

THE · OLD LOYALIST



A.R.DAVIS

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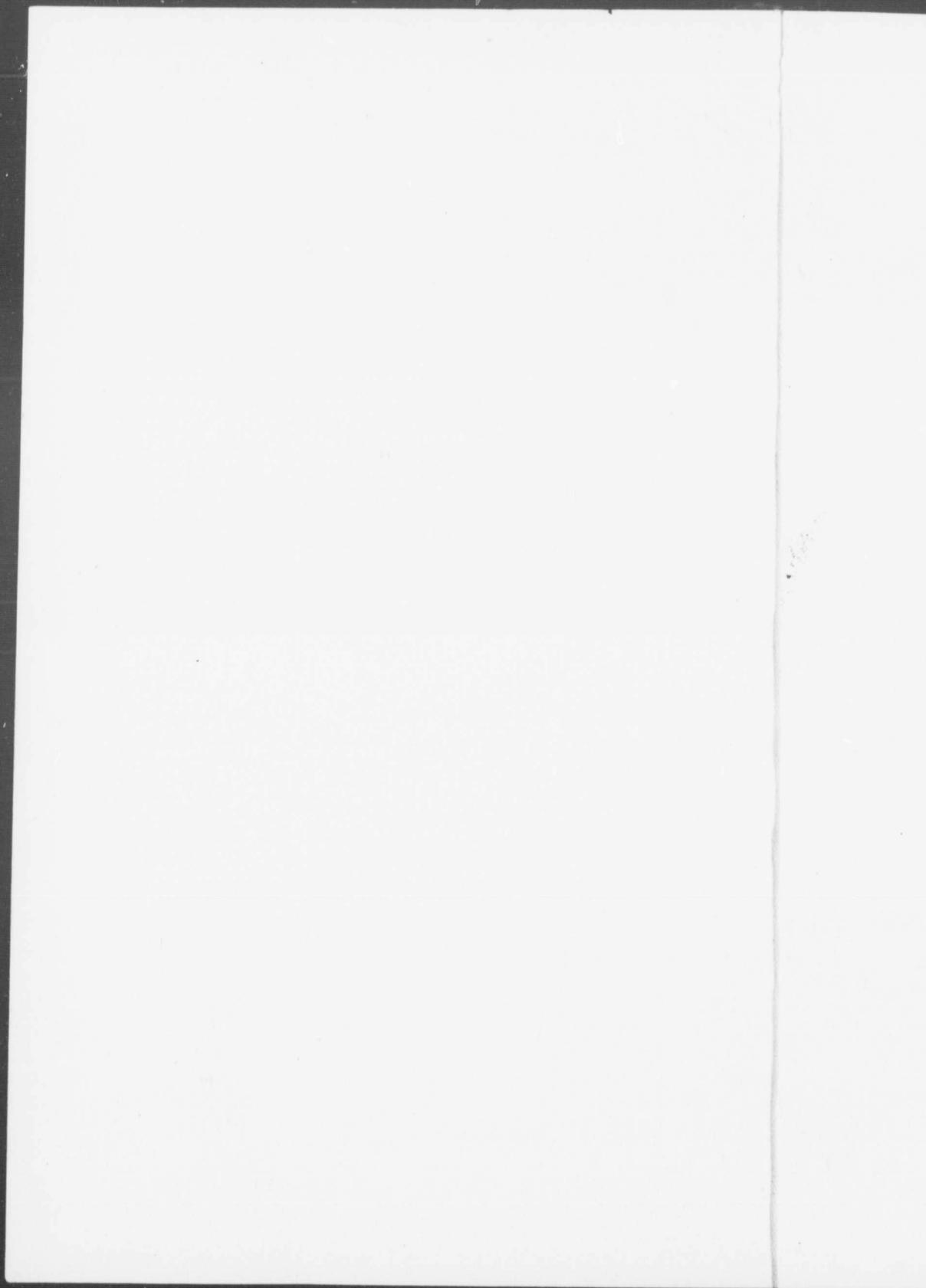
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June - 1912

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(WINDYBEE AUTHOR)

WINDYBEE







“Good-bye, Sir John, God bless you!” the old Loyalist replied, as he warmly grasped the Premier’s extended hand.”

WILLIAM BRIDGES
TORONTO
1903



A. R. DAVIS, C.E.
BY
WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST
DESCENDANTS IN CANADA

The Old Loyalist



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The Old Loyalist

A STORY OF UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST
DESCENDANTS IN CANADA

BY

A. R. DAVIS, C.E.

WINNIPEG, MAN.



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1908

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TO
ALICE
MY LOYALIST WIFE

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FOREWORD

AN active life in the field of engineering and surveying has left but little time to devote to a work of fiction. Much pleasure, however, has been derived by the author, during several years, in gathering material here and there in stray moments, and weaving it into a story concerning his birthplace and the U. E. Loyalists from whom he sprung.

All the characters—with one exception—are, of course, imaginary, as well as most of the incidents recorded concerning them. No story of Adolphustown could be written, covering the period in question, without reference to Sir John A. Macdonald, who as a lad attended the village school, and later in life frequently visited old friends in the locality.

“The Old Loyalist” is a type of his people not alone in the Bay of Quinte district, but from the Maritime Provinces to Canada’s western boundary, wherever the Loyalists chanced to settle. The good men and true are not by any means *confined* to those of Loyalist descent, as has been proven on more than one occasion in the history of Canada during the past century. It will be readily observed that many of the unreal incidents of the story cluster round certain well-known historical events in the lives of the Loyalists, as, for instance, the continuance of slavery, in a modified form, after they reached Canada.

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FOREWORD

Should this plain, unvarnished tale serve to provoke a greater interest in our grand old Loyalist ancestors, who so materially assisted in laying our national foundations broad and deep, and at the same time afford a means to the reader of a few hours' recreation in following the fortunes of our hero and his foster-family, this will be an abundant recompense to

THE AUTHOR.

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THE OLD LOYALIST

CHAPTER I.

THE CLINTON HOME ON THE BAY OF QUINTE.

SQUIRE CLINTON sat in his shirt sleeves, in his comfortable farm-house, enjoying an accustomed after-supper smoke from a long clay pipe. He was a portly man, with smooth, round face, high forehead, large, well-shaped nose and deep-blue eyes—a man of considerable strength of character one would conclude at a moment's glance. Tilted back in his favorite great-armed chair against the wall, with his feet, encased in slippers, resting on the damper of a large box-stove, in which the fire loudly crackled and roared, George Clinton, the owner of the old Loyalist Clinton homestead, looked a perfect picture of good nature and happy contentment on a cold winter's night near the close of the year 1865.

It was on the Canadian frontier, not far from where the picturesque Bay of Quinte debouches into the magnificent Lake Ontario. The exact locality was on the north shore of the bay, in the vicinity of the first great bend westward from its mouth, where its course abruptly swings from a westerly to an easterly direction.

Mrs. Clinton, an elderly, sweet-faced little woman, the Squire's very amiable wife, was seated beside the stove in a well-cushioned rocking chair, which had

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served more than one generation, engaged in the delightful task of knitting her husband a warm pair of woollen socks. She wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and freely chatted with her husband and a group of five small boys and girls, occasionally, taking a glance at her work when changing a needle. The children were seated round a large dining-table, with brightly burning lamp in the centre, enjoying with great hilarity and amusement certain well-known childish games, with their slates and pencils. The shouts and laughter of the little folks were keenly enjoyed by the Squire, who complacently watched their movements through the curling rings of smoke ascending from his pipe to the ceiling.

Presently the dining-room door creaked on its hinges and slowly opened. An old colored man entered the room from an outer kitchen without knocking. He was closely followed by a large Newfoundland dog, with head erect and wagging tail, which looked complacently about the room at the various members of the family. The dog's master was immediately greeted with several friendly expressions from Squire Clinton and the children.

"Come here, Quinte, and take a chair by the fire."

"Hello, Quinte. How's your health to-day?"

"Merry Christmas, Quinte!"

"We're glad to see you to-night, with your banjo under your arm, for we are now assured of some good music."

The tall, slender negro, with woolly hair, thick protruding lips and large kindly eyes, pulled off his fur cap and bowed profoundly to each member of the family without speaking a word. He was warmly clad in homespun garments. His feet were encased in moccasins and his hands in heavy woollen mittens.

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"Lay your wraps here, old man, and put your banjo yonder in the corner. You must be cold, judging from the way the frost is snapping and cracking to-night," said Squire Clinton, in a loud, though kindly voice, as he arose and closed the door and then resumed his seat.

"Ver' cold night, Mas'r Clinton," replied Quinte Brown. He rubbed his hands together for a few moments and then sat down beside the stove. "Der am a big sto'm brewin'; ci'cle roun' de moon wif one star in it; wind in de East. I specs we'll get it to-mowah good an' ha'd. Golly, Mas'r, I'm glad Quinte's got a comfo'ble log cabin an' plenty of wood, an' tings to eat."

"Shame on you, Quinte Brown," Mrs. Clinton replied, sternly. "You should not make such bad predictions about the weather for Christmas, where so many children as we have are concerned. Curtis and Walter have been planning a sleigh-ride with your good dog Rover for to-morrow, and Helen and Gertie have been talking all day about riding down hill and skating, and I don't know what all, and here you come along and upset all their plans."

"Can't you put the storm off for a day or two, Quinte?" suggested Squire Clinton, with a smile, as he stirred the fire. "These noisy children will set us crazy if they are obliged to stay in the house on Christmas Day."

Three boys and two girls now gathered around Quinte Brown with a great clamor, threatening and entreating, and almost pulling him off his chair, on account of his ominous prophecy.

"If you don't keep that storm away, Quinte," said Helen Clinton, pertly—a sweet little grandchild, with golden hair and merry blue eyes—"how in the world

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can Santa Claus get through with his team of reindeer to fill our stockings?"

Realizing the force of this argument, Quinte took Helen on his lap and said, "You chilluns suahly know Quinte can't allus tell jes' de 'zact day and houah when de sto'm is comin'. Dis sto'm may not come till day arter to-mowah, but it's comin' suah as fate. I kin feel it in ebery one ob dese ole bones ob mine. Big sto'm, too. Golly, chilluns, it makes ole Quinte shake jes' to tink ob it."

Here he chuckled and laughed, and turning to Mrs. Clinton, said, "How's dat, missus? Shouldn't dese chillun now be good an' t'ank and bless ole Quinte Brown?"

"That's much better indeed, Quinte. Now children you should entertain Quinte grandly and give him an enjoyable evening, since he has been good enough to delay the storm," remarked Mrs. Clinton, with a joyful laugh.

"That's right, grandmother dear! We'll do it!" shouted Curtis Clinton, Helen's elder brother, a sturdy little fellow, with a handsome face strongly resembling his grandfather. "Let's have a game of 'old bear,' Quinte, like we had last summer on the lawn, don't you remember?"

"Yes! yes! Please do, Quinte," cried Gertie Westwood, an adopted child, whom Squire Clinton had picked up by chance in the slums of New York a few years before when on a flying trip through that city, to which reference shall hereafter be made. She was a beautiful child, with jet black eyes, and a gentle manner that had endeared her to the Clinton family.

"Come on, Walter," cried Curtis to one of the other lads. "Get hold of Quinte's legs there and we'll pull

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him off the chair upon the floor; but of course we won't hurt him."

The lad thus addressed by Curtis was Walter Earle, another adopted child, an English emigrant lad from London, whom Squire Clinton found in Kingston, the market town, and brought home to assist him on the farm, and to attend school.

A drowning accident on the Bay of Quinte a few years previous had deprived the Squire and Mrs. Clinton of their only son John and his wife, the father and mother of Curtis and Helen. In their extreme sorrow and loneliness, Squire Clinton and his wife had taken, and afterwards adopted, these two children, Gertie Westwood and Walter Earle, to partially fill the void in their hearts and home occasioned by the loss of the parents of their dearly beloved grandchildren.

