, you would still be 'going up-stairs to look at Rosie.'"

That excessive irritability which always came when he was mentally disturbed, and had been heavy upon him in the early time of his sorrow, seemed revived again. He could not help it; and then he was so mournfully contrite for it.

"Oh, forgive me, Hannah! I am growing a perfect bear to you. Come down-stairs again and talk to me. For we must speak out. We cannot go on like this; it will drive me wild. We must come to some conclusion or other. Make haste back, and we will speak together, just as friends, and decide what it shall be."

Alas! what could it be? Every side she looked, Hannah saw no path out of the maze. Not even when, seeing that Grace sat reading her Bible by the nursery fire—Grace was a gentle, earnest Methodist, very religious in her own fashion—she sat down beside *her* living Bible, her visible revelation of Him who was once like Rosie, a Christmas child, and tried to think the matter quietly out, to prepare herself humbly for being led, not in her own way, but in God's way. The more, as it was not her own happiness she sought, but that of those two committed to her charge in so strange a manner—the man being almost as helpless and as dependent upon her as the child. For she had not lived with Bernard thus long without discovering all his weaknesses; which were the very points upon which she knew herself most strong. When he called, as he did twenty times a day, "Hannah, help me!" she was fully conscious that she did and could help him better than any one else. Did she like him the less for this? Most women—especially those who have the motherly instinct strongly developed—will find no difficulty in answering the question.

How peaceful the nursery was—so warm, and safe, and still. Not a sound but the clock ticking on the chimney-piece, and the wind murmuring outside, and the soft breathing out of that darkened corner, where, snuggled down under the bed-clothes, with the round little head and its circle of bright hair just peepin above, "Tannie's wee dormouse," as she sometimes called her, slept her sound, innocent sleep.

Aunt Hannah bent over her darling with a wild constriction of the

heart. What if the "conclusion" to which Mr. Rivers said they must come to-night implied her going away—leaving Rosie behind? The thought was too much to bear.

"I will not—I will not! God gave me the child, God only shall take her from me!"

And rushing to her own room, she vainly tried to compose herself, before appearing in Rosie's father's sight. In vain. His quick eye detected at once that she had been crying; he said so, and then her tears burst out afresh.

"I am so miserable—so miserable! Don't send me away—don't take Rosie from me. I can bear anything but that. It would break my heart if I had to part from my child!"

He answered calmly—was it also a little coldly?—

"Don't distress yourself, Hannah; I had no thought of taking Rosie from you. I promised you she should be all your own, and I mean to keep my word."

"Thank you."

She dried her tears, though she was, indeed, strangely excited still; and they sat down for that serious talk together, which was to have—who knew what end?

The beginning was not easy, though Bernard did begin at once.

"I shall not detain you long, though it is still early. But I must have a few words with you. First, to apologize for a question I put to you last night, which I now feel was intrusive and wrong."

Which question—that about Mr. Morecomb or the final one, which she had answered with such sore truthfulness—he did not say, and she did not inquire.

Bernard continued—

"Let us put that matter aside, and speak only of our own present affairs. I want you to give me your advice on a point in which a woman is a better judge than any man; especially as it concerns a woman."

A woman? Hannah leaped at once to the heart of the mystery, if mystery it were. Her only course was to solve it without delay.

"Is it your possible marriage?"

"It is. Not my love, understand; only my marriage."

They were silent—he watching her keenly. Hannah felt it, and set her face like a stone. She seemed, indeed, growing into stone.

"My family—as they may have told you, for they tell it to all Easterham—are most anxious I should marry. They have even been so kind as to name to me the lady, whom, as we both know her, I will not name, except to say that she is very young, very pretty, very rich; fulfils all conditions they desire for me, not one of which I desire for myself. Also, they tell me—though I scarcely believe this—that if I asked her, she would not refuse me."

"You have not asked her then?"

"If I had, there would be little need for the questions I wished to put to you. First, what is your feeling about second marriages?"

"I thought you knew it. I must surely have said it to you some time?"

"You never have; say it, then."

Why should she not? Nothing tied her tongue now. The end

she had once hoped for, then doubted, then feared, was evidently at hand. He was after all going to marry. In a totally unexpected way, her path was being made plain.

Hannah was not a girl, and her self-control was great. Besides, she had suffered so much of late, that even the very fact of an end to the suffering was relief. So she spoke out as if she were not herself, but somebody else, standing quite apart from poor Hannah Thelluson —to whom it had been the will of God that no love-bliss should ever come.

"I think, with women, second marriages are a doubtful good. If the first one has been happy, we desire no other—we can cherish a memory and sit beside a grave to the last; if unhappy, we dread renewing our unhappiness. Besides, children so fill up a woman's heart, that the idea of giving her little ones a second father would be to most women very painful, nay, intolerable. But with men it is quite different. I have said to Lady Rivers many a time, that from the first day I came it was my most earnest wish you should find some suitable wife, marry her, and be happy—as happy as you were with my sister."

"Thank you."

That dreadful formality of his—formality and bitterness combined! And Hannah knew his manner so well; knew every change in his face—a very tell-tale face; Bernard was none of your reserved heroes who are always "wearing a mask." Her heart yearned over him. Alas! she had spoken truly when she said it was not buried in Arthur's grave. It was quick and living—full of all human affections and human longings still.

"Then, sister Hannah, I have your full consent to my marriage? A mere *marriage de convenance*, as I told you. Not like my first one—ah, my poor Rosa, *she* loved me! No woman will ever love me so well."

Hannah was silent.

"Do you think it would be a wrong to Rosa, my marrying again?"

"Not if you loved again. Men do."

"And not women? Did you mean that?"

"I hardly know what I mean, or what I say," cried Hannah piteously. "It is all so strange, so bewildering. Tell me exactly how the thing stands in plain words, and let me go."

"I will let you go; I will trouble you no more about myself or my affairs. You do not care for me, Hannah, you only care for the child. But that is natural—quite natural. I was a fool to expect any more."

Strange words for a man to say to a woman, under any other feeling than one. Hannah began to tremble violently.

"What could you expect more?" she faltered. "Have I not done my duty to you—my sisterly duty?"

"We are *not* brother and sister, and we lie—we lie to our own souls—in calling ourselves so."

He spoke passionately; he seized her hand, then begged her pardon; suddenly went back to his own place, and continued the conversation.

"We are neither of us young, Hannah—not boy and girl anyhow—

and we have been close friends for a long time. Let us speak openly together, just as if we were two departed souls looking out of Paradise at ourselves, our old selves—as our Rosa may be looking now."

Our Rosa! It went to Hannah's heart. The tenderness of the man, the unforgetfulness—ah, if men knew how women prize a man, who does not forget! "Yes," she repeated softly, "our Rosa."

"Oh, that it were she who was judging us, not these!"

"Not who!"

"The Moat House—the village—everybody. It is vain for us to shut our eyes, or our lips either. Hannah, this is a cruel crisis for you and me. People are talking of us on every hand; taking away our good name even. James Dixon's is not the only wicked tongue in the world. It is terrible, is it not?"

"No," she said, after a moment's hesitation. "At least, not so terrible but that I can bear it."

"Can you? Then I ought too. And yet I feel so weak. You have no idea what I have suffered of late. Within and without, nothing but suffering; till I have thought the only thing to do was to obey my family's wish and marry. But whether I marry or not, the thing seems plain—we cannot go on living as we have done. For your sake as well as my own—for they tell me I am compromising you cruelly—we must make some change. Oh, Hannah! what have I said, what have I done?"

For she had risen up, the drooping softness of her attitude and face quite gone.

"I understand you. You need not explain further. You wish me to leave you. So I will; to-morrow if you choose; only I must take the child with me. I will have the child," she continued in a low desperate voice. "Do what you like, marry whom you like, but the child is mine. Her own father shall not take her from me."

"He has no wish. Her unfortunate father!"

And never since his first days of desolation had Hannah seen on Bernard's countenance such an expression of utter despair.

"You shall settle it all," he said, "you who are so prudent, and wise, and calm. Think for me, and decide."

"What am I to think or decide?" And Hannah vainly struggled after the calmness he imputed to her. "How can I put myself in your place, and know what you would wish?"

"What I would *wish!* Oh, Hannah! is it possible you do not guess?"

She must have been deaf and blind not to have guessed. Dumb she was—dumb as death—while Bernard went on, speaking with excited rapidity.

"When a man's wish is as hopeless and unattainable as a child's for the moon, he had better not utter it. I have long thought this. I think so still. Happy in this world I can never be; but what would make me least unhappy would be to go on living as we do, you and Rosie and I, if such a thing were possible."

"Is it impossible?" For with this dumbness of death had come over Hannah also the peace of death—as if the struggle of living were over, and she had passed into another world. She knew Bernard loved her, though they could never be married, no more than the

angels. Still, he loved her. She was content. "Is it impossible?" she repeated, in her grave, tender, soothing voice. "Evil tongues would die out in time—the innocent are always stronger than the wicked. And our great safeguard against them is such a life as yours has been. You can have almost no enemies."

"Ah!" replied he mournfully, "but in this case a man's foes are they of his own household. My people—there is no fighting against them. What do you think—I am talking to you, Hannah, as if you were not yourself, but some other person—what do you think my stepmother said to me to-night? That unless you married Mr. Morecomb, or I Ellen Melville (there, her name is out, but no matter)—unless either of these two things happened, or I did the other wicked, heart-breaking thing of turning you out of my doors, she would never admit you again into hers. That, in fact, to night is the last time you will be received at the Moat House."

Hannah's pride rose. "So be it. I am not aware that that would be such a terrible misfortune."

"You unworldly woman, you do not know! Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Hannah; I am forgetting all you must feel. I am speaking to you as if you were my conscience—my very own soul—which you are."

The love that glowed in his eyes, the emotion that trembled in his voice! Hannah was not a young woman, nor, naturally, a passionate woman, but she would have been a stone not to be moved now. She sat down, hiding her face in her hands.

"Oh, it is hard, hard!" she sobbed. "When we might have been so happy—we and our child!"

Bernard left his seat, and came closer to hers. His breath was loud and fast, and his hands, as he took Hannah's, grasping them so tight that she could not unloose them, though she faintly tried—were shaking much.

"Tell me—I never believed it possible till now, I thought you so calm and cold, and you knew all my faults, and I have been harsh to you often—only too often!—but, Hannah, if such a thing could be, if the law allowed it—man's law, for God's is on our side—if we could have been married, would you have married me?"

"Yes," she answered, putting both her hands on his shoulders, and looking at him with a sad solemnity, as of those who take farewell for life; "yes I would."

Then, before he had time to answer. Hannah was gone.

CHAPTER X

For the second time Hannah fled away from her brother-in-law's presence into her own room, and tried to realize what had happened. Something which would for ever prevent their two lives from going on together as before—a distinct mutual acknowledgment that they did not love one another like brother and sister, that he would have married her if he could, and that if he had asked her she would not have refused him.

This confession on her part had been unintentional, wrung from her by the emotion of the time and by the direct question which had been put to her, and Hannah was the kind of woman who never thought of compromising or playing with the truth. Still, when it was made, and henceforth irrevocable, it startled her. Not that she felt it in the least wrong; the idea that to love or marry her sister's husband was a moral offence had now entirely left her mind; but it was such an absolute ignoring of her own past—her dear, cherished, sacred past—that it at first almost overwhelmed her. She sighed as if it had been an unrequited instead of a fondly-sought attachment which she had confessed.

For it had crept into her heart unawares, and not in the ordinary guise of love at all. Pity, affection, the tender habit of household happiness, had drawn her day by day to Rosie's father, chiefly because he was a father and a widower, scarcely a young man in any sense regarding her; supposing she had considered herself still a young woman, which she did not. It was only when her youth forced itself up like an imprisoned stream, when the great outcry for love arose and would be heard, that Hannah recognised how painfully, piteously young, she was still.

And yet in one sense this love was as different from the love of her girlhood as autumn is from spring. It did not seem in the least to interfere with the memory of Arthur. True she had been only eighteen when she last saw his dear face, scarcely twenty when he died; but Hannah was one of those sort of people with whom to be "off with the old love and on with the new" was a thing not needing argument, it was simply impossible. She had never dropped willingly a single thread of love in her life; the threads which God had broken here were only temporarily invisible; she could follow them still, in spirit, to the unseen land. Yet to her intensely constant nature any change was at first a kind of pain.

"Arthur, Arthur!" she sighed, and kept turning his ring round and round upon her finger. "You are not angry with me? I could not help it. He needed me so!"

Yes, there was the secret, as it is of so many marriages, so many lasting loves: people become necessary to one another before they are aware. Propinquity, circumstances, do a great deal; but more is done by the strong, gradual, inner want—the sympathy which grows day by day, the trust which, feeling its way step to step, may be slow of advancing, but never retrogrades. Whether such a love be as perfect as the real passion, "first-born and heir to all"—the lovely dream of youth and maidenhood, which if man or woman ever realizes and possesses must be the crown of existence—I do not say. But such as it is, it is a pure, noble, and blessed affection, the comfort and refreshment of many lives—that is, if they accept it as it is, and do not try to make it what it never can be, nor seek to find among the August roses the violets of the spring.

"Arthur! Arthur!" Hannah sighed once again, and then said to herself in a solemn, steadfast, resolute tenderness, the name she had never yet uttered, even in thought, for it seemed like an unconscious appropriation of him—"My Bernard!"

And the word was a vow. Not exactly a love-vow, implying and expecting unlimited happiness—she scarcely thought of happiness at all—but a vow that included all duties, all tendernesses, all patience; a pledge such as a woman makes to the man unto whom she is prepared to resign herself and her own individuality, for life.

It was a change so sudden, total, and overwhelming, that beyond it she could at first see nothing, did not recognise the future as a real thing at all. She went to sleep like a person half-bewildered, and woke up in the morning confused still, until Rosie came in as usual, while Tannie was dressing, requiring all sorts of "pitty sings to play wid" in her usual sweet exactingness. Then slowly, slowly, Hannah realized all.

"My darling, my darling! my own for ever!" cried she, snatching up Rosie in a passion of tenderness. And not even Bernard's fond look of last night, as he put to her and she answered that solemn question, thrilled to Hannah's heart more than the embrace of the child.

Carrying the little one in her arms, she went down-stairs and met him in the hall. A meeting just the same as on all mornings, except that there was a glow, a radiance almost, in his countenance, which she had never seen before, and his voice whenever he addressed her had a reverential affectionateness which gave meaning to his lightest words. Also he called her "Hannah," never—"Aunt Hannah" again.

There is a pathos in all love; what must there be, then, in a love such as this, conceived in spite of fate, carried on through all hindrances, at last betrayed rather than confessed, and when confessed having to meet the dark future, in which its sole reward must be the mere act of loving? These two, forbidden by destiny to woo and marry like ordinary people, were nevertheless not a melancholy pair of lovers. No outward eye would have recognised them as lovers at all, By no word or act did Bernard claim his rights, the happy rights of a man to whom a woman has confessed her affection; he neither kissed her nor said one fond word to her. No servant coming in and out, nor even the innocent little tell-tale, who was just at that age when she was sure to communicate everything to everybody, could have suspected anything, or betrayed anything, concerning these two, who knew they were henceforward not two but one till death.

They were neither afraid nor ashamed. At the first sight of Bernard every lurking feeling of shame went out of Hannah's heart. Every thought, too, as if her loving the living were a wrong to the dead. Arthur's ring was still on her finger, Rosa's sweet face still smiled from over the mantel-piece upon the two whom in life she had loved best in the world, and Rosa's child clung fondly unto Tannie's faithful breast. Hannah shrank from none of these things, nor did Bernard. More than once that morning he had named, incidentally but unhesitatingly, his child's mother, calling her, as he always did from this day forward, "our" Rosa; and though he was so quiet he went about cheerfully as he had not done for long. like a man who has recovered his own self-respect, and his interest in life, to whom the past brings no pain and the future no dread.

Passion is a weak thing, but love, pure love, is the strongest thing

on earth, and these lovers felt it to be so. Though neither said a word beyond the merest domestic commonplace, there was a peace, a restfulness about them both, which each saw in the other, and rejoiced to see. It was like a calm after storm—ease after pain. No matter how soon the storm arose, the pain begun again; the lull had been real while it lasted.

They began arranging their day's work as usual, work never very light; this Monday there seemed more to settle than ever.

"What should I do without you?" said Bernard. "Such a wise, sensible, practical woman as you are! always busy, and yet forgotting nothing. Stay, have you forgotten we were to dine at the Grange to-night?"

The invitation had come a week ago, and Adeline had repeated it last evening. Still Hannah hesitated.

"Must we go? Nay ought we?"

"Why not? Because of—of what we said last night? That is a stronger reason than ever why we should go. We should not shrink from society. I am not ashamed of myself. Are you?"

"No." She dropped her head, faintly blushing; but when she saw that Bernard held his erect, she took courage.

"What Lady Rivers says does not apply to Melville Grange. My sister is mistress in her own house, and Melville, though he is fond enough of his sisters-in-law, is not really so likely to be influenced by his mother-in-law as by his own mother. She is a very good and wise woman, Mrs. Melville. I wanted to have a little talk with her to-night."

Hannah looked uneasy. "Oh, be careful! I would much rather not a word were said to any one."

"About ourselves? No; I have not the slightest intention of telling anybody. It is our own affair entirely, till we see our way clear to—to the rightful end; for Hannah, I need not say that must come about if it be possible. I cannot live without you."

He spoke in a low tone, grasping her hand. He was not nearly so calm as she; yet even Hannah felt her heart beating, her colour coming and going. Is it only for young lovers, passionate, selfish, uncontrolled, that society must legislate? or criminal lovers, who exact an excited pity, and are interesting just because they are criminal? Is there no justice, no tenderness, for those who suffer and are silent, doing no wrong?

"We will never do anything wrong," said he. "We will neither fly in the face of the law nor offend my own people, if possible; but we will be married if we can. I must take legal advice on the subject. Till then, let all go on as usual. Is it not better so?"

"Yes."

They stood at the hall-door, Rosie sitting queenlike on Tannie's arm, to watch papa away. He kissed his little girl, and then just touched with his lips the hand that held her. No more. No love-embrace—no thought of such a thing; but there was a gleam in his eyes, like the January sun through the winter trees, showing that summer days might yet come.

It warmed Hannah's heart with quiet, serious joy, as she went through her household duties, especially those which concerned the

child. She had her darling with her almost all day, and never had Rosie's innocent companionship been so satisfying and so sweet.

> "So for the father's sake the child was dear,
> And dearer was the father for the child."

Among the magnificent literature in which Tannie and Rosie indulged happened to be an illustrated fairy-tale book, wherein the usual cruel step-mother figured in great force. And she herself should be a step-mother, perhaps, one day! In the glee of her heart Hannah laughed—actually laughed—to think how different fiction often was from reality.

Bernard came home only just in time to dress, and they did not meet till he put her into the carriage. Half their drive passed almost in silence, but by-and-by Bernard spoke in a business-like way, saying he meant to go up to London, and take counsel's opinion there. It would not do to consult any one here.—On what subject he did not say, but it was easy to guess.

"Mrs. Melville might give me information—only, of course, I could not ask her direct. I can only find it out in a quiet way, as I have already found out a good deal. It seems till 1835 these marriages were legal—at any rate not illegal, unless an ecclesiastical suit should find them so, which it never did. It was in 1835 that was passed the ridiculous bill confirming all marriages prior to 31st August, and making those unlawful which happened on or after the 1st September."

"Then they are unlawful now?" said Hannah, feeling silence worse than speech.

"Nobody seems quite to understand whether they are or not. On the Continent, nay, in every country except ours, they are certainly legal. Our Colonies have several times passed a bill, legalizing such marriages, and the mother-country has thrown it out. Many persons go abroad to be married, come back again, and live unblamed; but they risk a good deal, and,"—he hesitated—"it is not for themselves alone."

Hannah drew back into her dark corner, glad of the darkness. It was a strange and sore position for any woman to be placed in. Betrothed, yet having none of the honours and happiness of an affianced bride; sitting beside her lover, yet treated by him in no lover-like fashion, and feeling nothing of the shy frankness which makes the new tie so sweet; obliged to talk with him about their marriage and its possibilities with a mournful candour that would have been most painful to bear, save for her own strong, innocent heart and Bernard's exceeding delicacy;—she found her lot as humiliating as it was hard.

Yet she had never loved him so dearly, never recognised how well he deserved her love, as when, after their long, dark drive, he said tenderly, "Now, Hannah, we will forget for the time all these bitternesses—except the love, except the love," handed her out into the bright hall at the Grange, and entered the drawing room with her on his arm, as at Easterham dinner-parties had been their custom always.

This was a state dinner. All the Moat House people were there,

and Mr. Morecomb too. Hannah did not know whether it was pure accident or refinement of ill-nature, but Mr. Morecomb was assigned to her at dinner, and she had no resource but to obey. The poor man evidently knew his fate, and was bearing it like a man. It was either one of the *contretemps* in which the unlucky victims can only submit and make the best of things, or done on purpose; but in either case there was no remedy.

Bernard had been placed far down the table; but whether or not, Hannah knew he could be no shield to her—rather the contrary. She must keep up her own dignity—trust for protection solely to herself. And a nervous consciousness made her look sedulously away from him all dinner-time; nay, as she passed him in the procession of ladies afterwards, she kept her eyes fixed so steadily on the ground, that Bertha asked satirically, "if she and Bernard had been quarrelling?"

During dinner she had been comparatively safe, even with Mr. Morecomb beside her; afterwards there gathered over her the vague coldness which women always know how to show towards another woman who is somehow "under a cloud." The Rivers family indicated it most of all. Scarcely any one of them addressed her except Adeline.

"Don't mind it," whispered the latter, following Hannah into a corner. "We'll stand by you, and people will see you here. Of course it is awkward, very awkward. Easterham is talking about you so much, a' my family, of all things, dislikes being talked about, But I have thrown dust in everybody's eyes by giving you at dinner to Mr Morecomb. Couldn't you like him? Such a nice old fellow, and so fond of you."

Hannah shook her head, smiling drearily. It was idle to take offence at silly little Adeline, who never meant any harm.

She sat down, turning over the leaves of a photograph-book and bade her young hostess go back to her other guests.

"No, no, I mean to stay with you. I don't feel as my family do. I can't see why they should make such a fuss even if Bernard did want to marry you. People used to do it—my respected mother-in-law, for instance. And sisters-in-law are not real sisters; never ought to be. If the law made this quite clear, a man wouldn't dare go philandering with them in his wife's life-time. Now—oh, dear!—it's so convenient. He can't marry them, so he may flirt with them as much as ever he likes. Its all right, and the wife can't say a word. But she may feel for all that."

Adeline spoke bitterly; having evidently quite slidden away from the case in point, not thinking of Hannah at all; so there was no need to answer her except in a general way.

"Yes, I daresay it is at times a little vexing. But I am afraid I do not understand jealousy. I cannot comprehend how, after people are once married, they feel the smallest interest in anybody else. And the conjugal fidelity which has only the law to secure it must be a very shallow thing."

"You ridiculously simple woman! Well, perhaps you are right. Jealousy is silly. We can't stop every young lady out of our house because our husband may one day have the chance of marrying her.

Let him! When we are dead and gone we shall not care. Only don't let her come and steal him from us while we are alive. It's all a sham, this nonsense about sisters," added she, stamping with her white satin shoes, and tearing to pieces her hot-house roses. "And, like you, I am beginning to hate shams. Hannah Thelluson, let us be friends."

"We always were friends, I hope," said Hannah gently, pitying the young wife, whose skeleton in the house had been so unconsciously betrayed. She was more than sorry, rather angry, when, as the evening wore on, and the gentlemen came in, Herbert Melville scarcely noticing his sickly, unlovely Adeline, devoted himself entirely to her blooming sisters, especially to Bertha; who, a born coquette, seemed to enjoy the triumph amazingly. The law which barred some people from happiness, did not seem to furnish any security for the happiness of others. Hannah almost forgot herself in her pity for Adeline.

And yet she could have pitied herself too—a little. It was hard to sit there, tabooed, as it were, by that silent ignoring which women understand so well, and hear the others talking pleasantly round her. No one was actually uncivil; the Melvilles were almost obtrusively kind; but there the coldness was, and Hannah felt it. Such a new thing, too; for in her quiet way, she had been rather popular than not in society; she had such gentle tact in fishing out all the shy, or grim, or stupid people, and warming them up into cheerfulness. But now even they quietly slipped away and left her alone.

It was a heavy night. She asked herself more than once how many more of the like she should have to bear, and if she could bear them. Did Bernard see it or feel it? She could not tell. He came in late. She saw him talking to Mrs. Melville, and afterwards to Lady Rivers; then trying his utmost to be pleasant to everybody. She was so proud always of the sweet nature he had, and the simple unconscious charm of his manner in society. But in the pauses of conversation he looked inexpressibly sad; and when they got into the carriage, and were alone together, she heard him sigh so heavily, that if his people had been all night long pricking her to death with pins and needles, Hannah would not have complained. The very fact of complaint seemed a certain humiliation.

They scarcely exchanged a word all the drive home; but he took and held fast her hand. There were something in the warm clasp that comforted her for everything.

Dear," he whispered, as he lit her candle and bade her good night, which he did as soon as possible, "it is a hard lot for both of us. Can you bear it?"

"I think I can."

And so for some days she thought she could. She had that best balm for sorrow—a busy life: each hour was as full of work as it would hold; no time for dreaming or regrets, scarcely even for love except in the form wherein fate had brought love to her—calm, domestic, habitual—scarcely distinguishable from friendship even yet. She and Bernard did all their customary business together day by day. They had become so completely one in their work that it would have been difficult to do otherwise. Nor did she wish it. She

was happy only to be near him, to help him, to watch him fulfilling all his duties, whatever bitterness lay underneath them. That pure joy which a woman feels in a man's worthiness of love, keener than even her sense of the love he gives her, was Hannah's to the core. And then she had her other permanent bliss—the child.

Women—good women, too—have sometimes married a man purely for the sake of his children; and Hannah never clasped Rosie in her arms without understanding something of that feeling. Especially on the first Sunday after the change had come—the great change, of which not an atom showed in their outward lives, but of which she and Bernard were growing more and more conscious, every day. This bright morning, when the sun was shining, and the crocuses all aflame across the garden, and a breath of spring stirring through the half-budded lilac tree, it might perhaps have been hard for them to keep up that gentle reticence of manner to one another, except for the child.

Rosie was a darling child. Even strangers said so. The trouble she gave was infinitesimal, the joy unlimited. Father and aunt were accustomed to delight together over the little opening soul, especially on a Sunday morning. They did so still. They talked scarcely at all, neither of the future nor the past; but simply accepted the present, as childhood accepts it, never looking beyond. Until, in the midst of their frolic—while papa was carrying his little girl on his back round and round the table, and Tannie was jumping out after them at intervals in the character of an imaginary wolf, Rosie screaming with ecstasy, and the elders laughing almost as heartily as the child—there came a note from the Moat House.

Mr. Rivers read it, crushed it furiously in his hand, and threw it on the back of the fire. Then, before it burnt, he snatched it out again.

"My poor Hannah! But you ought to read it. It will hurt you—still, you ought to read it. There must never be any concealments between us two."

"No."

Hannah took the letter, but did not grow furious—rather calmer than before. She knew it was only the beginning of the end.

"My dear Bernard,—

"Your father wishes particularly to talk with you to-day, as poor Austin, we hear, is rather worse than usual. You will of course come in to lunch, and remain to dinner.

"I perceive that in spite of my earnest advice, Miss Thelluson is still an inmate of your household. Will you suggest to her that I am sorry our pew will be full, and our dinner-table also, to-day?

"I wish you were more amenable to the reasonings of your family, but remain, nevertheless,

"Your affectionate mother,

"A. Rivers."

"Well?" Bernard said, watching her.

Hannah drooped her head over Rosie's hair; the child had crept to her knees, and was looking with wide blue eyes up at Tannie.

"It is but what I expected—what she before declared her intention of doing."

"But do you recognise all it implies—all it will result in?"

"Whatever it be, I am prepared."

"You do not know the worst," Bernard said, after a pause. "I found it out yesterday by getting counsel's opinion on the strict law of the case; but I had not courage to tell you."

"Why not? I thought we were to have no secrets."

"Oh, we men are such cowards; I am, anyhow. But will you hear it now? It will be such a relief to talk to you"

"Talk then," said Hannah, with a pale smile. "Stop; shall we have time? It will be twenty minutes yet before the church-bells begin ringing."

For she knew that the wheels of life must go on, though both their hearts were crushed on the way.

"Five minutes will be enough for all I have to tell you. Only—take the child away."

Hannah carried away little Rosie, who clung frantically to her fond paradise in Tannie's arms, and was heard wailing dolorously overhead for a good while.

"See! even that baby cannot bear to part with you. How then shall I?" cried Bernard passionately; and then, bidding her sit down, began giving her in words exact and brief the result of his inquiries.

These confirmed all he had said himself once before, in the case of Grace and James Dixon. Of the law, as it now stood, there could be no possible doubt. No marriage with a deceased wife's sister, whether celebrated here or abroad, would be held valid in England. No woman so married had any legal rights, no children could inherit. Thus, even in cases where the marriage was known to have existed, and the wife had born the husband's name for years, whole estates had been known to lapse to the Crown; but then the Crown, with a various recognition of the difference between law and equity, had been usually advised to return them piecemeal, under the guise of a free gift, to the children, who otherwise would have been the undisputed heirs.

"Heirship—money! it seems all to hinge upon that," said Hannah, a little bitterly.

"Yes; because property is the test upon which the whole legal question turns. If I had been without ties—say a poor clerk upon a hundred and fifty a year (I wish I had)—we might have set sail by the next steamer to America, and lived there happy to the end of our days; for England is the only country which does not recognise such marriages as ours. Some countries—France and Germany, for instance—require a special permission to marry; but this gained, society accepts the union at once. Now, with us—oh, Hannah, how am I to put it to you?—this would do no good. As I said before, the misery would not end with ourselves."

"Would it affect Rosie?"

"Your heart is full of Rosie. No; but she is only a girl, and the Moat House is entailed in the male line. Austin is slowly dying. I am the last of my race. Do you understand?"

She did at last, Her face and neck turned scarlet, but she did not shrink. It was one of the terrible necessities of her position that she must not shrink from anything. She saw clearly that never, according to the law of England, could she be Bernard's wife. And if not, what would she be? If she had children, what would they be? And his estates lay in England, and he was the last of his line.

"I perceive," she faltered. "No need to explain further. You must not think of me any more. To marry me would ruin you."

Wild and miserable as his eyes were—fierce with misery—the tears rushed into them.

"My poor Hannah, my own unselfish Hannah, you never think for a moment that it would also ruin you."

It was true, she had not thought of herself; only of him. A clergyman, prepared to break the canon law; a man of family and position, running counter to all social prejudices; a son, dutiful and fondly attached, opposing his father's dearest wishes. The mental struggle that he must have gone through before there ever dawned upon him the possibility of marrying her, struck Hannah with a conviction of the depth of his love, the strength of his endurance, such as she had never believed in before.

"Oh, Bernard!" she cried, calling him by his name for the first time, and feeling—was it also for the first time?—how entirely she loved him—"Bernard, you must never think of marrying me; we must part."

"Part!" and he made as if he would have embraced her, but restrained himself; "We will discuss that question by-and-by. At present hear the rest which I have to tell."

He then explained, with a calmness which in so impulsive a man showed how strong was the self-control he was learning to exercise, that since 1835 many dissentients from the law then passed had tried to set it aside; that almost every session a bill to this effect was brought into the House of Commons, fiercely discussed there, passed by large majorities, and then carried to the Upper House, where the Peers invariably threw it out. Still in the minority were a few very earnest in the cause.

"I know; Lord Dunsmore is one of them."

"Yes; I had forgotten; I seem to be forgetting everything!" and Bernard put his hand wearily to his head. "I met Lady Dunsmore in London, and she asked me no end of questions about you. She is very fond of you, I think."

"Is she?"

"She wanted to know if you would come and stay with her and bring Rosie; but I said I could not spare thee of you. And then she looked at me inquisitively. She is a very shrewd, clever, good woman, and a strong ally on our side. For it must be our side, Hannah, whatever my people say, whatever I might have said myself once. Any law that creates a crime is mischievous and cruel. There ought to be, as I once overheard Lord Dunsmore say, no bar whatsoever to marriage except consanguinity. Even if I had no personal concern in the matter, it is a wrong, and I would fight against it as such."

"The Riverses were ever fighters, you know," said Hannah, watch-

ing him with a sad, tender smile; and more than ever there darkened down upon her all he was giving up for her sake.

"But to come to the point, Hannah. I have told you all the ill, now hear the good. Every year public feeling is advancing; this year the bill is to be brought in again. Its adherents are ready for a good hard fight, as usual; but this time they hope to win. And if they win—then—then—"

He seized her hands and clasped them passionately. It was not the dreamy love making of a boy in his teens—of her lost Arthur—for instance, over whose utmost happiness hung the shadow of early death—it was the strong passion of a man in the midst of life, with all his future before him—a future that needed a wife's help to make it complete; and Hannah knew it. For a moment, sad, pale, white-lily-like as she was, there came a flush, rose-red, into her cheeks, and to her heart an eager response to the new duties, the new joys; then she shrank back within herself. It all seemed so hopeless, or with such a slender thread of hope to cling to; yet he clung to it.

"I will never give in," he said, "if I have to wait for years. I will marry you if I possibly can; I will never marry any other woman. You shall not be troubled or harmed—not more than I must necessarily harm you, my poor love! simply because you are my love. But mine you must and shall be. You hear me, Hannah?"

For she stood passive and bewildered—any one might have thought she did not care, until she lifted up her eyes to him. Then he had no doubt at all.

"Oh, give me one kiss, Hannah, to last me all these months and years. It will not hurt you—it is not wrong."

No," and she gave it; then with a great sigh they both sat down.

The church bells began to ring. "I must go," Bernard said. "But first—what are we to do? Will you go to church to-day?"

"I must. If I sit in the free-seats or in the aisle, I must go to church. It is God's house; He will not drive me from it; He knows I have done nothing wrong." And she wept a little, but not much.

"You are right; we have not done anything wrong, and we ought not to act as if we had. Then—will you come with me?"

"No; I had rather go alone," said Hannah gently. "I will bear everything alone, so far as I can."

"What do you mean? What do you wish?"

"That you should in all things do your duty without considering me. Go to the Moat House as they desire. If they do not mention me, do not you. What does it matter; they cannot harm me—not much. And to break with them would be terrible for you. Keep friends with your own people to the last."

"You truly wish that?"

"I do. Now go. Good-bye, and God bless you, Bernard."

"God bless you, my Hannah!"

And with that mutual blessing they parted.

NOVEMBER MUSINGS.

BY MISS EMMA J. M. R.

November winds blow loud and chill,
The sky looks cold, and gray, and drear,
Wild clouds are hanging o'er the hill,
And all looks solemn, sad and sere.

The year is hastening towards its close,
The passerine birds have sung their last,
The clouds seem fraught with early snows,
We shudder at the whistling blast.

Where are the flowers? those beauteous gems,
Which lately graced the rich parterre,
All gone! All dead! flowers, leaves and stems,
A lesson to the living fair.

Not all; the blue fringed gentian still,
And late nastirtions' clustering forms
Remain the heart to glad and thrill,
Bravely defiant of the storms.

The song of Birds is almost hushed,
Some few still twittering, chirp their notes,
But the rich warbling song which gushed,
Has ceased to trill from heaven tuned throats.

The trees till late in beauty stood,
The sun through misty haze was seen,
But now alike in field and wood
Decaying brown consumes the green.

The nipping frost with withering hand
Has swept across the brilliant plain,
And now throughout the conquered land
Lie myriads of the foliage slain.

Perhaps the snow in fleecy clouds,
Anticipating winter's place,
Sweeps o'er the woods, and fields, and shrouds
The landscape in a cold embrace.

These shifting scenes of months and days
Have each their lesson for the mind,
"Wisely consider man thy ways,
And in life's changes wisdom find."

TORONTO, October, 1871.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT, AND GUY FAWKES.

BY COUNSEL WEGHRIC. PH. D.

Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason and plot,
When the King with his train
Just escaped being slain,
Therefore it should not be forgot.

OLD SONG.

Memories of olden time! Time honoured memories of customs and observances, some of which have an origin so obscure that we cannot discover it. Others, especially those that have arisen from historical incidents, are easily traced and understood, while yet again others are mere matters of historical fact which require no tracing. Among the last is the observance of the Fifth of November.

The House of Commons instituted this day,—"a holiday for ever, in thankfulness to God for our deliverance and detestation of the Papists."*

The manner in which this holiday is celebrated differs somewhat in particulars in the different parts of England. Strictly speaking the term holiday understood as a play day, a day of cessation from the usual day's labour, no longer exists as a custom. It is one of those things more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

When a boy at school, our master always so far noticed the claims of this day as to give us a half holiday, which was usually employed in conjunction with any of the stray, idle lads about the village, in collecting fuel for a bonfire. It was a common practice to begin some weeks before the time, to collect all the loose stumps, roots, fence rails, broken and decayed limbs of trees, and such like material as could be found.

Often when travelling in Canada, especially in newly cleared portions, I have thought what a treasure such a collection, as a log heap, would have been to the boys of our school; and I am by no means sure whether the stumps standing in the fields would not have been an irresistible temptation from the very difficulty of the thing, and the real hard work it would have entailed in cutting and uprooting them.

The manner in which trees are cut down in England is so very different to the practice here,—there nothing is left to reward uprootal but the root; yet when wood and other fuel was rather scarce, I

* See a letter, dated Feb. 10th, 1605-6, in the Court and Times of James I., 1848, I.

have seen this immense labour undertaken and accomplished. What is hard work to boys when it is undertaken as play? We had one resource to fall back upon, if the supply of wood fuel was scarce, we could get coal, coal was plentiful, cheap and good, and there were few families, unless the very poorest, who would not furnish some quota to the general store.

It is still a custom, in some parts of the country, for boys to go round in company, begging supplies for the general bonfire on the village green. Ballads were sometimes sung but the more common method was to recite some kind of verse, very often doggerel improvised for the occasion. There are, however, remains of established well remembered verses such as the one used in Islip, a village in Oxfordshire:

"The fifth of November,
Since I can remember,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
This is the day that God did prevent,
To blow up the King and parliament.
A stick and a stake
For Victoria's sake;
If you won't give me one
I'll take two;
The better for me,
And the worse for you."

Formerly it was the practice to dress up an image to represent the notable conspirator Guy Fawkes, and as these figures were usually grotesque caricatures of the human form, it has become common to speak of any outre dress as that of a guy.

The village bonfire, properly so called, was usually the work of the young men, or of those who were beginning to feel at their cheeks for the whiskers still undeveloped. The village bonfire on the green, honoured occasionally by the presence of the Sires, giving the young men full accounts of the manner in which they did things, when they were young, thus proving conclusively the degeneracy in those particulars of the rising generation.

In this way I used to be very much puzzled with the conversation of the old men, when they spoke of the "good old times," and by depreciatory comparisons of the present led their hearers to imagine that things were "getting no better, by slowly getting worse," although no particular proof was ever furnished, unless as general statements, very much magnified by the lens of an active imagination. Ask for particulars and the ready answer was—"there were giants in those days." But while the old men smoked and spun legends for the astonishment of the juveniles, the young men were busily engaged in fixing up their man of straw, usually made up of a heterogeneous suit of cast-off clothing stuffed with straw, rags or shavings, the legs being supported by stout poles in the centre of the stuffing. In some part of the body a packet of gunpowder was placed so that Guy in effigy has often been served, as he intended to serve the King, his family, and the Commons.

It was a most infamous conspiracy; a piece of the coldest blooded murder "by an unseen blow," that ever scheming villany contemplated.

As the night darkens, the fire is lit at various places, in the huge pile, and the boys dance in the fullness of their glee.

"Now boys with squibs and crackers play,
And bonfires' blaze turns night to day."

But squibs and crackers are not the only means employed in the *feu de joie*. Antiquated fire arms—queen Bess and other muskets, old shot guns, pistols, and miniature cannon are all in use. Sometimes accidenst occurred, not only from the careless handling of the powder but the more dangerous and reprehensible practice of overloading and consequent bursting of the different fire arms employed. The saddest case of this kind I ever knew was that of a farmer's boy killed in his father's own doorway by the bursting of a small brass cannon; part of the cannon passed through his head and he dropped dead on the house floor.

In this way Guy has had many a revenge for being put upon the rack and tortured, then hung, and subsequently made a butt in effigy all over the kingdom, for boys and men to pelt, shoot at and finally to blow up and burn.

"See," we hear it shouted, "the fire is reaching him; look how he smokes; look out for yourselves lads."

Shortly comes a dull, thudding sound, a white smoke and a mass of something mounting in the ruddy glare of the bonfire, and the man of straw has been

Blown up, "blown higher than a kite,"
Much to the juveniles' delight,
Head, legs, and arms promiscuous fly.
Hark! the men shout, the children cry
"I did not think he'd go so high,
Hurrah! hurrah! well done for Guy."

Poor gentleman Guy. His memory has been held up as a fair subject for scorn and contempt;—But let him have all that belongs to him; don't rob him of his birth-right. Don't make him into a Spaniard because he was the brave tool of Spanish villains, and dastardly jesuits. Guy was no foreigner. He was the son of his mother and she was an Englishwoman.

Were you ever in the old city of York! If you have not seen it you can form but a very poor notion of its tortuous narrow lanes, byways and remarkable buildings. In this city, about the 16th Century, there lived a family called Fawkes. This family was by name and descent English; they were protestants, respectable and influential. Some were in the legal and mercantile professions, others were dignitaries of the church. One of the latter was in his day registrar and advocate of the Consistory Court of the Cathedral, now called York Minster. Another was notary and proctor. Although, as we have stated, they were of some little note in the city, it is quite likely that not one of them ever dreamt of their family name becoming so famous in the annals of English History and notorious as a subject for public execration and annual execution in effigy. The name of the ecclesiastical lawyer was Edward; and he was, according to the family register the third son of William and Ellen Fawkes. From the testamentory division of property it would seem that Edward was his

mother's favorite, for while the other children came into the Will for trinkets furniture and such like odds and ends, she bequeathed to her son Edward her wedding suit and the residue of her estate. Her son Edward was married at the time the will was made, for his wife, Edith, was present, holding in her arms her infant boy to whom the grandmother left her "best whistle, and one old angel of gold, also to her daughter-in-law, Edith Fawkes, her best kirtle and best petticoat."

The old lady had evidently notions of her own, for among other singular bequests are, "to my son Thomas, my second petticoat, my worsted gowne, gardit with velvet, and a damask kirtle."

Who got the third fourth, &c., petticoats, the document does not state, but to a John Sheerecrofte, Mistress Fawkes says, "I leave my petticoat fringed about, my woorse grogram kirtle, one of my lynn smockes, and a damask upper bodie.'"

It does not necessarily follow, because of this legacy, that Mr. Sheerecrofte would personally have to wear these articles, they might be intended for a female relative of some propinquity. This is probable from the fact that another gentleman figuring in Mrs. Fawkes's will comes in for one of her bonnets; which, if anything like the shape worn about that time, would upon a man's head have looked quite remarkable.

Such was this singular will, and the "child in arms," to whom she left the gold angel and the silver whistle, was the subject of our paper, Guy Fawkes.

The registry of St. Michael le Belfry, an old church then, and much older now, states that Guy was christened on the 16th April, 1570, which by common subtraction is 301 years ago. Where will the old church be in 300 years more? Where shall we be? Not where the old church is we may safely venture to predict.

When Guy was in his ninth year he lost his father. The loss he probably never properly understood; he was going to school at the time, and for several years subsequent to his father's death he continued to attend the free foundation grammar-school in "the Horse Fayre," adjacent to York.

Under the tuition of the Rev. Edward Pulleyne, he accomplished his humanities. Among other schoolfellows was one called Norton, who became the Bishop of Durham, and another boy, named Cheke, who afterwards was a knight and baronet.

You can hardly mention an uncelebrated individual, who ever attended a large English school, who did not associate with celebrities. I suppose it cannot be avoided. But in the case of Guy there was a notoriety among celebrities.

If you look at a good map of England you will see that lying to the north-west of York is the interesting town of Knaresborough, about 17 miles distant, and not far from Knaresborough is Scotten, which is only a village, though it occasionally happens that the village is much larger than the neighbouring town. It is not so with Scotten, which respectfully maintains its relative proportions and importance, in this respect a model lesson to subordinates.

In Scotten there lived a Mr. Dennis Baynbridge, who in some way was well acquainted with the Fawkes, so when Edward Fawkes

died, Baynbridge offered the widow Edith such pleasant consolation in her bereavement that she rather summarily laid aside the weeds of her sorrow for the blossoms of a second bridal attire, and removed with her two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, and her only son Guy, to Scotten. This Baynbridge was a Roman Catholic, in fact there were a number of families of the Roman Catholic Church, such as the Pullens, Percies, Winters, Wrights, and I presume Wrongs, too, who lived in Scotten and its neighbourhood. and whose names figure in the story of the Gunpowder Plot.

We have no means of knowing what influence was brought to bear upon Guy, but it is certain that the Fawkes' family were by no means pleased with the marriage from the fact that on the wedding day of Edith Fawkes and Dennis Baynbridge, the paternal uncle of Guy made his will; in which he showed his sense of the impropriety of the marriage by omitting Edith's name altogether, and by bequeathing the bulk of his property to Guy's two sisters Anne and Elizabeth. Uncle Thomas must have regarded Guy with some disfavour for to him he left "a gold ring, a bed, and one pair of sheets with the appurtenances."

When Guy came of age, he owned from his father some land and a farm house. The greater portion of the land he sold, but retained about three acres, which he leased to a tailor, called Lumley, for a term of twenty-one years, at the annual rent of forty-two shillings. (About $10 50c).

After looking round for some employment, he at length engaged to go out to Spain, as a soldier errant. It is in no wise surprising that in Spain he fell into bad company. It would have been much stranger if he had fallen into the hands of good.

Bad company is usually much easier to find than good anywhere, but in Spain at this period, if history can be relied upon, the state of society, where such as Guy would be found, was dreadful. The continent was the rendezvous for adventurers of every description. Intrigues in love, politics, war, and everything else about which vicious men and women could scheme and plot, were universal, and curious notions of honour and honesty obtained in every rank of society.

From the accounts given of Guy it appears that he was very little inferior to his usual associates in all the manly qualities of drinking, fighting, and their usual accompaniments. His ambition was to have his name enrolled among the distinguished knights who figured on the Spanish roll of chivalry.

Although he was exceedingly brave and fought hard, he was not fortunate in obtaining such a command as would give him his coveted distinction.

Among his comrades was a knight named Catesby, from whom he expected assistance in compassing his own promotion. From Spain they went to Flanders, where Guy fought with such savage valour as to be regarded as a most desperate character. Catesby went to England, where, in conjunction with a number of others, he engaged in the nefarious business of destroying king and parliament. It was while they were arranging the details of this scheme, that Catesby remembered his companion in arms, and the thought occurred to him

that Guy would be the most suitable agent to carry out the design they could possibly find, if he could be induced to undertake the business. The plotters at once sent a trusty messenger to Flanders to sound this "very properest man," this valiant, reckless, dare-devil soldier of fortune.

The messenger found him in a humour suited for the desperate enterprise, for he at once eagerly engaged to carry out the details.

The foreign English soldier, lately from Flanders, cut quite a gay figure on the streets of London, where his head-quarters were at an inn in St. Clement's Danes.

The general particulars of the plot are matters of English history, and from a careful examination into all the particulars, it is quite plain that the object was two-fold. First and foremost the desperadoes engaged were seeking their own advancement, and secondly and subordinately, to overturn the existing Protestant government, for which treason they were fully expecting both honours and reward.

They were, it is true, Roman Catholics, and as such were acting in Spanish interest and indirectly under commission and encouragement. But the catholics as a body knew nothing of the plot, and the good men among them then, as now, execrated it as a piece of cowardly villany,—not that Guy the chief actor and agent was a coward personally; the manner in which he went about the work showed him to be a cool and most determined adventurer. Guy was literally a soldier of fortune and adventure, but nothing more. He never dreamt of the possibility of losing his own life in the attempt. He was evidently quite persuaded that he would escape any personal danger from the explosion, for he had provided a carriage and a boat to facilitate his escape during the confusion which would ensue when the blow-up had taken place.

Guy was playing a desperate game, and fortune did not favour him. It is commonly stated that King James's suspicions were aroused by the peculiar wording of the letter sent to Lord Monteagle; but it is much more likely that Cecil furnished him with the hint which put his fears rather than his sagacity in exercise. There can be no question that James had a quick scent for gunpowder, which was no ways remarkable when we remember the fate of his father by that composition; and his own remarkable personal bravery would stimulate him to enquiry in that direction when once he got the hint as to what might give the "unseen blow." Perhaps there is no circumstance in connection with the whole affair more remarkable than Guy's boast, "that throughout there was not a man employed, even to handle a spade, who was not a gentleman." Gentleman Guy had his own peculiar notions respecting what constituted such a personage. Such is the strange, anomalous character of the human mind in its vagaries, that Guy died in the full conviction that he at least was a gentleman.

THE SUN AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM.

BY OMICRON.

Fourth Paper*—The Connection between Sun Spots and Terrestrial Phenomena.

That the sun produces great changes through the entire solar system is a fact with which all are acquainted. Its presence constitutes our day; his prolonged presence causes our summer, scattering winter's ice and snow, and beautifying earth by calling into existence spring's flowers and summer's fruits; but other phenomena, not so evidently connected with the sun's influence at first sight, when carefully examined, are found to be either due to his action, or at least exist through some influence which may perhaps cause changes in both the Sun and Earth.

We showed in a former paper that the sun undergoes periodical changes in relation to the spots on its surface, which are sometimes very numerous, sometimes very few. And as it is a known fact that spots are cooler than other portions of the sun's surface, we naturally expect that this may produce some effect on the planets of the system, and that the earth may be influenced by the changes which we see going on in the sun.

This conjecture has been proved in some instances to be undoubtedly true. A coincidence of a remarkable character exists between the sun-spots and the earth's magnetism. We will turn our attention to this point first. "It has long been known that, during the course of a single day, the magnetic needle exhibits a minute change of direction, taking place in an oscillatory manner. And, when the character of this vibration came to be carefully examined, it was found to correspond to a sort of effort on the needle's part to turn toward the sun. For example, when the sun is on the magnetic meridian, the needle has its mean position. This happens twice in the day, once when the sun is above the horizon, and once when he is below it. Again, when the sun is midway between these two positions—which also happens twice in the day—the needle has its mean position, because the northern and southern ends make equal efforts to direct themselves toward the sun. Four times in the day, then, the needle has its mean position, or is directed toward the magnetic meridian. But, when the sun is not in one of the four positions considered, that end of the needle which is nearest to him is slightly turned away from its mean position toward him. The change of position is very minute, and only the exact modes made use of in the

* Errata—In the third paper of this series the following mistakes occur on page 205. 1st line top for SHOULD, read SHOULD NOT. Sixth line, for nearest the limb, read nears the limb.

present age would have sufficed to reveal it. There it is, however, and this minute and seemingly unimportant peculiarity has been found to be full of meaning."

"Had science merely measured this minute variation, the work would have given a striking evidence of the exact spirit in which men of our day deal with natural phenomena. But science was to do much more. The *variations* of this minute variation were to be inquired into; their period was to be searched for; the laws by which they were regulated and by which their period might perhaps itself be rendered variable, were to be examined; and, finally, their relation to other natural laws was to be sought after. That science should set herself to an enquiry so delicate and so difficult, in a spirit so exacting, was nothing unusual. It is thus that all the great discoveries of our day have been effected. * * * * It is thought by many, who have not been at the pains to examine what science is really doing in our day, that the wonders she presents are merely dreams and fancies, which replace the dreams and fancies of old times, but have no worthier claims on our belief. Those who carefully examine the history of science will be found to adopt a very *different opinion.*

"The minute vibrations of the magnetic needle, thus carefully watched day after day, month after month, year after year—were found to exhibit a yet more minute oscillatory change. They waxed and waned within narrow limits of variation, but yet in a manner there was no mistaking. The period of this oscillatory change was not to be determined by the observation of a few years. Between the time when the vibration was least until it reached its greatest extent, and thence returned to its first value, no less than ten and a half years elapsed, and a much longer time passed before the periodic character of the change was satisfactorily determined.

The reader will at once see what those observations tend to. The sunspots vary in frequency within a period of ten and a half years * and the magnetic diurnal variations vary within a period of the same duration, and a careful comparison has demonstrated that they agree most perfectly, not merely in length, but maximum for maximum and minimum for minimum. When the sun-spots are most numerous, then the daily vibration of the magnet is most extensive, while, when the sun's face is clear from spots, the needle vibrates over the smallest diurnal arc." †

Perhaps the above quotation should be modified to a small extent. the curve of Magnetic Declination closely resembles the curve of sunspots, and in general may be said to be parallel with it. But Prof. Loomis shows in the "American Journal of Science," for April, 1871,

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* This period is not always exactly ten and a half years. The period has varied from seven to sixteen years, and it is possible the difference may be greater even than this. The coming period, from the present maximum to the next will probably be very short.

† I have given this long extract almost unchanged from "Other Worlds than Ours."—By R. A. Proctor, F. R. A. S. It expresses what I wish to say on this subject better, perhaps, than I should have done in my own way, but with the reservations stated.

that "real differences existed in the years 1836—8, in 1842—4, and in 1864."

This coincidence between sun-spots and terrestial magnetism is so minute that the ordinary observer would never have noticed it. But it is far different with a phenomenon to which we will now direct our attention.

In the fall, winter and spring, we, in Canada, frequently witness a sight of surpassing grandeur. On a cloudless night, when the moon is below the horizon, and when darkness spreads itself all around, we see a faint white light rising in the north; an arch forms, having its apex just under the pole, and beneath this arch of light a dark bank or haze rests on the horizon. The brightness increases, and we see rays spring upward from the arch, sometimes passing upward to a great height; usually, the colour is whitish yellow, but often the rays at the eastern and western extremity of the arch become crimson, and green is also frequently seen; in fact, in the most brilliant displays all the colours are sometimes seen. The rays, or streamers, sometimes shoot upwards and intersect each other a little south of the zenith, forming a corona, from which they seem to spread out in every direction, forming a canopy of flame.

The reader will readily perceive that I refer to the northern lights, or Aurora Borealis, a phenomenon which all admire but many points about which we do not understand. That the light is emitted by incandescent gas, is proved by the fact that the spectroscope shews it as bright lines; a fact which our townsman, D. K. Winder, Esq., was one of the first to observe; in fact he pointed out the gaseous nature of aurora by spectrum analysis before the discovery of Angstrom was ever heard of, at least by the writer of this paper.

Our present object, however, is not to investigate the nature of aurora, but to call attention to the fact that it, too, is subject to periodical changes in regard to the frequency of its appearance, and that its period very nearly coincides with that of sun-spots.

Prof. Loomis, of Yale College, has investigated this point with great care, and it is very evident, that though some differences exist, there is still a striking resemblance between the sun-spot curve and that of aurora; many aurora being seen at sun-spot maxima and very few at minima. The period on the average is about eleven years, but like the sun-spot period its length is variable.

To the student of nature—the man who seeks to be better acquainted with the Creator by studying his work—investigations such as the preceding will be intensely interesting.

But we now approach subjects which, whilst they loose none of the interest connected with magnetism and auroral display, may possibly be of greater utility to mankind.

So long ago as 1869 the writer commenced an examination of the *Rain-fall* at Toronto, making use of such records as I found in the *Canadian Almanac* and *Canadian Journal*, which I chanced to possess. This work led me to suspect the existence of a coincidence between sun-spots and the *Rain-fall* at Toronto. Early in 1870 I wrote to Professor Kingston, stating my hopes, and asking further information. He kindly sent me a full set of the Records of our Obser-

vatory from the commencement up to the year 1868, and I applied myself to see if a coincidence did or did not exist.

It was not long before I found that the sun-spot minima years had been *dry* years at Toronto, and this was published early in 1870 in the Toronto *Daily Telegraph*, but still I could not trace a curve for rainfall which coincided with the curve of sun-spots, as the curves of magnetism and aurora did.

But another fact showed itself, viz., that we had also *dry weather* at the years when the sun-spots reached their maxima; and this was an invariable rule so far as our record extended. Every year of sun-spot *maximum* or *minimum* had been *dry*.

This was an important fact, but another of equal importance was also noticed. The year previous to the extremely dry years had always been *very wet*, the average rainfall being about 29 inches; the years of sun-spot maximum or minimum, about 20 only, and the years previous between 30 and 40, one year reaching 43½ inches. Those were the *extreme* years, and as a consequence the *most important*. In a letter to the *Telegraph* I pointed out the facts in relation to the past, but did not venture to predict the future; but I waited with intense anxiety to know if the year 1870, the year previous to the expected spot maximum, would be wet. I marked on a chart the expected amount of rain for 1870 at 33 inches, and waited the result. The length of that year appeared to me extremely great, and I eagerly noted every falling shower, and the returns of the Toronto Observatory were prized more than gold, for every month showed the year to be more than usually wet. The hay crop was heavy, but saved with difficulty on account of the rain. Our rivers were swollen to their highest point, and finally at the year's end the Observatory Record showed within a fraction of 33 inches, the very amount laid down on my chart nearly a year before.

Success inspired courage, and in the latter part of 1870 I commenced a series of letters in the Toronto *Leader*, in which the facts were stated in relation to the past, and a prediction ventured in relation to the future. A short extract from those letters will not be out of place in this connection. In my first letter I made use of the following words;—

"Sir,—Will you permit me to address the public through your journal, on a subject which is not only interesting, but to the Agriculturist and Horticulturist very important. If our farmers and gardeners could tell in advance, whether a season would be on the whole wet or dry, they would make use of this knowledge in the distribution of crops, and doubtless greatly to their advantage. If it were known that 1871 would be an unusually dry season, few farmers would sow such crops as require much moisture, and such crops would certainly not be planted in dry sandy soil; low and damp ground would be selected. The hay crop, which is seldom heavy in dry seasons, would be but little depended on; and the farmer would husband his previous year's stock of hay to serve him in the coming year. It is not my intention, however, to point out how this knowledge might be made useful; the farmer would see multitudes of places to do this, of which I have no knowledge whatever. My aim will be to point

out when very dry, or very wet seasons may be expected; if I succeed in this, my object will be accomplished."

And in my third letter I made use of the following words.

Our dry years will be found to synchronise precisely with a sun-spot maximum or minimum as follows:

Sun-spots.	Toronto, Dry Years.
Min., 1867	1867
Max., 1860	1860
Min., 1856	1856
Max., 1848	1848
Min., 1844	1844

That the above coincidences should be the work of chance, would appear to me far more wonderful than to regard the dry years as the result of the sun's condition at those times, or that *both occur from a third common cause.*

I expect the present year, 1870, to be about 33 inches, *a wet year;* and, as we shall in all probability get our sun-spot maximum next year I expect a *dry year*, not much above 20 inches in 1871. Let us watch the next year's rainfall for I do not fear but it will establish the connection between sun-spot periods and rain beyond a doubt. And my letter closed thus.—"There is good reason to expect the sun-spots to reach their maximum next year, viz., 1871, and that if the future can be judged by the past, the coming year will be *very dry.*

Having thus stated publicly that which I had stated only to a few friends, previously, the reader may judge my anxiety to know the fate of the prediction, by the verdict which the present year would render in the case. Up to the end of April it seemed as if I was doomed to disapointment; but then came a change; dry weather commenced with May, which has been the general characteristic of the weather ever since.

The Hay harvest spoke out unmistakably as the foot notes show. *

The Records of Toronto Observatory up to the present date, Nov. 1st, cannot show above 19 in. rainfall, and this fails to convey a full idea of the extreme dryness of the past season, because nearly all the rainfall of August fell in two days. We have, moreover, had from

* Many pages of quotations might be given in proof of this fact, but reports from the various stations on the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways are quite sufficient. These reports show that the hay crops are as follow :—

	OVER AVERAGE	AVERAGE.	UNDER AVERAGE.
Goderich District	0	3	6
Western District	0	2	17
Central District	1	7	15
Eastern District	1	7	19
Montreal District	9	3	2
Great Western crop report	0	12	15
	11	34	74

Showing 11 places over an average, 34 an average, and 74 under an average. But it ought to be noticed that it is one locality or district which gives 9 out of the 11 places of over average, and this over average is on the low lands of the St. Lawrence in the Montreal district. Newspaper reports from all parts of the country and the United States corroborate the above facts.

all parts of Canada, and the United States accounts of the unusual lowness of the lakes and rivers, while Editors were gravely asking—"Is the St. Lawrence drying up?" Steamers were continually grounding on bottoms where they usually sail with freedom. A southern Editor's extravagant statement that—"Captains of steamboats on the Mississippi had to keep whistling to keep the cows out of the way of their boats,"—shows, *in its way*, the extreme lowness of that river and consequently the dryness prevailing over the great area of country which it drains. Then we have the extensive bush and prairie fires which have swept over the land, blasting the farmer's hopes for the season, and, by destroying towns and villages in its desolating course, annihilating the work of a life time, in the case of thousands; as well as the great destruction of human life in Michigan, Wisconsin, and other places,—all show in a manner there is no gainsaying that the weather of 1871 has been very dry. *

Thus we regard the evidence complete. The document containing the prediction was given a year in advance. The *light hay crop*,—the *Observatory Record*,—The *lowness of our Rivers*,—attest its truth; and the *Fire fiend* sweeping over the land has attached to the instrument its seal of *flame*.

We may regard it as a settled fact, that the maximum and minimum of sun-spots and dry weather in northern and western America do coincide.

Much more might be said in relation to rainfall, but it would extend our paper to too great a length; we must pass on to notice other coincidences, equally interesting and important.

After having satisfied myself that a real coincidence existed between sun-spots and rainfall, I was fortunate in gaining the co-operation of an esteemed friend, R. Ridgway, Esq., Editor of the *Canadian Magazine*; and to his active exertions, the writer is indebted for much valuable assistance.

The temperature shows a coincidence with sun-spots very similar, though not identical with rainfall. This fact is very evident in the Toronto record. But in this investigation we have been forestalled by the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, who has published the observations made at Edinburgh, which has placed the connection between sun-spots and temperature beyond a doubt. The observations, and curves, published in the Report of the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh in July, 1871, show a period of low temperature at both sun-spot, maximum and minimum. There is also a period of high temperature between each minimum and maximum; but not between the maxima and minima. The curve of temperature at Toronto differs somewhat from that of Edinburgh, local causes will doubtless produce some variations; but there is at Toronto a very decidedly low temper-

* The burning of Chicago may be also recorded as one of the results of the great drought of the present season. The Chicago TRIBUNE, on the Saturday morning before the great fire which consumed its office, and the greater part of the city on the following day, made use of the following words:—

"For days past alarm has followed alarm, but the comparatively trifling losses have familiarized us to the pealing of the Courthouse bell, and we have forgotten that the absence of rain for three weeks has left every thing in so dry and inflammable a condition that a spark might start a fire that would sweep from end to end of the city."

ature at sun-spot minima, and on the whole the coincidence of the curves is striking.

The coincidence between the Toronto rain curve and the curve of Edinburgh temperature is very remarkable. Since 1844 our rainfall shows nine very marked waves; such also is the number of the waves of Edinburgh temperature. Our largest rain wave is between the sun-spot minima and maxima; so is their highest wave of temperature; we get little rain at both max., and min.; they get a low temperature at the same time. And thus it does seem possible to predict temperature as well as rainfall.

But we must notice another coincidence which is very interesting; and which to me appears full of promise. I refer to the coincidence which exists between the low state of the waters of our Lakes and Rivers, and the time of sun-spot maximum and minimum.

A record of the height of the water of Lake Ontario has been kept by the the Harbour Master at Toronto since the year 1854. The water was then falling and reached its minimum in the latter part of '56 and the early part of '57, when it commenced rising. *This low point was the time of sun-spot minimum.* It continued to rise till 1858 when the yearly mean was 31 inches, its highest point. It then descended and reached its minimum, 18 inches, at the *sun-spot maximum* in 1860. Then a rise took place till 1862, which was followed by a descent till the latter part of 1867 and the early part of 1868, at the time of *sun-spot minimum.* It then rose, until last year it stood above 30 inches and has since fallen rapidly until the present year, the year of *sun-spot maximum,* it is lower than it was ever known before.

On this interesting point much remains to be done. My friend, Mr. Ridgway, is collecting information from various points, and if he is successful in obtaining records, I doubt not but the result will fully reward his pains.