Curtis's command was quickly obeyed by Walter, and soon Quinte found himself in a sprawling condition on the floor.

"That's fine! Down he goes! Hurrah!" shouted Curtis. "Come along now, Horace, and help us fight this old black bear. We must keep him down. Hurry up and catch him, for he's awfully hard to hold! There, that's right—now we've got him!"

The boy last addressed, Horace Sullivan, was not a member of the Clinton family, but a neighbor lad who was spending the day at the Clinton home while his parents were away at the market-town doing their Christmas shopping.

The old bear now lay prone on the floor, with all five children piled promiscuously on top of him, shouting and laughing at the top of their voices, waving their hands in the air, and challenging their assumed enemy to begin the strife.

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"Lor' bless my soul, chilluns! What you doin'?" roared Quinte from underneath his heavy load. "Golly, Mas'r Clinton, dey will break ebery bone in dis ole body ob mine!" Then he growled like a bear, rolled his big eyes, and made hideous looking faces, which served to increase the children's zest.

"Go for them now, old bear! Eat 'em up. Eat 'em up," exclaimed the Squire, with much amusement, as he assisted Quinte to roll over and get under motion. Then Mrs. Clinton and the Squire laughed and clapped their hands with wild delight, as the old bear began to move around on his hands and knees, chasing first one and then another and roaring and pretending to bite. The dog Rover now came forth from his corner and joined in the scrimmage. They raced round the stove, under the table, out into the kitchen, through the hallway, into the parlor, bed-room, pantry, closets—anywhere and everywhere—upsetting chairs and turning everything topsy-turvy.

Quinte was made to abide strictly by the rules of the game and fight his battle on hands and knees, never daring to rise to his feet, or to bite his pursuers hard enough to make them cry. After a time they all quieted down from sheer exhaustion, and Quinte breathed heavily as he lay at full length upon a lounge in a corner of the spacious room.

"I'm afraid you're getting too old, Quinte, and the children too large, to play 'old bear' any more," said Mrs. Clinton.

"Dat am true as preachin', Missus," gasped Quinte. "Dem boys, Curtis and Walter and Horace, am gettin' strong as hosses. Dem gals, Helen and Gertie, dey ain't no fedderweights now, I tell you; and dat pup dog Rover, golly, he's the strongest one ob de whole bunch."

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At this moment a great commotion took place outside the house—firing of guns, ringing of bells, blowing of horns and shouting and cheering, which immediately arrested every one's attention.

"What's that noise, I wonder?" exclaimed Squire Clinton, as he rushed to the window and peered out into the lane. By the dim light of the moon he could discern about a score of men leaping from a sleigh and running and jumping about the yard, with frightful yells and hideous noises.

Quinte jumped to his feet, and answered, "I heah dat same 'sturbance ober in de village, Mas'r Clinton, when I was comin' up from my cabin. Wondah who dem people be and what dey wants?"

When Squire Clinton was getting his mail at the village post office that evening, he overheard Tom Jones whisper to Sam Peters, "Gee whiz! We're going to have a big sleigh load of Santa Claus boys out to-night, with Charlie Picton for leader. We'll astonish the natives. You had better get a false face, Sam, and come along, for we'll have heaps of fun."

"All right, Tom," was the low reply. "Bet your boots, I'll be there. We'll get one good stuffing of cakes and apples and cider, anyway, to celebrate this Christmas-tide.

Squire Clinton made a mental note of this conversation. On his way home he went round to Quinte's cabin on the bay shore and invited the old man to drop in with his banjo during the evening and help amuse the children. He did not mention the fact to anyone that the lads of the neighborhood would be out for a lark that night, thinking it would be a good opportunity to have a little joke at Quinte's expense, which experiences the old servant had always keenly relished in the past.

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"Heaven save us all!" shouted the Squire, turning from the window, as though greatly terrified. "I believe they are—yes, sir, as sure as you're born, they are Fenians! The Fenians have come at last to take Canada. What in the world shall we do, Quinte Brown?"

The children along the Canadian frontier in those days dreaded the word "Fenian" above all names of wicked men or fierce animals. Their movements in the United States were freely discussed around the Canadian firesides. They were described as a ruthless band of half-starved ruffians, ready to rob and kill everyone as soon as they set their feet on the Canadian shore. Little wonder, then, that Squire Clinton's statement struck terror into the hearts of the children, and startled his wife and Quinte Brown. Immediately the lads and lasses ran screaming away into the remotest parts of the house and hid themselves in bedrooms and dark closets, and soon became as quiet as so many mice.

Quinte stood his ground, arming himself with a huge stick of stove-wood, and took up a position in the corner of the room ready for the fray, with his faithful dog in front of him.

As the Squire turned to the door, he whispered a few words to his wife, who, quickly realizing what was about to take place, moved away to a far corner of the room, pushing back chairs and table against the walls, and clearing the centre of the room.

A loud knock was answered by Squire Clinton quickly opening the door and stepping outside. He closed the door behind him. "Listen!" said he to the leader. "Quinte and the children think you are Fenians who have come over to take Canada. Say you have come to take Quinte prisoner. Make some excuse or

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other—say he was concerned in a black walnut box affair with Percival Clinton, in Virginia—perhaps that will arouse him.”

“All right, Squire, I understand,” the leader replied, in a subdued voice, while striving to restrain his men. Then Squire Clinton re-entered, flung wide open the door, and stood aside with the door-latch in his hand, watching the men, who closely followed their leader.

They marched into the room in single file, and lining up came to order at the word of command, by thumping their clubs and the butt ends of their muskets on the floor.

All the men wore hideous-looking masks, except a few whose faces were blackened by charcoal. At the first glance Quinte thought the latter were some of his own colored race.

“Well, gentlemen,” demanded Squire Clinton, in a stern voice. “What are you doing here? And how dare you enter my home in this abrupt manner, wearing masks and bearing arms? We are law-abiding citizens, and as a justice of the peace, I demand an explanation of your conduct, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen.”

“We are Fenians, sir,” quickly replied the leader, a stalwart young man, with a loud, harsh voice. “We have come over to take Canada, and the whole country will soon be in our possession.”

“Alas! that is what I suspected. But, why have you come to my home particularly? Surely you do not intend to shed innocent blood?”

“We have come here, sir, to demand of you the surrender of an old Virginia slave, by the name of Quinte Brown, who was mixed up, I understand, in some affair about a black walnut box, with Percival

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Clinton, in Virginia, and ran away from his master. Have you such a man in your family, Squire Clinton?"

"Yes, Quinte Brown, whom you see standing yonder in the corner, is my servant, as he was of my father and grandfather before me, and a right faithful one he has been, I can assure you. I never knew he was a runaway slave, however; but, even if he were, you have no legal power to arrest him on the free soil of Canada, or even in the United States, where all slaves have become emancipated."

"Quite true, Squire Clinton; no *legal* right, as you say. Still, we propose taking him prisoner, at all costs, drive to Kingston to-night, and land him in Cape Vincent in the morning; from whence he shall be taken back to Virginia, notwithstanding Abe Lincoln's declaration that all niggers are free."

The attention of everyone in the room now became concentrated on Quinte Brown, who, dropping his stick of wood, seized a chair by the back and raising it high over his head confronted the leader, and shouted in a furious voice, "Who dar' say Quinte Brown am a runaway slave? What do you know 'bout Percival Clinton or a black walnut box? Nuffin' at all! Nebber tole nobody! Take me prisonah, eh? I dar' you to lay youah dirty hans' on me, you hellish Fenian scum ob de earth, shamed to show youah faces. Take back youah infernal lies or I'll break ebery bone in youah vile ca'cass wif dis chair."

The leader stepped quickly behind his associates to avoid the fury of the old colored man, who was now thoroughly aroused, and threatening to brain him with the uplifted piece of furniture.

"Take him prisoner, men," cried out the leader from his safe retreat, but no advance was made.

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Quinte stood motionless for a few moments and glared at the men, ready to strike down the first one who approached. Observing no movement to arrest him, he at length put down his chair, and, climbing on top of it, waved his arms and said in a more subdued voice, "I was bo'n a British subjec' in ole Virginny. I lef' dere arter dat awful war dat I might remain a British subjec', an' now I specs to die right heah on dis ole homestead ob Mas'r Clinton's in spite ob all de Fenians dis side ob de lowah regions. Now 'rest me if you dar'."

Mrs. Clinton took advantage of the intense silence that prevailed for a few moments, and, tripping lightly out before the men from the corner of the room, said with a low courtesy, and a sweet smile, "There, now, Fenian soldiers—boys of our neighborhood, who are having a little fun among your friends this Christmas eve—take off your hideous false faces and be seated, and we shall do our best to entertain you."

At this command the scene changed in a few moments. Quinte was dumbfounded, as from his standing position on the chair he looked down upon one and then another of the familiar faces of the school lads of the neighborhood whom he knew so well, and who, one by one, addressed and saluted him amid the general shouts and laughter of every body in the room.

"Lor' bless my soul, Mas'r Clinton!" Quinte exclaimed, as he scratched his woolly head, and turned from gazing at the men, to the Squire. "De leadah ober dar am only Charlie Picton, dat Quaker-debbil boy, who am always up to mischief: and dar am Tom Jones and Sam Peters an' Willie Smith an' all de oder small white trash ob dis neighbo'hood. Nice Fenians dey be, for suah! Golly! We am fooled bad, dis time, Mas'r Clinton."

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The Squire and all the boys roared with laughter at this remark, and then Quinte got down from the chair and took a seat in the corner, very much ashamed of the display of anger, which all had witnessed.

Mrs. Clinton called the children back to the room, with assurances that no harm could befall them, for the wild, noisy visitors were the well-known boys of the neighborhood, who were out for a little frolic on Christmas Eve.

"Hello, children. Where have you all been hiding?" called out Charlie Picton, as the youngsters shyly returned with traces of tears in some of their eyes. "Surely you were not afraid! We would not harm you. Come here, Helen, my little dear, and sit upon my lap. I'll protect you from these rough fellows, who seem to delight in frightening little girls."

Helen timidly responded to Charlie's appeal, as she knew him well; while Gertie retired to the corner, and took a seat on Quinte's lap, and the boys shyly settled down amid the crowd. Squire Clinton quickly brought a pan of apples and a pitcher of sweet cider from the cellar, while his wife distributed an abundance of doughnuts and Christmas cake.

"Bless your hearts, children, you should not be frightened at Charlie Picton and his school-boy brigade," remarked Mrs. Clinton, as she passed the cake from one to another. "Some day I fully expect this mischievous, Quaker boy, Charlie, will become a preacher like his good, old grandfather, and then, doubtless, we'll all be glad to listen to his sermons."

"Three cheers for Charlie Picton, the preacher," shouted Tom Jones, and all the party responded with loud acclaim.

"Quakers are too slow for me," Charlie quickly

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answered. "It takes too long for the spirit to move them. I'll join your church, Aunt Mary, when I get to be a preacher, for the Methodists can shout and sing as they please, while we Quakers must be very reserved and precise in our form of service. Sometimes, you know, we shake hands and go home without the preacher saying a word."

"I hope you lads will not tell our minister how angry Quinte was to-night, or what bad words he used," said Squire Clinton, with assumed gravity, as he poured each a glass of cider. "I never saw Quinte lose his temper before in all my life. He's a very good man, indeed, as we all know; but that was awful language for a good Methodist like Quinte to use. I sincerely hope the authorities of the church may not hear of it and put him out, now in his old age, after so many years of usefulness."

Quinte, with a broad smile, quickly answered, "Dis ole coon hab got some ginger lef' in him yet, Mas'r Clinton. He may gib you many more s'prises befo' he leaves de chu'ch, or dis worl', which I specs will be bout one and de same time. Eberybody knows Quinte's bark am worse dan his bite."

"We'll say nothing more about the matter, Quinte, if you will now favor us with a good old banjo song," Charlie Picton replied, as he helped Helen to another large piece of cake.