But we must extend our inquiry beyond the waters of the western world. Far away from our continent, in a country known to sacred and classic fame, a mighty river flows through a land of which it is the life and wealth; for Egypt owes its fertility to the overflowing of the Nile; a fact which has caused the rise and fall of its waters to be noted with scrupulous care. For long centuries the yearly taxes levied on the Egyptians have been fixed by the height of the waters of that river, as measured by the nilometer, said to have been in use from the time when Joseph governed the land of the Pharaohs.

Records covering a very long period still exist, which would be of immense value in this enquiry; those must be obtained, and be made to give their evidence in deciding an important physical question. With their aid we may perhaps determine the length of the sun-spot period, and we may be able to decide if there was a sun-spot maximum in 1794, as Prof. Loomis suspects, or whether there was no maximum between 1787 and 1804, as Wolfe's tables show and the theory of "Omicron" requires.

But we may go still further. If the quantity of water in the Nile, for any given year, is in any way dependent on the condition of the sun's surface at that time, as there is reason to suspect,—then, Egypt will not only aid us in solving an important physical question, but,

as Egypt's fertility depends on the overflow of the river, we may in return warn her when years of scarcity approach, and when years of plenty may be expected. Thus we may do for Egypt, by a knowledge of natural laws; that which has not been done since, aided by divine wisdom, Jacob's favourite son foretold years of plenty and dearth, when he stood before Pharaoh, four thousand years ago.

It was our design to have shown that Barometric pressure has also its periods, and that they, too, concide with the sun-spot period. That there also exists a period of storms, which may be foretold by the sun-spot period ;—but these points, together with the tables of rainfall and water-height must pass over to our next.

TO PAPA.

Early blooms thy little rose, in Auntie's "Shingle" Bower
My *own* papa, for thee it grows ; that hopeful fairy flower!
In every crimson leaf, 'round all the petals too,
Lie hidden *there* papa, sweet drops of morning dew
Yielding choicest perfumes, now treasur'd up for you!

Sweetly sings thy little pet,
The pretty hymns Aunt Jane has set;
And softly lisps his ev'ning pray'r
Near Auntie's lap, when kneeling there!
Lovelier still his smiling face, lit up with hope and joy,
Expecting home a fond papa, with kisses for his boy!
Yes! *come* papa! Just *come* and see, *how much* I love to welcome *thee!*

TORONTO, September 21st, 1871.

THOUGHTS AT NIAGARA.

How sad, my God, to linger here,
'Mid all these works of thine.
Alone, bereft of all I've loved,
And joys that once were mine!
Loud anthems cheer those crested waves,
And kiss the floods below;
Where hidden thunder smites the rocks,
And bursts in ceaseless praise,
Of HIM who fix'd the rainbow there,
To mark its brightest days! *
Oh! where 'mid all this radiant joy,
Can sorrow hope to live,
Deserted by those rays of *Peace*,
Which *Thou* alone can'st give?

* * * *

Cold, cold, and blank, that once bright home,
Where now, in lonely hours,
Love hovers round the vacant chair,
And haunts the silent bowers;
And *Hopes* once cherish'd there, have chang'd,
To *Tears* in sorrow shed,
Reflecting back the scenes I lov'd,
Ere that sweet spirit fled!
Kindred scenes, my GOD are these,
Which now around me lie,
Ever whisp'ring—"cease poor soul,
WE *too* have *yet* to die!"

Sept. 21, 1871. J. S. W.

* Unlike the rainbow of the firmament whose presence is heralded by all the gloomy accompaniments of rain or of thunder-storms (sometimes both,) this beautiful arch sits enthroned in peace above the waters, with its pillars resting on the shores of two kindred empires. During the prevalence of cloudy, dull, or stormy weather, when the rays of the sun do not penetrate its LOCALE, it is, of course, invisible; but on the return of bright sun-lit days its radiant tints stand forth once more, full, fresh, and clear, in all the glories of their first creation—fitting emblem of the calmest, sweetest, brightest days!

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

NOTES BY AN EX-DRAMATIC CRITIC.

"Ex-critic. ah! that's some fellow who has failed as an author." Not so fast student of Lothair. When Disraeli wrote that sarcasm, he said what was neither true nor new. Not new, for does it not occur in a metaphysical work by a German, too well known to be quoted? Not new, for is it not found in an English classic, which I will quote, for Dryden is shelv'd in these days, when many words not keen wit win fame. The prologue to the tragi-comedy "The Rival Ladies", first acted in 1664, has this passage, (there are two speakers.)

"Hold, would you admit
"For judges (critics i.e.) all you see within the pit?
"Whom would he then expect or on what score,
"All who like him have writ ill-plays before,
"For they, like thieves condemned, are hangmen made
"To execute the members of their trade."

"Behind the footlights" to young men and some old ones, is a land of entertainment, all radiant with wit, beauty and bright lights, a Mohammedan Paradise for mortals in the flesh. Having this fancy, judge my emotion on being sent one day to the Theatre Royal to dun the manager for over-due rent. I flew to the side entrance so oft passed with wistful eyes, crept timidly along a dark corridor, asking dirty "supers" the way and getting answers in mysterious stage jargon, stumbling now and then over "properties," so called on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, being worthless lumber, until more by ear than eye I reached the stage where a Pantomime was under rehearsal. It was noon, yet gas was lit, while a stray sun-beam, just enough to make the prevailing darkness and dirt visible, stole from a sky light across the "tawdry red" boxes, but soon withdrew like a fair virgin who has strayed by mistake into ill company. What a fall had my imaginings! The leader of the Orchestra, with his fiddle, was lolling about in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a dirty pipe; Harlequin was the pock-marked young man who "year in year out" distributed the "bills of the play," the "premiere danseuse," so bewitchingly pretty, with such teeth, such hair, such complexion, all lillies and roses, such contour of limb, about whom many quarrelled nightly, she was going through a "pas de seul" in a draggle tailed print gown, shoeless, front teeth out, laid in fact side by side with the "raven tresses" the local poets had sung of, and alas! minus that anatomical grace of limb and bust which gave her a Milo-Venus like beauty of form." To give the "coup de grace" to my fancy, there was a very pronounced flavor of gin and red herrings in the breath of more than one of the dwellers in this fairy land!

Soon after this, my initiation, I was raised to the "sublime degree"

of art critic to a daily journal, with, of course, a free pass to the Theatre.

One night I wrote the critique of the performance "in advance," having a more pleasant engagement for the night. To my horror next day, I found, in trusting to the doctrine of chances, I had been deceived; in the last act of the tragedy one actor had stabbed the other seriously so that no other piece was performed, I, however, never named the accident which was the town's talk, and and carefully criticised a comedy which never was produced! "Experientia docet," that is, experience does it, ever after I took care when writing "in advance" to call "behind the footlights" late, and see that all had gone off in order before the paper went to press.

Very odd sights are on view at times in the mimic world bounded by that glaring row of shaded burners, impromptu, unrehearsed, side splitting farces, yea and tragedies grim and sad, the heart of many a "poor player" bleeds with some home sorrow-stroke while he is rippling a vast audience with merry smiles.

The world hugs a prejudice against the histrionic profession, that its members are not so domesticated as is well we all should be. I have known a husband's ultra domesticity hide the fearful life-long anguish of a heart broken wife, all the world thinking her a happy woman with so home-staying a mate; and otherwise, I have known the sweetest, gentlest of hearts beat beneath the breast of the actor whose bread was got by performing gruff voiced ruffian parts, and who never spent an evening at home; "Things are not what they seem." I well remember once seeing Macready grasp "honest Iago" by the throat, and half choking the wretch, in 3rd. Act, 3rd. Scene of Othello. Next night the play was repeated, on rushed the "Star" as the Moor in mimic rage, which soon changed to real fury, for as he flew at Iago he saw that the witty actor had wound a towel round his neck so as to give no hard hold, thus foiled he lost his presence of mind and exclaimed, "You scoundrel, what do you mean, Sir?" *which is not in the text.* Macready was very boorish to provincial actors, he had every scene set specially to his liking, and gave endless trouble at rehearsals, so the retaliation of Iago by the towel dodge made the "scoundrel" quite a hero in the green room. One night in the play of "The Corsican Brothers", C. D——n came on before the duel, full of melo-dramatic solemnity of visage, he was greeted by the "King of the Gallery" with the exclamation, "Danged if he 'aint got his shirt out this time boys", which sent the house into a roar. "D." looked puzzled, but with the craft of a veteran retired, and his pretty little wife explained matters by saying, "Why Charlie, you've got my handkerchief tied to your tail!" It had caught by the lace border in a button, and gave him the appearance of being in that peculiar state of deshabille, so bluntly described by the Gallery King. This personage was an artisan who occupied nightly the centre seat among the "gods", and woe to any performer whom he caught tripping or slipping, or gagging, as such faults he at once detected, and insisted on being corrected. Mrs. Chas. Kean, as Lady Macbeth, was once coming down the stage in the sleep-walking scene, she was dressed as she had been at the banquet. This incongruity was too much for the critic, he bawled out in stentor tones, "Has'nt thee

got a neet geown young woman?". to which another added, "Maybe its at the wash!" The gravity of a crowded house gave way, and poor Mrs. K., incensed at the laughter, retired, and refused to reappear, although her own negligence alone had caused the interruption. An actor, named G—, in the last act of Othello, introduced a new "business"; instead of falling on the couch of Desdemona he stabbed himself near the foot-lights, and fell forward with a thud that produced a great sensation. One night having done this he took a glimpse as he lay face upward, and saw the curtain rolling down, so as to fall across his body, (the curtain in a large theatre rolls round a circular beam of great weight like a huge blind roller), Now, tho' dead as Othello, he was wide awake as Walter G——, so he sprang to his feet, and retired in a by no means ghostly style. He was recalled, and while bowing with the usual grave decorum a voice saluted him, "Young man, do thee mind that *rolling pin* another time"; what a shout it elicited, the great tragedian (as he fancied himself) burst out into a cachinnatory explosion, and for the first time the play of Othello ended in "*much laughter.*" The first night "Ingomar" was put on the Drury Lane Stage I stood near the prompter's box, and heard this, (Mr. Anderson and Miss Vandenhoff were standing dressed for the leading characters,) "I will have my money Mr. Anderson, you must pay me or I will not go on to-night." To which in dulcet tones responsive Mr. A. said, "My *dear* Miss V. what *can* I do, the audience is waiting, you *must* go on, you shall *on my honor* be paid to-morrow." This dialogue was cut short by the prompter's bell sending up the curtain, and dunner and dunnee fell to love making, all oblivious, *pro tem*, of filthy *lucre.*

On the same wilderness-wide boards we stood next day at rehearsal; the "Premiere Danseuse" was called but came not, Mr. A. swore and raved so badly that with equal fury on came the sprightly Madame D. in the most emphatic state of Sans Culotteism conceivable and exclaimed, "Vat you vant me to come with no dress at all, Mons. Anderson, eh."

Mr. A. replied with his high tragedy tone, "Madame 'tis said of your sex when unadorned, adorned the most, still in this case the common habiliments of your sex would improve your appearance." We once heard Laertes exclaim to Hamlet, who had struck him with his rapier, "Confound you, Sir, if you do that again I'll punch your head," all the time fencing with mock gravity! Another night as the "Duke of Buckingham" lay a corpse we heard him whisper to his slayer, who had just uttered "So much for Buckingham," "Bob, send Dick for a pint of half and half;" this new reading, like the threat of Laertes, is interesting mainly as an instance of the "ruling passion strong in death," the "Buckingham" in this case having a pewter pot of half and half seldom far from his lips! But to reverse the medal, I one night noticed Mrs. M. turn pale and quit the stage before her time; ere she could slip across into her own room she was a mother. To those "behind the foot-lights" the cry of a new actor on the world's stage was heard mingled with the prompters casual voice, the raving of a noisy tragedian, the strains of the orchestra, the uproar of an excited "house," amid which scenes it makes its debut and final exit! The weeping of its dying mother, sobbing her life

out in anguish, went on while crowds were yelling for her to re-appear, and all unconscious that she was then playing the "last scene of all" in the drama of life, once and for ever, cried out vociferously "Encore! Encore!"

What a picture of life! Not an hour passes but amid the din and bustle, the shout and merriment of the living, there is heard "behind the footlights," in the privacy of home, the sobs of breaking hearts, the moans of the dying, the weeping sighs of agony under crushing sorrow.

"Behind the foot-lights" destroys the romance of the stage by destroying its power of illusion. The whole circumstances there are devoid of poetry, the glare, paint, padding, all are stripp'd, actor and actress are seen as plain men and women working hard for bread, burthened with the vulgar cares excited by the mean delights of our common, very common, humanity. "All the world's a stage and the stage is all the world in little,—no more sin, nor less, no more virtue, nor less, no more romance nor less exists "behind the foot-lights", than is met in the daily round of life in other spheres. Under cowl, cassock or lights, human nature is the same.

THE CIVIL LIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Progress of Political Education among the People.

In our first paper we alluded to the general discontent among the masses of the English people, and the expression manifested in the recent agitations against Royal dotations, pensions, and annuities. But before discussing the causes which have led to this revolution in public opinion, or perhaps it will be more correct to say which have led to a development and free expression of sentiments, which have long existed but have been allowed to lie dormant, we preferred giving a summary history, explanatory of the Civil List, showing that its settlement, as finally decided upon in 1837, was only the *latest* result of long continued legislation, the crowing effort of a long series, to place the Monarch's income on a permanent, firm, and constitutional basis.

We will now proceed to notice, and, possibly, discuss the causes which have long been operating, as a leaven fermenting among the

mass of English workers and society generally, to produce the "res novae" which is loudly demanding a reform in the Civil List.

All human institutions are necessarily temporary; and where from their constitution they are dependant upon class interests and political opinion, they will be liable to sudden changes. Of this we see a striking illustration in the history of the Civil List. Since the revolution under William III., of glorious memory, there have been none of those unseemly collisions and disputes between the monarch and parliament, which characterised previous reigns; and since the settlement, in 1837, to the present, or rather the late agitations, nothing has occurred to disturb the public mind. But this is because no occasion has presented an opportunity for the public voice to express itself, and not because there has been general unanimity of opinion, or universal satisfaction with the existing state of things. There have always been grumblers to be heard, here and there, but these have been exceptions to the general rule; a kind of foot notes to the general text, illustrative and explanatory of special cases in the great social problem.

At no period has there been a recognised republican party in England—that is to say a party whose avowed object was the abolition of our limited monarchy; but now and again some republican, or people's orator would arise, claiming sympathy and identity of interest with the down-trodden, overworked, and underfed people, and attract the public attention, like some meteor or rocket, blazing for a time and then suddenly extinguished. Occasionally a revolutionary *brochure* would appear, and obtain a rapid circulation among th working and trading classes, and create a temporary sensation, proportioned in its intensity by the circumstances in which it originated and the character of its execution.

We remember hearing of one of these pamphlets, professedly written by a handloom weaver, but really the production of a schoolmaster. The writer described the glorious heritage of Britons—the riches, fame, and glory of Old England, with a glowing eulogy upon its civil and religious liberty.

The writer stated that in their neighbourhood they had reason to be thankful, for they could earn a living by working from early morning till late at night, and for their daily food had oatmeal porridge, hasty pudding, and, in season, nettle broth and such like delicacies. Occasionally for Sunday's dinner they had meat and potatoes, and now and again wheaten bread. That thus enjoying good health, peace, and contentment,

> They need not envy the rich and the great,
> Who roll in splendour but live on the State.

Viewing matters in this philosophical and christian spirit they could sit in their looms, and with thankful hearts for their happy lot, sing, "Brave Britons never shall be slaves."

The leaven was at work. This was at the time when Bonaparte had brought the continent under his yoke and sought to destroy the commerce of England. Flushed with his victory over Prussia, he issued his extraordinary Berlin decree, dated 10th November, 1806, in which he declared the British Islands in a state of blockade, all

Englishmen, wheresoever found, prisoners of war, and all British goods lawful prize; furthermore interdicting all correspondence with the British dominions; prohibiting all commerce in British produce, and excluding from the ports of France, and of all other ports under French control, every vessel of whatever nation, that had touched at a British port.

The English Government (the Whigs were then in office) could not permit such magnanimity to pass unnoticed, so they coolly adopted the initiative, and did for France what he had threatened to do for England. But during this state of things the commerce and manufactures of England were suffering, in fact it was a period of general distress.

In this state of things the merchants and manufacturers of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Hull petitioned Parliament against the existing policy, which was totally destructive of trade. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham and Mr. Baring conducted the enquiry and the evidence brought before Parliament was absolutely appalling.

"I would draw yonr attention," said Mr. Brougham, "to the cotton districts, merely to present one incidental circumstance which chanced to transpire respecting the distresses of the poor in these parts. The food which. now sustains them is of the lowest kind, and of that there is not nearly a sufficient supply; bread and even potatoes, are now out of the question; the luxuries of animal food, or even milk, they have long ceased to think of. Sir Robert Peel told us that lately he went to look after the rents of property belonging to him, consisting in part of cottages and little pieces of ground let out to work people, but when he entered their dwellings and found them so miserably altered, so stripped of their wonted furniture, and other little comforts, and when he saw their inhabitants sitting down to a scanty dinner of oatmeal and water, their only meal in the four and twenty hours, he could not stand the sight, and came away unable to ask his rent."

The people were passing through a valley of adversity which was exercising their minds and teaching them great and exceedingly important political lessons, which afterwards bore practical fruit.

Circumstances were gradually opening their eyes to the necessity of obtaining a more perfect and equable system of representation in the House of Commons. The passing of the Corn Bill, in 1815, was one of these. We can only just state that the object of this Bill was protection for what was conceived to be agricultural interests by prohibiting the importation of wheat when the price was under 80s. per quarter (about $20 per 8 bushels). This was an instance of class legislation which occasioned an immense amount of discontent among the commercial and manufacturing classes, and which, from the time it passed in 1815, until 1846, when it was prospectively repealed, met with continued and determined opposition; we say nothing of the more formidable symptoms of the people's dissatisfaction in the form of plots, disturbances, and riots from the day on which it passed into law, and which were not confined to the manufacturing towns, but actually first originated in a small village called Southery, six miles from Littleport, on the Great Ouse, in Cambridgeshire.

Next morning the rioters assembled in greatly increased numbers at the old town of Ely. The cry at this time was, "Repeal the corn law! Restore the Heptarchy!"

The leaven was at work. The people, disappointed in their expectations that peace would bring prosperity and plenty, lost faith in a legislature which had cursed them with a corn law, and the cry was general for a better representation in Parliament. One of the local writers, Samuel Bamford, says, "At this time (1816) the writings of William Cobbett suddenly became of great authority; they were read on nearly every hearth in the manufacturing districts of South Lancashire, in those of Leicester, Derby, and Nottingham; also in many of the Scottish manufacturing towns. Their influence was speedily visible. He directed his readers to the true cause of their sufferings—*misgovernment*, and to its proper correction—*parliamentary reform*. Riots soon became scarce, and from that time they have never obtained their ancient vogue with the labourers of this country. Let us not withhold the homage which, with all the faults of William Cobbett, is still due to his great name. Instead of riots and destruction of property, Hampden clubs were now established in many of our large towns and the villages and districts around them; Cobbett's books were printed in a cheap form; the labourers read them, and thenceforward became deliberate and systematic in their proceedings. Nor were there wanting men of their own class to encourage and direct the new converts. The Sunday-schools of the preceding thirty years had produced many working men of sufficient talent to become readers, writers, and speakers in the village meetings for parliamentary reform; some also were found to possess a rude poetic talent, which rendered their effusions popular, and bestowed an additional charm on their assemblages; and by such various means anxious listeners at first, and then zealous proselytes, were drawn from the cottages of quiet nooks and dingles to the weekly readings and discourses of the Hampden Clubs."

We have quoted thus freely from this quaint Radical writer because it shows how the people went to work to educate themselves politically.

To assist them in spreading their opinions missionaries were employed to travel and organize societies in the interest of the contemplated reforms. Quite a number of these men became eloquent speakers, and exerted an immense influence over the minds of the working classes. One of these people's orators, an extreme radical, is described by one who knew him well as a man possessing an extraordinary gift of working upon the passions of the multitude. The portrait is drawn by our Samuel Bamford, the radical poet and laurate of the people, and the subject of the sketch is Henry Hunt, who, for the advocacy of his opinions at the great meeting on the 16th of August, 1819, in St. Peter's Field, and previous movements, was imprisoned in Lincoln Jail for two years and six months.

It is somewhat remarkable that the roof of the great Free Trade Hall, Peter Street, Manchester, covers the spot where the hustings stood, from whence Hunt was addressing the dense multitude, sixty thousand persons, when the Manchester Yeomanry, supported by the 15th Hussars, dashed into the crowd. Sir W. Jolliffe, who was a

lieutenant in the 15th, says: "People, yeomen, and constables, in their confused attempts to escape, ran one over the other, so that, by the time we had arrived at the end of the field, the fugitives were literally piled up to a considerable elevation above the level of the field. The hussars generally drove the people forward with the flats of their swords, but sometimes, as is almost invariably the case when men are placed in such situations, the edge was used both by the hussars, and, as I have heard, by the Yeomen." Subsequent examination proved that the sword had been used pretty freely! Eleven persons killed, six hundred wounded. One hundred and forty received severe sabre cuts, and fourteen of this number were females! It was a political baptism of blood.

Hunt, and his companions on the hustings, were taken into custody, and among the rest thus seized were Mr. Tyas of the *London Times*, and other reporters, so that the reports of the meeting first pulished in London were from the pens of Mr. Prentice and Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, who wrote that evening, knowing that the London reporters were in custody. However, when the reporters were set at liberty, they gave the details of the massacre without sparing the colour.

From the general testimony it appeaas that up to the moment when the dispersion commenced the assembly was as peaceable and well conducted as any such immense gathering could possibly be. Mr. Smith, one of the editors of the *Liverpool Mercury* in his evidence said, "In no case whatever did I see any attempt to resist nor any encouragement to resistance given by Mr. Hunt, nor any other person, either by word, look, or gesture. I am more than six feet high, and therefore was enabled to see all that took place." Similar evidence was given by Mr. E. Baines, jun. of the *Leeds Mercury*, and others upon the hustings at the meeting.

This extraordinary dispersion, of a legally convened meeting created an immense sensation all over the country, and aroused feelings of indignation among all classes; meetings were held in London, Glasgow, York, Bristol, Liverpool, Norwich, Nottingham, Birmingham, and various other large towns, for the purpose of addressing remonstrances to the Regent respecting the action of Lord Sidmouth in thanking the Manchester magistrates for such infamous proceedings.

We see in the movements of this period the fonndation of the Manchester and other reform schools, which have done, and are still doing so much to revolutionize old ideas and overturn class interests. We see the origin of that spirit of enquiry among the masses, which to day is attacking and discussing the time honoured institutions of England in a somewhat irreverent and unsparing manner.

But in 1819 the people had not obtained the means of speaking effectively in the councils of the nation. They had begun to think for themselves, to write and speak publicly and forcibly upon the leading questions of the day, but they could not speak directly home.

It ought to be understood that these conflicts of opinion and interest were not between the old Whig and Tory parties, as they had existed from the time of Charles II., but between a new party,

(claiming a right to be heard in tones somewhat harsh), and the existing ministry.

This new party was a great power, but it was scattered, and in some respects disunited, so that it wanted the means of concentrating and applying the power which it had.

What could a general do towards driving out an enemy if his troops were scattered all over the kingdom? It is evident he must concentrate and bring them into such a position that they can support each other, and thus act in concert. The people were aware of their weakness and its cause, and were in earnest to obtain a removal of their disabilities. They knew that in politics, as in their daily mechanical labour, "United power grows stronger."

They could see plainly, from the determined proceedings of the Sidmouth and Castlereagh government to put them down by force, that nothing could help their cause unless that cause could be fairly represented and supported in Parliament, which seemed almost, under existing circumstances, hopeless. But among those workers were brave hearts and strong minds, intelligent and thoughtful men with whom conviction and resolution, principle and feeling, went hand in hand—such men as these would not be put down by either prosecutions or any other method.

Hitherto government proceedings had been directed against the leaders of the "rabble mob," and such like persons, against whom they could act without exciting sympathy among the more influential classes, at least so they thought, there can be no doubt.

In this particular they found they were mistaken; the people had friends among both the nobility and gentry who were by no means slow in showing that they considered some of the claims put forth by them were founded in justice, and would sooner or later have to be conceded.

One of these sympathizers was Earl Fitswilliam. This nobleman then Lord lieutenant of the West Riding of York, the Duke of Norfolk, and other noblemen and gentleman signed a requisition to the high sheriff to call a meeting of the freeholders to protest against the proceedings of the Manchester magistracy on the 16th of August. The report of the meeting as given in the *Annual Register* states that the whole business was left in the hands of the noblemen and gentlemen who had thus come forward to speak out for the generally abused *radicals*,—showing that they were quite willing to take subordinate positions when persons of station and superior social position came forward to advocate the cause of truth and justice. Owing to the prominent part taken by Earl Fitzwilliam at the meeting, he immediately received from the Prince Regent his dismissal from the office of Lord lieutenant. Of course the ministry were the acting parties but both ministry and Prince were laying deep the foundations of thorough distrust and personal hate.

More than fifty years have passed and most of the actors are gone to their account but the memory of that *prince* and those *ministers* are to this day regarded with contempt, but of this we may say more in another place.

The first person of distinction prosecuted for libel was Sir Francis

Burdett. He issued a circular letter "To the Electors of Westminster." A copy of that address is before us, as we write, but we cannot find space for it. The letter shews the spirit of the times, and is rather of an intemperate character, although it deals with serious facts which certainly were sufficient to call forth indignant expostulation and rebuke.

An information was filed against Sir Francis by the Attorney-General. The trial was arranged to take place at the Leicester assizes where the Crown were aware a jury could be obtained *which would agree to anything required from them.* * In this case the decison was

* The ostensible reason for holding the trial at Leicesterwas that the information had been posted in a Leicestershire Post Office; but the real reason was that had the trial been held in London no jury could have been obtained to give a verdict for conviction.

arrived at without the jury leaving the Court—"Guilty of libel." Fine £2000, and three months imprisonment.

A number of other prosecutions followed which we cannot enumerate, we have given the above as specimens of the general proceedings of the government who no doubt thought they could by such methods effectually suppress all demands for an improved system of representation.

But the people were becoming thoroughly aroused, their failures were making them wiser; sad mistakes had been made which their enemies had used to their disadvantage. The common senseles cry was then as now, "the church and king," as though either the church or the king were in danger by the proposed innovations. At this time the dissenters from the established church were becoming formidable in their numbers and influence, and as many of them took a prominent part in the radical movement the whole body were regarded, and, indeed, had been since 1810, with suspicion. Our next paper will discuss this subject.

ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

An Historical Novel,

By the Author of "Occasional Papers," "What Shall We Do?" "War Sketches," "The Two Neighbours," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

O Wyoming, thou famous mystic land,
Where buried history speaks of former power,
Where hoary trees on ancient ramparts stand,
And high o'er long forgotten ruins tower.
Thine is a record dark with savage wrong,
Thine picturesque beauty stained with human gore;
The scenes of paradise to thee belong,
But dark with horrid memories of yore.

The superficial reader of the history of America will very naturally suppose, from the statements met with in works upon that subject, that the first blood shed in the war of independence was in the skirmish at Lexington, near Boston, on the 19th of April, 1775. The careful student of that strange political contest, about which there exist so many conflicting accounts, will find that we must go farther back than 1775 to find the *primal conflict* which originated that war-storm, that had been gathering and darkening upon the political horizon, for years and which gradually overspread the whole of the original thirteen states with dark clouds of discontent, in social and political life, and which finally culminated and burst where they originated, in that cradle of rebellion, Boston.—The Yankees call it the Boston massacre. Party feelings, bitter personal animosities were created and continued to rankle until they bore the usual fruit—private injuries in person and property, rapine and murder. We do not suppose that the rebellion, with its consequent war, will show any darker scenes of crime than the civil wars of England, but it presents some of startling magnitude.

Nothing however in the whole annals of that strife can exceed the atrocities of Wyoming, arising out of human cupidity in the opposing Land Companies and opposing Colonists, before the enmities of Whig and Tory lent a further if not increased virulence to the contest.

Under the cover of Whig and Tory animosity, many dark deeds of blood and barbarous outrage were perpetrated, which were the acts of private revenge, and the mere gratification of vindictive feeelings.

Among other persons with their families who had removed to the Wyoming was White, who had gone with a number of families from Connecticut to settle in the upper portion of the valley. He had been residing there about four years, during the five years peace sub-

sequent to Colonel Clayton's withdrawal of his Pennsylvanian troops. During this time the settlement had increased rapidly, so that about the breaking out of the war it numbered, perhaps, five thousand of a population.

Immediately after the hostilities which occured at Lexington, between the British troops and the inhabitants, party feeling renewed those old feuds between the rival companies which had apparently only slumbered, and awaited some exciting cause to awaken them into renewed vigour and ferocity. Congress interposed its authority to suppress the disorders, but to little purpose, and in the meantime the provincial government of Pennsylvania organized and sent seven hundred troops, under the command of Colonel Plunkett, to assist their own settlements, but these were totally defeated and driven back, and thus summarily closed any further attempt at invasion.

But now came difficulties and divisions from another source; hitherto they had principally consistod of disputes respecting land claims, now arose differences respecting the great national question which had arisen between the colonies and England. Many of the settlers in the valley of the Wyoming favoured the royal cause, and the integrity of the Empire, and these were at once regarded with suspicion and hatred. Many who had come from the Delaware left the valley at once and enrolled themselves under the command of Sir John Johnson, and of Colonel John Butler. White, however, had no intention of removing from the valley; he was by no means a bitter partisan, and had he remained unmolested would probably have continued neutral.

At this time White was about fifty years of age, while his eldest son was about twenty-four or five. He was well aware that both his immediate neighbours and himself were regarded as enemies to the republican movement, and he could not but feel apprehensive for his safety.

Three companies of regular troops had been enlisted, and upwards of a thousand militia enrolled. Numerous collisions had occurred between the Whig party and individual adherents of the Royalist cause, and outrages on person and property were occurring in every direction.

He had more than once been applied to for his quota of provisions to make up supplies for the army, which he had promptly and firmly refused to give; but he could not help feeling perplexed and alarmed for his safety, for he knew he had to do with resolute, and in many cases very unscrupulous men.

Revolving these matters in his mind he went over one morning to consult with a neighbour circumstanced much the same as himself. This neighbour was a quiet, inoffensive person who would not offend much less injure any one. He was of a religious sect called Moravians,—by their tenets non-combative.

About this time there had been a few demonstrations made by straggling parties of Indians, accompanied by men who had either been driven away by violence or who, taking a leading active part as partisan Tories, were out in opposition to the Whigs.

As White and his neighbour were conversing about these things,

their attention was attracted by a number of men approaching, all of whom were mounted on horseback.

While engaged watching these the back door opened, and without any ceremony a man entered and walked straight up to where White and his neighbour were standing looking out at the window. So much was their attention engaged that until the man placed his hand upon White's shoulder they did not notice the intrusion. However, when White turned and saw who it was, he appeared well pleased to see the intruder.

"You are watching your visitors, I see," said the stranger, "they are coming, I guess, to help themselves to anything handy."

"Well, but who are they?" enquired White.

"Guess they are Whigs," answered the stranger, who was no other than Bent, now an old man between sixty and seventy, but still full of energy and fire, strong and vigorous.

"Have not you been visited before?"

"Yes, we have been notified and asked for provisions, and I had come down this morning to have a talk with my neighbour here, as to what we must do."

"Well they are coming to help themselves you may depend, just as they have done everywhere, where the folks did not *come down* of their own accord. There must be no neutrality in this contest you may depend.

While Bent was speaking, about a dozen men had ridden into the barn yard, tied up their horses to anything convenient, and were busy giving them water and hay from the barn.

"They mean to help themselves, sure enough," said White.

Hitherto Mr. Closky, his neighbour, had said nothing, but was attentively watching their proceedings. The rest of the family were going about their work as though nothing unusual was going on.

The men shortly went to the barn, and they could not see what they were doing. They conjectured however, and correctly, that they were filling their sacks with grain.

"I should just like to serve those fellows out," said Bent, "they go so composedly about their work. I would not wish for better sport than to ambush them with an active party such as I could find without going very far. I think I could put them into a hurry about getting away from here."

"We should not resist evil, friend," said Mr. Closky, "we have the very best authority on that point. It is far better to bear with a grievance than to resist it, no matter what it is. If we take matters into our own hands to set them right, we shall be sure to make them worse."

Bent looked at the Moravian, while he was making this short speech, with a puzzled expression of countenance. At length, however, his face brightened up.

"Guess, friend," he said, "that I have *heerd* some such preaching afore, somewheres. Yes, yes, I mind now, it was one of them missionary preachers as came along, north, with Old Tadeuskund*"

*This Tadeuskund was a noted Delaware chief; for years known among the English by the name of Honest John. He embraced the Christian faith and was baptized by the Moravians. He was a very fine old man, but his Indian habits

And then Bent laughed. "Tadeuskund got on pretty well when all was quiet, and the hatchet was buried after a great smoke, but he was soon up again if he saw the war paint.

I guess that doctrine is rather partic'lar to practice on. I'm not going to dispute, I might improve some myself, but I have no gift that way."

"Well, friend," said Closky, "supposing I could resist those men, successfully, so as to drive them away; it would only be for a time; they would return with greater numbers and burn my place down and perhaps kill me into the bargain. Had I not better, even in a worldly point of view, bear with present evil lest a greater should follow from resistance?"

Bent laughed in his quiet way—there was no sound when he laughed.

I guess, friend," he said, "there's no use in our arguing; you are great on Scripture and book-learning, which is quite out of my line; at least just now, in these stirring times, but when this trouble is over I think I shall just settle down in some little cabin where I can hear the wind sway the trees, and my friends can drop in on me for a smoke and a chat. I wish my old friend Okwaho, could listen to you, he would imbibe some new ideas; and as his fighting days are nigh o'er, it would come easier to him; somehow I'm doubtful, though, about his conversion. Okwaho and I must have a talk about the matter;—but I see those fellows have pretty nigh loaden up, and I must be going.

Just then the door opened, and there came a loud hissing sound, quickly repeated. "I'm coming, boy," he answered, and the door closed. "I called, as I came along, at your house," he said, addressing White, "and Florence, (Mrs. White) said you were over here, and so I followed, for I must have a long talk with you."

"But who comes here?"

A stranger passed the window, and knocked at the front door. Just at this moment the back door opened again, and an Indian glided in, concealing himself in the stair which went up near the fire place in the kitchen. Although he came in so stealthily, Bent saw him and nodded.

The stranger came in with an air of authority, and asked for the

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were strong; he was too fond of muscular and combative display, for a strictly consistent adherence to the pacific teachings and practice of the Moravian brethren. His views were not unlike those of the Norman clergy, who were peaceable when it was convenient, but when the trumpet of war sounded, would ride forth a black cassock over their body armour, a formidable club, not unlike the Indian's tomahawk, hanging [when not in their hand in use] at the saddle bow. Their priestly vows forbade them to shed blood, but did not specify a prohibition from dashing out an enemy's brains. Whenever the war path was open, the temptation to exhibit his prowess in war was to Tadeuskund quite irresistible. The restraining element could not counterbalance the constraining, the law of *bad* was too strong for the law of *good*; and I suppose that even in this respect the old Indian was not much inferior to his pale-faced brethren. The war over, Tadeuskund would quietly return to the practice of those duties in which theory was not too difficult for practice in daily life.

In 1758, he unfortunately gave offence to the Six Nations by taking part in concluding a peace contrary to their wishes, at least they were not duly consulted. To revenge this insult, a party of them visited the Delawares in the attitude of friendship, in April, 1763, and set fire to the Old Chief's house, in which he was burnt to death.

The act was charged by the Indians to the adventurers who had come from Connecticut, which soon led to an attack upon them by the Delawares, in retaliation for the death of their esteemed chief.

master of the house. Bent pointed to Mr. Closky, and was moving away, but the man put out his hand to stay his progress.

"I will not," he said, "detain you long if all be as it should be. I see you are a hunter, and I must ask you a few questions before you go."

"I have a partic'lar dislike to answering questions just now, stranger," said Bent, adopting a strong nasal tone, "but I don't mind *strainin a pint* that way. But as turn about is only fair, and as I am the older man, suppose I commence by asking for a little information. I shouldn't mind knowing, for instance, who I'm a talkin' to. It *aint* General Washington, nor Montgomery, nor Arnold, for I happen to know all these, but you may be one of the new manufactured as I have *heerd* tell of."

This speech was delivered in a sarcastic tone, and with an indescribable air of earnestness and mockery, correct and dialectic pronunciation combined.

The stranger seemed for a moment at a loss what to answer, but quietly drawing from his pocket a large pistol, he said, as he examined the priming:—

"Old man, I am not here to trifle or to be trifled with, and if you attempt any more insults, it may cost you your life."

"Oh, oh, stranger, not so fast, if you are above answering questions, there's no use in getting angry and threatening to shoot an old hunter with such a contemptible thing as that 'ere iron. If I am to be shot let it be with a respectable rifle; but I must be going, so you can just clear the track. The Indian had advanced from his concealment and stood close behind the stranger, but without anything indicating hostility in his manner.

As Bent finished speaking he stepped forward but was confronted by the pistol.

"Back, sir," said the stranger, in a commanding tone, but he had not time to say anything more, for quick as a flash of light the Indian's tomahawk struck him on the side of the head and he fell stunned on the floor.

Bent picked up the pistol which had fallen from the man's hand, and examined it curiously.

"I should not wonder," he said, "if this iron would fetch a man down pretty quick at close quarters, but its no good for a long shot."

He offered the pistol as he spoke to Closky.

"No, no," said the Moravian, I won't have anything to do with the pistol; those 'who take the sword shall perish with the sword.' I'm a man of peace and do not want any weapons of war in my house."

Bent let down the hammer of the pistol and handed it to the Indian, who had stood still after striking the blow.

"Mr. White," said Bent, "you have not forgotten your friend Oteanyea?"

"No I have not," said White, "but I was a little confused, besides I could not speak while this little tragedy was performing; I hope the man is not so badly injured that he will not recover."

"No fear," said Bent, "if your friend here will bathe his

head with a little cold water, he'll come out all right except a touch of a head ache, and that will make him better mannered."

"The farmer hurried away for his wife, and as Mrs. Closky made her appearance Bent, White and Oteanyea left the house together by the back door.

As they crossed the orchard they could see that the men down at the barn were looking in the direction of the house as though expecting to see some one.

The orchard was planted upon the side of a small hill, which rose immediately in the rear of the house, and was bounded near the summit by a rail fence, beyond which extended a patch of woods of considerable extent.

The men down at the barn could not see them as they left the house, but as they ascended they soon caught sight of them. Their retreat from the house under the circumstances seemed to awaken suspicion for two of the men at once started up to the house and very soon shouted to their companions, which produced quite a stir among the rest.

The three, Bent, White and Oteanyea stopped at the boundary fence of the orchard to watch their movements, but they were not the only interested observers of the scene down at the house and barn. Lying behind this fence, still as the tufts of wire grass, were a number of dusky warriors. White was not at all aware of their presence until his friend Bent spoke. Not that White was unobservant, but simply because his mind was free from apprehension and from the fact of the company he was in, he would have felt relieved from the responsibility of strict watchfulness even if he had been suspicious of danger.

"Karhakoha," said Bent without turning his head, "do you see those fellows?"

"Yes," said the Hawk, "What is there amiss?"

"Why we were in the house when their captain came in, and he was threatening to shoot me when your brother knocked him over."

Nothing more was said. The men at the barn were now evidently in a state of great excitement for they pointed towards the hill.

"I think," said White, "we had better be moving out of here, or we shall be having them after us. I suppose there is no danger from any rifle if they do not come nearer, but if I am not greatly mistaken they will be nearer before long and anyhow there will be no harm in putting the fence between us."

"If they wish to try their hands at the rifle," said Bent, "we can answer them in quick style, but we can do it quite as well from the other side of the fence, as you say."

There was no time to move before a bullet struck an oak stump a very short distance below them.

"Where did that come from, Mr. White?"

"Really I dont know," said White as he jumped the fence.

"Did you see him?"

"I did," said Bent, "If you will watch that log on the edge of the small gully you will very soon get a peep at his movements, and if he does not mind he will want a bandage shortly."

He carefully examined his rifle, so arranging his position that he could see without being seen from below. It was soon manifest that the men, with whom they were matched, in perhaps deadly strife, were no novices in the busines.

All around was still, and to the casual spectator of the scene nothing could have conveyed to the mind the idea that the peaceful scene contained the elements of a mortal combat from lurking foes. Some such idea as this was occupying the mind of White; at the first he was a little excited with the novelty of the position and the incidents of the day; every leaf that rustled, the different sounds, near or far, which broke the stillness around, arrested his attention with almost startling effect, but as the time passed and nothing appeared he began to think that the men, if they had meditated an attack had changed their minds and withdrawn.

Fully impressed with this idea he gradually raised himself from his crouched position until at length he stood upright, but still well sheltered by the rails of the fence and leisurely surveyed the quiet slumbering landscape. The smoke from the house below curled dreamily in its short ascent, the pigeons on the roof of the barn were "billing and cooing," the cows in the pasture lowing or lazily ruminant were standing here and there, but not one human being could be seen. At length there was a slight stir near him, he turned his head just in time to see a flash from Bent's rifle, and a double report broke the stillness.

"I guess," said Bent, "that fellow will shoot no more to day, but he's clever at this business, and I may not have hurt him at all; I saw what I took to be his left arm as he took aim at you."

"I see," said White, something creeping up behind yond fence to the left."

"I think Mr. White," said Bent, "that we may have some pretty lively shooting by and by; and as you cannot join in the business, there is no use of stopping with us to be shot at, and perhaps have your coat torn. Beside you have no occasion to be mixed up in this little business until you decide whether you will go out or not."

This considerate hint, was at once understood and acted upon, so telling Bent to be sure and call, he started for home.

As he went along it occurred to him that the men at the house, had been arranging their attack and that possibly he might run himself into some ambush of a party that had gone to the rear of Bent and the Indians.

About one hundred rods ahead of where he then was he knew there was a deep gully with sides so steep, almost precipitous, that it was nearly impracticable to ascend them unless in a few places.

This gully or ravine wound round from the foot of the hill not very far from the farm house, so that if one part of the men had gone in that direction while the other were menacing them in front they would soon be attacked in front and rear, for the men could easily and rapidly ascend the ravine unseen and unheard by Bent and the Indians, while at the same time if their approach in that direction was provided for they might be cut off to a man.

Full of this idea he ran back at the top of his speed and rapidly

communicated the idea to Bent. A low whistle brought the party together, when, after a rapid consultation, a couple of scouts were sent to inspect the defile; while the others cautiously approached in two parties.

White attached himself to Bent's division and the whole moved away through the trees with the utmost caution until they arrived at the edge of the ravine where the scouts were lying without having given any sign of discovery. For some time nothing appeared, but at length White, who was the lowest of the watchers saw something was approaching around a bend below, he signalled to Oteanyea that he saw some one coming. All along the sides of the ravine were trees interlaced with vines with clumps of fir filling in the spaces where larger trees had once grown until overturned by their own weight, the washing away of the soil from their roots, or by the sweeping wind as it had violently rushed on some occasion down the gorge.

Now and again they could see the man, then a second appeared and shortly a number more came along, but in no case in the open space forming the bed of the ravine, so that it was only at intervals they caught a glimpse of one of them.

Oteanyea and White were thus engaged when to the surprise of both, they caught sight of an object immediately beneath them struggling upwards through the branches, bushes, and briers which grew thick and interwoven in his path upward. The chief handed his rifle to White and released his tomahawk from his girdle; the bushes near where he stood shook violently. A rifle was pushed forward on the grass near Oteanyea's feet, and the next moment a man sprang up the brow of the acclivity and was instantly stunned by a blow on the back of his head; as he fell forward his throat was instantly cut and the scalp lock torn from his head. Unless the dull thud of the tomahawk, and a faint expiring groan, not a sound was heard.

White stepped forward and examined the features, rapidly stiffening in gory death, and he recognised the man who had notified him but a short time previous, that he must furnish assistance to the revolutionary movement, or take the consequences. To further satisfy himself, he examined the rifle, and found the man's name scratched upon the stock. He was a violent partisan, who had early in this intestine struggle, met with a violent death.

Taking the rifle, he carefully examined the priming and charge, determined to stand on the defensive, at least, if he did nothing more. But there is a fascination about personal conflict, especially if the bad passions are once aroused, which hurries men into the performance of deeds, at which subsequent reflection shudders.

As White stood watching the movement of the Indians, and occasionally glancing down to see if anything was passing below, he heard a movement in the bushes, which convinced him some one was coming up the same path as the other man had, and was close at hand. The Indians and Bent were out of sight, though not far away, so that he could not attract their attention without alarming the man approaching; crouching down to obtain a better view if possible of the path, he was startled with the blaze and report

of a rifle immediately beneath him, he felt that he was hurt, but he did not wait to examine how much; rushing to the nearest opening, he saw the man rapidly descending the path, dashing the bushes aside by the very force of his descent; to bring the rifle to his shoulder and fire was but the work of a moment, shout after shout ran echoing up the gully, answered by the fierce whoop of Indian defiance.

White did not know whether the shot he had made had missed or hit, he felt now as though he must hit some one before he could rest satisfied. He felt the blood trickling down his side, and he was determined to pay back the injury if opportunity offered. Circumstances favoured his resolve. While crouched in a cedar bush, he happened to turn his head and look into the woods through which they had come, and saw one of the men who had followed them. He was cautiously peeping from behind the roots and trunk of a fallen tree. As he stood, he could not see White, his back and left shoulder being turned in that direction.

White raised his rifle and took aim, but in his excited state he felt incapable of taking a steady, deliberate shot. He lowered his rifle, but he saw the man was preparing to shoot, so crouching still lower, he rested the barrel of his rifle upon a projecting branch and fired. The aim was true and fatal, he saw the man spring from the ground and fall upon his face. He commenced to reload, getting as much into shelter as possible. While thus engaged, some one whispered, "did you hit him?" "Yes," said White, "is that you Mr. Bent?"

"Yes, I'm here, I heard you were busy and came down to help you.

"Did you see this man in the bush?" enquired White.

"Oh there are several of them," Karhakoha has been watching them for some time. We are fairly between two fires, but never mind, we'll render a good account for our work. I'm glad to see you making so good use of the rifle we have won.

"I wish," said White, "I could tell whether I hit the first fellow I shot at, he came near settling me, for I feel my shirt is pretty wet."

"Have you been hit then?" inquired Bent.

"Yes, the fellow was where you stand now, or somewhere thereabout, and as he dashed down the path I fired at him, but I cannot tell whether I hit him or not."

"Well, said Bent, "we shall have to draw off very soon, for we cannot see much longer, that is sure."

"Yes, and by morning there will be plenty to help them, depend upon it," said White.

This conversation was carried on in a low tone of voice, for, though no one was visible, it was impossible to say how far or near an enemy was lurking.

White proposed calling together the Indians for consultation, and then he should know what he had better do himself, for it became a certainty to his mind that he could now no longer remain neutral. It was decided that they had better start for White's house, and determine their subsequent movements by circumstances which

might arise out of the present skirmish. Bent started with White for his house, while the Indians followed in single file.

It was now so dark, that objects in the shade could scarcely be distinguished, and they had arrived close to the house before Bent noticed that something unusual was going on.

A CANADIAN VILLAGE AND SCHOOL IN 1870.

BY ROBERT BRYDON, HESPELER.

Canadians true! pray list my story!—
I sing not now of war-won glory,
Or deeds by Nov'list heroes done,
Or fame, imagined never won—
More homely theme my muse essays—
To paint a scene of truthful lays,
Where progress, skill, and civ'lization
Combine to elevate our nation.
Should critics carp at what I say—
Or shout, "Lapsus Grammaticae,"
Let them take note—the muse is soaring
Above them,—their critiques ignoring.
Where erst Ontario's forests grew,
And donn'd unseen their varied hue;—
Where erst a river toil'd its way,
Unknown, unvalued many a day;—
There now a thriving village stands,
Which more than passing note demands.—
The river—turn'd from idle play,
'Mong cedar roots and calces gray;—
Is set to labor at the wheel,
And forced to spin, and weave, and reel,—
To wrap in *Clouds* the female form,
Or shield it from the winter's storm,—
Or yield to manhood's nobler wants,
That necessary, now called pants.
Let traveller pause and look around;—
Where late was nought but forest ground,
Are streets of houses, mills, and stores

Retailing goods from foreign shores ;—
Railroads and Telegraphs and things
Too tame for muse on lofty wings.—
And then the people—bustling, striving,
Working and scheming and contriving—
Trading, exchanging, buying, selling,
Writing and reckoning, counting, telling ;—
What skill of brain and hand is needed,
To keep such progress unimpeded !
You ask, how,—when the present throng
Have ceased their labor to prolong,—
When they, in death, quietus find,—
How then supply the brain and mind,
So needful to prolong the battle,
Amid machinery's clank and rattle ?—
Just look to yonder rising hill,
Above the screeching steam saw mill ;—
There stands a house of small pretension,
With northern lateral extension ;—
Look in, and be no more afraid
That trade will end with next decade.
Here we should note,—the married folk
About the place, (and 'tis no joke,)
Are mindful of the high command,—
To increase and populate the land ;—
So that the squire,—shrive his sins,—
Insists that all the wives bear twins.—
Be this or no,—the youngster crowd
Is said to count some hundreds good,—
All ranged within the foresaid building,
And each his share of brainwork yielding.
Two females and one male instructor
Pour in the juice of learning's nectar.
Look ! list ! saw e'er ye such a sight ?—
A tiny group—their length or height
Scarce more than a good English ell,—
(Stare not,—for 'tis the truth I tell,)
Proclaiming that most learned table—
Through which their Grandpas ne'er were able
To grope their way without a blunder,—
And in their days 'twas thought no wonder.—
Had they been here to list the strain,
They'd thought the fairies come again.—
Change now the class, and hear them spell,
And each his meaning glibly tell,—
Hear how they read with pause and tone,
'Twould shame the attempts of Old Mess John,
Again behold the little fellows
Hugging their slates like piper's bellows,—
Ready, when ask'd to tell with ease,
The value of a bag of pease,—
Or if you wish to try them more,

They'll tell the dozens in a score,—
Or count the dimes the butcher got
In changing of a five pound note.
Time presses—pass orthography,
And next call up geography :—
Hear them assert the earth is round !
That ocean's broader than the ground !—
Describe the capes and bays and seas,—
—They'll point out any place you please,—
Tell where grow sugar-cane and rice,
Where nutmegs, cinnamon and spice,
What country rears the kangaroo,
The emu, and the cockatoo.—
Or if you choose a foreign land,
They'll start you off to Samarcand,—
Show you the site of old Bokhara,—
Traverse the desert of Sahara,
Ascend the heights of Chimul'ree,
Or sail you o'er the Yellow sea,
Give you a glance at strange Japan,
And drop you next in Astracan,—
Show you where Noah's ark first grounded—
The site where Babel's tower was founded ;
Next, if their skill you can depend on,
They'll land you easily in London ,—
Should you the ocean wish to ferry,
They'll sail you home by steam from Derry.
Call up the grammar,—" Analyze "
And note who gains the foremost prize,—
How quickly each interrogation (!)
Is answered, to our admiration (!)
The office of each Mood and Tense--
As means to speak good common sense--
Adverb, conjunction, interjection,
Is treated with a learned inspection
'Tis hard to tell if Jane or May
Shall proudly bear the first boquette.
Let's see—lo ! here's the ladies' writing,
Which bears a par with their inditing—
The muse with such amanuenses,
Might sing yet other twenty stanzas.
Time fails to tell of the transactions,
In decimal and vulgar fractions
Discount and interest, cubes and squares,
In bankrupt stocks, and company's shares,—
The algebra with y's and x's
The wonder of the audience fixes ;—
While every one who merit shares,
A rosette, proudly borne, declares.
—We change the scene when fades the light,—
For this is exhibition night :—
Again those figuring through the day,

Their tact and taste anew display
In dialogue, song, or recitation,—
In grave or droll representation
Of lady fair—papa—or nigger—
Miller and king—all cut a figure,—
While loud applause rings from the crowd,
At everything that's smart or good;
For crowds are readily drawn out,
Whene're the occasion comes about:—
This is enough the crowd's discerning
And knows what is and is not learning.
—The rusty muse, so long unstrung
Has thus her artless ditty sung,—
And shown whence come the mind and brain
Our trade and business to maintain:—
And wearied with her lengthen'd flight
She hastes to gain Parnassus height,—
There to repose, amid the glory
Of all the fam'd in song and story.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1871.

ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

An Historical Novel,

By the Author of "Occasional Papers," "What Shall We Do?" "War Sketches," "The Two Neighbors," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

The lust of power, of wealth the pride,
Is politics intensified—
In nations, persons, country, town,
We see this grasping for renown;
Murder and rapine are its friends,
And every social tie it rends.

—*Border and Civil Warfare.*

BENT AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE WAR PATH.

It is worthy of our notice and remark what strange coincidences are sometimes found between the lives of father and son. When White was yet a young man he joined the Scotch rebellion and marched into an adjoining country. Similarly his son, whom we incidentally mentioned in the last chapter as being at the commencement of the war about twenty-four, joined the American rebellion, and marched with Arnold's force to Quebec. It is also curious and instructive to note and study the different motives which influence men's actions, and lead them into courses of conduct at which no one is more surprised, perhaps, than themselves, when time and circumstances have given different views to the mind. During the American civil war between the Northern and Southern States many young men left Canada to join the armies there engaged, and fight in a war in which they had really no concern, in fact, in which neither principle nor duty called them to take a part. With some a love of adventure was the inducement, mixed up, possibly, with some romantic notions of fame and fortune. With the great majority,

however, although humiliating to confess it, human greed, mere mercenary motive, was the base, ruling principle which influenced them to leave their homes, and fight in a cause to which personally they were indifferent. Some few enlisted from higher motives, or from personal considerations; and as it was in 1861, and following years, so it was in 1775. There were many who engaged in the American rebellion from motives anything but patriotic and noble, and who—when the war was over and they found themselves enrolled in the annals of American fame—were far more astonished, and certainly gratified, than they would have been had they found themselves treated as rebels. We are by no means singular in this opinion, as the testimony of a few distinguished Americans, and the statements of one of our own Canadian writers—who has studied the subject very carefully—show.* The Congress which met in Philadelphia in September, 1774, professed allegiance to His Majesty's person and throne, and their willingness to be governed by British laws so long as those laws suited their own views and interests! These loyal men agreed upon an address to His Majesty King George III., together with a circular letter addressed to the British people and to the Canadian Colonists. The same Congress, while denouncing the liberal measures of the British Ministry and Parliament granted to the Province of Quebec, were nevertheless anxious to secure the co-operation of the poor, benighted Quebecers in assisting them to obtain far more *liberal* measures. The people of Canada not having the same private interests to serve, and having little or no confidence in the professions of their sharp, designing neighbours, refused to repudiate their first obligations and allegiance to a government which had given them all they could in reason desire.

This refusal to co-operate in their rebellious schemes produced surprise and indignation. Remonstrance, blandishment, professions of patriotism and love of freedom were tried upon the inhabitants but in vain; then followed hostile attacks upon Canadian outposts, most of which were poorly manned and consequently scarcely defended. Ticonderoga was first taken by surpise, and soon after Crown Point, the garrison of which numbered a Sergeant and twelve men. Our business is not to narrate the consecutive events of this period, as though we were writing a history, but to touch upon the leading facts and principles of action more especially as they affect our *Royalists* and *Loyalists*. In dealing with historical facts it is our duty to state them fairly; and if we must take the facts such as fair, credible testimony furnishes, both direct and collateral, we shall have to draw inferences, however anomalous it may appear in a work of fiction, which will contradict the fiction of professed facts. It has been so

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*"We may easily imagine the surprise which many experienced in after days—when the war had ended and their independence was acknowledged—to find themselves heroes, and their names commemorated as fathers of their country, whereas, they had fought only for money or plunder, or smuggled goods, or because they had not office. In not a few cases it is such whose names have served for the high-sounding fourth of July orators; for the *buncombe* speechifier and the flippant editor to base their eulogistic memories upon. Undoubtedly there are a few entitled to the place they occupy in the temple of fame; but the vast majority seem to have been actuated by mercenary motives. We have authenticated cases where prominent individuals took sides with the rebels because they were disappointed in obtaining office; and innumerable instances where wealthy persons were arrested ostensibly on suspicion, and compelled to pay large fines, and then set at liberty."—*History of the Settlement of Upper Canada (Ontario).* By Wm. Canniff, M. D., M. R. C. S. E., &c.

much and constantly the practice of our neighbors to magnify the most ordinary circumstances, and to make the leaders among their fathers, who were engaged in the rebellion, and the subsequent invasions of our country, into heroes, that their history reads like a romance. Some of their writers are so hyperbolical that it is quite easy to imagine scenes where "one chased a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight;" and nothing is now wanted but a second Homer to construct a grand epic, in which the immortal Yankee empire shall be shown, rising from the bloody battle fields of independence, through the heroic labours of their God-like statesmen and warriors; men, such as the world has *never* seen.*

When the war first threatened, young White was in a mercantile house in New York, where, by his surroundings, his previous education, and sympathies, he was a royalist of the Tory party. But he, like many others, thought the Quebec Act a monstrous injustice to the Protestant colonies. He heard the subject talked about and discussed everywhere, and even from the pulpits violent tirades were uttered against all concessions to Popery. Personally, White cared nothing for the religious element, considered as such, but he possessed an unconquerable aversion to the French colonists in Canada, and no sooner were volunteers called for, than with a few others, stimulated by various considerations, but principally a love of adventure, he started for Boston and joined the army under Benedict Arnold, who by the way of the Kennebec river, sailed up to Moose Head Lake in Maine, and from there marched through the vast forests stretching away to the St. Lawrence, by way of the Sugar Loaf Mountains. The army went through very severe hardships, not simply from fatigue but scarcity of food; but it was in this campaign that young White acquired that love for adventure that strongly marked his subsequent career. Were it not that we have already been compelled to introduce so much episodic narrative, we should be tempted to give some of the adventures of this campaign, from their journey north of Moose Head Lake, their repulse and final defeat, their terrible sufferings and privations, together with the scourge from that fatal malady small-pox; and finally Arnold's retreat from Montreal to Crown Point, in the middle of June, 1776. Many of these adventures would afford material for interesting narratives, but as they have no connection with the subject of our history we cannot introduce them. It was getting on towards autumn before young White, in company with a number of militia, returned home.

*If our cousins of the United States are satisfied that even the half is true which has been said of the r publ c institutions and men, they need not be impatient and angry if we fail to see matters in the same light as themselves, and beg to differ from *their* opinion. Such sensitiveness o the one hand and turgid boasting on the other, imply a secret consciousness that the found tion is unsound. "What is the use of raking up old grievances and opening up old sores?"—is the ready remonstrance if we attempt to expose the fallacious statements of republican history, as found in their school books, their newspapers, and in the magazine and general literature of the United States. Can impudence be cooler? Can arrogance be more overweening? Can selfishness be more c nsummate? Must we quietly permit the most unfounded st tements to pass uncontradicted? Must we tolerate the trash and fustian of many of their writers and permit such untruth to circulate among us and to pass unchallenged? Fifteen years ago their books were in public use among us, and to a certain extent are still so. And we very properly answer, "It is quite necessary for our children and people to know the truth about our national differences and history; and not receive without question the distorted views commonly presented for ignorant gullibility. Canada is growing rapidly into a great nation; and her sons and daughters must be trained to self-reliance in physical and mental powers unsurpassed on this continent, to say the least.—Ed.

At this time James Bent, or more properly Bently, an Englishman by descent but born in the Delaware valley, was living on the Lackawaxen creek a tributary of the Delaware. His neighbors were the Oaksons and some others, among whom for some time was White though he had removed some years before to Wyoming, not far from Wilkesbarre. Bentley's eldest son, Samuel, almost the same age as young White, had been up at Crown Point, and Fort Ticonderoga, at the latter of which places young White had met with him, and of course, as they were returning home together, White accepted a pressing invitation to stop at Bently's, where soon after their arrival they were informed that Bent, the great and celebrated Oghkwari of the Mohawks, had been there only a few hours before and was gone to the Susquehanna, with a number of Indians. They were further informed that Bent was out with the Tories against th Whigs, that he and his party had conducted Sir John Johnson, in conjunction with, or rather in place of Thayendanegea, from the Mohawk valley, at the time that Colonel Dayton was sent by General Schuyler to secure the person of Sir John.*

James Bently was out in the barn-yard giving directions to one of his men about some kind of farm work, when he was surprised by the heavy hand of his eldest brother, Bent, who with moccasoned feet had walked up behind him unheard, and thus called his attention to his presence.

He turned sharply round to see his eldest brother confronting him. "Why, Orland, you here, and all alone?" It was a salute and a question combined. "No," said Bent, "I'm not alone; no fear of me coming into these settlements, just now, without company." "You have not the old Chief with you?" "No, the Wolf is in Canada, but his sons are with me, and I dare say they are like me, pretty hungry." "O, if that's all the trouble, we can soon remedy that matter," said Bently, the younger brother. "Well, but that is not all the trouble by a long way," said Bent, "but let us go up to the house, for I'm almost famished, and so are the boys, but they would not say anything if they went a day longer." Up at the house they found Mrs. Bently hard at work preparing supper, for her brother-in law had called in before he went over to the barn, and told her he was very hungry. And no wonder they were hungry, when they had been walking from early dawn, and had tasted nothing since the evening before, except a few berries snatched on their rapid march. After supper Mrs. Bently asked her brother-in-law if he had seen "the Oaksons' folks lately." "No, I'm going there either to-night or in the morning. How are Ronald and his

*The flight of Sir John Johnson and his retainers is matter of common history, and need not be recited here; but the fact of Thayendanegea, or as he is more commonly known, Joseph Brant, being the leader of the expedition is not so well established

From one of Brant's speeches many years afterwards, it would seem that Johnstown was actually in possession of the enemy when the Mohawks arrived and rescued Sir John, conducting him in the most daring manner through the streets.

It does not, however, follow that Brant actually, in person, was present, for although he speaks in the plural tense, he is only speaking for his tribe, and this is the more certain when we have good reason to believe that both he and Guy Johnson were in England. This Colonel Guy Johnson was the son-in-law of Sir William, and after Sir William's death, the office of General Superintendent of the Indian Department fell into his hands, and he appointed Brant his Secretary. It is quite probable that both the Colonel and his Secretary had a personal object in this visit to England. They were both about making great sacrifices, and no doubt, wanted some guarantee should the war occasion them these losses, that some equivalent should be given

family?" "Why, you have not heard that Mr. Oakson has joined the Royalists, and is in New York?" "Not a word." "Nor about his eldest lad being shot? Why, Oakson went almost wild, and after they had buried the boy he started for the army with a lot more, and joined General Howe at New York, so we're told; anyhow he's gone somewhere, sure enough." Before Mrs. Bently had done speaking her brother-in-law, Bent, was standing as though impatiently waiting for the termination of her speech. "Do they know," he enquired, "who the man was who shot the boy, or why, or anything about it?"

"They know this," said James Bently, "that the shot was intended for the father, not the son, and they know who made himself scarce, and better for him to do so."

"Well, I'm going to see Mrs. Oakson," said Bent; "you'd better come with me, for I want all the particulars about this business." They found Mrs. Oakson looking as cheerful as could be expected amid such trouble as she had been having to go through, and a prospect by no means encouraging for the future. Bent wanted a subject for his hunter's skill to work up. He had all the pride of a skilful detective in the following up a clue in some intricate business. But Bent had sympathies, and powerful attachment; and he felt, as much as so rugged a nature would permit, for Mrs. Oakson's distress; and he was already in his active mind revolving plans for retribution upon the offenders in this sad drama of life.

Mrs. Oakson did not know him so well as her husband, but she knew sufficient to give her a good idea as to what he wanted in asking so many questions; and accordingly she prefaced her answers by stating that neither she nor Ronald wanted to take the law into their own hands. He was gone away as a loyal man to fight for his King and country, and they would abide the issue, and she said, "I can tell you one thing, if we cannot live quietly under English rule here, we'll go where we can. He always says 'I was born under the Georges, and I'll live under their rule,' and I suppose we've a right to please ourselves in such matters." "Guess the Whigs and Rebels don't dictate to me," said Bent, "and if the fight goes against us, as it may, there are plenty of broad acres and fine forests across the Niagara. I'm sorry the tussle didn't happen twenty years sooner, for I'm getting a little stiff now in my joints, and my old friend Okwaho is about used up; however, it will brighten me up some, for I was getting idle and out of practice."