"Song! Song! Quinte, a song!" came from a score of throats half-choked with cake and apples.

Pleased with this invitation, Quinte took the banjo brought him by Gertie Westwood. After tuning the strings for a few moments he struck certain chords, and then, in a low, deep voice began singing one of the old plantation songs of his childhood, in that weird, peculiar

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tone characteristic of the race. Stanza followed stanza, for a considerable length of time, to the intense delight of the listeners. Other songs were sung, and the voice and banjo acquired new life and energy and pathos. Then Quinte placed the four children of the family in a row—Curtis and Walter at either end and Gertie and Helen in the centre—and played while the little ones sang low and sweet that familiar, plaintive plantation song, "Old Nellie Gray," which Quinte had taught them in his log-cabin on the shore of the beautiful bay whose name he had the honor to bear.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" cried Charlie Picton, as the clock struck nine. "Up boys and let us away, for we have many families to call upon yet to-night in this Loyalist district who would be sadly disappointed if we were to slight them."

Replacing their masks, the company quickly hustled out and into their sleigh, with much shouting and many good wishes for the Clinton family, whose hospitality, they declared, could not be excelled.

The Sullivans called on their return from Kingston about this time and took the boy Horace to his home on the adjoining farm. Quinte Brown shortly afterwards departed to his cabin, accompanied by his faithful dog—the only companion he had in the world. The uppermost thought in Quinte's mind was concerning that black walnut box, and how and where Charlie Picton had obtained certain information about it. Nothing had ever so startled him throughout his whole life. His pace, though slow, quickened as he tottered along the pathway leading down to the shore.

On entering his log cabin the first thing he did was to carefully examine a certain log in one corner of the interior, to ascertain if it had been tampered with. Find-

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ing nothing had been disturbed, the old man—breathing more freely—devoutly knelt in prayer, and soon afterwards retired to rest, to dream of early boyhood days among the little pickaninnies on a Virginia plantation along the Potomac River.

“What about the Christmas tree, Grandfather?” said Helen Clinton, when the family were again alone. “Are we not to have one this year? We have never missed, as long as I can remember.”

“Goodness gracious! We nearly forgot all about it, little girl. I have a beauty outside, brought fresh from the woods to-day especially for the occasion—the loveliest spruce you ever saw. I’ll have it here in two jerks of a lamb’s tail.”

The Squire bustled out into the wood-yard, bare-headed, and soon returned with a choice evergreen which reached to the ceiling and filled one corner of the spacious dining-room. Soon the tree and walls were decorated with garlands and festoons of variegated colors, in which pleasant exercise all hands joined. Then Mrs. Clinton hung sprigs of holly here and there where they would produce the best effect.

“Where shall we put the mistletoe, grandmother?” asked Helen, as she looked about the room in quest of a fitting place for another of the scarce Christmas decorations which Mrs. Clinton had received from a friend in England.

“Why, right here, child, dear! in a bunch, suspended from this hanging lamp, in the centre of the parlor, under which the boys may have a chance to get sly kisses from the girls. There is no place in the house quite so convenient,” answered Helen’s grandmother, with a merry laugh, as she proceeded to suspend the mistletoe, by standing upon a chair.

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"Be very, very careful, girls," said Squire Clinton, looking very solemn and shaking his finger. "If you allow the boys to kiss you under that mistletoe, something dreadful may happen."

"What will happen? Tell us, please," queried the two sweet little girls in one breath, with delightful innocence.

"Surely you know, Helen—and you, Gertie! Gracious, I shall never forget the day I performed such an act. Ask grandmother to tell you about it, so that it may prove a warning to you throughout your entire lives."

"Please tell us, grandmother," pleaded Helen.

"Oh, do tell us, Mrs. Clinton!" begged Gertrude.

"Very well. Listen, then, children," said Mrs. Clinton, as she descended from the chair, stood apart from the group and began in a low, gentle voice. "On a certain winter's evening, when I was a girl, or rather a young woman, I was standing under the mistletoe in our own dear country home, on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, during the Christmas holidays. Just then a very bold young man, yet one whom I very much admired—who previously had been talking to father and mother in an adjoining room—came softly up behind me on tip-toe. I did not hear his steps, as I was deeply engaged in admiring a beautiful picture hanging on the wall. Imagine my intense surprise, when this young man reached over, gently and quietly, and kissed me on the cheek! Then, throwing his big, strong arms around me, he kissed me on the lips and said: 'Mary, dear, you must now be my wife, for I've kissed you under the mistletoe.'"

"Wasn't he a bold fellow?" exclaimed Gertie, with amazement.

"But so sly and cute!" remarked Helen, with a

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roguish laugh. "Surely, grandmother, you did not refuse him, for you said you admired him, didn't you?"

"Refuse him! I should say not. He wouldn't take no for an answer. Yes, I married him after a time, and he made a very good husband—very good, indeed. There he stands now, laughing at me for my foolishness, as he has been doing for the past forty years, and will continue to do so, I suppose, until the end of our days."

"That was the master-stroke in diplomacy of my whole life, children—the wisest thing I ever did," said the Squire, with a hearty laugh, as he left the room to have his final smoke before retiring for the night.

The children soon became concerned with the hanging up of their stockings. Considerable discussion followed as to the best place in the house for the convenience of Santa Claus, and how he would be able to distinguish between so many stockings, and make no mistakes. Alas! alas! in their excitement over this seemingly important matter the little girls entirely forgot about the other, and soon both stepped right underneath the suspended mistletoe. Quickly Curtis nudged Walter, and quietly, on tiptoe, they each approached from behind while the girls continued in earnest conversation. Curtis, brimful of pent-up laughter, closed in behind Gertie Westwood. Walter could scarcely suppress an explosion of mirth as he stepped behind Helen Clinton. Then, with a nod from Curtis for a signal, each boy threw his arms around the girl in front of him, and kissing her on the cheek and lips, said, "You must now be my wife, for I've kissed you under the mistletoe."

On hearing the wild commotion which followed, the Squire came rushing into the room to enquire what was the matter, but all he could now discover was the vanish-

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ing forms of the children as they raced pell-mell up the stairs. The happy smile upon the face of Mrs. Clinton as she stood in the door and pointed toward the mistletoe, told the Squire plainly what had happened. He laughed heartily, and shouted upstairs, "Well done, boys." Soon all retired and once more order, quietness and peace reigned supreme in the old Loyalist home.

CHAPTER II.

SECRET OF THE LOG CABIN.

QUINTE'S joints and bones proved an excellent barometer on this occasion. The storm he had predicted came that night with intense violence. The outlook over the settlement the following morning was dreary in the extreme. Dense clouds of snow rolling and twisting into all sorts of fantastic shapes were swiftly borne along by a furious east wind. Drifts were piled deep along the fenced highways and around the farm buildings, while small heaps sifted through every aperture the relentless storm could discover in barns and dwellings. Each household on that dreary Christmas day was compelled to draw upon its own resources for the necessaries of life and good cheer.

The children of the Clinton family were early astir examining their stockings in accordance with the rule that has ever prevailed among succeeding generations of childhood. Their rapture knew no bounds when they discovered that Santa Claus, ever faithful and true, had breasted the storm, and left them an abundance of presents—far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Squire Clinton and his wife turned deaf ears to the storm that howled without, after the morning chores and housework were performed. Sleighs, skates, picture books and sweetmeats had to be examined and commented upon until, all too soon, the dinner hour arrived. Mrs. Clinton's Christmas dinner was all that could be

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desired. Everyone ate heartily of the abundance that was provided and great joy and mirth prevailed.

"Bless my heart, Mary!" said the Squire, after dinner was over. "These children have eaten so much roast goose, plum pudding, mince pies and doughnuts that I fear they will all be sick and the storm will prevent going for the doctor. What can we do with them this afternoon?"

"They certainly can't go out to play in that fearful storm," Mrs. Clinton replied. "So, we'll have to do the best we can with them in the house, I suppose."

Let us all go down and make old Quinte a visit," suggested Curtis, whose mind became actively engaged as soon as he heard his grandfather's remark.

"Splendid!" Helen responded. "Wouldn't it be great fun to give Quinte a surprise party in his log cabin? Will you not go, Grandmother?"

"Grand idea, Helen," exclaimed Gertie. "I can wade through the snow up to my armpits."

Bravo! Here comes Rover," shouted Walter Earle, as he glanced out of the window and saw Quinte's dog making for the door. "We'll hitch Rover to the sleigh and draw Mother Clinton, and the rest of us will break the roads. Won't that be jolly?"

"Do you suppose we can get through, George?" enquired Mrs. Clinton of her husband. "It would certainly be a great surprise to poor lonely Quinte, and I would very much like to go."

"Yes, I've no doubt we can get through, wife, dear, if you can endure such a terrific storm, but I fear you will perish with the cold."

"Then we'll go," Mrs. Clinton replied, decisively, "for a woman can stand more hardships than a man any day."

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“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Squire Clinton, as he opened the door and let Rover in. “What do you think, Rover? Mother says she is tougher than I am, and yet she wants you to draw her down to Quinte’s cabin while I walk and break the roads. Did you ever hear of such inconsistency?”

The dog shook the snow off his back and rubbed his head against the Squire’s leg as though desiring to express his willingness to perform the task without complaint.

There was great scurrying about on the part of the children in getting themselves and the dog and sled in readiness, while Mrs. Clinton filled a large basket with the choicest provisions the house could afford, and at the same time the Squire gave his stock at the barn another generous feed of straw, hay and oats, thus assuring their comfort for another long interval.

Great was Quinte Brown’s consternation and joy an hour later, when, in answer to a loud knock, he opened the door of his old log cabin and beheld his master’s family. He gazed for a few moments at Mrs. Clinton comfortably seated on a sled with a basket on her lap; at his large dog standing in front panting hard, and looking at his master for some words of commendation for his arduous task; at the four warmly-clad, red-faced, hearty-looking children standing around the sled, and then at the Squire, who, standing at the threshold, raised his arms and loudly exclaimed in an imploring voice:

“Open your hospitable door
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed.”

“Lor’ bless my soul!” cried Quinte, as he grasped Squire Clinton with both hands by the arm and shoulder,

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and pulled him inside the door. "Welcome, Mas'r Clinton, to de home ob you' forefaders. Welcome, Missus, an' all you chilluns. Golly, it makes Quinte's hea't glad to see you comin' to his cabin dis sto'my day."

"I'm glad to see you looking so happy, Quinte, and to find your cabin so warm and cosy," said Mrs. Clinton, as she jumped off the sleigh, brushed the snow from her clothes, and ran inside the open door.

The children lost no time in entering the cabin, divesting themselves of their wraps and encircling the large open fire-place where some great logs were cheerfully blazing.

"Take dat char, dar, Mas'r Clinton, which was made by youah great grandfather, Mas'r James Clinton," said Quinte, as he pointed to a heavy, roughly-made, though comfortable, oaken chair, with a high back. "You take dis rockin' char, Missus, here close by de fire-place, whar it am wa'm an' comfo'ble."

"Thank you, Quinte. This is very comfortable indeed," Mrs. Clinton replied, as she adjusted her glasses, arranged her hair, and seated herself before the blazing logs.

"Yes, Missus, good old char dat, suah. Many mudders in dis United Empire Loyalist settlement hab rocked deir babies to sleep in dat char, made by Mas'r Thomas Clinton in de yeah 1812, de time ob de American wa'. Seems only yes'day since dem stirrin' times, when ebery man in dis settlement was a sojer."

Quinte now stirred up the fire with a pair of tongs, and throwing an extra log or two upon the glowing embers, said to the boys, "Now, Curtis an' Walter, bring up dem wooden benches, made by Majah Van Alstine's own hands when de Loyalists fust landed in 1784. Dey will make seats fo' all you chilluns. Go way, Rover,

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an' lie down. Suahly youah big black coat keeps you wa'm. All right, lie down dere on de flooah an' be good."

The boys, obeying Quinte's command, quickly drew the two rough, well-worn stools up to the hearth and the four children became seated upon them, two on each—Curtis and Gertie occupying the one while Walter and Helen took the other. The Squire smiled and nudged Mrs. Clinton as he observed each pair snug up together, and each boy's arm encircled his partner's waist in order to prevent her from falling off the short, backless seat. The children were quite unconscious of having done anything to provoke smiles from their grandparents, and so quietly watched and listened with perfect contentment.

"One would think you were as old as Methuselah, Quinte," the Squire remarked, as he proceeded to fill his clay pipe, "to hear you talking about the first settlers on the Bay of Quinte. Why don't you go back to the beginning, however, and tell us when you were born and something about your life in Virginia. Of course, we would not like you to get angry about it, like you did last night when Charlie Picton accused you of being a runaway slave. You might tell us, too, something about that black walnut box of Percival Clinton's, which Charlie Picton referred to last night. Surely you are not carrying secrets of the Clinton family with you to the grave, to be buried forever from our knowledge?"

This thrust evidently touched a sore spot, as Quinte quickly replied, "Somebody lies, Mas'r Clinton, when dey say dey know anything 'bout dat black walnut box ob Mas'r Percival Clinton's." Quinte confronted Squire Clinton with clenched fist and a look of terror rather than anger in his face. "I nebber tole it eben to Mas'r James Clinton, nor to any one ob his fam'ly, nor to anybody else since dat time, as suah as dere am a God in

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heaven. No, no, Mas'r Clinton, Charlie Picton doesn't know what he's talkin' 'bout, or else he's in league wif de debbil."

Squire Clinton, his wife and all the children looked at Quinte in amazement. It seemed impossible that this quiet, innocent old servant could be aroused in such a manner by a reference to his past life of unselfish devotion. His mind, probably, had become somewhat deranged. The Squire looked at Quinte closely and smiled. He put a live coal from the hearth in his pipe, and, while doing so, observed that the old servant's eyes were still riveted upon him, with a peculiar, questioning stare.

"George was only joking," said Mrs. Clinton, pleasantly, after a few moments. "Charlie Picton knows nothing about your secret, Quinte, if you have one, and so you need have no fear. Take a seat here beside me, and let us talk about this dear old cabin, which you keep so tidy and clean, in which you have lived so many years, and in which several generations of the Clinton family have been reared and died."

Still standing erect, Quinte looked at Mrs. Clinton, while she spoke to him in this kindly manner. Then turning to the Squire, he fixed his eyes upon him once more and said, "What do you know 'bout dat black walnut box, Mas'r Clinton? Must Quinte lose his poor soul in hell now arter all dese many, many yeahs tryin' to do his duty? God alone knows how ha'd Quinte has tried to keep dat solemn promise made to his daddy down in ole Virginny, an' what pain he has bo'ne all dese yeahs keepin' back dat walnut box from his good Mas'r's family. May de Lord forgib me."

Squire Clinton now understood that Quinte was suspicious of him and desired some explanation in reference

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to the matter alluded to by Charles Picton the previous night.

Presently he said, "Quinte Brown, you are quite right, I believe, when you say you never told anything concerning the matter which now appears to be preying upon your mind. Your conscience, therefore, cannot accuse you of any wrongdoing, in the way of breaking your promise. I know nothing about your secret beyond the fact that my ancestor, Percival Clinton, in Virginia, and your father and yourself were concerned in some way with a black walnut box. Ever since I was a boy of the age of Curtis or Walter I have known you had something on your mind concerning this black walnut box. You would sometimes mutter to yourself about it by day in my presence, and on more than one occasion I have heard you talk and rave about it in your dreams at night. Often I have felt disposed to ask you some questions regarding the matter, but I have always refrained from doing so, thinking that, perhaps, if it in any way concerned the Clinton family you would probably tell me all about it some time before you died. It was I who prompted Charlie Picton to speak about it last night, in order to have a little amusement with you. I'm sure you've told no one your secret, Quinte, and I'm very sorry, indeed, to have trespassed upon your private affairs and thus to have injured your feelings, for which I trust you will now forgive me."

Quinte grasped the Squire by the hand and said, "Pa'don me, Mas'r Clinton, fo' gettin' angry. I unde'stan' all now. I've been thinkin' an' prayin' 'bout it since las' night. Would to God I dar'd to tell you all 'bout it, but dere is dat promise to my ole daddy. Yes, an' mo,' dat oath on de Bible—'Nebber tell anybody 'bout dat black walnut box till youah dyin' day; but keep it hid an'

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gib it into de han's ob Mas'r Percival Clinton when he comes back from fightin' Washington. Be sure an' keep dis promise or God will damn youah soul.'"

The children had been intently listening to all that had been said, and when Quinte ceased reciting the dreadful vow he had made when a boy, they became excited and frightened, and Curtis nervously exclaimed in a low tone, "You may die to-night, Quinte Brown, so you better tell us all about it and then God will forgive you."

Quinte sprang to his feet as though thrilled by an electric shock and gazed about the room eagerly, as though a voice had spoken to him from the dead. Then he said, looking intently into the far corner of the room, "Who spoke dem wo'ds? Would to God I dared to tell my Mas'r 'bout dat black walnut box!"

"It was your little friend Curtis, here," Mrs. Clinton kindly replied. "The child is deeply interested in your welfare and apparently would like to assist you in getting the burden off your mind. Sit down again, Quinte, and compose yourself."

"God bless dat boy Curtis for dem wo'ds. Dey may be true. Wondah if Quinte dar tell you all 'bout it? My dyin' day may be close at hand—dat's suah as fate. Would God forgib me, do you spec's, Missus, if I tell all 'bout it, but do not open de walnut box?"

"Certainly, Quinte, God will forgive you. You have nothing to fear in telling us all about your secret, if you wish to do so. Your dying day might have been any day since you were born. I fear you have been giving yourself a lot of unnecessary anxiety all through your long life about some promise you made when a boy."

The twilight of evening had come and only a dim light was admitted through two small windows in the log cabin. The storm still raged without, threatening at

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times to tear the flat board roof off the cabin, but all was tranquil and cosy within.

Quinte poked the fire once more, threw on another log of wood, and then hung a kettle of water upon the crane. The light from the fireplace flooded the single room of the cabin and lit up the happy faces of the little group of visitors seated about the hearth. Presently Quinte resumed his seat beside Mrs. Clinton and began a story of great interest to the family, which we shall here endeavor to reproduce, however deficient the attempt may be.

“ At de close ob de Revolutinary War between England an’ de American colonies, dad an’ mam was de head slabes ’bout de house ob Mas’r Percival Clinton, on de bank ob de Potomac ribber, in ole Virginny. Mas’r an’ James went to de war to fight fo’ King Geo’ge; Edward, de oldest son, jined Geo’ge Washington’s army. Missus died while dey was all off to de war. We put her body in a grave on de bank ob de Potomac, on de plantation, an’ not fa’ from de ole home. Soon ma deah mam took sick an’ died; an’ we laid her body ’way to rest. Arter a while dad got bad too, an’ one day, neah de end ob de war, he called me to his bedside an’ said, ‘ Moses, my deah boy, dad is gwine to die an’ I want you to keep dis black walnut box dat Mas’r Percival lef’ wif me when he went way to de war, which has some tings in it, I spec’s, of great value, worf, I spec’s, lots of money.’

“ ‘ All right, dad, I’ll keep it safe fo’ Mas’r Percival,’ I said, little knowin’ what I was gwine to do wif it.

“ I was a little lad den like Curtis or Walter here, an’ felt big to be trusted wif somethin’ fo’ Mas’r Percival, de great, good man who had been kind to us all on de big plantation. Den dad took a nice little box out ob

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his bed, from under de blankets, an' put it in dese han's ob mine, an' tole me in low, solemn wo'ds dat Mas'r Percival gub it to him, an' made him kiss de Bible and sweah he would keep dat box safe to his dyin' day—if needs be—an' let no one hab it, nebber open it, an' to gib it back to Mas'r Percival when he come home from de wa'.

“Den dad made me bring de Bible from de table an' kiss it an' say ober dem awful wo'ds of his promise to Mas'r Percival. At de end dad pinched my arm until it almos' brought de blood, an' in a deep voice dat scared me, said, 'Be suah an' keep dis promise, Moses Brown, or God will damn youah soul fo' eber an' eber in hell.'”

“I took de box, put it in a bag an' hid it away in a hole in de groun' whar nobody could find it. I watched dat hole fo' many an' many a day, an' den I cobered it wif a big flat stone dat I rolled down from de side ob de hill.

“Poor ole dad died dat night an' we laid his body away beside mam's on de bank ob de ole Potomac, an' de many, many slabes ob de plantation sang an' wep' an' prayed at de grabe jus' like when Missus died, an' I felt sad an' lonely wif no one in de wo'ld to love me.”

There was silence in the cabin for a few moments, and all listened to the whistling of the wind without and the roaring of the flames as they ascended the chimney.

Presently Squire Clinton asked, “How long was it, Quinte, before Percival Clinton returned home, and why did you not give him the walnut box as you had faithfully promised to do?”

“Mas'r Percival fell fightin' fo' de King in de last big battle ob de war, wif his son, Mas'r James, fightin' by his side. When his body was brought home by Mas'r James der was great mournin' an' weepin' once mo'. I

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didn't know what to do wif de box. I couldn't gib it to Mas'r Percival, fo' he was dead; an' I dar' not gib it to Mas'r James, fo' dere was my promise to dad to gib it 'o no one but Mas'r Percival; an' I had dat awful dread ob losin' my soul if I didn't keep dat promise. I nebber said a wo'd about de box to Mas'r James, but jes' left it dere in de hole whar I knowed it would be safe from ha'm. Mas'r Percival's body was put in de ground by de ribber beside Missus. Den Mas'r James took a chisel an' hammer an' cut de fust letters ob deir names on a flat stone an' planted it at de heads ob deir grabes. Dere was much mournin' by Mas'r James an' all de slabs, an' nobody seemed to want to wo'k any mo' after Mas'r was gone."

"Was the oldest son, Edward, killed in the war, Quinte?" anxiously inquired Squire Clinton, who now put away his pipe and keenly listened to a continuation of the story.

"No. Mas'r Edward was hurt ver' bad by a shot in de leg in one battle; but he got well an' came home when de war was all ober, an' took de plantation an' all de slabs. Den he turned poor Mas'r James away wif no money, no clothes an' no food to eat. I lubbed Mas's James, who was always kind an' good to me, but I hated Mas'r Edward, who kicked an' cuffed me, an' all de oder little niggers 'bout de house. Edward cursed Mas'r James an' tole him he was a poor beggar an' nebber to come back to de plantation as long as he libed. I tole Mas'r James I wanted to go wif him, an' he said, 'All right, Moses, come along,' so I packed my few rags in an ole bag 'long wif de walnut box an' my deah old mudder's Bible you see ober dere on de shelf, an' started out on a long tramp, wif Mas'r James, beggin' our meals from day to day along de road, an' often sleepin' on de

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col' hard groun'. De Gov'ment gabe all de lan' an' prop'ty to de Rebels when de wa' was ober, so dat de good true men who fought fo' King George, like Mas'r James, was all made beggars, an' dey was hated an' made fun ob an' treated bad by dem white trash what fought fo' Washington.

"We had a hard time on de road, but we got to New York arter weeks an' weeks ob travel. Mas'r James was neahly dead; but dis lad Moses was smart an' tough an' often got Mas'r a drink, or somethin' to eat, when he was almos' gone. We foun' lots ob frien's in New York, poor like ourselves, an' all tryin' to get way out ob deir ole faderlan' whar de had spen' so many happy days in de yeahs gone by. One day we got aboa'd a ship bound, dey said, to Canada. I didn't know whar dat was, but when Mas'r James said, 'Canada is all right, Moses; a good country that belongs to King George, where the Union Jack still flies,' I jes' laid down on de deck, kicked my heels up in de air, an' laughed and hollered and rolled ober an' ober till Mas'r James t'ought I had a fit, an' den he jes' poahed a bucket ob water all ober dis coon's black head. Golly! dat soon brought me to my senses, an' I jumped up an' saw dem all laughing at me an' den I laughed, too.