Soon after this they returned to James Bently's, and on the way he questioned his brother very closely as to what he intended doing, as to where his nephew Sam was, and many other such matters.

It may very naturally be supposed that there would be hundreds of people, during such a war as the American rebellion, who had no fixed ideas on the subject whatever; and who, had they been let alone, would never have interfered with either party. Even among those who were truly loyal there were many who would have remained quietly at home practising no aggression had they been unmolested; while there were others who regarded loyalty as a dead letter, if it was not sheltered beneath the royal flag of English monarchy.

There were, it must be admitted, a third class of Loyalists. These were of the rabid class, hot headed, aggressive and vindictive men, who fought because they were combative, and could not tolerate an opposing party. James Bently and his brother were of the first and third classes respectively, while Mr. Oakson belonged to the Royal cause, as a matter of duty and conviction, and would not live under a republican government. White, as we have seen already, belonged to the passive order, but was inclined to go over to the active, when circumstances elicited his real character. Such, with modifications, were the classes we may call the Royalists and Loyalists of this period. "You can tell my nephew Sam I want him, if he is going to do any fighting, to get on the right side of the fence, as it wont do to be shooting at me some day in mistake. And I'm sworn I'll shoot down friend or foe if I find him on the wrong side. I suppose it would go hard to shoot at you Jim or at Sam, but you must not tempt me by getting into bad company." "I'll talk Sam over, no fear," said the father; "he cares nothing about the principle of the thing, but he thought it would be nice sport to put down the French in Canada."

"Well, well," said Bent, "I'm not over fond of the Frenchers, no how, and I suppose Sam has heard me say so sometimes, but now things are different; since the French army left the country in 1760 the French have been loyal subjects to our government, wanting no rights or privileges that were not promised them, and a bargain is a bargain." "No fear for our Sam. I think it's very likely he would never have gone up to Lake Champlain if it had not been for what he has heard his Uncle Orland say." "I dare say, I dare say," said Bent, quite pacified with this view of the matter, "and I'll take care he loses nothing by keeping on the right side with his uncle. Plenty of land in Canada, and remember I have got a good farm in the Old Home, which you can go to (for I shall never want it) if you cannot stop here, and don't like Canada. It's just as well to mention these things, as we don't know what may happen." So ended this conversation. In the morning they started early for White's, where, as we have seen, they immediately came into contact with one of those bands of men who afterwards, more especially in Massachusetts, distinguished themselves under the name of "Sons of Liberty," by acts of barbarity almost incredible. When White noticed certain suspicious appearances about his house, as he and Bent came first in sight, he stopped abruptly, and looked eagerly at the house and other buildings. An undefined, vague, foreboding of evil in store seemed to seize him, a sense of oppression, a choking sensation! Bent turned and spoke to him. "What's amiss, are you hurt worse than you thought?" "No, no, it's not that, but look! something has happened." By this time the Indians had crept up in their noiseless march, and were snuffing the air suspiciously. "I'm getting older, I guess, for I declare if I can see anything to take alarm about," said Bent. "Don't you see the house is dark *like*, and there I hear the cows, that ought to have been in long ago." They walked forward, attentively noting every point. There was now a narrow lane to pass along, and as White approached the fence corner he was saluted

by a boy's voice—"Father," in a loud whispering manner. "What's to do?" enquired the father. "I don't know," said the lad, "I got away when they were not watching, and ran up here to tell you when you came." "Who are they? do you know them?" "Oh, no," said the boy, "but there's a lot of 'em; and I believe they've killed our Willie." "Are they in the house?" "They were, but I don't know where they are now; they have not come this way." A consultation was held, and it was decided, under Bent's direction, that White should boldly approach the house, by some way he might prefer, while they approached more stealthily, and prepared, if the men showed themselves, to open fire at once, if White gave the alarm for them to do so. Nothing could now be distinguished more than ten or fifteen rods distance. As a further security against surprise, he took the pistol which Oteanyea still carried, and walked boldly down the lane, which led directly past the barns to the house.

No sooner did he enter the farm yard than one of the cows recognized him, and very soon the others. There was no need to tell him now that something serious had happened He glanced excitedly and apprehensively around, as he walked up to the house, expecting every moment some one would spring from some lurking place, or that he should be shot down. Just as he was going up to the kitchen door a man stepped from behind some trellice work and asked him who he was. "Who are *you?*" said White, "and what are you wanting?" "I am just waiting for you," said the man; you are my prisoner." "Ah," said White, "your prisoner; what have I done wrong?" The man answered this question by a whistle, which had scarcely been sounded before he fell, shot through the chest by the pistol ball. White rushed up to the door and threw it open, when he was met not by mortal foes as he was expecting, but by a dense, suffocating volume of smoke. His first impression was that the house was on fire, and full of this idea and totally forgetful of everything else, he shouted fire, and hurried from room to room below and then upstairs. Here a curious sight met his gaze, so far as the feeble light permitted him to see. Some kind of body was hung almost in the centre of the large room, corresponding with the kitchen below. He took hold of it with his extended hand and a tremor ran through his frame. Was this his wife? Florence, he cried, but there was no answer. A voice, however, from under a bed in the far corner of the room, called out "Dad." He could neither see the speaker nor even the bed, but he knew the voice. "Is this your mother, Jas.?" "Yes," said the boy, "help her down quick."

The father needed no second instructions about that matter, his clasp knife was out and open, and the body to all appearances lifeless in his arms in far less time than we can describe his movements. The villains had tied her knees together with a clothes line, and passing the ends over a beam, which crossed the room, had drawn her up sufficiently high to swing clear of the floor, and in this position left her. The little boy about seven or eight years old, had remained along with his mother and done everything he was able, to assist her, until she became insensible with the smoke. Hearing

the noise below and the approaching footsteps on the stair, the little fellow had crept away instinctively under the bed.

Fortunately, Mrs. White had not to wait long for more efficient assistance than the child could possibly render. White laid her upon the bed, and telling little Jasper to stop with his mother, opened one of the windows to let in some fresh air. His next movement was to the attic, where, through a dormar window he passed out to the roof, and crawling up this to the chimney, found as he expected, that it had been covered over with boards to prevent the passage of the smoke. Carefully and noiselessly removing the obstructions, he descended to the room where he had left his wife and child. He found the boy had succeeded in arousing his mother, for he was telling her that it was his "dad" who had cut the rope, when he again entered the room. He whispered to her to keep quiet for help was at hand, and without waiting for any information, he crept down the stairs, every creak of which sounded louder and more distinct than he had ever heard them before. He pushed open the door at the foot of the stair and paused to listen. Hark! Is not that some one breathing heavily? Such were the unexpressed thoughts which arrested his attention. The sound came again, a kind of muttered sigh or stifled groan; his knees shook beneath him; he stooped down and felt around in the dark. The smoke was rapidly clearing away with the draught from the door rushing up the now unobstructed chimney, but it was too dark to see anything in the shadow. He crept along by the wall and at length his outstretched hand felt the hair and then the head of some one, and the agonized father as he passed his fingers over the smooth face, knew it was Willie, and he called him by name. "Willie, my boy, speak to me." He stooped over him and passed his hand gently over the boy's forehead and there he could feel the wound, or at least *one* which was still wet with the warm blood, as it oozed through the mass of curls which clustered over the place. The pressure of the hand seemed to arouse him, for he began to mutter. "Willie," said the father, but the response, broken by sobs, was, "Mother, water." This call was absolutely irresistible, danger or no danger, the boy must have water. He went straight to the water pail, but it was empty! The father stood irresolute for a few moments, thinking, but resolution came, snatching up the pail he started for the well, exclaiming, the boy shall have some water or I'll be shot. As he passed out at the doorway, a voice whispered his name, and he stepped backward into the house. "Where are you going," said Bent, for it was he who had spoken. "I am going to the well," said White, my boy wants water and he shall have some too. "Let *me* go for you." "No, no, I cannot do that." "Well, then," said Bent, "stoop low, very low, while you get it, and I'll speak to the boys." Understanding the hint that had been given him, White cautiously approached the well curb and found to his joy that a bucket of water was standing ready drawn. Careful as he was no sooner had the clank of the chain and the splash of the water disturbed the stillness of the night than three distinct reports rang out, but White was unhurt. He took up the pail and returned to the house. He found the boy, and taking him up in his arms, placed the cup to

his mouth. The cool water seemed to revive him, for he began at once after drinking to mutter indistinctly.

The draught through the kitchen had by this time almost carried away the smoke, and the wet chips, which had been piled upon the embers to create a smoke, were showing signs that very soon they would burst into flame. White took up his boy, and carried him up stairs, where Mrs. White, now quite recovered, was waiting in terrible suspense. She had heard the shots, and was anxious to know whether her husband was hurt. "Florence," he said, as he stepped upon the chamber floor, "here's Willie; I'll put him on the bed, and if you'll draw the curtains close I'll try and get a light." He went down stairs, found a candle, crossed to the fire, and lit a long brimstone dipped match, and hurried into the stair. There he could light the candle without attracting attention, and as the windows into the room over the kitchen could not be seen from the garden or the barn, besides being well covered over, he hoped the feeble rays of the candle would escape detection. The next things needed were means to wash and dress the boy's head, which, as soon as possible, the mother proceeded to do. As she was bandaging up the ugly looking gash in his forehead, the lad muttered—"Tell father I fought hard, but what could *one* do?" White turned away from the sad sight, and, without speaking a word, went softly down stairs. Since the time he was at the well not a shot had been fired, and he had no idea what was passing, or whether the men were still around or gone away. His impression was that they must have withdrawn. The fire was throwing out a fine, ruddy glow, which so far illumined the kitchen that he was chary about venturing into the light, for the door was still wide open, exposing the interior to any good shot. While thus deliberating what he had better do, he heard some one approaching, and, a few moments after, in bounded his boy, whom they had left on the watch at the corner of the lane. "They are gone, father," was his first exclamation. "Are you quite sure?" "O, yes, I both saw and heard them. One of them came close past me, as I lay in the grass behind the bushes. They collected together at the top of the lane, and started off up the hill towards Closky's." "Have you seen anything of the Indians?" he inquired. "No," said the boy, "not since they came with you." Mrs. White was at once told what had happened; the cows were milked and put up for the night, and supper was preparing, when the door opened, and in walked young White and his friend Samuel Bently. Mrs. White looked up from her work, as the door opened thus suddenly, and saluted her son Orlando with almost a scream of delight, coming, as he did, when help of his kind was of such consequence, and from the fact that she had not seen him for so long a time. Samuel Bently was welcomed warmly, as the son of an old friend, and the nephew of their remarkable acquaintance, friend and preserver, Bent, and for his own sake, as a youthful acquaintance of the family. Willie had fallen asleep, and must not be disturbed by even his brother, so they gathered round the table to a late supper, wondering where their friend Bent could be, but concluding he was following the Whig marauders. In this conjecture they were right. No sooner did

Bent and the Indians hear the first signal given than they knew they were intending to draw off. Bent, however, was desirous of gaining some advantage if possible, or failing this, to ascertain whether they were going to remain all night in the neighborhood. So skilfully was the withdrawal effected that Bent, with all his skill, could not obtain a single shot. It was ascertained, however, that they were going to stay at Closky's place all night, and that probably they might pay White a visit in the morning. All these matters were talked over, and their plans laid to give the marauders a warm reception in the morning should they venture a further attack. Young White, when he had ascertained the particulars of the outrage, could scarcely contain himself. Young Bent was much cooler, but quite as resolute. The old hunter was in high spirits at this unlooked for addition to his forces, and quite confident in his own mind that he could get both his nephew and his namesake Orlando to accompany him on certain intended expeditions, which he had for some time projected. The first rosy streaks of morn were just tinging the easterly sky when Bent and his party were climbing the slope which led to the head of the ravine where the contest of the evening previous occurred. They were none too early in their march, for they had not completed their arraugements when their look-out announced the approach of the enemy. This did not in the least disconcert Bent in his plans. "Keep close," he said, "and permit their scouts to make their observations without molestation. This will make them less guarded in their approach, and as everything depends upon our first fire, we must be careful to keep well together."

The bosky ravine, at the head of which they were standing, terminated in a precipitous cliff, perhaps sixty feet in height, surmounted by huge pines, one of which had at some former period fallen, and lay partially imbedded in the earth along the edge of the cliff and was now coated with mould and moss, and overgrown with shrubs forming a screen impervious to scrutiny from below. Ensconsed behind this prostrate giant they were safe from direct attack, even if seen, while at the same time they commanded all the approaches from the valley. It was thus admirable alike for concealment, observation and protection. The precipice continued for some distance down one side of the ravine, while on the other side the ascent was much less precipitous, and near the top terminated in a gradual ascent which was in fact the only practicable exit without actual clambering with both hands and feet. It was up this slope that Bent and his party were expecting the scouts to come, but from the moment when they were first seen they had disappeared from view. Waiting for some time in expectation every moment of their reappearance, Bent at last whispered to one of the brothers, Tawine (The Otter.) The Indian laid down his rifle and moved away along the precipice, crawling through the bushes without a rustle or sound to indicate his movements. Every eye and ear among that band of men was on the alert to catch a sound or see the slightest movement which might indicate the approach of the expected foe. "Uncle," said a voice in a low tone, and Sam Bent pointed to

the cliff some distance down, where a man stood partially concealed looking around. The elder Bent nodded. Very soon it was apparent what the man was looking for. Round a curve in the gorge a number of men were coming at a quick pace; the scout waved a branch and disappeared. Bent now examined the lock of his rifle and priming which was a signal for a similar movement with the others, for no time could now be lost. In a few moments Tawine returned, and selecting a position where his person was concealed, repeated the signal which the scout had been seen to make a short time before, but would never make again.

The ruse was successful, no sooner was the branch waved than the men came forward at a rapid pace. Now for the first time the other scout was seen among the trees of the embankment to the left, up which the party commenced to clamber. "Ready! all at once, fire," and the contents of nine rifles belched forth at the command given by Bent.

The effect was terrific; four were killed outright by the fire and several others less or more wounded. Bent had himself selected the scout waiting among the trees for his company to come up, and had brought him down.

Out of sixteen men, five were dead and three rather badly wounded. The remainder of the men surveyed the position for a few moments, apparently confounded with the suddenness of the concealed attack, and then rapidly sought shelter among the trees.

The skirmish was not over, Bent was one of the first to reload his rifle, but the men were in full retreat, and he did not press the pursuit, so that only a few more shots were fired. It was evident from their confusion at the first fire, that its fatality had quite astounded them, and led them to overrate the strength of the ambush. They made no attempt at a stand when they reached Closky's farm house, but mounting the wounded men first, they rapidly rode away.

As Bent and his party leisurely returned to Mr. White's, the shooting of Mr. Oakson's son was introduced, and Bent gave his namesake, Orland, White's eldest son a pressing invitation to join an expedition to the Mohawk, which he contemplated taking in a few days.

On reaching the house they found Mr. White digging a grave for the man he had shot the night before. He was quite a stranger in the neighborhood, and just as he had fallen, minus his forelock, he was buried.

It was only natural that Orland's mother should be anxious to retain her eldest son at home, when the subject of his leaving was again introduced at breakfast; but she said that she could not refuse her consent to even this sacrifice if Bent must have him. As to Orlando himself, he had been a rambler and adventurer for years, and such an opportunity for indulging his inclination could not be resisted, since his comrade Bently was also intending to join the party.

THE SUN AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM.

By Omicron.

In our last paper we showed that a coincidence exists between the sun-spot curve and that of Aurora, and magnetic disturbance. We also pointed out the fact, that at the periods at which the sun spots reach their maximum or minimum, a large portion of the North American continent experiences but a very little rainfall, as shown by the Toronto Observatory, and the height of the water of Lake Ontario as measured at the Toronto Harbour.* We also stated that a striking similarity exists between the Toronto *rain-fall* and the Glasgow *temperature.*

Now it is a remarkable fact, that a connection of some sort exists between the two latter, and the mean annual barometric pressure as recorded at Toronto: and though the ceincidence is not as apparent as that of sun-spots and rain-fall, the subject is too interesting to be passed over without notice.

The pressure of the barometer, as shown by the records of our Observatory, shows a *low* point under *both* maxima and minima, and a *very* low point about midway between the maxima and minima of spots; but not between the minima and maxima. It will be remembered that the curves of Toronto rainfall and Edinburgh temperature both showed nine waves since 1844, and the curve of barometric pressure shows nine waves also during the same period. In fact, rainfall, temperature and barometric pressure, seem all to be acted upon by some cause, which also acts on the sun, and produces spots more numerously at some periods than at others; and the connection appears to be of such a character, that if we can know the sun-spot period in advance, we shall have no great difficulty in foretelling the general character of the weather for any season yet to come.

There is one subject more to which we will refer before we proceed with our paper, it is this:—

Investigations which Mr. Ridgway and myself have been making, seem to show that a period of *storms* exists in Toronto about the time of the maxima of sun-spots. We are sorry that the records at our command do not extend backward beyond 1852, and hence caution is needed. But from 1852 to 1858 we had but few storms per year; no year giving us more than about 40 hours in which the wind blew at a greater rate than 30 miles per hour; and some of the years were without any storms. But with 1859 a period of storms commenced, which con-

*On this point we have much corroborative evidence and are gathering more. In a future number we may give the results.—Om.

tinued about three years, during which period we had nearly 80 storms yearly, and this period included the year of *sun-spot maximum.* Since that time we have had a period of calms, but now we find the number of storms rapidly increasing, and it does seem probable, though of course it is not certain, that we have again entered on a period which will be characterized by the unusual frequency and severity of its storms, and we must not forget that this is about the time when the sun-spots are at their maximum.

But before going further, it will be well for us to notice the fact, that many meteorologists have rushed to a conclusion which we think is altogether unwarranted, viz.:—That "if a connection exists between sun-spots and weather changes, the seasons must be influenced in the same manner at all places on the earth's surface." Now, even though the sun be supposed to act directly on the earth, it would not be proper to draw such a conclusion; we do not know by what means the sun might act, whether by increasing or diminishing the amount of evaporation, which would be simply the effect of *heat*, or by changing the *electrical* state of the earth, which would be connected with the earth's *magnetism*, and which might act (on rain-fall for instance) by simply changing the distribution without changing the total quantity, which might fall on the earth. Some facts seem to point in the latter direction, and though we may not be able at present to show *why* it should be so, the *eastern* hemisphere seems to get a *dry year*, a year in advance of the *western*. For the present, we must be content with knowing the facts; in the future we may find the cause.*

☞ It will, doubtless, have occurred to the reader, that, as so many meteorological changes appear to be connected in some manner with the sun-spot period, that in order to render this knowledge useful to mankind, it will be necessary to know when a sun-spot maximum or minimum may be expected.

This is not so easy as it might at first appear. It will be remembered that this period is very variable; that by taking an

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*Possibly we should not have expressed ourselves in this manner. Some portions of the eastern continent certainly have had *wet* years, where we have had our dry ones. But this rule may not hold good with the whole eastern continent.

From a Table in the Astronomical Register for Nov. 1871 (given for a very different purpose than that for which I shall make use of it,) W. Lawton, Esq., of Hull, has shown that 1855, 1856, 1860 and 1867 were their most cloudy years. The curve formed by the numbers shows clearly that our Yorkshire friends get a very cloudy period at maximum and minimum of sun-spots; and fine, clear weather between the maximum and minimum. The most probable explanation of the cause which occasions the weather to be different at the same time at Hull, in England, and Toronto; is, that rain clouds usually extend in long belts running east and west, or nearly so, as they are known to do in the tropics, and those belts cause rain at points situated beneath them, when at the same time two degrees of latitude either greater or less, might be free from cloud and rain. The clouds which cause the belts of Jupiter are thus arranged, and it is a remarkable fact, that those belts sometimes change their positions and move to a higher or lower latitude, and the e are many of our best astronomical observers who think that the changes on Jupiter's surface are influenced by the same causes which produce sun-spots, for the planet seems to undergo the greatest changes during the time of sun spot maxima. Now if a belt of clouds has stretched from east to west in north latitude, between 50 and 60°, during the present year, they will have had a rainy season in England, and as it is located in a higher latitude than we are in Canada, *we* shall not be affected by it. The rain from this cloud belt will have fallen to the north of us, and been drained off by the rivers which flow northward into Hudson Bay and the Polar sea; we getting a dry year: our neighbors far north of us a wet one. This is a possible cause of the fact that some points in the eastern hemisphere get dry seasons when we have wet ones.

What we want to settle the question is, a number of such records as the Toronto Observatory so happily furnishes us with; and as the years of greatest amount of cloud can be extracted from registers of astronomical observatories, by the fact, that such years will show fewer nights when it was possible to make observations than other years, we may possibly get the needed registers yet.

average of all periods Wolfe has found 11 1/9 years to be about the mean, but no period was just this length, some were more, some less, one was more than 16, another only 7, so there is nothing to guide us here; if we predicted a future maximum by adding eleven years to the present date, we might be four or five years astray, perhaps more. If we adopt Prof. Loomis' view and regard the average period as ten years it will not meet our difficulty, the period will still be exceedingly irregular, and to foretell the date of a coming maximum will be impossible.

Those who read the series of letters published in the *Leader* about a year ago, will know that the theory advanced by the writer as to the cause of sun-spot periodicity would fix the period of a coming maximum by a very different method from that of taking the average length of the period and adding it to the date of the last maximum, but in this paper we will not trouble ourselves with theory, but examine the facts.

From the tables of Wolf as quoted by Prof. Kirkwood, and the table of Prof. Loomis' in the *American Journal of Science*, for April last, I extracted the following dates, which I regard as the most probable dates of past sun-spot maxima:—

1750	1761.5	1770	1778.
1788.5	1804	1816.8	1830.
1837	1848	1860	1871.

Let us try to forget everything we know about the average period, and suppose some cause to exist which produces more than the usual quantity of spots, at the expiration of three periods, having the following lengths: 27.5, 30, and 33.3 years as in the following table:—

Year of Max. of Observation.	27.5 Year Period	30 Year Period	33.3 Year Period	
1750	1750			
1761.5		1758		
1739			1771	
1778	1777.5			
1787		1788		1787
1804	1805		1804.3	
1816.8		1818		
1830	1832.5			
1837			1837.6	
1848		1848		
1860	1860			
1871			1870.9	

The first column gives the years in which the record shows sun-spot maxima to have occurred, the next the 27.5 year period, the next the 30, and the last the 33.3 year one. Those periods, it will be seen, approach very near the true dates, and it must be remembered that the dates are liable to some error.

Thus by adding 27.5 to the last date on the first column we get 1887.5 for a future maximum, or in the second column, 1848 + 30 = 1878 for the date of our next maximum.

As this method has been but little astray in the past, we may place some confidence in it for the future.

We subjoin Tables from which some of the foregoing facts have been deduced.

Table 1.—Schwabe's observations of sun-spots.

Schwabe has been observing the sun for more than forty years, noting every day where new spots become visible, and we give the results of his observations in the following table.

A. D.	Days of no spots.	New Groups.
1826	22	118
1827	2	161
1828—Max	0	225
1829	0	199
1830	1	190
1831	3	149
1832	40	84
1833—Min	139	33
1834	120	51
1835	18	173
1836	0	272
1837—Max	0	333
1838	0	282
1839	0	162
1840	3	152
1841	15	102
1842	64	68
1843—Min	149	34
1844	111	52
1845	29	114
1846	1	157
1847	0	257
1848—Max	0	330
1849	0	238
1850	2	186
1851	0	151
1852	2	125
1853	3	91
1854	65	67
1855	146	79
1856—Min	193	34
1857	52	98
1858	0	188
1859	0	205
1860—Max	0	211
1861	0	204
1862	3	160
1863	2	124
1864	4	130
1865	25	93
1866	...	...
1867—Min	...	..
1868	...	..
1869	...	...
1870	...	...
1871—Max	...	...

This table makes us acquainted with the following facts:

1st. That sun spots are subject to a kind of periodical change.

2nd. That the period is not a regular period.

3rd. That the average interval from one maximum to the following one is about 11 years.

4th. That the maxima do not occur midway between the minima. This table shows that there have been sun spot maxima in the following years: 1829, 1837, 1848, 1860, 1871; and minima in 1833, 1844, 1856 and 1867.

There are very important coincidences between these dates and the general character of the weather of Ontario, as the records of the Toronto Observatory will plainly show, and I shall ask your attention to this point in my next.

TABLE II.—WOLF'S TABLE OF SUN SPOTS FROM 1749 TO 1825.

Year.	Relative No. of Spots	Max.	Min.	Year.	Relative No. of Spots.	Max.	Min.
1749	63.8			1788	90.6	1788.5	
1750	68.2	1750.0		1789	85.4[?]		
1751	40.9			1790	75.2		
1752	33.2			1791	46.1		
1753	23.1[?]			1792	52 7[?]		
1754	73.8		1755.7	1793	20.7[?]		
1755	6.0			1794	23.9		
1756	8.8			1795	16.5		
1757	30.4			1796	9.4		
1758	38.3[?]			1797	5.6		
1759	48.6[!]			1798	2.8		1798.5.
1760	48.9			1799	5.9		
1771	75 0	1761.5		1800	16.1		
1762	50.6			1801	30.9		
1763	37.4			1802	38.3[?]		
1764	34.5			1803	50.0[?]		
1765	23.0			1804	70.0[?]	1804 0	
1766	17.5[?]			1805	50.0[?]		
1767	33.6			1806	30.0[?]		
1768	52.2			1807	19.0[?]		
1769	85.7			1808	2.2		
1770	79.4			1809	8.0		
1771	73.2			1810			1810.5
1772	40.2			1811	0.9		
1773	39.8			1812	5.4		
1774	47.6[?]			1813	73.7		
1775	27.5			1814	20.0[?]		
1776	35.2			1815	35.0[?]	1816.8	
1777	63.0			1816	45.5		
1778	94.8			1817	43.5		
1779	99.2	1779.		1818	34.1		
1780	72 [illegible][?]			1819	22.5		
1781	67.1			1820	8.9		
1782	33.2[?]			1821	4.3		
1783	22 5[?]			1822	2.9		
1784	4.4(?]		1784.8	1823	1.6		1823.2
1785	18.3			1824	6.1		
1786	60.8			1625	17.4		
1787	92.8						

TABLE III.– TORONTO RAINFALL.

Year.	Toronto Rainfall.		Year.	Toronto Rainfall.	
1840	26.539		1857	33.265	
1841	37.670		1858	38.651	
1842	42.799	*	1859	23.185	Wet.
1843	43.545	Wet.	1860	33.434	Dry.
1844	19.440	Dry.	1861	26.995	
1845	22.335		1862	25.529	
1846	32.355		1863	26.483	
1847	33.960	Wet.	1864	29.486	
1848	22.205	Dry.	1865	26.599	
1849	32.215		1866	34.249	Wet.
1850	28.430		1867	19.141	Dry.
1851	26.875		1868	26.408	
1852	31.345		1869	31.182	
1853	33.550		1870	33 ?	Wet.
1854	27.765		1871	22 ?	Dry.
1855	31.605	Wet.	1872	27 ?	
1856	21.585	Dry.			

TABLE IV.—ANNUAL MEAN HEIGHT OF WATER ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Year.	M. Height.	Year.	M. Height.	Year.	M. Height.
1854.....	23.1	1860.....	18.3	1866.....	9.3
1855.....	17.8	1861	27.4	1867..... ...	19.7
1856.....	20.6	1862....	26.6	1868	4.6
1857.....	27.5	1863.....	20.4	1869..... ..	16.0
1858..	31.4	1864	18.0	1870.....	30.0
1859.....	28.6	1865.....	15.0		

DECEMBER MUSINGS.

BY MISS EMMA J. M. R.

December comes with gloomy clouds and storms,
With dress of snow and ice in wondrous forms,
Now Boreas trumpets forth his northern blast,
And the freed winds rush wildly, wailing past.
The naked forests bend with creaking groans,
And the wild tossing limbs reply in moans;
The nitrous particles borne on the blast,
Cold, piercing, tell, "winter is here at last."

Next comes the drifting snow, thick through the air,
Which shrouds the landscape with a garment fair,
And, pure and white, stretching o'er all the land
Transforms the scenery as with magic wand.

Two pictures now present themselves to me;
One is a scene of comfort, mirth and glee,
A cozy parlour and a cheerful tea.
The other cheerless, as such scenes can be;
No bright clear fire, no steaming urn of tea,
No books, no music, naught to please I see.

Another picture, let us now suppose,
Fasten the shutters, and the curtains close,
Now round the blazing fire, the ingle warm,
The social circle gathers, with its charm
Of chat and mirth, and tales so startling strange,
Of ghosts, which in old mansions wandering range;
And as the tales are told we nearer draw,
Start at each sound, the rustling of a straw.

Sometimes the subjects take a mournful strain,
Virtue distressed, houseless, in wind and rain,
Or travellers lost in snows among the hills,
Which, as narrated, through our nature thrills;
We listen to the roaring storm without,
And start, imagining we hear some shout.

'Tis but imagination! there again,
The swaying, lombard poplars in the lane
Sigh in the wind, that down the chimney roars,
Rattles the casements, bangs the swinging doors.
What a rough night! see how the powdery snow
Is dusting through the door above, below.

Such views enhance the comfort of the room,
Which shines a contrast to the outward gloom.
O merry Christmas time! which to our homes
Brings such festivities each time it comes;
The time for social visits yearly paid,
And when true charity extends its aid:
The time for roaring, crackling, pleasant fires,
For warming, generous thoughts and good desires,
A happy Christmas with its merry cheer
Be ours in this and each succeeding year.

TORONTO, December, 1871.

A CANADIAN GHOST STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By Counsel Weghric, Ph. D.

CHAPTER I.

It is getting quite unfashionable to believe in ghosts; and it is only now and again that we meet with a person sufficiently candid to confess that like their grandfathers and grandmothers, despite the pretensions and ridicule of modern philosophy with its rationalistic, and sometimes very unreal reasoning, they are believers in ghostly visitants. As I know that the editor, like myself, belongs to the old school, and is a firm and consistent believer in the spiritual world, with its dread realities, its visions which produce fear and trembling, so that the hair stands up, although no distinct form is seen, I have the greater confidence in offering a Canadian Ghost Story for the pages of The Canadian Magazine.

Why should it be deemed a thing incredible that the spirits of the departed assume bodily, but immaterial forms for certain purposes? Have we not the testimony of Eliphaz the Temanite "a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up." The testimony of St. John is positive that "the doors being shut," our Saviour, came "and stood in the midst of the disciples," on two separate occasions. It is true there was a miracle in this instance, for they were called upon by their master to see and examine the difference between his presence and that of a spirit—"for," said he, "a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." But this proves more than we ask for viz., that not only do spirits appear, but that it is possible for the veritable human body to appear and disappear like as the immaterial spirit can assume bodily form.

Our modern Sadducees offer quite as profound reasons for their skepticism as those of olden time did, and quite as consistently shake like an aspen when startled by some unaccountable, ghostly moan or rattle, while their faces blanch in the reflection of some mysterious visitant their quaking hearts have conjured up, but which with chattering teeth they attempt to disavow.

But leaving disquisition I will narrate what was told me, leaving my readers believers or professed unbelievers to tremble at their leisure. Some twenty years ago I was travelling in the counties of Middlesex and Elgin, and on one occasion was staying at the residence of a friend with whom among other subjects of conversation that of ghosts and haunted houses was being freely discussed, when I hazarded the opinion 'that such like things were much scarcer in this country than in Europe.' My friend observed in answer "that

in proportion to the population, and the houses we were not much behind the older countries, and that in time he had no doubt we should compare as fairly in this respect as in others." 'Well but,' I answered, 'I have travelled for months now and have not met with a single haunted house or heard of an authentic ghost.' "That may be," said my friend, "but it is because people don't care to own up to such notions, and consequently will not talk on such subjects with strangers.

But as to ghosts and haunted houses I can tell you a tale, which is well known and believed in this neighbourhood by the old settlers."

As he was saying this—

> He poked the fire of blazing logs,
> Which lay piled high on iron dogs.
> The sparks rushed out from bark and pore,
> And fell in showers upon the floor.

I looked around and wondered whether the house in which we were sitting was haunted, and whether I should be the hero of some ghostly adventure on this my visit; but my host commenced his story and thus interrupted my cogitations. The narrative I will endeavour to report as faithfully as my memory will serve and enable me to give.

"About the year of the war, 1812, we were living near the Talbot settlement and not far from us and yet not exactly neighbours lived a man and his wife all alone for they had no children. Very little was known of them and what little was seen of them was by no means in their favour. They had come over from the States about the commencement of the century and settled in the wild forests some few miles back from the lake.

Black Dick, the name by which he was known at our house and some others, was a morose sort of fellow, whose manners I did not like, and whose face, so far as I could judge, had villain stamped all over it, as plain as crime can mark the human features without some judicial brand.

Dick did not like me, and as for that, I don't suppose there was much love lost between us. We were at a logging bee together, soon after I settled there, and after the principal work was over, the men, a little merry over the whiskey which had been handed round freely, began to play a few pranks.

Among the rest present was a little Englishman, from Devonshire, who it seems had been a prize wrestler at home, and some way or other this was mentioned, and Dick could not let the matter pass quietly, but insisted upon a trial of the Englishman's skill.

As no one cared so much about the matter as Dick, it was proposed that he should contest the matter himself.

The contest proved very short, sharp and decisive, for Dick got two very heavy falls in rapid succession; and as the disparity in the size of the two men was very great, Dick's total discomfiture produced much merriment at his expense, and as this was undisguised Dick became angry, and sought to redeem his position by challenging the Englishman to an up and down fight. I was not paying much attention to what was passing, but a young man came up to me and

whispered that Dick had a very ugly looking clasp knife concealed behind him, which he thought he was intending to use if he got an opportunity, and wished me to interfere before the quarrel went any farther. I did not particularly object to the men giving each other a few knocks, or as our Devonshire man called them, *nackes*, but I would not stand by and permit the use of knives to cut and maim, and possibly murder.

I went over at once to where the dispute and preparations for fight were proceeding, and in the presence of all challenged Dick with having in his possession an open knife. I told him that if he attempted to use any foul play here, he would receive no mercy, and that I would be the first to punish him summarily on the spot.

The serious determination of my countenance and manner seemed to have considerable effect not only on the combatants but on the spectators, who were all, except myself and our new neighbours, for whom we had been putting up the log heaps, under the influence of the whiskey. While I was explaining matters, a stranger had come up, unnoticed by myself, and as soon as I had done speaking, to my surprise and that of all present, undertook to defend the use of weapons in fighting. The man spoke with that detestable nasal twang which was common among his class, for he was a Yankee pedler. I do not know how to explain my antipathy to this class of men, but I never had the patience to listen to one of them, say nothing of dealing with them.

As the man began to talk, I shrugged my shoulders and started for the house, but he was determined that I should hear him, and called me back, assuring me that he had no intention of "scaring me," but wanted to supply me with some new ideas. There was so much insolence in the man's manner that I turned short round, walked straight back to where he stood, in an attitude of familiar jesting, and asked him in my sharpest tone what he meant? He commenced his answer with something like "dutell," in a jeering tone, and the next moment he lay flat on the ground with my foot on his prostrate body.

The man seemed utterly confounded with the knock down he had received, and was in fact thoroughly cowed. He was rather above the middle height, spare and wiry looking, and from his crestfallen appearance and remarkable change of bearing, from impudence to sneaking submission, was regarded as a fit subject for general contempt. He had, I found out subsequently, been in the habit of coming into the neighborhood for some time in his pedling rounds, and was pretty well known by the neighbours throughout the settlement. Singular to say, after this evening, he was never seen again —at least his body was never seen. It was well known that he went away in company with Black Dick, and that they were, when last seen together, going in the direction of Dick's house. From that day, however, the man's periodical visits to our neighbourhood ceased altogether. Occasionally some neighbour would jocularly twit me with having turned the tables on the pedler, and that instead of being scared myself I had scared him, or shamed him from coming his usual round.

I did not, however, believe this had anything to do with the man's disappearance, neither do I think any one else actually believed that it had, but people like to have their joke.

Months passed away, and I had almost forgotten the circumstance, at least it seldom occurred to my mind, when it was brought back in a curious way. I was out in the yard picking up a few chips to brighten the fire when a strange man accosted me enquiring if my name was Mr. W. He then informed me that he was trying to find the pedler, fully describing the man, who formerly travelled through the settlement.

I invited the man into the ho· and told him all I knew about the pedler, which of course was not much. In turn, however, he told me some things which quite astonished me. The pedler was known to be worth a considerable sum of money, besides other property in notes, and no trace of this could be obtained.

I found out by further questioning that this man was himself a relative of the family, and was intending to marry the sister of the missing man. It was at her request and importunity he had commenced the search which hitherto had been fruitless.

After thinking over the matter for some little time, I asked the stranger to have a little refreshment, and I would go with him to my nearest neighbour and talk the matter over, which we did with this result that—we must go over together to Black Dick's and see what account he gave of the affair, as every one said he was last seen in Dick's company. It is surprising how soon strange news will spread over a settlement. The man, in coming up, had called at several farm-houses, making his enquiries, and this, together with former circumstances, stimulated curiosity, so that before we left the house two neighbours dropped in, and shortly after another, so that we were quite a company.

My near neighbour and myself were both official men, and we were of course expected to make all the necessary enquiries and conduct the examination, which it was generally conceded was now a matter of simple justice.

The man had traced his relation to our settlement, and it was well known the pedler had gone no farther on his usual route, and no one could ever discover the way or the when he had returned.

One man spoke out plainly what perhaps others had thought, that the man had met with foul play. We went in a body down to Black Dick's place, it was getting dark, and although we did not expect to see the place lit up with candle light, we did expect to see some light in the place; but when we got to the house we found it dark, and to all appearances there had been no fire for some time, but how long, it was impossible to say.

Black Dick and his wife did very little visiting, and their absence, together with the silence around the place, made the appearances worse than before. Nothing further could be done in the matter that night; and in the morning, the stranger, my neighbour and myself went over again to Dick's house, but we found it closed as the night before and, with the exception of two or three cats about the barn, we did not see a living thing on the place.

The stranger, before leaving for home, promised to write to me should anything transpire of interest, and I in return engaged to send him word if anything occurred of sufficient moment to be sent. The winter nights were coming on, and nothing new had turned up, the only thing spoken about was the cause of Dick's absence and where he and his wife were gone.

I think it was about the end of November that we were startled one evening as we were sitting at tea by two young men rushing into the kitchen in a state of great excitement, and it was some time before I could understand what had so much alarmed them. I might as well explain here that one of the young men was the same who came to tell me at the logging bee about Black Dick having a concealed knife, and the other was my own son.

After recovering their breath and their wits, they told Mrs. W. and me that they were coming through the woods talking, and all at once noticed, a little way ahead, a man walking. They pushed on faster to see who it was, and just as they were getting up with him he quickened his pace and turned down in the direction of Black Dick's. Looking after the man it seemed to occur to them both at the same instant that it was the pedler, for as one said "is not that the Yankee?" the other began saying "that is like the pedler."

They had stopped involuntarily to look after the receding figure and concluding it must be as they thought, they agreed to follow him and see where he was going, because they were certain Black Dick had not returned, and there was no other place to stay in that locality.

Keeping in the shade of the trees, they followed as fast as they could go, and as soon as they reached the clearing got behind the fence and were only the breadth of the wood yard away when the man went up to the door, which was all dark, and went into the house, but how they could not be sure, as they did not hear nor see the door open.

The man was gone that was certain, for though it was getting dusk, it was still so light that they could have seen any one standing at the door. My son was the first to speak.

"Did not he go in?"

"Of course he did."

"Well that's strange!"

They waited for some time expecting to see a light, but neither light nor sound came from the house. While puzzling themselves as to what this could mean, they thought they could hear the sound of wheels coming towards the house, and sure enough in a short time a waggon drove up the lane and in it were a man and woman.

There was no mistake of persons this time, any how, for Black Dick was there and so was his wife, sure enough. Dick got down from his waggon, helped his wife down, and they heard him ask her—where the key was, but could not hear her answer.

They saw them go up to the door, heard it unlocked, heard the door open, and shortly after saw them strike a light.

They were so much amazed at the whole circumstances that they at

once started across the clearings and came to my house. But I see supper is waiting for us, so if you have no objection we'll have supper and that will strengthen our nerves for the remaining part of the story."

CHAPTER II.

What form is that which silent stalks
In midnight shades and lonely walks?
Stops, turns and paces sad and slow,
Now moves erect, then bending low?
Looks upward with despairing gaze,
Or with clasped hands stoops in amaze?
Hark! what distress, what hollow moans,
How the flesh creeps to hear such groans.
What dreadful crime is there conc'ealed?
What sins unshrived? what wounds unhealed?
Murder is there, still unredressed,
"Murder will out," crime be confessed.

After supper we removed to the parlour, where a bright cheerful fire lit up the room with its sparkling, crackling blaze, and seemed to welcome us to its warmth and company. There, ensconced in a roomy arm chair, I listened to the following concluding story.

"You see, after hearing the young men tell what had occurred, I at first concluded the more marvellous portion was due to imagination. They had been, I thought, taken by surprise on first seeing the pedler, who had no doubt actually returned, and that either they were mistaken about his going up to the door or else that, finding it locked, he had gone round to the barn or somewhere else, until they had arrived, and that it was quite likely he was then sitting by the fire with Black Dick, waiting while supper was got ready.

Satisfied that the morrow would fully remove any mystery connected with the affair, I told the young fellows to say nothing more about the matter; that, although it looked strange that the pedler had come first, on foot, it might prove that he knew of their return, or had come part of the way with them, and having for some reason separated from them, he had happened to get there first and just tried the door to see if it was fastened, and finding it was, had gone somewhere until he heard or saw they had arrived.

The morrow came and passed but no pedler put in an appearance; and strange to say, as day after day went by, and what the young men had seen began to be talked about, for it had some way leaked out, it was confidently asserted by farmers living near the road the team had come, that Black Dick and his wife had no one with them when they passed, and no one could be found who had seen the pedler.

Very little was seen of either Dick or his wife, they had always been noted for their want of sociality, and as they made no advances no one seemed to care about visiting them.

The next news which came to my ears was not a rumour but a positively asserted fact that, ever since Dick's arrival, everything that he had purchased at the store had been usually paid for in Mexican

dollars, and that he had been seen with a large purse full of these coins. This was much talked about, as you know folks will talk, more especially in a thinly settled neighbourhood. It had so suspicious an appearance, that a few, principally young men, not content with talking commenced watching. For my own part I had ceased to trouble my head about the matter, concluding it would be by far the best to let things take their own course and if there was anything wrong, time would tell. I was not far out in my reckoning.

A party of young folks who had been to a paring bee, (I think it was) were returning in merry mood, laughing or talking or singing as it suited their humour, when, as they were passing through a swampy cedar patch, one of the girls saw a man walking deliberately along among the trees, where, from her knowledge of the locality, she knew there were almost impassable marshes. Thinking she was mistaken she called to her companions, and after examining the figure for some time one of the young men said it was the pedler, who had been seen before in these woods.

The moon was at the full, and the sky cloudless, so that except in the shadows a very fair view could be obtained of his form and movements. which, as I was told by the young men, and the girls too, were somewhat strange.

The place where he was walking was a morass of considerable depth, not exactly a pool of water, but altogether too soft to bear up the weight of a man. Yet there he was in the hollow, pacing slowly backward and forward, every now and then he stopped, stooped forward, as though in great bodily pain, and then again commenced his walk looking upward as if contemplating the heavens or admiring the moon as she walked in brightness, queen of the night.

One of the young men called out to the moving figure and asked several questions, when they saw it turn in their direction raising a hand as if beckoning to the party. As this was done one of the girls fainted outright with fright, and the attention of the rest was at once directed to her, and when they next looked for the figure it was gone.

You may be certain that this report spread far and wide, and many persons came from some distance to see the place. My next neighbour was then reeve, and he called soon after to consult with me; and we went down to the swamp to survey the place carefully, not with instruments but to form a rough idea, and see if the place could be drained in any way without involving too much expense. We found however it would be a heavy job, and, in the absence of more definite proof, we did not like to assert what we both believed that, either that the pedler or some other man had been murdered and thrown in there, or else had perished from some other cause.

The suspicion at last became so strong against Black Dick, that he was a marked man, shunned by every one. Even those who had been on the very best terms, any one could be with such a morose being, began to avoid him and would not be seen taking a *horn* of whiskey in his company.

Of course the man could not help seeing these things, and feeling them too. Beside, I suppose the man had a kind of a conscience, though in his case it must have been a peculiar one.

We were about our work one morning in the following spring when we noticed a woman coming up the lane to the house, she appeared to be very feeble and walked slowly. To our surprise it was Dick's wife. She had been suffering all winter from colds, she said, and she did not know what was amiss with her. Her manner was stranger than her looks, and she looked very ill. She was restless; eyed the smallest movement, as if curious and suspicious; she would commence telling Mrs. W. something, break off abruptly and commence speaking about something else all the time speaking fast and unconnectedly.

I had an impression at the time, and I think so still, that she had come up to our place to relieve her mind of something she wanted to tell, but had not courage to do so. She had plainly an impression that she was going to die and was afraid of death. She did not stay long; Dick was gone to town for some bitters, she said, and promised to bring the doctor, and so she must be going. She looked at me quite wistfully, and I thought tears were in her eyes as she bade us good-bye, but she promptly rejected my offer to drive her down home.

I never saw her again. The doctor attended her, it was a short illness and Dick never left her for more than a few moments at a time. The doctor said she commenced to tell him something one day when Dick was gone out, but she had said nothing he could make any sense of before her husband's return.

Besides this he saw nothing peculiar in her case. 'Whatever Dick might be in other respects he was remarkably attentive and kind to his wife.'

Soon after her death Dick came up to me one day and said 'Governour, Sarai al'ays said I should sell my place to you, if I sold at all, and I kinder think I will sell now, as it's not pleasant living batch down there.' 'Well,' I said, 'what do you want?' He named a sum which made me stare, for it certainly was much less than the place was worth. 'Nonsense,' I said, 'You know the place is worth more.' 'I do,' he said, 'but I am wanting to sell, and from you I'll take that.' 'I'll take the place off your hands I said, but I shall give you a week to think it over, before I bind you to the bargain.' 'Well then, I consider the matter settled and will make my preparations.'

This was the way I came to buy the property. The house was considered then, and is still, one of the best log houses in the country, although I did not like the location very well.

The first tenant was an Englishman; as fine looking a specimen of the Shropshire farm labourer as you could desire to see. He had not been living in the house a month, when he came one night with his wife to tell me that he did not like the house. 'Why,' I said, 'what's amiss with it?'

'I don't know zactly,' he said, 'but I think *her's* haunted.' 'Nonsense,' I said, someone has been imposing on you. Has anyone been telling you tales about the former owner?' 'No,' he said 'no person had said a word, but soon after he went in, they were disturbed in the night, but concluded it was something round the house they had heard, and so he would not mind it. But *laws* master its shocking bad, I tell 'ee.' He spoke in his native dialect with a sharp

jerking manner that, while it amused me, showed that the man was really in earnest. I tried to reassure him, and told him that I really could not imagine what there could be about the house to annoy or frighten any body, and that I should fell obliged to him if he would give the house a fairer trial before he condemned it. 'If you hear anything,' I said, 'try and make out what it is like, and let me know all the particulars. If there is anything wrong we must have it set right if possible.'

He went home, and in the morning I saw him again, and made inquiries if he had been disturbed the last night. 'No,' he said, not particularly.' I saw him about his work on the farm, and as he said nothing more on the subject, I did not either, thinking he might feel ashamed at what he had said about being afraid.

I had to go from home and was absent about a week, when on my return I noticed as I was coming over the farm that the old log house, as we called it, was lit up and seemed to be inhabited. As I passed very near to it, I walked up and peeped through the window, and there sitting by the fire was my Shropshire farm labourer, nursing, while his wife was busy preparing the supper. Of course I did not disturb them. I soon learnt the particulars of what had happened while I was away, which were as follow :—

The night of the day I left home the young farmer had gone by invitation to a singing school. He had a good voice and knew how to use it, so he was soon in requisition by the young folks. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock at night when he arrived at home and found his wife in a dreadful state of excitement. She told what she heard and saw to Mrs. W. on the following morning. She was sitting on the hearth knitting 'the clock,' she said, 'had just given warning for ten, when she thought she felt a draught as though the door had opened, she noticed too at the same time that the logs brightened and the sparks flew, as they will when blown with a current of air. She turned round to see if the door had been opened, and as she did so she became conscious that some person was crossing the floor in the direction of the best bed room or parlour, the door to the parlour was open and as soon as the footsteps had entered, the door closed, for she not only saw it shut to but heard the click of the latch.

She was so amazed with what she had seen that she was at a loss what to do. She managed however to get back to her chair, and sat listening. For some minutes she could hear nothing, but at length she detected the same movement pacing backward and forward as before and was momentarily expecting to see the parlour door opened by invisible agency when the footsteps of her husband caught her ear and she was relieved from her terrible watch.

He was a brave man, and when she had explained to him the cause of her alarm, for she was as pale as a spectre herself, he lit a candle and carefully examined the parlour but nothing could be found, and he wanted to persuade her that she had been dreaming, when a moan, so fearful and unearthly that it fixed them to the spot in horrified surprise, sounded close behind them. They stood staring at each other, expecting every moment to hear a repetition of the dreadful sound, but nothing further happened to alarm them. In the morn-

ing they told Mrs. W. what they had seen and heard, and she at once went with them to the old log house, the one first built on the farm. We had used it for lumber of all kinds for years, but as they were anxious to move into it at once, all hands were set to work to renovate and clear it up, and before night they were comfortably settled in the old place and more than this were very well satisfied with the change.

I suppose the house in the hollow, Black Dick's, had been standing empty for a year or more, yes more than a year, and we were thinking what we had better do with it, when a queer customer turned up.

He was a man of good education but of bad habits, as regarded morals and temperance, he was a great naturalist and taxidermist, and spent most of his time during the day in the woods. I told him the house had a bad reputation—that it was haunted—and that he would probably be disturbed occasionally. 'If there is nothing worse than ghosts and hobgoblins, sprights and apparitions, elfs and spectres and such like visitors,' he said, 'I shall be happy. A rat will do more mischief to my specimens in one night than all the bogles that ever visited Christendom.' And sure enough as long as he remained there were no complaints. I asked him one day if he never saw anything or whether he had never been disturbed. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have occasionally heard something like a man pacing backwards and forwards in that front room, and one night there was a horrible row; it wakened me up, and forgetting myself I jumped up and opened the door into that parlour, and if I did not give them some jaw-breakers its queer to me. They settled down pretty quick, so did I, for my shirt felt a good deal colder than my temper. However, it did good, I have not been troubled much since. I dare say they took me for some old majician for I exhausted a pretty extensive vocabulary of anathemas and necromantic slang.'

'Why,' I said, 'were there two ghosts, for you speak in the plural about them.'

'Two, of course, there were two, and a jolly row they raised in the place. Why it was as bad as two mastiffs o'er a bone.'

'But were you not scared.'

'Oh, I was too tearing *mad* to be scared; I was thinking about it after, though, and wondering whether that kind of cattle can hurt a fellow or not.'

The testimony of this man staggered me completely. I had always tried to account for the other statements which had been made, but here was a man, who seemed utterly unconcerned about everything but his specimens in natural history, indirectly and unintentionally making the case worse than any one had thought of doing previously.

What puzzled me was that only one person had been seen and one only heard walking except on this one occasion. If it was the pedler who was the usual walker, who was this second person?

The naturalist left our part of the country, and as I was wanting to do some chopping I hired two young men, who of their own accord asked permission to use the house down on the other farm. They brought a stove for cooking and we lent them a table and some other furniture to serve them in a rough way. I think it was the third night of their stopping there, that as they were sitting before the

open fire talking and smoking, they heard some one try the latch of the door and both looked round to see who was coming at that time of night, for it was getting late and they were just thinking about going to bed, which in their case was simply a lot of oat straw and buffalo robes. As they looked round they both became sensible of something like a cold draught, still the door did not open, at least they did not see it open and were certain, so far as eyesight could go, that it had not been opened.

They both got up and went to the door thinking that some one was playing a trick upon them, but there was no one round so they sat down again expecting every moment an explanation. As they sat thus in expectation of some movement, the one who sat facing the window looking up incidentally saw a man's face peering through. The face was quite close to the glass when he first saw it, and it gave him such a start that he involuntarily cried out. His companion seeing him start, and the look of terror on his countenance, was quite as badly frightened as himself, and turned round instantly to see what horrid object had produced such an effect upon his comrade, and just in time to see the receding face and head.

'What in the name of wonder is that' he exclaimed. The one who had first seen the face said nothing but stood staring at the window and door completely transfixed with surprise and fear. The face they saw must have been a most startling sight, certainly, if it at all corresponded with the description given of it by both of them.

The eyes glowed like coals of fire, the thin sharp features seemed transparent, while the long flowing beard appeared to shine like luminous threads.

For some moments they were so completely occupied with this startling apparition as to be quite unconsious of everything else, till aroused by the cold wind blowing in from the door, which to the astonishment of both they now saw was standing wide open, and yet both solemnly avowed they were looking at it and the window the whole time.

They neither of them spoke nor moved, they felt incapable of doing either, and while in this attitude there came from the parlour a rushing, sighing sound, it seemed to them like a wind passing and meeting another at the door, which produced a whirling motion, the flames and sparks leaped up the chimney for one moment, and the next dashed outward into the room filling it with smoke and ashes.

For a time the commotion continued as though a violent contest was proceeding for mastery, and then gradually moved away towards the woods, where it spent itself in mournful wailings.

It was about half-past ten when the young fellows knocked at our door, each carrying a buffalo robe, and requested permission to sleep on the kitchen floor for that night. Of course we found them a bed which they continued to use until their chopping job was finished.

Up to this time the young man who came looking after the pedler had not written, but one day there came a letter from him which contained some curious and suggestive information, which I will give as briefly as I can. He was married to the pedler's sister, and some

months before writing his attention had been called to an advertisement asking for the address of his wife under her maiden name.

This advertisement he at once answered, which terminated in their going west to see a lawyer who held in trust certain property which had been left in his hands by a man who had for some years lived in Canada.

This man had known and had dealings with a pedler who travelled there, and who died at his house quite suddenly! leaving in his charge a considerable sum of money, papers, and other valuables. Being unable to resist the temptation, he had kept this money in his possession; but the death of his wife and his own failing health had constantly reminded him of the necessity for full restitution, and he had therefore left for the rightful heir, the sister of the dead man, not only all the property entrusted to him, but a considerable amount of his own, which he trusted would be regarded as a fair and full reparation for any injustice which she might have received through his retention of the property. He closed his legacy by a hope that the Great Disposer of all Events would accept the peace offering so far as this world was concerned, and that he might trust in that Saviour who saved the thief on the cross.

Several years after we were making great improvements on the farm, and among the rest we cut the deep drain which you might notice runs through the swamp. When cutting this the skeleton of a man was found, entire, which we supposed was that of the missing pedler.

Many questions suggest themselves. How did he come by his sudden death? What did Dick's wife want to tell? Did the pedler's ghost haunt the house during Dick's residence, and was it this apparition which was seen coming there, and subsequently in the marsh, where the skeleton was afterwards found? Was the second ghost Dick, quarrelling with the pedler?

These questions cannot be satisfactorily answered, but it is quite likely that, although Dick did make all the reparation possible at the last moment, when the pedler and he met disembodied on the former scene of their business relations, the pedler would require a better balance sheet than Dick could present by his system of book-keeping.

Our readers must judge for themselves.

THE RELATIONS OF LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

By Wm. Boyd.

It is not so much our intention, in this paper, to ventilate original speculations regarding this highly interesting and important subject, as to place before our readers, in a popular manner, some of its leading features, with a view to interest them in a subject which is intimately connected with the material well-being of all. Nowhere better than in a new country like Canada is the importance of labour and capital in the development of national wealth recognised, and therefore it cannot be inappropriate, in the pages of *The Canadian*

Magazine to inquire into the relations of tûe two forces which exercise such a potent influence on the prosperity of our community.

Man might be described as a trading animal. In exchange for whatever he requires or wishes to possess, he must give an equivalent. Men, for the most part, possess only one equivalent—labour. This is all they have wherewith to supply their wants, and the wants of those dependent upon them. Each individual man might till the soil for bread, manipulate fig-leaves after his own fashion, frame a shelter from the weather, and enjoy life as well as such independent circumstances permitted. But it is very obvious that this state of matters might be vastly improved by a mutual understanding and co-operation among a community of men. Hence we find that, since all time, there have been between buyer and seller a relationship which contains the very fundamental principles of a community, call it barter, commerce, trade, division of labour—what you will. Out of this arises the next important relationship in the economy of a community—rich and poor; as one man's superior frugality, industry, skill or invention enables him to buy with his own produce, more of his neighbours' products than he himself requires, and hence a surplus of wealth accumulates, generally in the shape of currency, it may be of coin or notes, or even brass rods as employed by the natives of the west coast of Africa. Whatever, in fact, represents value in respect of commodities. From this last, again, arises the relationship of employer and employee, as the possession of wealth creates the possibility of one man commanding the labour of another.

Labour is that power whereby men are enabled to operate upon the stores of nature in respect of location or condition, so as to make them subservient to their own use and convenience. So long as a pine flourishes in the forest, it is of no practical value. It may have a prospective value, and the right to cut it down may be bought and sold, but that is when it is marked out for the lumberer's axe. When chopped, transported to the saw mill, made into boards, and built into a frame house, that produce of nature has been operated upon both in respect of location and condition, and made subservient to man's use. Whatever, therefore, is successfully operated upon by labour, for this end, acquires what is termed value, and the thing so appropriated is termed wealth. Labour, then, is the source of wealth, and the degree of value attached to any article of wealth is to be determined by the amount and quality of the labour expended on it, for though there are multitudes of cases in which the value is not commensurate, either with the amount or quality of the labour, it is because of circumstances which we will term accidental and occasional. We may also here remark, that the wealth of a nation or community is very much affected by similar accidental and occasional circumstances; accidental in respect of the natural advantages of the land they inhabit, such as fruits, soil, minerals, climate, and even rivers, lakes, harbours, and a thousand other such physical circumstances, which, it may be were kept in view by the All Wise in apportioning the different parts of the earth to the different races of men, or it may be that these circumstances themselves have gone to form the various characteristics of the various races; occasional in respect of good or bad harvests,

peace or war, and other such conditions. The term 'wealth' is generally used as a *synonym* for 'value,' because, for trading purposes, wealth is estimated, not by its character and bulk, as in the days of patriarchal Job, but by its market value. We will have to use the term in this indiscriminate sense. Taking facts for his data, the political economist finds that men make the accumulation of wealth a chief object in life. We have said it is superior frugality, industry, skill and invention which enables one man to grow richer than his neighbour. There must be some strong incentive to call out these self-denying virtues, or talents which involve increased application, anxiety and toil, other than the mere miserly accumulation of money. The rich man can enjoy life without the anxiety of providing for each succeeding to-morrow; he can, for himself and family, procure all those advantages of education and comfort which open up possibilities in this world that are, for the most part, denied to the many; he can command that leisure so necessary to intellectual and æsthetic pursuits: and, not least, possesses that independence which must always be wanting to the man who depends for sustenance upon his daily toil. The advantages possessed by a wealthy nation are analogous to those possessed by individuals, and it is in the purchase of such advantages that much of the wealth of men and nations is expended.

But wealth can be turned to yet another account, and can be made to produce wealth. To this end it is transformed into capital. We might define capital as those conditions calculated to aid and facilitate labour; and which are created by the judicious expenditure of wealth. The human mind seems to have been created with a special aptitude for recognising and developing such conditions, as we find them abounding in the simplest implements of manual labour, as well as the most elaborate machinery, so much so that some have found it profitable to go to the expense of patenting a particular shape of spade handle! As every business transaction shows a debit and credit side, so every phase of commercial relations exhibits this double feature of labour and capital. There is not a man who has not been benefitted by its chief concomitant—the division of labour. There is not a quality of talent but may find in these relations a suitable sphere and plenty of scope for its exercise. If the accumulation of wealth be a blessing to the individual, its employment in the production of wealth has been of incalculable benefit to humanity at large. It has purchased the time, the talent, and the labour which has elaborated modern civilization, a system which provides for every temporal want and comfort of mankind with a precision, and to an extent that, it may not be profane to say, is second only in importance to the providence that regulates all things.

It might be thought that where two things were so intimately related and bound up with each other as labour and capital, there could be no question of antagonism between them. But the same might be said of the relation of husband and wife, and we know how that sometimes works. There has been too many "strikes" among workmen, and too much "locking-out" among employers, especially in Europe, where the relations of labour and capital have been refined to the utmost nicety for centuries, to avoid seeing that each of

them has a self, and a self-interest apart from the other. Yet it is not good that these unseemly quarrels and antagonisms should obtain in well regulated communities. They involve a loss absolute to the capitalist, to the labourer, and to the community at large. How is it, then, that they continue to recur like a periodic plague? They have surely gone on long enough to furnish data for their thorough explication, and the world is badly in need of the man who can declare the philosophy of strikes.

The interests of labour and capital are one, as regards the greatest amount of production, but may be antagonistic as to their respective share. Three things enter into a manufacturer's calculation in estimating the price of his product: cost of material, cost of labour, and profit due for his outlay of capital. The first of these items we have already shown to be identical with the second, so that we have only to recognise two things—wages and profit. Capital does not require that its profits should be at the expense of labour. If labour be cheap, the public should have the benefit, as, if labour be dear, the public have to pay for it. The legitimate source of profit is in the superiority of production created by capital, as against unaided labour; and the extent to which this extra production may be secured as profit is regulated by competition in trade. Trade is in an unhealthy condition when capitalists cannot command a reasonable profit, which state of matters is not unfrequently brought about by unprincipled traders. This may affect the labour market temporarily, but it ought to affect it only on the analagous principle that a whole community should equally bear the damages inflicted by a riotous mob in their midst. The consumers, whose part and interest it is, can well afford a fair profit to the capitalist.

The employer seeks his labour in the cheapest market, and the workman sells it in the dearest. Supply and demand act as a regulator in this matter, just as the disturbed or undisturbed state of the political world affects the price of consols. But, like consols, each of these elements in wealth-producing, has an intrinsic value based upon substantial grounds, and which ought not to be affected to any material extent by such circumstances. Capital and labour have each their portion, but we can easily conceive circumstances under which the one may encroach upon, or tyranise over the other. Generally speaking, the capitalist has the 'pull' on the labourer, much as the provident man has on the improvident. We believe that it is the consciousness of this which has created Trades' Unions. These institutions we regard as right in principle, in as far as they seek to guard against the oppression of those who have the power to oppress. We can understand the utility of trades' unions seeking out *data* as to the exact market value of their respective handicrafts, and encouraging resistance to any attempt to defraud the workman of his just wages; but here their functions ought to cease. Coercion of workmen, or anything analogous to 'rattening' of employers is entirely unjustifiable, and even wanting in common sense. If a man, who has a starving family, sees it his duty to submit to oppression for a season on account of those he holds dear, that is no reason why others should be aggrieved with him, and constrain him to a course

which is more hurtful than the other. Indeed, those who hold out, ought to count something on the sympathy of the man who cannot afford to adopt that course. 'Looks out' are the direct consequences of this coercion policy, and though also wrong in principle, this much is to be said for them, that they are a retaliation naturally provoked by the undue exercise of the influence of trades' unions.

Men are beginning to open their eyes to the *ratio* of these things, and to recognise the wisdom of neutral arbitration. A thorough system of arbitration between master and men would be of more substantial benefit to the community, than the most perfectly framed scheme of Poor's Law; and in the education of the masses, a little knowledge of political economy would do more towards the arranging of these disputes, than any amount of arbitrary enactments.

BOYHOOD'S EVENING.

See! see, Mamma! yon mystic veil,
Where far beyond are spread,
Exhaustless wastes, and sylvan glades,
And paths I've *yet* to tread!
Led on by *Hope*, I lift that veil,
And lo! the sun-lit Isles—
Resplendent meads, where *Valour* sports
And *Beauty* ever smiles!
And *Fame*, with all her fairy nymphs,
A wreath of laurel swings
High o'er the throne, where *Honour* sits
And *Virtue* sweetly sings!

* * * *

Come! come, Mamma! and let us see
What charms the *Future* hath for *me*!