"Dere was three vessels loaded with Loyalists an' a British Gov'ment ship, *The Hope*, in cha'ge ob us. Majah Van Alstine was de head man of our pa'ty an' he was mos' kind an' good to us all. We had a fine trip on de big, wide ocean an' up de St. Law'ence ribber to Quebec. Here Mas'r James took me up a high hill to de Plains ob Abr'am an' showed me de place whar he said Wolfe whipped Montca'm an' gabe Canada to de King of England. We stayed all winter at Sorel, on de oder side ob de St. Law'ence, whar we lived in tents an' log houses

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thro' dat long col' winter. Smallpox broke out an' Mas'r James took it an' almos' died. I waited on Mas'r James. So did Miss Van Buskirk—de good angel dat afte'wa'ds become his wife—an' we pulled him thro' arter a hard tussle. A few died in de winter ob dat awful disease. De rest ob us was poor as chu'ch mice when de spring came, an' de ice broke up an' went down de ribber swif' in big pieces. Den we all gladly got in de long narrow-bottomed boats fu'nished by de Gov'ment an' de men had lots ob ha'd wo'k at de rapids pullin' dese heaby boats up long de sho'e, filled wif provisions, women and chillun. All de people was glad an' shouted when we got to Fo't Frontenac, or Kingston, as we call it nowadays. Dere we heah de cannon boom an' saw de ole Union Jack floatin' above de fort. Golly, Mas'r Clinton, de Loyalists was so glad dey could ha'dly stay in de boats long 'nough to get to shore when dey see dat ole flag wavin' in de breeze. We pitched ouah tents neah de fort an' stayed dere a few weeks an' had a good res', and dere Mas'r James was married, an' everybody seemed glad an' happy when dey greeted him an' his lubly bride.

“Den all ob Majah Van Alstine's pa'ty got in deir boats an' rowed up de quiet, b'utiful Bay of Quinte, an' landed on de mo'ning ob de 16th June, 1784, in dat little cove ober dere, jes' beyond dis ole log cabin, an' eberybody rejoiced to know his long pilg'image was done.”

“What became of the walnut box, Quinte?” asked Mrs. Clinton, after a few moments of silence. She, too, had now become intensely interested not only in the story, but in the fate of that mysterious box.

“Wait a few minut's, Missus,” resumed Quinte, “an' I'll tell you bout dat box, which I kep' safe an' soun'

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all t'rough dat long, long voyage f'om New York to de Bay of Quinte.

“De Loyalist people drew lots fo' de homesteads, an' it so happened dat Mas'r James drew his two hundred acres jes' whar de pa'ty landed. So de good Majah said Mas'r James an' his bride mus' hab de fust log cabin. All de men took off deir coats an' went to wo'k choppin' down oak trees right heah in de t'ick woods, an' in a couple ob days dis log cabin we am sittin' in was built. A roof of split hollow basswood logs, half of dem turned up an' half of dem turned down, was put on, so dat a drop of water could not get t'rough.

“Golly! Mas'r James was proud when he come into dis cabin wif his purty bride—de sweetest gal dat eber libed. She and Mas'r James was ver' kind to me, an' I was de happiest nigger boy in de wo'ld in dis cabin as I waited on Missus an' helped Mas'r James split de wood an' build de fires.

“Eberybody called me 'Quinte' in dem days, an' so my ole name—Moses—was almos' forgot. Mas'r James—nor anybody else—nebber saw dat walnut box what I always kep' in de bag all dem days and weeks ob de long trip, an' watched like a cat watches a mouse. One day when Mas'r and Missus was away helpin' de nabors at a cabin-raisin' bee, I got a saw an' cut out de f'ont block ob a log inside de cabin, an' wif a chisel an' hammer an' axe I dug out a place big enough to hol' dat walnut box. Den I put de box inside, nailed de block in its place ag'in and filled up de holes wif de sawdust an' clay. No one discove'd what I did, an' dere I spec's dat walnut box is at dis moment—jes' ober dere, neah whar you sit, Mas'r Clinton.

“My story is done, an' now I'm gwine to see if dat

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walnut box am still dere, an' I pray dat de good Lord will pa'don me if I show it now to Mas'r Clinton."

Quinte jumped up from his chair and quickly lighted two tallow candles, in bright brass candlesticks, placing one on the mantel over the fire-place, and the other on the table in the centre of the room. Then taking the iron poker from the hearth he proceeded to hammer the end of it into an aperture in the wall and to slowly pry out the section of the log he had sawn long ago near the corner of the cabin. All the Clinton family arose to their feet, filled with intense interest in the proceedings, and crowded around to witness the action. The task was easily accomplished, and in a few minutes Quinte removed the loosened timber and then drew forth from its secure hiding-place a beautiful black walnut box about nine inches long, four inches wide and two inches deep, which he critically examined, tried the lock, shook the box beside his ear and heard the rattle of its contents, and then passed it over with a trembling hand to his master, without uttering a word.

"Heavens on earth, Quinte!" shouted Squire Clinton, as he took the box in his hand, examined an inscription on a brass plate on the lid, and then tried to open the latter, which he found to be securely fastened. After rubbing the plate vigorously for a few moments with his coat sleeve, the Squire raised the box to his eyes and read aloud this inscription—"Percival Clinton, Virginia."

After a few moments he looked up and said, "What a pity, Quinte, you did not give this box to your Master James, in Virginia, when you found his father was dead. It may contain some very valuable papers which probably would have been of great service to him in those days

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of misfortune. Shall I break it open and see what it contains? There seems to be no key with it."

"No, Mas'r Clinton, don't open it till arter I'm gone, for de good Lo'd's sake and den no ha'm can suahly come to me. I'm awful glad to see it in de han's ob one ob de Clinton family arter all dese yeahs ob waitin'. But please don't open it yet, Mas'r Clinton, fo' I'm 'fraid, oh, so much 'fraid, ob dat awful promise, an' de oath I made on de Bible!"

"But I may die before you, Quinte," suggested the Squire. "I have no lease of life and you may bury me yet."

"Suah, Mas'r Clinton, I nebber tho't ob dat. Spec's den I better gib it to Mas'r Curtis—de las' ob de Clinton men, who will likely lib fo' many, many yeahs. Dat's jes' what I'll do. Here, Curtis, my deah boy, take dis walnut box, jes' as I did when I was a lad, keep it safe f'om ha'm an' open it arter ole Quinte's gone to res', an' may de blessin' ob de good Lo'd res' upon de contents ob dat walnut box an' upon all de Clinton fambly fo' eber an' eber, amen."

Squire Clinton felt strongly disposed, however, to pry the lid open and see at once what the box contained. Quinte's idea of keeping it closed until he was dead was, in his master's opinion, extremely foolish and should not be tolerated. Still, he would not assume the responsibility of opposing the old servant, who had so faithfully maintained his secret throughout a long life of many privations in the service of the Clinton family. So the matter for the time being was allowed to rest as Quinte had suggested.

Mrs. Clinton spread the table with her Christmas delicacies from the basket, while Quinte made a good cup of tea. Conversation flowed freely during the

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evening meal and for a long time after, and Quinte's heart grew light again as he listened to the chatter of the children. When at a late hour the Clinton family set out for home—Curtis carrying the walnut box securely under his coat—it was found that the storm had subsided and the night was clear and cold.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN MIKE AND HIS SCHOONER.

CURTIS put the black walnut box away in a bureau drawer along with his grandfather's private papers and the family retired for the night. But Squire Clinton could not sleep. His mind dwelt upon that walnut box, its probable contents and the wonderful manner in which it had been preserved through the Revolutionary war and down through the succeeding generations to the present period. The question arose: Why did Percival Clinton leave the box in charge of one of his slaves rather than his wife, when he and his son left home for the seat of war? He puzzled over this matter for hours, and naturally was led to the conclusion that the box concealed some mystery concerning the Clinton family with which Percival Clinton's wife—and perchance his sons—were not familiar.

"I was thinking all night about that box, Mary," said the Squire to his wife the following day, "and I've a good notion now to break it open and see what it contains."

His wife looked up with surprise and asked, "Why, George?"

"Because I'm strongly impressed it must contain more than ordinary business papers—something, perhaps, which would materially affect the fortunes of our family."

"Yes, possibly, George, in so far as the Virginia Clintons were concerned; but even if James Clinton, who

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came to Canada, had been entitled to a portion of that estate by the will of his father, it would have been confiscated by the Government according to what Quinte told us last night and what we know also from the testimony of our forefathers."

"Quite true, Mary, quite true; still, it would be a great satisfaction to have a peep inside and to know definitely just what it contains. Quinte's notion of secrecy to his dying day is not justified at all from what actually took place at the time of the death of his father."

"That may be, my dear husband," Mrs. Clinton replied, gently, with her hand on his shoulder, "but it would seem as though Providence had willed that it should not be opened at the present time, since we are bound by Quinte's earnest request not to do so. A few days—or even years—will probably make no special difference now; and when Quinte is gone, Curtis and you can open the walnut box with the satisfaction of knowing you faithfully kept your promise to one who has carefully kept his for more than four score years."

As a matter of course, Mrs. Clinton's arguments prevailed. The old Loyalist tenderly kissed his wife and walked away with the quiet remark to himself, "Well, I guess Mary's about right, as usual. Somehow, I don't make many mistakes when I follow my wife's advice."

The walnut box was not opened; but during the succeeding weeks the Squire frequently took it in his hands, tried the lid, looked at the inscription on the plate, and wondered again and again what it could possibly contain.

Squire Clinton now carefully watched the meagre reports in the weekly papers concerning the "Fenian" movement south of the Canadian border line. While there was but little definite knowledge of what was actually taking place, he, in common with his fellow-citi-

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zens, all along the Canadian frontier, grew more and more restless and suspicious as the weeks and months passed. He realized that a desperate gang of ex-soldiers, criminals and thieves were combining to swoop over among his peaceful, law-abiding countrymen to take possession of the country, if possible, without any regard for the feelings or rights of the loyal owners.

The old swords and muskets were taken down and cleaned and polished. Volunteer regiments were recruited and drilled, and every man in the settlement capable of bearing arms gladly offered his services in the defence of his country.

There were a few exceptions to this general rule. Occasionally a man was found who was in sympathy with the enemy. Such an one was Captain Mike Sullivan—grandfather of the lad Horace who played with the Clinton children—whose farm adjoined that of Squire Clinton's.

Captain Mike had become an object of suspicion in the Loyalist community. His actions and manner had recently undergone a considerable change. Usually during the winter months while his schooner, the *Mayflower*, was out of commission and frozen in the ice of the bay in front of his home, Captain Mike spent most of his time at the village hotel—The Royal—where he drank, swore, sang, chewed and smoked and fought to his heart's content. But during the winter in question he had been rarely seen in his old haunts. He had made several trips to the States, remaining away each time for a considerable period. Squire Clinton observed his neighbor's sly movements and evasive answers whenever asked a question about his movements, so that he gradually became impressed with the idea that Captain Mike was in league with the Fenians. It was generally

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known that his brother, Tom Sullivan, was an ex-soldier of the Civil War, since Captain Mike had been accustomed to brag of the wonderful exploits of "my brother Tom" in the long, bitter struggles between the North and the South. It was known, too, that Captain Mike and his brother Tom had together emigrated from Ireland to the States years before, and that the former had begun as a deck hand on a schooner in the port of Oswego. From this position he had worked his way up to Captain, and in the course of time purchased the *Mayflower*, and from year to year plied between Oswego and the Bay of Quinte. It was well known, too, that Captain Mike had made lots of money in recent years, owing to the great increase in the carrying trade due to the Civil War and the free exchange of natural products permitted by the Reciprocity Treaty.

It was during the time this treaty was in force that the Captain of the *Mayflower* bought the farm on the Bay of Quinte and moved his family over from Oswego. His son Jake managed the farm while the Captain continued his sea-faring life to and fro across Lake Ontario. Mrs. Sullivan soon after died, and then Bridget O'Malley, a servant who came with the family from Oswego, became the housekeeper of the Sullivan home, and later on the mistress of the house, as Mrs. Jake Sullivan. The lad Horace was their only child.

Now, at the time in question, the spring of the year 1866, as soon as the bay was free of ice, Captain Mike, with his old mate, Bill Steele, and his ordinary crew, unfurled the sails of the *Mayflower* and glided down the well-known inland water course and across the lake to Oswego. There he left the schooner in charge of the mate, to be loaded with a somewhat questionable cargo, while he hurried away to New York to consult with his

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brother Tom about matters of greater importance. They met, and soon Captain Mike was sent by his brother—the General—to Buffalo and other points along the frontier on a special mission. From thence he crossed at Niagara to Toronto and in a few days was back at his home on the Bay of Quinte and in his old familiar haunts at the Royal Hotel. He was now in high spirits, and, assuming his old rôle again, spent money very freely and endeavored to make every one drunk in the community. He sang his vilest songs, swore his biggest oaths, and told his greatest lies about himself and the *Mayflower*. It soon became noised abroad that Captain Mike was at the Royal Hotel once more, spending money very freely, and, as usual, telling great stories about his wonderful vessel. Some of the neighbors—Squire Clinton, Joseph Picton and others—dropped in to the hotel after getting their evening mail to see and hear, and perchance to interview the wily old Captain. On entering the bar-room they discovered a large group of men in various stages of intoxication standing around Captain Mike. The latter was bending over the bar with a glass in his hand exclaiming, “Yez, sirree, bhoys; she’s the foinest schooner that iver kissed the blue wathers of ould Lake Ontario. Come along, Squire, and my old friend, Quaker Joe, an’ drink wid me an’ the bhoys to the good health of the *Mayflower*.”

The Captain had quickly observed the approach of the newcomers and all eyes were now turned upon the latter.

“No, thank you, Captain Mike,” answered Squire Clinton, good-naturedly. “I’ve no doubt the *Mayflower* is all you claim for her, and that she has made you many thousands of dollars.”

“Right you are, Squire,—she’s made more solid gold

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than all the other old schooners on the Bay of Quinte put together."

"Where is she now, Captain?"

"Oi'm expechthin' her in from Oshwago this very night, Squire, as Oi've jest been afther tellin' the bhoys, wid a bumper cary of good things for all of yez Loyalists."

"Why has it taken so long, Captain, to get your first cargo?"

"Faith and begorra, its not so moighty aisy as it used to was to git a cary in Oshwago."

"No, I should say not, when it has taken you about three weeks to accomplish what you ordinarily do in about as many days."

"Well, what consarn is that o' yourn, Squire Clinton, I'd loike to know," demanded Captain Mike, in a loud, ugly voice, unable to restrain his violent temper as he realized the motive of the Squire's question and statement.

"It's of more concern to me and my neighbors here, perhaps, than you think, Captain Mike," the Squire replied, with a grim smile. Every man in the bar-room now became interested in the remarks of the Captain.

"What were the Fenians up to, Captain Mike, when thee was last among them?" asked Joseph Picton, the old Quaker.

"Who said Oi was wid the Fenians, Quaker Joe? Tell me the mon an' Oi'll knock the dhirty face off th' lyin' schoundrel."

"Thy brother Tom is a general in the Fenian army, is he not, Captain Mike? Didst thou not visit him on thy last trip?"

"Faith an' be jabers, Oi did that, Quaker Joe. Is their inny harrum in that, Oi would loike to know?"

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"Not if thee were a good loyal citizen of Canada."

"Who says Oi'm not a loyal citizen of Canada?"

"I do," responded Squire Clinton, quickly, and stepped out directly in front of the irate Captain.

"Holy Vargin! Mother of God! Will somebody hould me coat!" roared the infuriated man, "while Oi likes this ould Methody hypocrite within a' inch of his loife."

Some parties sprang between them and pulled Captain Mike's coat on his shoulders again, as he stormed and roared.

"Keep on your coat, neighbor Sullivan," the Squire replied, quietly, "and reserve all your strength for the big fight of the future when you and your Fenian gang come over to take Canada. I trust we'll be ready to give you a hearty reception in this locality when that day comes."

"Are yez crazy, mon? What in blazes are yez talkin' about? Who wants Canada?" The guilty look on the Captain's face belied his pretended innocence.

"We're not so crazy as you think, nor half so easily fooled," the Squire quickly answered, as he observed the effect the argument was having on the despised traitor. "We took your measure long ago, Captain Mike, and everyone in this community believes you to be a deceptive rascal—nay, more, a traitor and a spy in the employ of the Fenian brotherhood."

"That's true, every word of it!" shouted John Ruggles, with clenched fist.

"Right you are, Squire!" exclaimed David Hanson.

"Bet your boots, that's God's truth. We're on to you, Captain Mike!" ejaculated James Gordon.

"We dr-r-ink yer go-od whisk-k-key, Captain Mi-i-ke, b-but we don't li-i-ke your poli-t-t-tics," stuttered little

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Sammy Green, who was clinging to a chair, almost too full for utterance.

Captain Mike stood in blank amazement and wonder as one after another confirmed the Squire's charges against him. Guilt was written large on his face and great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"Thee hadst best behave thyself in future, Captain Mike," gravely began Joseph Picton, in a loud, though kindly, voice. "Thee mightst better be true and loyal to this thy adopted country, where thee and thy family now dwell and where thy faithful wife lies buried. Thee hath been very wicked and thy God hath surely an account against thee. Thou shouldest do right by asking God to forgive thee and then serve Him the balance of thy days. A summons may come to thee this night, or to-morrow, or some time soon, bidding thee to meet thy God, and thou knowest thou art not ready. Give up thy treason, serve thy Creator, and prepare for that day when thou, like the rest of us, must meet the Judge of all the earth."

Trembling like a leaf and ghastly pale, Captain Mike listened attentively to the solemn words of the good old Quaker preacher, whom everybody respected and loved. He then turned and walked out of the hotel and away towards his home without uttering another word. Secure in a private room in his house, he sat for hours thinking over his whole life and the events leading up to the uncomfortable position in which he found himself at that moment. So insecure and self-condemned did he feel in regard to the matter that he now began to meditate aloud:

"Suppose the Treaty is busted and the *Mayflower* doesn't airn another dollar carrying truck back and forth to the States; faith, and Oi've plinty of money to thrive

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on the rest of me days. Shure the farm is paid f'r, and I've ten thousand to me credit in the bank. Thin, be-gorra, suppose we fail in our attimpt and these Canucks don't give us ony help as Oi've led brither Tom to be-laive they would. May the Holy Virgin presarve me soul. Old Quaker Joe was right and Oi'm not ready to meet the Judge. Oi'll give up this whole hellish Fenian business,—so help me—”

He hesitated to complete the solemn oath as the thought of the *Mayflower's* precious cargo, expected that very night, flashed into his mind. Almost at the same moment his mate, Bill Steele, pushed heavily on the door and entered unannounced. He had just arrived from Oswego with the *Mayflower*. Away fled all the Captain's good resolutions in a moment, never more, possibly, to return, for his mind now became surcharged again with evil thoughts and devilish plans.

“ Well, what kind of a trip had you, Bill?” questioned the Captain, in a listless, mechanical tone, as he pointed to a seat.

“ Pretty rough trip, Captain; nearly went ashore coming through the gap with that infernally heavy load, and a heavy wind right out of the north; but we managed to pull through by the skin of our teeth. It was a close call, though, as sure as your name is Captain Mike.”

“ How is the cargy, Bill?”

“ The cargo is all right, Captain, but it is entirely too heavy for that schooner. Lucky she didn't go to the bottom.”

“ What all have you aboard, mate?” whispered the owner of the vessel.

“ Everything to fight with, Captain,—cannon, muskets, swords, powder and shot, and lots of other things,

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too," the mate replied, with great awe, in the Captain's ear.

"Oi hope you anchored well out in th' Bay and have iverything well kivered up, Bill, so that these suspicious Loyalists about here don't git thar eyes on thim weapons of war."

"Yes, Captain, it is all as you say, and none of these eagle-eyed Loyalists will have the least suspicion, if we can keep the crew's mouths shut, which is not so easy, as they are a lot of long-tongued blatherskites."

After discussing various matters earnestly for some time, Captain Mike gave his mate final instructions, as follows:

"Take yez crew off the *Mayflower* to-night, Bill, and kape ivery mither's son of thim away from her until Oi come back from Oshwago, day afther to-morrow. Take thim off for a picnic, or a fishing cruise, an' don't lit thim blab what they know. Kape thim away to-morrow shure, but be back and riddy for action when Oi return from Oshwago the nixt mornin'. Do you mind?"

"Very well, Captain, I'll do as you say; but remember, we shall expect a good reward when this damnable affair is over."

"Right you are, Bill, and Oi, the brither of the General, sware by the living God and all the saints and angels, that me brave crew av the *Mayflower* shall have their pick of all the farms on th' Bay av Quinte in a few days afther we've taken possession of Canada. Thin they will not nade to work ony more on the tricherous wathers of Lake Ontario. They can sittle down in this blissed garden of Eden for the rist of their days and live on the fat of the land."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, Captain Mike—stick to the men who've stuck to you through

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fair weather and foul aboard the *Mayflower*, and who will now help you to win a great victory."

"Right you are. Good night, mate."

"Good night, Captain. Success to your great venture."

Bill Steele lost no time in going to The Royal and purchasing some bottles of liquor before returning to the schooner, where he had left his crew. In a few minutes he was at the bay shore, and jumping in his yawl, quickly sculled out to the vessel, vaulted upon the deck and went below.

"Hurrah for the *Mayflower* and her jolly old Captain!" shouted the mate, holding high the bottles of whiskey and brandy to the admiring gaze of the crew.

"Well done, mate. You're the stuff. Let us drink to the health of the *Mayflower* and her cargo, and the best mate that sails the lakes," sang out one of the crew, as he pitched his pipe away and began to dance and sing.

"Right you are, old chum," called out another as he sprang to his feet, and, grasping the former, circled round and round with a jig and clog and a sorry attempt at the Highland Fling.

Bill Steele passed the uncorked bottles to these, and others of the crew lying in their bunks, and soon there was great hilarity.

"The Captain's a trump, boys, and don't you forget it," exclaimed the mate. "He's promised his crew on his oath the best farms on the Bay of Quinte, as soon as our friends from the States come over and take Canada, and that will be within the next few days, two or three days at the most."

"Hurrah for Captain Mike—more power to his elbow!" roared another of the men as he sprang out of

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his bunk, seized a bottle of liquor, and drank long and deep.

"I'll make my choice to-night," declared number one, "by choosing Squire Clinton's farm—the very best in the whole blooming Loyalist settlement."

"I'll take old Quaker Joe's farm, with all his fine horses and sleek cattle," remarked number two; "and I'll get married to the prettiest girl on the Bay of Quinte and be good all the rest of my days, while living here on the fat of the land."

The rest of the crew, one after another, picked out the other farms of the settlement they purposed holding after the present owners were dispossessed, while they drank and sang and danced to their heart's delight. The grog meanwhile disappeared very rapidly, and it was not long until the wily mate realized the time had come to make the proposal he had in mind when he went aboard the schooner. The crew were now in high spirits and ready for any proposal he had to make.

"Now, men," began Bill Steele, "you've got your farms selected and everything is ready aboard the *Mayflower* for action day after to-morrow, when our friends from the South will be here."

"Right you are, mate, and we'll make it hot for these greedy Loyalists, won't we?" declared number one of the crew.