Yon sylvan meads, where *Valour* sports
And fadeless laurel grows,
Lie there for *me*, when I have *won*
The wreath that *Fame* bestows!
And *Honour* calls, and *Virtue* sings,
And *Beauty* sends her smiles,
Exhorting *me* to woo that wreath
And win those sun-lit Isles!

* * * *

Such charms, the brilliant *Future* hath
For boys who tread that glorious path!

J. S. W.

Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1871.

THE CIVIL LIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

TEST OF RESPECTABILITY FOR DISSENTING PREACHERS—THE EFFECT OF SUCH REPRESSIVE MEASURES.

In our second paper, we noticed some of those causes which had gradually been operating upon the masses of England, arousing them from inaction and comparative indifference, to a state of mental activity and interested enquiry into their political rights and privileges. In this paper, according to promise, we intend to discuss the influence of dissent in its radical bearing upon the popular mind.

But before proceeding permit us to premise that we are not giving expression to the political opinions, feelings or proclivites of any party, nor of religious opinion. We are discussing the subject as a question of history, apart from all political and sectarian views. At the period of which we write, the great body of dissenters belonged to the ranks of the poor, labouring classes; and we have seen how these classes had suffered through the indifference of the government to their complaints, as well as personal suffering from the privations of poverty, in some cases almost the destitution of famine. These circumstances had created a universal feeling of distrust in the administration and disgust at the manifest want of sympathy with their condition.

The dissenters were not disloyal, but a large majority of them were decidedly radical and many of their preachers encouraged the people in these political views.

There can be little doubt that the preachers were honest in their convictions, most of them were of the people, poor themselves and fully alive, by personal knowledge and sympathy with the feelings, to the wants of the working classes,—they felt too that they were suffering from political disabilities which ought in common justice to their manhood as freemen to be removed.

Lord Sidmouth was well aware of the popular feeling and that the *sectaries*, as the dissenters were called, were unfavourable to his government, and, conceiving that these preachers were dangerous agents in exciting their people to rebellious notions, he moved in the House of Lords, on the 2nd June, 1810, for returns of licenses to preach issued in the various dioceses of England since the year 1780. These returns revealed what was previously well and generally known and which no one questioned—that a very large proportion of these dissenting preachers were men unskilled in letters,—so illiterate in fact, that they were incapable of spelling the words,—"gospel," "preacher," "teacher," "minister," "dissenting," &c., correctly.

His Lordship made the following transcript of the different spellings of the above words by applicants for license to preach :—

" A disenting teacher.
Decenting teacher.
Desenting teacher.
Miniester of Gospell.
Preacher of the Gopel.
Preacher of the Gosple.
Preacher of the Gospell.
Precher of the Gospel.
Precher of the Gospell.
Preach of the Gospell.
Precher of the Gosple.
Precher of Gospell.
Prashr of the Goseppl.
Preacher of the Gosper.
Preacher of teacher the Gospell Bappist.
Preeacher of the Gospel.
Preicher of the Gospel.
Teacher of the Gospell of Jesus Christ.

These illustrations of orthographic ignorance were certainly curious and startling and to his Lordship's mind satisfactory proof that such preachers were not "respectable." This opinion was further strengthened by the testimony of Dr. Barrington, then Bishop of Durham, that the sectaries "assembled in barns, in rooms of private houses, or in other buildings of the most improper kind."

As we read of these "most improper" assemblies for the worship of God, we cannot help thinking of the scene at Jacob's well and the answer of the Great Teacher—"The hour cometh." We think of the simple unostentatious worship, of that "upper room," where the apostles, "with the women," met after their return from Mount Olivet, where they had just received our Saviour's last oral instructions, and where "when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." The hour had come when the magnificent and imposing forms of Jewish, material worship,—or of any worship where ceremony was made the essence in place of the medium—were no longer needed. The material—addressing itself to the senses—had been superseded by the spiritual—worshipping "in spirit and in truth."

Truth is the same to-day that it was in 1810; yet if Lord Sidmouth with his episcopal friend of Durham, had been in the Highlands a short time ago, they might have heard the Archbishop of York, (Dr. Thomson), and the Bishop of Winchester, (Dr. Wilberforce), each conducting a service in a plain Scotch Kirk at Glengarry "according to the Presbyterian forms." Such is human progress! political, religious, educational! such are the changes which human history presents, for our consideration and instruction.

Sidmouth consulted Dr. Coke, "the head of the Wesleyan Methodists," we use his own words, "and completely satisfied him." He next consulted Dr. Adam Clarke, and removed his scruples; he consulted Mr. Belsham, the celebrated Unitarian writer, and satisfied him; and on the 9th of May, 1811, he brought in his bill. Subsequent events proved that no one was satisfied!

The dissenters throughout the kingdom were aroused by this extraordinary and uncalled for attack upon their personal as well as religious liberties. The Methodists as being the most directly attacked, took the lead, but the independents and baptists assisted the movement against the Sidmouth bill and so great was the indignation against the measure, that he was compelled to abandon it in the stage of the second reading.

His Lordship's biographer says: "could he, at an earlier period, have foreseen the opposition which his measure was destined to encounter, he probably would not have proposed it; but being strongly convinced of its propriety, and having received, in the first instance, so much encouragement, he would not, in obedience to a popular outcry, withdraw it at the eleventh hour; and for this decision he surely deserved to be approved rather than blamed."

Granting that this movement was based upon conviction of duty, it was merely a conviction that he could thus serve his party by the suppression of a large number of licensed sectaries who were, in their rude but most effective way, enlightening the masses as to their civil and religious privileges. We cannot perhaps find another home secretary, who ever held office in England, so conscientiously and scrupulously persistent in resisting the claims of the working, industrious classes to their birthright as English freemen. Let us next point out the inevitable tendency of such kind of persecution and senseless tyranny. Admitting that because these nonconformist preachers could not spell correctly they were not "*respectable*" he knew they were the people's choice, and, as such, he had no business to interfere with them.

Among those very ignorant men, were men whose youth had been spent in hard work, very often in poverty, occasionally in vice and degradation:—men who from boyhood to manhood had worked in collieries surrounded by everything, but opportunities for mental improvement, but familiar with scenes of vice and brutality, the very description of which is startling. No wonder such men could not spell correctly—no wonder their acquaintance with book learning was meagre—but had they no equivalent for this want of scholastic skill? The working people thought they had.

Let us sketch a picture with our pen from actual life—the life and times of that period.

It is night, the time about 8 o'clock:—the night is dark, and a drizzling rain has set in. 'It is a nasty night,' you say,—'where are all these people going?' The women have got on their *pattens* which clink over the gravel footpaths and send out a sharp metallic ring on the flags. Lanterns are numerous and by their glimmer you catch fleeting glances of heavy hobnailed boots; most of the women have red cloaks or rough shawls, while grimy fustian clothes and drab overcoats are common among the men. But where are we going? To a preaching! This is no church. No it is a large stone barn, converted into a meeting house for the people called Methodists. You see that large man standing talking to a number of men and women. That is the preacher. In person he is over six feet and is powerfully built—by trade he is a blacksmith—though now he does not work at his trade. But wait, he is going to give out a hymn. His enunciation is clear, sonorous but evidently broad and unpolished. Acquainted with the peculiarities of dialect, you hear he is from Yorkshire, but owing, perhaps, to his having lived in Lancashire for some years he has got many of its peculiarities His manner is awkward, say clumsy. There, the first few sentences, tell you that although he can read, he has no acquaintance with the convention-

alities of language and literature, but be patient and you will discover that though "unlearned and ignorant," he has been endowed, richly endowed with gifts such as the schools cannot and do not pretend to supply. A few years ago he was notorious throughout the locality where he lived as a brawler and fighter, but now Saul is among the prophets, and like his namesake of old he is the people's choice.

Listen to the passage he is reading as his text—"seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not." So he reads on to the 6th verse. Who called such a man as that to the ministry? He is not *respectable*, he spells, as he pronounces, preacher—pree-a-cher. He did not call himself. The same power that changed his habits and general character, must have put it into his heart and thus put *him* "into the ministry." He that gave him that vigorous intellect, changed him, like Paul, from a blasphemer and a persecutor, and injurious.

See how those rough looking men, many of them formerly terrors to their quiet neighbours, are listening to his homely but powerful language, look round at the audience; almost the whole of these people have been at work since early morning, and will have to be up by five to-morrow, but not one is asleep, unless some of the young folks.

You can see many of them have tears glistening in their eyes; what do they care for the respectability of college education. This man has a key which will unlock the door to their sympathies, which no human learning can furnish. The preacher is one of themselves, they understand him, they love him, and hence his power.

The polished inanities of Dr. Barrington, expressed in a prelection of twenty minutes delivery would have been listened to with cold indifference. How terribly in earnest that preaching blacksmith seems and the audience catch his spirit and endorse his words with hearty Amens. Yes, this is one of those meetings decryed by the Bishop of Durham—the sectaries "assembled in barns."

And why did they assemble in barns, in rooms of private houses, or in other buildings of the most *improper kind?* Because they had confidence in the preachers they went to hear! Novelty might influence some, and to a certain extent all; but it was because they believed that these itinerant and local preachers were sincerely desirous of doing them good, that caused people to go to these week-day and night preachings. And it ought to be borne in mind, that a large number of these men and women had never attended church in their lives, and could not be induced to go. The same feeling exists to day that operated then. Go into any of our large cities and you will find hundreds of men and women who never go to any place of worship. Dissenting churches are neglected and the preachers regarded with suspicion and dislike, just as in the beginning of the century and years before the churches and clergy of the establishment were and had been.

The preachers in London, of every denomination as well as the establishment are well aware of the existence of this feeling, and much has been done and is now being done to remove it.

With all these facts before us we cannot be surprised that in 1811 the dissenters bill met with such determined opposition. The people

regarded the bill as another link to the chain of political disabilities by which they were bound, and they were determined to be free. Free to select and listen to such preachers as they preferred, loved, and in whom they could trust. And unquestionably, if this is our right now, it was their right at that time. It is perfectly futile to argue that the church established is the only proper authority to ordain and appoint. What is the use of ordaining men to preach whom the people will not go to hear. The people reason thus:

"Whether the almighty ever calls any one to preach the gospel without qualifying them we do not know; but we think the colleges do, or else there are a good many who preach without being called or sent."

The people saw and judged for themselves. they loved the preachers who had risen from, and were of themselves and whom they believed, no matter what we may think, were called and annointed by God to preach the gospel.

The victory gained by the withdrawal of Lord Sidmouth's bill led to greater unity of purpose and increased determination to obtain a fair, free and full representation of their views and feelings in the counsels of the nation, and this gradually, not in one locality but throughout England, culminated in a demand for a Reform Bill. Twenty years had to pass over, but the progress of popular enquiry and education was directed to that great object.

Formidable obstacles were in the way but they were determined to surmount them. And in the execution of this great and important political movement the labouring classes were assisted by the middle classes of shopkeepers, traders, manufacturers and merchants; and we must see how the work was accomplished.

THE ROSE OF PEACE.

Each little bud that grows on earth
Ne'er blooms so fresh or fair,
Nor looks so sweet as when it bursts
And lays its petals bare!
And yet when angry storms arise,
It bends beneath the strain—
Jerks off its leaves, and bows its head,
—And blooms no more again!

E'en thus it pictures hapless *Love*
Which blown aside by strife,
Suspends her bloom. and sheds in tears
The fairest leaves of life!
Oh! what were love, if every heart
Should thus in angry hour
Revoke the vows affection gave
And so destroy the flower!

The *Rose* that blooms near springs of *Peace,*
In love and beauty grows,
Extracting all her tints from fonts
Where God-like essence flows;
Lovelier far than orient gems
That turban'd monarchs wear,
Or *Attar* tapp'd in Persian groves
From sweetest flowers there!
In love she lives—in peace she blooms;
In beauty too, she woos the skies—
Victorious there, she yields that love;
And THEN *in peace and beauty dies!*

J. S. W.

Toronto, Dec. 1st. 1871.

THE LITTLE WOMAN IN THE DOORWAY.

In walking through the city,
Along a quiet street,
I love to watch the faces
Of those I chance to meet;
And mark the ebb and flowing
Of the increasing strife,
Of care, or joy, or sorrow
That crowns or mars their life.

'Tis but in casual glimpses
I see them, as I pass,
Grouped around the doorway
Orseated on the grass.
Now, through an open window
A single face I see,
Clouded to-day with sorrow,
To-morrow filled with glee.

I love to form their stories,
From the stray threads I catch.
The bright warp and the dark woof
I often try to watch.
On fancy's loom to weave them
Into one complex whole,
The varying experience of
A single human soul.

There was one I used to see,
A little woman's face,
I've seen it fairly sparkle
With witching, tender grace.

While a world of happiness
  Beamed from her hazel eyes;
As Heaven's peace is pictured
  By stars in evening skies.

Her voice was singing gaily
  Whene'er her door I passed,
Each song I heard, to me, seemed
  More joyous than the last.
There needed not the strong man
  Constantly by her side
To say, "This little woman's
  A newly wedded bride.

I saw her first in spring time.
  Before the lilacs bloom,
Like the acolytes censer
  Had shed its rich perfume.
All through the long, hot summer
  I heard her joyous song.
Saw her bright, happy face, as
  I quickly passed along.

Then autumn came, and winter,
  I often tried, in vain,
To see that little woman
  Through frost, on window pane;
But still, I caught the song, which
  She was ever singing,
Chiming, with passing sleigh bells
  Musically ringing.

When spring returned I saw her
  Again without the door,
Joyous, wistful, tender, but
  More thoughtful than before.
In her arms she held a babe,
  And oft, as I went by,
I heard her softly singing
  A gentle lull-a-by.

Two faces in the doorway
  I now was sure to see;
Sometimes in the evening or
  On Sunday there were three.
Mother and baby watching
  Till father's work was done.
Father, mother and baby
  Watching the setting sun.

The father proudly thinking
Of his dear wife and child,
The mother softly singing,
With voice subdued and mild,
To the baby looking up
Into its mother's eyes,
Whose wealth of tender love
Stilled its complaining cries.

They sat thus in the doorway,
Until midsummer drew nigh
When, like a burning furnace,
The breath of hot July
Dried up baby's life, so
That no reviving showers
Could restore that life again
Like beauteous bloom to flowers.

The little face grew paler,
I saw the growing dread,
Stealing o'er the mother's face
Until—the babe was dead.
Crape hung on the closed door,
Sadly tied up with white,
The small coffin, too, I saw
As I went past that night.

Weeks passed before I saw her,
May be a month or more,
Again that little woman
Was watching at the door,
Watching for, and wondering why
Her husband did not come.
'Twas late, and she was anxious
And wished that he was home.

He never came! In some way
She learned that all was o'er.
Next day I saw the body
Brought home upon a door.
Heard that little woman's moans
And broken hearted cries,
As they took him where he now,
Beside their baby, lies.

I see a little widow
Oft sitting all alone,
Thinking of her husband and
Her baby that are gone.
And as she sadly sits there,
Within that open door,
She seems waiting for the two
Who will return no more.

Sometimes her gaze is upward,
On the blue vault above,
Fixed with the earnest longing
Of unutterable love;
Striving thus, with tear dimmed eyes
To catch some far off ray
From where her loved ones wait her,
In realms of endless day.

Her earthly songs are ended,
Her voice all tuneless now,
Since the badge of widowhood
Was placed upon her brow.
But perchance, in that bright home
Where child and husband are,
She'll join a heavenly chorus
That nothing e'er can mar.

At times when sad and downcast,
With weight of grief and care,
When, like Cain, my burden seemed
Greater than I could bear,
I've felt rebuked and silenced,
To see her greater load
Borne so uncomplainingly,
Because it came from God.

Hamilton, Nov., 1871. J. R.

SKETCHES OF CANADIAN WILD BIRDS.

By Wm. Kells, North Wallace, Ontario.

ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF BIRDS.

I do not intend to give these sketches of our wild birds in strictly systematic order, for the reason that I do not know the exact position in which many of our birds ought to be placed; and were I capable of classifying them, I think that such an arrangement would not be interesting to the general reader.

I will, however, notice the *orders* and *families* into which this most interesting class of the *Animal Kingdom* is generally divided; hoping that the general reader will be gratified; and that the scientific will understand my reason and spare their criticism on this matter.

The class of Birds is divided into six orders, and these orders are each subdivided into families, tribes, genera and species.

The first order of Birds is called *Rapaces* or *Accipitres*, that is, birds of prey. They are divided into two families, Diurnae and Nocturnae, or Diurnal and Nocturnal birds of prey. The first of these families consists of *Vultures, Eagles, Hawks, &c.*

The second is composed of *Owls.*

The second order of Birds is called *Passerinæ*. They are divided into five families, namely, *Dentirostres, Fissirostres, Conirostres, Tenuirostres,* and *Syndactylæ*. Most of our small birds, and all of our song birds belong to this order of *Passerinæ*. The distinguishing characteristics of each family will be noticed when I come to speak more particularly of the birds of this order.

The third order of Birds is called *Scansoriæ*, or climbers. This order consists of but one family. All our Woodpeckers belong to it.

The fourth order of Birds is called *Gallinaceæ*, or *Poultry*. Some naturalists class them as one family, others divide them into two, as the Poultry proper, and Pigeons. Our domestic Fowl, Turkeys, Peacocks, Pigeons, Partridges, Quails, &c., belong to this order.

The fifth order of Birds is called *Grallatoriæ*, or Waders, They are divided into five families, namely,* *Brevipennes, Pressirostres, Cultrirostres, Longirostres,* and *Macrodactyli*, The Plover, Cranes, Woodcocks, and Snipes, are members of this order.

The sixth order of Birds is called *Palmipedes*, or Swimmers.

This order is divided into four families, namely, *Brachypteræ, Longipennes, Totipalmatæ,* and *Leamellirostres*. The divers, Gulls, Ducks, and Geese, belong to this order.

In the above arrangement I have followed Cuvier. Subsequent writers on Ornithology differ from him ; but this part of the subject I leave to be discussed by others, and will just say to my readers that it would be well for them to know at least, the different orders and families to which our birds belong, without going into the minutiæ of their different genera and species, or the causes which have led naturalists to divide or place them together.*

In the following sketches, which begin with the birds of prey, I will place each bird described in the order and family to which I think it belongs, and refer the reader who wishes to know more of their anatomy and the scientific terms by which they are classified, to the works of the learned who have written professionally on the subject. I will, however, state, that the *Rapaces* or birds of prey, are known by their strong hooked beaks, sharp claws, and generally large size ; the *Passerinæ*, by their comparatively small size, and pleasant song ; the *Scansoriæ* or climbers, by their long straight bills, and their having two toes on each foot directed backwards, and two forwards ; a bird of the poultry order by its resemblance to the common fowl ; a wader by its long neck, and long legs ; and a swimming bird by its webbed feet.*

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* Some writers divide the order *Grallatoriæ* into eight families ; adding to the above names Flamingoes, (*Phœnicopterus*), Glarioles, and Vaginals, or sheath-bills.—Ed.

* The number of species of birds known to naturalists is about five thousand. Their classification is based upon the forms and peculiarities of their organs of mastication, prehension and ozomotion, or modifications of the beak and feet. We scarcely need say, that all these *divisions* and *sub-divisions*, of Orders, Tribes, Genera and Species, are merely adopted for convenience ; are artificial and arbitrary, and hence different authors may differ in their arrangement —Ed.

* The tabulated arrangement given below of the orders and their respective characteristics whether *terrestrial* or *aquatic*, will assist in understanding the subject.—Ed

First. *Terrestrial* birds, or those whose feet are not made for either swimming or wading orders.)

Rapaces, or *Accipitres.*	Talons very strong, with pointed hooked nails ? beak hooked and sharp.

FIRST ORDER.—*Accipitres*, or Birds of Prey.

I commence my sketches of Canadian Ornithology with a brief description of those fierce birds, some species of which are found in every region of the earth, over the vast savannas and pathless wilds of America, haunting the burning deserts of Africa, or keeping watch over the wild woods and cultivated fields of Canada.

The birds of prey form a most important section of the class *Aves*, and, following other naturalists, I begin this portion of my sketches with them. These birds are recognised by their hooked beak and talons, powerful weapons with which they immolate other birds and even the weaker quadrupeds and reptiles. They are among birds what the *Carnivora* are among quadrupeds.

They wholly subsist upon the flesh of other birds and animals, fish, insects, and reptiles; some species will eat nothing but what they kill themselves; others will devour the most putrid carrion. The muscles of their thighs and legs indicate the force of their claws. They have all four toes on each foot; three directed forwards and one backwards; the claw of the latter and of the innermost toe are the strongest. All birds of prey have a crooked beak, with its point sharp and curving downwards, and the nostrils are pierced in a membrane that invests its face; and as many of them pursue other birds, their flight is accordingly mostly powerful. The characteristics of these birds are striking. Those found in Canada for the most part dwell remote from human habitations, in the deepest and most unfrequented parts of the forest, on wild mountain summits, lonely isles, and sea-beaten rocks. Some, though they frequent the fields and fallows of the rural districts for the purpose of procuring food, carefully conceal their breeding places from the eye of the hunter, in the tops of lofty trees, where the silence of the wilderness is seldom broken by sound of the human voice. There, rocked by the breeze and hushed by the music of the winds among the leafy boughs of the unexplored forest, or in the crevices of sea-girt rocks, where the hunter dare not climb, they rear their young, unmolested by the prying curiosity of man to see and examine their nest. The love of solitude is a characteristic of all true birds of prey, and seldom more than two of them are seen together. Where the avalanche thunders, as it crashes through the mountain forest, you may find them;—in the silence of the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies they have their homes; but they retire before the sound of the pioneers of civilization, and love not the neighborhood of cities or cultivated fields, except in newly settled districts, where, as if in retaliation for the invasion of their homes, several species of these birds commit great destruction among the poultry of the first settlers. This tendency to

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Passerinæ.	A single toe directed backwards, and three forwards.	Beak generally pointed, and not vaulted above — Wings generally long, and body erect.	Toes feeble, and not armed with sharp hooked nails.
Scansoriæ.	Two toes directed backwards, and two forwards.		
Grallatoriæ	Superior mandible arched or vaulted, nares partly covered by a soft, inflated scale gait; heavy; wings short.		

Second.—*Aquatic* birds, or those whose feet are formed for wading or swimming.

Grallatoriæ.	The tarsus being very long, and the lower part of the leg naked like the tarsus, very long and suited for wading.
Palmipedes.	The toes palmate, the legs short and placed far back on the body and so suited for swimming.

solitude distinguishes them from other families of the feathered race, for many of its tribes delight to form their homes near human dwellings, perching upon and warbling their varied songs among the trees that surround the farm houses and picking their food from the newly sown furrows. What a contrast between the swallow or the robin, which almost enters our dwellings, and the sullen owl inhabiting the deep recesses of the forest or the time-worn hollow of some ancient tree. All birds of prey may not be so exclusive in the love of solitude, but the greater portion of this extensive division dwell in the silence of the ruin and the wilderness. Mankind in general do not feel much sympathy with creatures which thus avoid their society, and not only appear to scorn all communication with them but, when opportunity serves, gratify their carnivorous propensities by destroying those of the feathered race which are content to make their homes around our dwellings. Hence it is that birds of prey are regarded as enemies to be hunted and killed, rather than creatures to be loved and cherished. They have, however, an important office assigned them, for which they are admirably adapted. This order of birds, as I have already stated, are divided into two families,—the first or *diurnal* birds of prey comprises the vultures, eagles, hawks, &c. Of the vultures, I have personally but little knowledge. They are chiefly to be found in more Southern latitudes; and though some of them may visit the shores of the Dominion, they are not strictly speaking Canadian birds. Of the eagles, three species are occasionally seen. The white-headed eagle, the black, and the osprey. To the former of these powerful birds I will now direct the reader's attention.

THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

This is the largest bird of prey that visits the inland regions of Ontario; and perhaps the largest to be seen in the whole Dominion. It is but seldom, and then only in its passage to and from the lakes which form the boundaries of Ontario, that this fierce and powerful bird is ever seen in the cultivated interior districts. His advent here is regarded with wonder and admiration by man, and surprise and terror by the lower order of the feathered race. Should the wonder-producing bird alight near the farmer's residence, with perhaps no other design than to rest his weary wings, the backwoodsman may be seen with gun in hand, cautiously approaching the tree where the wanderer is resting, in order to bring down the unwelcome visitor, and gratify the younger members of his family by a close inspection of the powerful bird; while every species of birds, both wild and domestic, uttering their various notes of alarm, seek some place of refuge until the cause of their fears has disappeared. It is only thus in their ærial wanderings, while resting their weary pinions on some high tree, that I ever had a view of any of these majestic birds while alive, but occasionally some of this species is shot, or otherwise captured, while regaling on a dead carcase or attempting by some means to gratify the demands of hunger. Early one morning in the latter end of May, 1866, a fine specimen of the white-headed eagle, measuring six feet across the wings, was brought down by a little boy, who, having got up at daylight, beheld the bird of

mighty wing perched on a high stump, taking a survey of the Maitland river and some fine lambs that were playing on its banks, and upon which he was evidently intending to make a raid. The little fellow returned to the house and procuring a loaded gun took his first shot, killing the Republican emblem at the distance of eighty yards, two grains of shot only having reached his heart. Another of these fierce creatures in the spring of 1867 made a bold but unsuccessful attack upon a flock of domestic ducks which were quietly pursuing their busy avocations on the waters of the Cannacajig, a small river in the township of Peel, and on the banks of which the writer passed his early days. The notes of alarm raised by the ducks on this occasion called forth a young woman from the farm-house, who, on approaching the place, whence the cries proceeded, saw with wonder a large white headed eagle perched upon a stump, and evidently preparing to make another attack on one of the largest of the ducks, which was separated from the flock, and apparently much hurt by the powerful talons of the marauding falcon in his first attempt. In this position the eagle remained until the girl arrived within a few yards of him, and as she said,—"got a fine view of his white head." The eagle, seeing his chance of dining quietly on the downy swimmer had vanished, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, he rose majestically on the wing and, pirate-like, left for parts unknown. The wanderings of this bird are not confined to the summer season, for there are instances yearly occurring in which solitary individuals of this species are seen pursuing their airy voyage across the country.

The following paragraph from the *Witness* shows that the eagle is also a rare visitor in other parts of the Dominion:—

"Yesterday an immense eagle was brought to this office, which had been shot the day before by Mr. M——, of St. Levi. Mr. M—— saw a large bird standing on the banks of the St. John beside the body of a turkey which had been frozen. Hastening to get his gun, which he loaded with No. 3 duck shot, he went towards the strange visitor, which he discovered to be an eagle. The monarch of birds, not apparently much disconcerted, and not caring to permit any one to see it in the undignified employment of eating, stalked majestically away, keeping his eye fixed on Mr. M——'s movements; but that gentleman, as soon as he could get within proper distance, fired, and the bird rose in the wing, but it was evident that it was wounded as the right wing labored heavily. A second shot took effect on the same wing, compelling the bird to alight after flying a short distance further. Getting behind a piece of rising ground nothing was visible but its head, which by a well directed shot was struck, instant death being the result."

Although this eagle is not often seen in the rural districts, yet it is commonly met with on the Southern shores of Ontario, and probably also rears its young on the rocky, unfrequented coasts of this Province. The tourist who visits Niagara often sees the white-headed eagle hovering over that celebrated waterfall; and there, in company with the vultures, they often flock to prey upon the carcases of animals brought down by the torrents. In fact this eagle does not reflect much honour on his order, being in some respects

more like a coarse vulture than the traditional high-spirited eagle, as it will readily prey on carrion, and frequently contends with the vultures themselves for their disgusting food.

The white-headed eagle also feeds on fish, but not being fitted by nature for plunging into the water, he is constantly on the lookout to rob the osprey of its prey, as that bird arises from the waters. He will sit for hours watching that feathered fisherman at work, and the moment the latter has seized a fish, off in pursuit darts "the pirate of the air." The chase is often desperate, for the Osprey does not readily abandon its booty; but sweeping in large circles endeavours to keep above the Eagle, which, being unencumbered, soon gets the advantage; upon which the Osprey drops the fish. Then comes the feat of the white-headed Eagle; descending with lightening speed he grasps the fish, before it reaches the water, and bears off the spoil with a scream of triumph.

And yet it is a singular fact that the United States have chosen this very bird for their national symbol. How strange, that a people professing to give freedom to all, and to respect the rights of every nation and people, should have chosen a bird whose well known qualities are at variance with the principles on which every government ought to be founded. Yet it must be confessed that a strange parallel exists between the habits of the white-headed Eagle, and the practice of the leading men of the neighbouring republic. Nor must it be forgotten, that Benjamin Franklin himself saw something unfortunate in the selection of this eagle as the emblem of the United States. That philosopher thus speaks in his own peculiar style :—

"For my part, I wish the bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character, he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labours of the fishing hawk, and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it off to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald Eagle pursues him and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor. Besides, he is a rank coward, the little King Bird not bigger than a sparrow attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem of the brave and generous Cincinnati of America."

The plumes of the Eagle have been highly prized in the days of their barbaric power, by the savage Indians. When in wild freedom they roamed the trackless forest, and their sovereignty to their now lost hunting grounds was undisputed by the white man, then one of their most valued steeds was not deemed too high a price for a few feathers from the tail of the eagle. And at a subsequent period, the settler from more civilized lands, often beheld amid the flash of rifles, and the flames of burning villages, the tall crest of some savage chief ornamented by the plumes of the eagle. Nor was it only in the heat of battle that these feathers were worn by the savage Indian. They were seen at the festive meetings of the tribes, and were attached to the celebrated calumet or pipe of peace, so often smoked by Indian and European as tokens of brotherhood.

The nesting places of this powerful bird, are high rocks and trees near the shores of the sea, or large inland lakes, and the margins of mighty rivers. The peculiar whiteness of the feathers which adorn the head of this bird, has led many to call it the bald eagle, and in some places it is still commonly so called.

THE ROSE AND THE PANSY.

By John Ball.

A rose tree in my garden grows,
And on it blooms the red, red rose;
With perfume sweet it fills the air,
And bright its hue, its form so fair.
And by its side a pansy lies,
A flower like wings of butterflies,
Of indigo, and white and green,
Its colours interspersed are seen.
The sun was shining hot o'erhead,
When to the rose the pansy said:—
"Your struggling widespread branches cheat
Me of the sun's bright rays and heat;
So through the night in cold I lie,
And through the day for warmth I sigh,
All through your selfish, spiteful ways;
But pride, like other things decays;
And so will yours, for die you must,
And, withering, crumble into dust."
Then quickly answered—stung with pride—
The rose, who thus began to chide:—
"How dare you, little puny thing,
With such impertinence, thus bring
Against me charges quite untrue,
And wicked, base, and monstrous too;
But so it is the world all o'er;
Impertinence is sure to bore
Its friends, and charge its foes with all
The crimes that e'er can them befal."
And thus went on from day to day,
This grumbling, till at length away
The summer passed, and winter came
With hail, and snow, and mist and rain.
The snow was deep upon the ground;
But, covered o'er, the pansy found,
A shelter from the biting blast,
Which nipped the rose tree, and at last
Killed it outright, and left it dead.
The pansy lifted up her head,
When spring returned, erect with pride,
The mid-day sun his glances plied
Upon it in a streaming tide
Of glowing heat—it drooped and died.

OUR ABORIGINES.

BY A NATIVE.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
* * * * * *
And thinks, admitted to that equal sky
His faithful dog shall bear him company.—POPE.

Our aborigines. Where are they? is a question often asked, but a hard one to answer. The time is still fresh in the memory of most of our citizens, when in any of our Canadian towns or cities, the original inhabitants of the country, might have been seen wandering in wonderment along the streets, or trying to drive a bargain with some petty dealer equally hard fisted with themselves.

In these days the Indian and his squaw were common and unnoticed passengers on our streets, but at the present time they are a rarity, and regarded with about as much curiosity as Japanese or Chinese: especially, if they are as we see them sometimes, dressed up in their war paint and feathers.

When Jacques Cartier first navigated the noble St. Lawrence and viewed with wonder the rich scenery, and native grandeur of the shores, this Canada of ours, was under the unrestrained dominion of the *Red Man*.

Divided into many tribes, governed by their own chiefs, and led by their own braves, they waged their intestine wars with bitter animosity.

Of simple habits, strong, persevering, determined, and sagacious, the red man was then in the zenith of his power. His sun was then in its meridian, alas, that so soon it should be fated to sink into oblivion.