"Yes, we'll give them a lively run, Tom, but in the meantime we'll go fishing down in Hay Bay and get out of the road so that the foxy Loyalists won't ask us any questions. Do you understand, brave sailors, who are soon to become prosperous farmers?"

"That's a wise old head of yourn, mate," declared number two. "Methinks you're as foxy as the best of 'em."

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“Yes, Henry,” continued the mate, “we need to have our wits about us just now. What do you say if we pull out to-night!—right away—put our provisions, blankets and fishing tackle in the small boats, cover everything up on the *Mayflower*, and row down the shore of Hay Bay where I know there’s a good vacant house near the best fishing grounds on these waters. What do you say, men? Shall we go? Here’s another bottle of brandy we’ve never touched which we’ll sample on the way down.”

Every member of the crew by this time was excited, and not only willing to go, but anxious to get away.

Bill Steele’s greatest trouble was to keep them from alarming the whole settlement with their shouts and cheers, as they clambered down into the small boats and pulled away to the fishing grounds at the midnight hour.

They would have laughed him to scorn had the mate made them such an absurd proposal a few hours before, when they were sober and resting in their comfortable quarters aboard the *Mayflower*.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTAIN'S VOYAGES ARE ENDED.

AT an early hour the following morning Squire Clinton and Curtis walked down to the village wharf to take the steamer for Kingston. The discussion with Captain Mike Sullivan in the Royal Hotel fully confirmed the Squire's suspicions that some diabolical plot was being hatched in which the tricky old Captain was deeply implicated. He therefore decided to go to Kingston and discuss the whole matter with his solicitor, Macdonald, the Attorney-General, a warm, personal friend, who, he understood, was home from Ottawa for a few days on some personal business. Curtis was requested to go along and put the black walnut box Quinte had placed in his charge, in the vault of his solicitors, where the Squire had been wont to deposit his important papers for many years.

Arriving at the wharf early, whom should they discover but Captain Mike Sullivan, vigorously pacing back and forth and stopping occasionally to glance down the bay, where his attention was evidently concentrated on an approaching steamer.

"Good morning, Captain Mike," said the Squire, very courteously. "Are you taking the steamer for Kingston? If so, we shall be fellow passengers."

"Kingston be hanged. No, O'im off fer Oshwago," Captain Mike replied, sullenly.

"Oh, indeed! I see the *Mayflower* arrived in the night," the Squire replied, glancing to the west, where

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the vessel lay at anchor, with her sails all furled. "Will you not discharge your schooner's cargo first before you go?"

"Faith! No! Wish Oi could! The crew are all off fer a shindig this mornin'—too lazy to work—gone afishin' down the bay, I hear. Shure an' Oi've a noshun to discharge ivery mither's son of thim and hire a new crew. Oi expect a small steamer in now ivery minit to take me over to Oshwago so as to git anither caryg riddy for the *Mayflower*. Thir she comes now, the varmint, jest beyont the island, bad luck to her. Oi've been waitin' fer her iver since the dayloight."

Captain Mike here pointed excitedly down the bay, where a cloud of smoke could be seen, and then nervously walked out to the corner of the dock, leaving the Squire and Curtis standing by themselves. Apparently the Captain did not care to discuss matters further with his alert neighbor, remembering, as he did, the result of their conversation the previous evening.

"I wish I knew the plot that old rascal has in his sly head, and I would make it hot for him before the day is over," Squire Clinton said in an undertone to Curtis, who, of course, could not understand what his grandfather had in his mind.

At this moment Quinte Brown came out of his log cabin, hard by, and sauntered leisurely over to the wharf, followed by the dog Rover, who vigorously wagged his tail and made a great rush for the wharf on recognizing his friends, at the outer end thereof.

After speaking a few moments to Curtis and his grandfather, Quinte, whittling a stick with a large jack-knife, strolled into a small, frame, freight-shed near the outer end of the wharf. There he discovered a letter lying on the floor. Picking it up he looked it over, and

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then went back and handed it to Squire Clinton. Glancing at the address the Squire observed the letter had been opened, and belonged to Captain Mike Sullivan, with the Oswego postmark on it. His first impulse was to hand it to its owner. Then, like a flash, the thought came that perhaps the letter contained some important information that would be well worth knowing just at that juncture. Stepping into the freight shed where Captain Mike could not observe him, he looked at the signature of the writer and found, as he suspected, it was from General Sullivan—Captain Mike's brother—and read as follows:

"I will send a steamer from Oswego for you on the evening of May 30th, which should be at your wharf by daylight the following morning. Be sure and make connection and come with all possible speed. We expect to move all our forces along the whole line on the first day of June. We shall have the *Mayflower* loaded with arms and ammunition so as to arrive about the time you leave for Oswego. Cover up all suspicion of what her cargo consists of, for our success in Canada depends very much upon the result of the operations of the large force which you will pilot across from Oswego to the Bay of Quinte. They must be able to equip themselves for action from the *Mayflower's* immense cargo. We are assured of success, brother Mike, if you can carry out your part of my plans. Act promptly, and for once in your life hold your tongue. Farewell.

"Tom."

For a few moments Squire Clinton stood spellbound, engaged in deep thought over this plan of the enemies of his country. Then he thought of the villainy and treachery of his despised neighbor, the old sea-captain,

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now ready to lead this devilish horde of cut-throats into the Bay of Quinte to begin their devastation and plunder. A slow-going old farmer, unaccustomed to quick thought or action, Squire Clinton walked to the door and looked at the approaching steamer now rounding the Island; then at the *Mayflower* lying quietly at anchor to the westward, loaded nearly to the water's edge; and, finally, at Captain Mike, standing on the outer edge of the wharf, vigorously chewing and expectorating into the water. His hands were rammed down to the bottom of his trouser's pockets, and he watched closely the swift little craft nearing the wharf. Quinte and Curtis observed the Squire's nervous action without saying a word. They realized he was greatly agitated and perplexed. Suddenly a light flashed from Squire Clinton's eyes that indicated an inspiration had seized him.

"Go inside the freight shed," he hurriedly whispered to Quinte and Curtis, who had come forth on hearing the steamer whistle. "Be ready to do what I say quickly." Then, holding the letter up above his head, the Squire called loudly: "Captain Mike, did you drop a letter? Quinte found one here in the freight shed on the floor. It is addressed to you."

"Faith and begorra!" said Captain Mike, as he began fumbling in the breast pocket of his coat and then rushed over to the freight shed. "Thank you, sor, I was jest afther rading the letter a few minutes ago, an' must have dhropped it whin Oi went to put it back in me pocket. Much obleged, Squire, Oi'm shure—Oi'll be afther doin' you a favor some day."

"I suppose it's very important, Captain Mike? From Oswego, I see."

"Of no importance at all, at all, Squire. Shure, its only about some freight fer me nixt cary in Oshwago,

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which Oi'm going over the pond now to see about. Thank you, Quinte—thanks, Squire.”

As Captain Mike approached the Squire backed up inside the door of the freight shed, still holding out the letter. The Captain followed eagerly with outstretched hand. As he drew near, the Squire quickly sprang forward, and, grasping Captain Mike round the waist, pushed him backward, tripped him over, and sent him sprawling at full length on the floor of the freight shed, the Squire landing heavily on top of him, causing the Captain to groan and swear.

“Help, here, Quinte, to hold him down! Clasp his legs in your arms! That's right! There, Curtis, bring me the rope from that flag-pole, cut it off with Quinte's knife, quick!”

These loud, sharp commands were promptly obeyed, and notwithstanding the frantic efforts of Captain Mike to free himself, the superior strength of the men on top soon overcame him, and he was bound hand and foot and rendered incapable of doing anything but squirm and twist and hiss the vilest of oaths. Taking a large bandanna from his pocket, Squire Clinton effectively gagged his prisoner, saying while doing so:

“You are now completely in our possession, Captain Mike, and you may just as well compose yourself. You can't go to Oswego to-day on this steamer. That's definitely settled. On the other hand, you will be immediately handed over to the Government officers at Kingston, and tried for the damnable conspiracy this letter from your brother reveals. Your villainies have been nipped in the bud, and now you had better prepare yourself for the extreme penalty of the law, for doubtless you'll be shot like a dog, and may God have mercy on your soul.”

Captain Mike glared and writhed and vigorously en-

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deavored to regain his feet, but his frantic efforts only served to hasten his exhaustion.

Squire Clinton left the shed and walking out on the wharf, found the Oswego steamer, a trim little craft, just landing.

The gang-plank was thrown out, and the commanding officer, a well-dressed young man, stepped off, and walking quickly up to the Squire, raised his hat, extended his hand, and said:

"You are Captain Mike Sullivan, I presume? I trust all is in readiness here, and that you are prepared to step aboard and leave at once for Oswego. My orders from your brother, the General, are that not a minute is to be lost. I am Captain Drury. The General informed me you would be ready to start without a moment's delay."

"Excuse me, Captain Drury," began the Squire. Then he hesitated. Had he completed the sentence he would have confessed that he was not Captain Sullivan. But suddenly the thought came to him:—Captain Drury thinks I'm Captain Mike Sullivan. Why not let him continue to think so! Suppose I go to Oswego and endeavor to upset the plans of the enemy! It may cost me my life, but what of that? My country demands it, and what is one life where so many—including my own family—are in jeopardy? God help me to decide.

"What say you, Captain Sullivan?" demanded Captain Drury, looking at his watch, and then at the hesitating man before him. "Are you ready to start at once?"

The expression of the Squire's face suddenly changed to one of decision, and he said, "I'm all ready to go, but I want one moment, Captain Drury, to speak to my servant."

Squire Clinton hurried over to Quinte, now standing outside the freight shed, and said, in a low tone, "I'm

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going to Oswego on this small boat, Quinte, and may be gone some days. Put Captain Mike aboard the steamer for Kingston, which will soon be here. Tell Captain James to watch Captain Mike closely, and to be sure and have him imprisoned at Kingston. Tell Mary and the neighbors I have discovered a deeply-laid Fenian plot to murder or take prisoners every one in this settlement, in which Captain Mike is involved. Some of the people will be at the wharf, and they will assist you in putting your prisoner aboard when the steamer comes in. I will wire from Bath to the authorities at Kingston. Good-bye, Quinte. Take good care of the family and may God's blessing rest upon us all at this critical time."

At this moment Curtis, who was inside the freight shed, watching Captain Mike, and whom his grandfather, in his excitement, had quite forgotten, looked outside, and seeing his grandfather aboard the steamer, ran with full speed across the wharf, vaulted over the open space between the wharf and the departing steamer, and landed just inside the gangway.

"God bless my soul, Curtis. I forgot all about you," cried Squire Clinton, as he turned and saw the boy and the desperate leap he had made. "You can't come with me, child, for I'm not going to Kingston, but to Oswego. We must turn back and put you ashore, Curtis. I'm awfully sorry, but there may be danger ahead, and you will be better at home."

The lad's eyes filled with tears as he said, "Do let me go, grandfather. I will do just what you want me to do, and perhaps I can help you in some way. Please do not turn back."

The boy's sorrowful look and pleading voice proved effective on this occasion, as in many others, and he felt

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exceedingly happy when his grandfather shortly afterwards patted him on the head and said :

“ All right, my little man. Come along, and perhaps you will be of some service to your old grandfather. You can at least keep him company. I didn't know you could jump so far, but I suppose you have been practising the long jump at school.”

They now went on deck, and the Squire said to the Captain, “ Will you please run over to the *Mayflower*—just for a minute—until I have a last look at her and see that everything is all right? There she lies, but a few hundred yards away.”

“ Certainly, Captain Sullivan,” replied the steamer's commander, who immediately headed for the schooner, and in a few minutes dropped alongside and made fast.

Squire Clinton nimbly jumped upon the *Mayflower's* deck and walked rapidly around examining its cargo as though he were the actual owner.