Fire-water was the insidious bane, that proved even mightier than the bayonet of the soldier or the unerring rifle of the frontierman in accomplishing his destruction.

Could he have copied the virtues of the pale face, without being entrapped with his vices, it might have been well with him, but untutored, vain and arrogant, he fell an easy victim to the gilded bait; and, shame be it said, that bait in many cases held up by the hands of professing Christians.

Under its accursed influence, the fierce warrior that could look unmoved at death, and triumphantly chant his death song at the stake,

amid the jibings and tortures of his enemies, became enervated and diseased.

The traditional glory of his nation was to him a thing of the past, a thing perhaps that might serve the story teller to amuse his listeners, as they gathered round their cheerful wigwam fires. It could but amuse. No further purpose could it serve, and though perhaps in some breast, some faint flashes of the old time fire might be rekindled, it soon subsided. Ambition once gone—what had they to live for? Nothing.

Driven from their hunting grounds by the encroachments of civilization, decimated by fire-water and the diseases which invariably follow in its train, they have lingered on, gradually becoming fewer in numbers, until at the present time a real *bona fide* Indian is almost as much a curiosity in Canada as in Old England.

It is true that some relics of the ancient tribes are still to be found, as at St. Regis, Caughnawaga, Munceytown, or the Mohawk, but these are so blended with the whites by intermarriage as to be scarcely recognised as Indians.

A great many people imagine that to find a real Indian, such as Cooper describes in his Pathfinder, it is necessary to go to the Western prairies, Red River Settlement, or some other equally distant place. Not so, my friends! Clinging to their old traditions and habits, striving against the encroachments of civilization, surrounded by a busy population, and almost in the centre of our Western Peninsula you may yet find a true type of our *Canadian aborigine.*

When, after the Revolutionary war, the Six Nation Indians sought shelter under the British flag, their loyalty and devotion to the Crown during that sanguinary struggle was rewarded by a large grant of land lying along the banks of the Grand River, as well as an annual grant of money to each member of the tribe. Led by that heroic old Chieftain, Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea, his Indian name), the noble remnant of that once powerful confederation of tribes, crossed the Grand River at Brantsford (now called Brantford), and proceeding down the river a few miles established themselves in that delightful valley, called after their old home "Mohawk Valley." Here they settled themselves and have remained ever since. Their old Chief, Brant, proved himself as worthy to instruct them in the arts of peace as he had been to lead them in the storm of battle.

It may here be mentioned that this remarkable man was brought up as a protege of Sir William Johnson, and received his education in England. Under his direction churches were built, schools established, and missionaries and teachers induced to settle among them. Brant himself assisted in translating the Scriptures and distributing to his brethren the Word of Life.

These wise measures had the effect of civilizing the greater part of the confederated tribes, but not all. The disappointed ones who could not and would not brook the innovations of civilization, although owning allegiance to the head Chieftain, removed further down the river, and to this day their descendants may be found worshipping the Great Spirit and performing their rites and ceremonies as in the days of their forefathers. By the rest of the confederation

they are called the Pagans, and they accept the distinction rather as a sort of honorary title than one of reproach. With them the *Manitou* is still the Good Spirit, him they worship, and to him is still ascribed the glory when fortune favors them. The *Evil Spirit* of olden times still pursues his avocations among them, and still gets the credit if sickness or misfortune overtakes them. The *Medicine Man*, too, flourishes in all his glory, and is as much respected and feared as ever his forefathers were. He heals all manner of diseases, interprets dreams, tells fortunes, gives advice, and makes a good fat living into the bargain.

The region these Indians inhabit is perhaps the most beautiful in Canada. Wooded hills and fertile valleys greet the eye at every point, while like a serpentine winding through its centre flows the Grand River, which, besides watering and draining it, also provides good fishing grounds for the simple inhabitants. What strikes an observer most is the perfect quiet that inhabits this region. Leaving the busy homes of the surrounding country with its teeming smoke-covered towns and its active, industrious agricultural population, a few miles brings you at once to a region the very reverse of the one you have just left. Unbroken silence reigns; no sound of woodsman's axe or shrill-voiced teamster interrupts the harmony of nature. Nothing is heard save the chirping of squirrels or the caw-caw of some solitary raven as he flies heavily along in search of food. The Indians are, they say, too proud to work; but I fancy the real reason is, they are too lazy. Most of them have small log wigwams, roofed with troughs (made of hollowed trees) and plastered up the sides with clay. The clearing surrounding them rarely exceeds an acre, and is always worked by the squaws, who in addition to this have to cut the firewood, attend to the papoose, and perform all the culinary operations pertaining to the establishment. Her husband is her lord and master. His will is her law, and from his decision there is no appeal.

Theirs is a hard lot. While they toil and drag out a miserable existence, their lazy, good-for-nothing husbands (if not hunting or fishing) lie round and drink and smoke.

Think of this ye fair ladies in our midst, whose glove-clad hands are so fearfully delicate that you could not think of contaminating them with the touch of honest labor, whose delicate sensibilities are so refined that the very idea of personally ministering to the wants of others is positively shocking—yea almost makes you faint. Think of the condition of these dusky skinned daughters of toil, and then ask yourselves which relatively is the most to be admired. But a brighter day is beginning to dawn for the poor Indian. *Education*, that great civilizer of nations, is advancing with rapid strides, mission schools are being established, day schools are in operation, and in all probability the end of the reign of ignorance and superstition is close at hand. With good education and religious training it is impossible that the rising generation can be enshrouded in such darkness as envelops their fathers, and I think that by the time ten or twenty winters have frosted the heads of the elders of the tribes, a Pagan Indian will be a thing unknown in that part of Canada. We

cannot close this short sketch without referring to the convention of tribes held last summer, which proves most conclusively that a new era is beginning to dawn on our red brethren, and that their eyes are being opened to the advantages of civilization. This convention was held ostensibly to settle the division of some money which by litigation had come into possession of the tribes; but the real object seems to have been to petition Parliament to grant to them the same privileges as the whites. They want to have a share in the Government of the country, and to cast their vote as others. They want to be made responsible for the debts they incur, and have the power of buying and selling property. As the law exists at present they have no voice in the Government of the country. They cannot be made to pay any debt they may contract, and they have a certain portion of reservation land allotted to them which they cannot sell, but which is virtually entailed from father to son to the end of the chapter.

Although it may be a fine thing to have a grant of land, be free from taxes and the fear of being sued for debt, to have an annuity from Government, yet they consider that they have been held in leading strings and treated as children long enough, and are anxious to take their rightful place along with their white brethren in helping on the destinies of this great and growing country.

They think it a disgrace that a race that even the whites, although they could conquer, could not subdue; a race that has brought forth such master minds as Osceola, Black Hawk or our own Thayendanega or Tecumseh, who could form such extensive alliances as to prove a buckler to their friends and a scourge to their enemies.

That such a race as this should still be treated as children, and denied the privilege of exercising the franchise and other kindred rights, which is extended to a race which has always been esteemed their inferiors, the African.

Britain and the Colonial Government have no cause (as have the Government across the border) to reproach themselves with cruelty or bad faith to a race which has always proved itself a staunch friend, but they have yet a step to take, and the demand of our Red brethren to a share in the destinies of the country should not pass unheeded.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

By Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER XI.

The climaxes of life come only occasionally. When borne upon the height of them we think we can endure anything; all beside them seem so small. But when they are over, and we have sunk back into the level of every-day life, it is different. The sword-stroke we hardly felt; the daily pin-pricks drive us wild. It is sure to be so; we cannot help it.

At first Hannah thought she could. After that Sunday morning she and Bernard talked no more together—why should they? Their minds were quite made up that both love and marriage were lawful to them—if attainable. But seeing that an immediate union was impossible, and a separation almost equally so, they spoke of neither again, but tacitly determined to go on living together as before—in no way like lovers—but as like brother and sister as was practicable; both for their own sakes, and for the sake of outward eyes.

This decided, Hannah thought her way would be clear. It was only a question of time, and patient waiting. Any year the Bill might be passed, and their marriage made possible. In the meantime it was no worse than a long engagement; better, perhaps, since they had the daily comfort of one another's society. At least Hannah felt it so, and was cheerful and content. What Bernard felt he did not say—but he was not always content; often very dull, irritable, and desponding. At such times Hannah had great patience with him—the patience which now had the additional strength of knowing that it was to be exercised for life.

It was most needed, she found, after he had been to the Moat-House—whither, according to her wish, he steadily went, and went alone. Had she been his wife—or even openly his betrothed—she might, spite of all she had said, have resented this; but, now, what could she resent? She had no rights to urge. So she submitted. As to what passed on these visits, she asked no questions and he gave no information. She never saw Bernard's people now; except on Sundays, with the distance of a dozen pews between them. Young Mrs. Melville still called—punctiliously and pointedly—leaving her pair of greys standing outside the gate; but she excused herself from asking Hannah to the Grange, because if the girls were there it would be so very awkward.

"And the girls are always there," added she, querulously. "I can't call my house my own—or my husband's either. Hannah, when you marry, you'll be thankful that you've got no sisters."

Hannah smiled. She saw that of the real truth of her position with regard te Mr. Rivers Adeline guessed nothing. It was best so.

As weeks passed another change gradually came. Invitations—the fear of which had sometimes perplexed her; for how should she meet the Moat-House family, even upon neutral ground?—almost totally ceased. Her neigbbours left off calling—that is, her grand neighbours; the humbler ones still sought her; but she fancied she read in their eyes a painful curiosity—a still more painful compassion, especially when they met her and Bernard together—a chance which occurred but seldom now. For he, too, seemed to have a nervous dread of being seen with her, and avoided her so much that she would often have thought he had forgotten every word that had passed between them, save for the constant mindfulness, the continual watchful care, which a man never shows except to the one woman he loves best in the world.

Yet sometimes, even having so much, made the weak heart crave for a little—a very little more; just a word or two of love; an evening now and then of their old frank intercourse—so safe and free; but neither ever came. Bernard seemed to make it a point of honour that whatever people chose to say, they should be given no data upon which to come to the smallest conclusion. Within, as without the house, all the world might have heard every word he said to Miss Thelluson.

Whatever suspicion was whispered about the village, it rose to no open scandal. Everybody came to church as usual, and no one applied to Mr. River's bishop to restrain him from preaching because he retained as his housekeeper a lady whom the law persisted in regarding as his sister. But the contradiction was, that in spite of her being counted his "sister," people did talk, and would talk; and, of course, the sharpest lash of their tongue fell, not upon the man, but upon the woman.

Slowly, slowly, Hannah became aware that every servant in the house, every family in the parish, kept an eye upon her, observing, condemning, sympathizing, defending—all by turns—but never leaving her alone. till she felt like the poor camel in the desert, whose dying gaze sees in the horizon that faint black line, coming nearer and nearer—the vultures which are to pick her bones. She would have gone frantic sometimes—brave woman as she was—in the utter impossibility of fighting against the intangible wrong, had it not been for the child.

Rosie became not only her darling, but her friend, She had now almost no other companion, and wanted none. All grown-up people seemed worldly and shallow, dull and cold, compared to the pure little soul, fresh out of heaven—which heaven itself had sent to comfort her. As Rosie's English increased they two held long conversations together—very monosyllabic certainly, and upon the simplest of topics—"bow-wows," "gee-gees," and so on—yet quite comprehensible, and equally interesting to both. For is not a growing soul the most interesting and lovely, as well as most solemn sight, in all this world? Hannah sometimes stood in awe and wonder at the intelligence of the little woman, not yet three years old.

They two understood each other perfectly, and loved one another as even real mother and child do not always love. For never in all her little life had Rosie heard a harsher word than, "Oh, Rosie—Tannie so sorry!" which sufficed to melt her at once into the most contrite tears. Pure contrition—with no fear of punishment—for she had never been punished. To her innocent, happy heart, no harmless joy had ever been denied, no promise ever broken. She knew that, and rested in her little ark of love as content and safe as a nautilus in its shell, swimming over the troubled waters of poor Tannie's lot like a visible angel of consolation.

Day by day that lot was growing more hard to bear, until at last chance brought it to a climax.

One forenoon, just before Mr. Rivers was going out, there drove up to the House on the Hill a pretty pony carriage and pair of greys, and out of it stepped a little, bright, active, pretty woman—the Countess of Dunsmore.

"I knew I should surprise you," cried she, kissing Hannah on both cheeks, and telling her how well she was looking; which she was, in the sudden pleasure of the meeting. "But I wanted to surprise you. We are visiting at Highwood Park, Mr. Rivers, and I met your sisters there at dinner, you know, and promised to come and see them; but of course I came to see Miss Thelluson first. Well, my dear, and how are you? And how is your pet Rosie?"

The little Rosie answered for herself, being so greatly attracted by Lady Dunsmore's ermine tails, and, perhaps, by her sweet motherly face, that she made friends with her immediately. But Hannah was nervous—agitated. She knew exactly the expression of that quick dark eye, which saw everything, and saw through everything, whether or not the lady mentioned the result of that observation.

Bernard, too, was a little constrained. He knew Lady Dunsmore slightly, and evidently was not aware that Hannah knew her so well; for Hannah was not apt to boast of her friends, especially when they happened to have titles. Yet the sight of her warmed her heart, and she had hundreds of questions to ask about her old pupils, and endless reminiscences of her old life with them—so peaceful and contented. Yet would she have had it back, rather than the life now? No!—unhesitatingly no!

She felt this, when, having put the blithe little countess in her carriage, Bernard returned. He walked heavily down the garden, in deep thought.

"A charming person, Lady Dunsmore; and a warm, steady friend of yours, Hannah."

"Yes, she was always kind to me."

"Kinder than others have been since," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "Would you like to go and pay her the long visit she asks for?"

"No."

"And what shall you do about that invitation she brought you, to go with my sisters and dine at Highwood Lodge?"

"What can I do, except not go? To explain is impossible."

"Yes."—After a moment's thought Mr. Rivers went on—"Hannah, may I say a word? Evidently my people may have been quite silent

to Lady Dunsmore about you; she expected to meet you at the Moat House. They perhaps are sorry, and would be glad of an opportunity to atone. May I speak to them!

"Stop a minute. What would you say? For I will have nothing said that would humiliate me."

Bernard looked tenderly at the flushed face. "My love, any man humiliates himself who for a moment allows the woman he has chosen to be lightly esteemed. Be satisfied, I shall keep up your dignity as if it were my own; for it is my own."

"Thank you." But there was only pride—no sweetness in the words. They made him turn back at once.

"Oh, Hannah, how long is this state of things to last? How can we bear it if it lasts very long!"

She replied nothing,

"Sometimes I ask myself, why should we bear it? when our consciences are satisfied, when the merest legal form stands between us and our happiness. You do not feel the suspense as I do, I see that; but do you know it sometimes almost drives me mad that I cannot marry you?

His agitation was so extreme that Hannah was frightened, both for his sake and lest any servant should come in and find them thus. Oh, the misery of that false life they led! oh the humiliation of concealment!

"Why should all the world be happy but me? Why should that foolish old Morecomb—but I forget, I never told you he is going to be married. I tell you nothing; I never have a chance of an hour's quiet talk with you."

"Why not? It would make me much happier."

Those pure, sad, beseeching eyes—he turned away from them; he could not bear them.

"Don't ask me. I dare not. If I saw much of you I would not answer for myself. I might"—he laughed—"I might even horrify you by asking you to go abroad and get married, as old Mr. Melville did. But I will not; no, I will not. And if I would, you would not consent?

"No."

"I was sure of it. One might as well attempt to move the monument as Hannah Thelluson after she had once said No."

His manner was so rough, so reckless, that it pained her almost more than anything she had yet experienced. Was their forced unnatural kind of life injuring him? And if so, ought it to continue? And if it must be ended, was not she the one to do it?

"Bernard," she said, "will you come home to-night?"—for it was now not the rule but the rare exception, his staying up with her of evenings—"then we will have one of our old talks together, and perhaps we may settle something; or feel, when we look them calmly in the face, that things are not as dreadful as they seem. Now go. Hark? there is Rosie calling over the staircase for papa."

He had a real fatherly heart now; this young man, from whom, in the full flush of youth, life's best blessing, a wife's love, was first taken, and then tantalizingly denied. He snatched at the joys still

left to him, and clasping the little girl in his arms, pressed his hot forehead upon Rosie's breast.

But all that day his words and tones rang warningly through Hannah's heart. This could not last—it was against human nature. So much, yet so little as they were to one another. They *must* be more—or less. Should she leave him; for a time perhaps? or should she go quite away? She knew not what to do. Nor what to say, when he should come home to her to-night, and appeal to her with the innocent half-childlike expression his face sometimes wore, for comfort, counsel. How could she give either? She needed both herself.

And when their formal dinner was over, and they sat together in their pleasant drawing-room, with the yellow twilight glimmering outside—for summer was coming back again, the third summer since Rosa died—life seemed to Hannah so hard, so hard!

She gave him his tea almost in silence, and then he proposed a stroll in the garden, up and down the front walk, which was in full view of the house. Into the sheltered green alley—the "lovers' walk"—these two poor lovers never went; never dared to go.

But such happiness as they could get they took, and Hannah had risen to fetch her shawl, when they saw entering the gate the last apparition they expected to see—Lady Rivers. For months she had not crossed their threshold. But then—Hannah would have been more than mortal not to have remembered this—it had been crossed that morning by the Countess of Dunsmore.

Lady Rivers was by no means a stupid woman. Her faculty for discovering which way the wind blew and trimming her sails accordingly, amounted to absolute genius. Not being thin-skinned herself she never looked for that weakness in others; so had under all circumstances the most enviable coolness and self-possession. The graceful air with which she entered by the French window, kissed Bernard in motherly greeting, and shook hands with Miss Thelluson as if she had seen her only the day before, was most inimitable.

"How comfortable you look here! it is quite a pleasure to see you. May I ask for a cup of tea? your tea always used to be so good, Miss Thelluson. And you had a visit from Lady Dunsmore? So had we afterwards. What a charming person she is; and a great friend of yours, I understand."

Hannah assented.

"I must congratulate you; for a lady, especially a single lady, is always judged by her choice of friends."

"I did not choose Lady Dunsmore for my friend; I was her governess."

"Indeed! Anyhow, she has evidently a great regard for you. By-the-bye, does she know anything of the—the little uncomfortableness between us lately, which, as I came to say to-night, is, I trust, entirely a thing of the past. Don't speak, Bernard. In fact this visit is not meant for you. I came over to tell Miss Thelluson of something which—as Mr. Morecomb was the cause of difference between her and me" (Hannah opened her eyes)—"will, I trust, heal it. He is engaged to be married to my eldest daughter."

Hannah offered the customary good wishes.

"It is indeed a most suitable marriage, and we are quite pleased at it. So now, my dear, let bygones be bygones. Will you come with Bernard to meet Lady Dunsmore at dinner on Friday?"

Never was there a more composed putting of the saddle upon the wrong horse, ignoring everything that it was advisable to ignore, for the sake of convenience. And many a woman, prudent and worldly-wise, would have accepted it as such. But, unfortunately, Hannah was not a prudent woman. Against certain meannesses her spirit revolted with a fierceness that slipped all self-control.

She glanced towards Bernard, but his eyes were turned away; he had the moody, uncomfortable look of a man dragged unwillingly into women's wars. Thrown back upon herself, alone, quite alone, pride whispered that she must act as if she were alone, as if his love were all a dream, and she once more the solitary, independent Hannah Thelluson, who, forlorn as she was, had always been able till now to hold her own, had never yet experienced an insult or submitted tamely to an injury. She would not now.

"I thank you, Lady Rivers, for the trouble you have taken, but it will be quite impossible for me to accept your invitation."

Lady Rivers looked amazed. That any concession she made should not be joyfully received, that any invitation to the Moat-House should not be accepted with avidity; the thing was ridiculous. She paused a moment as if doubting she had heard aright, and then appealed to Bernard.

"Pray assure Miss Thelluson that she need not hesitate. I have watched her narrowly of late, and have quite got over any little prejudices I might have had. I and the girls will be delighted to see her. Do persuade her to come with you."

"Excuse me, but I always leave Miss Thelluson to decide for herself."

The cold voice, the indifferent manner, though she knew both were advisable and inevitable, smote Hannah to the core. That bitter position of love and no love, ties and no ties, seemed to degrade her almost as if she had been really the vile thing that some people thought her.

"Mr. Rivers is right," she said. "I must decide for myself. You wished my visits to you to cease; I acquiesced; it will not be so easy to resume them. As Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law and housekeeper I shall always be happy to see you in his house, but I fear you must excuse my coming to yours. Let us dismiss the subject. Shall I offer you a cup of tea?"

Her manner, gentle as it was, implied a resolution strong enough to surprise even Bernard. For Lady Rivers, she coloured, even beneath her delicate rouge—but she was too prudent to take offence.

"Thank you. Your tea, as I said, is always excellent; and perhaps when we have more attractions to offer you, we may yet see you at the Moat-House. In the meantime, I hope, Bernard, that Miss Thelluson's absence will not necessitate yours."

And she looked hard at him, determined to find how he felt in the matter, and to penetrate, if possible, the exact relations between the two.

It was a critical moment. Most men, even the best of them, are, morally, very great cowards, and Bernard was no exception to the rule. Besides, Hannah was not his wife, or his betrothed—she had not even called herself his friend: she had given him no rights over her—asked no protection from him. What could he do or say? Irresolute, he looked from one to the other—excessively uncomfortable—when Hannah came to the rescue.

"Of course my brother-in-law will go without me: we are quite independent in our proceedings. And he will explain to Lady Dunsmore—the utmost it is necessary to explain, as I never talk of my private affairs to anybody—that I do not pay many visits; I had rather stay at home with my little girl. That will be perfectly true," she added, her lips slightly quivering. "I prefer Rosie's company to anybody's. She loves me."

Bernard started up, and then, fearful of having committed himself, sat down again. Lady Rivers, though evidently vexed, was equal to the situation, and met it with a dignified indifference.

"Pray, please yourself, Miss Thelluson; no doubt you act upon your own good reasons. You are, I always understood, a lady who never changes her mind; but if you should do so, we shall be glad to see you." And then she passed over the matter, as too trivial to bear further discussion, and conversed in the most amiable manner for another half-hour. Finally, with a benign "Good evening, Miss Thelluson; I am sure Lady Dunsmore will be much disappointed at not seeing you," she terminated the visit, as if it had been any ordinary call.

Hannah was not surprised; it was the fashion of the Rivers family not to see anything they did not wish to see: the only thing that vexed her was about Bernard. He had said nothing—absolutely nothing—except telling her, when he took his hat to accompany his step-mother home, that he would be back immediately. Was he displeased with her? Did he think she had acted ill? Had she done so? Was it her duty to submit to everything for his sake? Surely not. He had no right to expect it. Was it because she loved him that she felt so bitterly angry with him?

Yet, when, sooner than she had expected, he returned, and threw himself into his chair, pale and dejected, like a man tied and bound by fate, who sees no way to free himself—the anger melted, the pity revived. He too suffered—they suffered alike—why should they reproach one another?

"So, you have had your way, Hannah." Yes, there was reproach in the tone. "Are you quite sure you were right in what you have done?"

"Quite sure;—at least, that unless I were some other than myself, I could not have done differently."

And then they sat, silent, in stiff coldness, until the last ray of amber twilight had faded out of the room. What a pretty room it was—just the place to be happy in—for friends or lovers, or husband and wife, to sit and dream together in the quiet gloaming, which all happy people love—which is so dreadful to the restless or the miserable.

"We should have rung for lights," cried Bernard, pulling violently at the bell. "You know how I hate the dark."

And when lights came, they saw one another's faces—his burning crimson, her's pale and in tears.

"Oh, Hannah, Hannah, how miserable we are! As I said, if this goes on much longer, how shall we bear it?"

"I do not know." Then, steeling herself against both anger and pain, "Bernard," she said, "what did you wish me to do? Your family have no claim upon me, nor I upon them. We are, as things stand, mere strangers. Are they to throw me off and pick me up again, when and how they choose? Am I to submit to it?"

"I did not ask you."

"No, but you looked it. You would have liked me to go to the Moat-House."

"Yes. I wish you to be friends with them. I want them to love you."

"They do not love me—they only receive me on sufferance, and I will go nowhere on sufferance. I can live alone. I want no society; but where I do go I want to be loved, I want to be respected. Oh, Bernard!" and she looked piteously in his face, "sometimes I am tempted to say with you,—if this lasts long, how shall I ever bear it?"

"How shall I bear it? It is harder for me than you."

"Perhaps. But you forget it was your doing, not mine."

And then both drew back, appalled at the sharpness of their words—at the bitterness of these mutual recriminations.

Bernard held out his hand. "Forgive me. You are right. It was I who brought all this trouble upon you, and now I have not strength to meet it—either for you or for myself. I am so miserable that it makes me wicked. Something must be done. What shall it be?"

"What indeed?"

"Hannah, decide. Don't look at me in that dead silence. Speak out, for I can bear it no longer. Shall we part? Or—will you marry me at once?"

He could hardly have known what he was saying, or else, in his despair, anything seemed possible to him. Not to her. She was very gentle. She did not even draw away her hands which he had grasped: she scarcely seemed to recognise the insult he was unwittingly offering her. She only answered, sorrowfully, yet without the slightest indecision, "We will part."

Three little words—but they brought Bernard to his senses immediately. He fell on his knees before her, and passionately begged her forgiveness.

"But you do not know what I suffer. Inwardly, outwardly—life is one long torment. At the Moat-House I have no peace. They talk at me—and at you; they try every means of worming out my secret from me. But they shall not. I will hide it at all costs. People may guess what they like—but we are safe so long as they know nothing. God help me! I talk as if we were committing a deadly sin, when my love of you is the best thing—the only good thing in me."

He looked up at Hannah, and ground his teeth. "It is an accursed law," he said. "A law made only for fools, or sinners; and yet it may suffice to blast both our lives."

"No," Hannah answered, "nothing could do that—except ourselves."

"A commonplace truth!" and Bernard laughed bitterly.

"It is God's truth, though; His right and wrong are much simpler than man's."

"What is right and what is wrong? for I am growing so mad I hardly know. Show me—preach to me—I used to tell you you could preach better than the clergyman. Only love me, Hannah—if there is any love in that pale, pure face of yours. Sometimes I think there is none."

"None—oh, Bernard, none?"

For a minute she stooped over him; for a minute he felt that she had not a stone for a heart. And then the strong, firm, righteous will of the woman who, however deeply loving, could die, but would not do wrong, forced itself upon him, lulling passion itself into a temporary calm. He leant his head against her; he sobbed upon her arm like a child; and she soothed him almost as if he had been a child.

"Listen to me," she said. "We must endure—there is no help for it. It is a cruel, unjust law, but it is the law, and while it exists we cannot break it. I could not twist my conscience in any possible way so as to persuade myself to break it. No form of marriage could ever make me legally your wife."

"Not in England. Out of England it could."

"But then—as soon as we came back to England, what should I be? And if, in the years to come——Oh Bernard, it is impossible, impossible."

She said no more than that—how could she? But she felt it so intensely that, had it been necessary, she would have smothered down all natural shame, and said out to him—as solemnly as if it had been a vow before God—her determination never, for any personal happiness of her own, to entail upon innocent children the curse of a tainted name.

"I understand," Bernard replied humbly. "Forgive me; I ought never to have said a word about our marrying. It must not be. I must go on my way alone to the end."

"Not quite alone—oh, not quite alone."

But, as if more afraid of her tenderness than of her coldness, Bernard rose, and began walking about the room.

"You must decide—as I said: for my own judgment altogether fails me. We cannot go on living as we do; some change must be thought of; but I cannot tell what it should be."

"Why need it be?" said Hannah timidly. "Can we not continue as we are?"

"No." A fierce, abrupt, undeniable No.

"Then—I had better go away." He looked so terrified that she hastily added, "Only for a time, of course—till the bitterness between you and your people softens—till we can see our way a little.

It must be made plain to us some day; I believe it always is to those who have innocent hearts."

And as she sat, her hands folded on her lap, pale and sad as she looked, there was such a sweet composure in her aspect, that Bernard stopped and gazed—gazed till the peace was reflected on his own.

"You are a saint, and I am—only a man. A very wretched man sometimes. Think for me—tell me what I ought to do."

Hannah paused a little, and then suggested that he should, for a few weeks or so, part with Rosie and herself, and let them go, as Lady Dunsmore had earnestly wished, to pay her a visit in London.

"Did she say so?" said Bernard, with sensitive fear. "Do you think she said it with any meaning—that she had any idea concerning us?"

"You need not be afraid even if she had," was the rather proud answer. Alas! how quick they were growing to take offence, even at one another. Yes, it was best to part. "I mean," Hannah added, "that, even if she guessed anything, it would not signify. I shall confess nothing; and I have often heard her say that a secret accidentally discovered ought to be held just as if it had never been discovered at all. Be satisfied—neither Lady Dunsmore nor I shall betray you, even to one another."

And for a moment Hannah thought with comfort that this good woman was her friend—had grown more and more such, as absence discovered to both their mutual worth. It would be a relief after the long strain to rest upon this genial feminine companionship—this warm and kindly heart.

"She will treat me like a friend too—not like her old governess, if you are uneasy about that. Or, if you like it better, I shall be received less as poor Hannah Thelluson than as Mr. River's sister-in-law and Rosie's aunt. I am to go about with her everywhere—she made me quite understand that. A strange, changed life for me; but my life is all so strange."

And Hannah sighed. She felt as if she had let her oars go, and were drifted about involuntarily, she knew not whither, hardly caring whether she should ever touch land; and if she did, whether it would be as a living woman, or a creature so broken down and battered that she could neither enjoy nor suffer any more? Who could tell? Fate must decide.

Mr. Rivers listened to her silently, but full of thought—thoughts which, perhaps, she could not have followed had she tried. He was a very good man, but he was also a man of the world; he would not have been a Rivers else. He saw at once the advantage of Lady Dunsmore's countenance—not merely because she happened to be a marquis's daughter and an earl's wife, but because in any society she was the sort of person whose friendship was valued and valuable. Was it human nature, or only masculine nature, that, dearly as he loved Hannah, Bernard unconsciously prized her the more because she was prized by such a woman as the Countess of Dunsmore?

"Go, then," he said. "I will not hinder you. Pay your visit you will be happy; and it will in many ways be a good thing." Then with a nervous eagerness that, in spite of her reason, pained Hannah acutely—"When does she want you? How soon can you start?"

Any day, since you are so glad to get rid of me."

"Oh, Hannah!"

They stood side by side, these two lovers, between whom was a barrier slight and invisible as glass, yet as impossible to be broken through without sore danger and pain. They could not break it; they dared not.

"Things are hard for us—very hard," said Bernard, almost in a groan. "We shall be better apart—at least for a time. I meant to have gone away myself to-morrow; but if you will go instead——"

"I cannot to-morrow. I will as soon as I can."

"Thank you."

She did not sob, though her throat was choking; she only prayed. Dimly she understood what he was suffering; but she knew he suffered very much. She knew, too, that however strangely it came out,—in bitterness, anger, neglect, still the love was there, burning with the intensity of a smothered fire—all the more for being suppressed. The strength which one, at least, of them must have, she inly cried to heaven for—and gained.

"Good-bye," she said; "for we shall not talk thus together again. It is better not."

"I know it is. But you love me; I need not doubt that?"

"Yes, I love you," she whispered. "Whatever happens, remember that; and oh! keep me in your heart till death."

"I will," he said; and snatching her close, held her there, tight and fast. For one minute only; then letting her go, he bade her once more "Good night and good-bye," and went away.

Three days after, Miss Thelluson, the child, and the nurse started for London together. Mr. Rivers himself seeing them off from the railway.

Rosie was in an ecstacy of delight—to be "going in a puff-puff with Tannie" being to the little maid the crown of all human felicity. She kept pulling at her papa's hand, and telling him over and over again of her bliss; and every time he stopped and listened, but scarcely answered a word. Grace, too, looked glad to go. Easterham, with James Dixon still hovering about, was a cruel place for her to live in. Hannah only looked grave and pale; but she smiled whenever her little girl smiled; and to the one or two persons who spoke to her at the railway station, where, of course, they were known to everybody, she spoke also in her usual gentle way.

Only when Mr. Rivers kissed Rose, saying, "Papa will miss his little girl," and then turning, shook hands with her silently, Hannah grew deadly pale for a minute. That was all. The train moved off, and she saw him walking back, solitary, to his empty house.

Life has many anguishes; but perhaps the sharpest of all is an anguish of which nobody knows.

END OF VOL. I.