Everything on board was so cleverly arranged and hidden that no suspicion to the casual observer could possibly be aroused. The hatchways were securely fastened down. Large tarpaulins were wrapped around and completely covered the cannon and their carriages on the deck. The cabin was securely locked. Not a soul was on board. The Squire quickly decided that the *Mayflower's* cargo must be got rid of without Captain Drury's knowledge, and, moreover, without delay. He observed a broken pane of glass in the cabin window. Striking a match he ran his arm through the opening and dropped the lighted taper upon some cushions and blankets in one of the bunks in the cabin. He waited long enough to see a distinct smoke and blaze arising from the fabrics. Then walking across the deck he stepped aboard the

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steamer, which quickly sped away in the direction of Lake Ontario, leaving a dense cloud of smoke in its trail.

They kept far out in the bay, but as they repassed the wharf Curtis called his grandfather's attention to the fact that Captain Mike had broken loose. They saw him standing on the end of the wharf, frantically waving a handkerchief, as though endeavoring to call the steamer in. Failing to accomplish his purpose, they then saw Captain Mike run back and catch Quinte, and drag and push him to the front of the wharf. There seemed to be a desperate struggle and then both dropped out of sight into the bay. Immediately afterwards they observed that the dog Rover sprang off the wharf into the water. At this moment the steamer passed behind the point of the small island and the two onlookers from the steamer's deck could see nothing more of what was transpiring at the wharf.

Squire Clinton was about to ask Captain Drury to turn back again to the wharf when, glancing behind, he saw a column of smoke and flame ascending from the *Mayflower*. He concluded Captain Mike could not possibly save the schooner now, and therefore he could do but little harm even if he were free. Consequently he said nothing to the Captain and they sped down the bay under a full head of steam.

"I'm quite sure Rover will carry Quinte to shore, grandfather, but what about poor Captain Mike?" whispered Curtis, with a frightened look.

"Surely Captain Mike can swim to shore or climb up the wharf," replied Squire Clinton. "I wonder how the old rascal got loose?"

"He must have broken the rope, grandfather."

"Never, Curtis; that rope was nearly new."

"Then he must have cut it."

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"How could he cut it, boy?"

"With a knife, of course!"

"Nonsense! He could not get at his knife."

"Perhaps he used Quinte's knife, grandfather."

"For heaven's sake, lad! Where did you leave that open knife of Quinte's?"

"On the floor where we bound Captain Mike."

"That explains the whole business, then, Curtis. No wonder the old snake got free. We're not expert policemen, I fear. I hope they will both get safely to shore, although Captain Mike richly deserves to go to the bottom."

"Why did you bind Captain Mike with that rope, grandfather?"

The Squire took a chair, and, with Curtis sitting on his knee, explained to the eager lad all the facts of the case and his reasons for the harsh measures he had adopted.

Curtis saw the dense cloud of smoke behind, and knew now why the *Mayflower* had been set on fire and why Captain Mike had not been permitted to go to Oswego. He was also told that there was probably a large quantity of powder on the *Mayflower* which the fire would reach after a while and cause a great explosion. About an hour thus passed in explanations and questions until Curtis understood the whole matter quite clearly, and fully realized the object of their visit to Oswego, and something, too, of the dangers involved.

Then a terrific report was heard back in the direction of the *Mayflower*, which, like an earthquake, shook houses to their foundations, and caused the little steamer to tremble.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Squire Clinton, springing to his feet and grasping the boy and hugging him to his

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breast. "That's the most welcome clap of thunder, Curtis, I ever heard in all my life. The *Mayflower's* precious cargo will do no one any harm at the bottom of the Bay of Quinte."

The Squire and Curtis now went forward to where Captain Drury stood, beside the helm, in the pilot room.

"Come in, Captain Sullivan, and take a seat," said the commanding officer. "Where did you get the lad?"

"This is my grandson, Curtis, Captain Drury," the Squire replied. "I did not intend to bring him along, but he jumped aboard as we started and I did not have the heart to request you to turn back and put him off, when I saw the big tears in his eyes."

"He's a bright-looking lad, Captain Sullivan, and no doubt will enjoy a trip over the lake. I'm glad you brought him along. He will learn some valuable lessons, no doubt, before he gets back home."

Curtis felt very happy when he heard this, for he feared perhaps Captain Drury would object to his presence.

"What was that frightful explosion a few minutes ago, Captain Sullivan? It made our steamer shake from stem to stern."

"Did you not think it resembled thunder, Captain Drury?" the Squire replied, with a knowing smile at Curtis.

"Thunder? No! Certainly not. It was more like a heavy blast of powder or a distant earthquake."

"Perhaps so," the Squire answered. "Whatever it was, it certainly made a terrible commotion, and I'm very glad we were no closer to it. I think, Captain, we had better run over to the north shore yonder, to the village of Bath, where I can send an important telegram to King-

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ston before starting across the lake. It will not detain us very long."

"I'm at your service, sir," Captain Drury answered, and quickly swung the bow of the steamer in the direction indicated. The trim little vessel sped rapidly away on her new course, carrying her full head of steam. They soon landed, and going ashore to the telegraph office, the Squire sent the following telegram to the Attorney-General at Kingston:

"Have just blown up Captain Mike Sullivan's schooner, the *Mayflower*, on the Bay of Quinte, with a cargo of Fenian arms and ammunition. Have definite knowledge of an intended movement of the enemy tomorrow all along the American frontier. Am on my way to Oswego to investigate. Have your forces ready for any emergency.

"GEORGE CLINTON."

Stepping aboard the steamer again, the old Loyalist farmer said, with all the composure he could command: "All right, Captain Drury, you may now head for Oswego without fear of any more interruptions on my part. The sooner we reach there the better."

Retracing her course for some little distance the steamer passed through the "Upper Gap" and headed direct for Oswego. The great lake was as smooth as glass, and the sunshine from a cloudless sky made the temperature all that could be desired.

Curtis walked about the steamer examining every part and asked the engineer many questions concerning the working of the machinery. He watched the flying gulls,

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the jumping fish, the cloud of smoke, the retreating waves on either side of the steamer, and enjoyed all those sensations peculiar to one's first voyage, which we all remember so well.

Squire Clinton chatted occasionally with Curtis and the Captain, but for the most part his mind was occupied with the strange events which had already transpired that day, and with the probable outcome of the bold venture he was making to upset the plans of the enemy. Straightforward in all his dealings in the past, he did not relish the experience of a member of the Clinton family, whose name had never been sullied, impersonating someone else—especially Captain Mike Sullivan, whose sordid life and drunkenness were notorious. The Squire naturally shrank from deception, and now, after the excitement and commotion of the morning were over, and he had an opportunity of looking at the question in its true light, he regretted that he had permitted Captain Drury to deceive himself. He felt constrained to go to the Captain and frankly confess he was not Captain Sullivan, but his next neighbor, George Clinton, and endeavor to persuade him to turn the steamer back once more and put him on the shore of the Bay. Then he thought of the probable movement of the Fenians into the Bay of Quinte, even without Captain Mike's leadership, or the *Mayflower's* cargo, from which to equip themselves. The enemy would not be wholly dependent upon the *Mayflower's* stores; carnage and destruction would inevitably follow, in which the Clinton family and all their neighbors would be involved.

"This is an exceedingly bad business we've got mixed up in, Curtis, my lad," the Squire finally said, with a deep sigh; "but we'll have to go through with it now

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and do what we can to save our friends at home from these Fenian cutthroats."

The dusk of evening was creeping over land and water when Captain Drury's steamer reached the port of Oswego, and slowly wended its way to the dock amid a perplexing mass of vessels and steamers, aboard which much confusion seemed to prevail.

CHAPTER V.

PLANS OF THE ENEMY DISTURBED.

STANDING alert in the bow of the steamer, Squire Clinton and Curtis observed that there was great activity and commotion on all sides. Transports were being loaded and soldiers were marching to and fro singly and in companies. Draymen were unloading piles of goods, and crowds of men were working on the docks stowing them away on the transports—all indicating clearly that the movement of the Fenian forces on the morrow, or even on that very night, was no myth. A somewhat shabbily dressed military officer hurriedly came aboard as soon as they touched the dock, and spoke to Captain Drury in an excited manner with a brogue that quickly betrayed his nationality.

“Well, Captain Drury, did you foind him?”

“Yes, sir, I have Captain Sullivan aboard,” replied the commanding officer, “and here he is. Captain Sullivan, allow me to make you acquainted with Major Mulcahey, of New York, now in charge of our forces at this port.”

“Be jabers, and Oi’m roight glad to meet yez, Captain Sullivan,” exclaimed the nervous Major, as he extended his hand.

“Am pleased to know you, Major Mulcahey,” Squire Clinton gravely replied, as he shook hands with the Fenian officer.

“The General—your brither, Captain Sullivan—went to Buffelow this mornin’, sor, and requested me to meet

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yez and put yez at once in charge as pilot of our large expedishun, bound for the Bay of Kanta, and now almost ready to sail, sor. Glad indade Oi am, sor, that yez have arrived jist in the nick of toime."

"Very well, Major Mulcahey," Squire Clinton replied, indifferently. "Have you any special orders from the General?"

"Begorra and yez betther come along wid me to me state-room, Captain Sullivan, and we'll discuss mathers of importance forninst the toime the transports be riddy to start."

"Very well, Major. This is my little grandson, Curtis, who insisted on coming along with me to take care of his old grandfather,"

"Yis, Captain Sullivan, foine lad Oi'm shure. Intelligent, no doubt, and can kape his mouth shut. Bring him along, Captain."

Thus Squire Clinton was handed over by Captain Drury to Major Mulcahey, neither of whom, fortunately, had ever seen or known Captain Mike Sullivan. The Major immediately sent a telegram to Buffalo announcing the arrival of Captain Sullivan. Soon they were seated in the Major's state-room, and for some time the Squire listened attentively to an account of the disposition of the forces along the frontier, of the special purpose of the expedition now ready to start for the Bay of Quinte, and of the brilliant prospect, in Major Mulcahey's mind, of taking Canada. Soon a messenger came in with a dispatch to the Major from General Sullivan at Buffalo, which read as follows:

"All ready for general movement. Start from Oswego at once, with my brother, Captain Mike, as your pilot. Disembark at Adolphustown. Subdue the enemy

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as you proceed east. Gather all the strength you can through the Canadian settlement and capture Kingston at all hazards. Reinforcements will meet you at Kingston from Cape Vincent.

“SULLIVAN.”

“Read that, Captain Sullivan,” said the Major, as he handed over the telegram. “Shure and be jabers we’re in for it now. Understhand, sor, you’re to lade us to a landing-place on the Bay of Quinte near your schooner, the *Mayflower*. We shall thin tow your schooner ashore. Thin, sor, we shall prosayde to unload and fully arm ourselves for sarvice, subdhue ony Canucks that reshist and boldly march to Kingston; the natives will jine us by the t’ousand, sor, so Oi’m credibly informed, and wid our cannon and guns and swords, we’ll swape through Kingston, take possesshun of that stronghold and shoot ivery mother’s son wot don’t surrinder, an’ may the Blised Vargin preserve us all from death.”

“And what then, Major?” asked Squire Clinton, quietly, as the former paused to regain his exhausted breath.

“Bliss your soul, mon,” continued the voluble Major, “don’t yez see that with Kingston as our base, and joined by our large forces at Cape Vincent and Ogdensburg we’ll capthure the whole Eastern counthry while the Ginerall wid his great forces will take possesshun of the N’agary country, and swape loike a hurrycane over the moighty west? Then, Captain Sullivan, wid the whole of Upper Canady at our feet we’ll move down to Montreal, take possession of that commerchil methropolis, and, begorra, Canady is ours!”

The exultant Major had arisen from his chair, and was now pacing back and forth in the small room with

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the thumb of one hand fastened in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, while with his handkerchief in the other hand he mopped great beads of perspiration from his face.

Allowing the Major time to cool off a bit, Squire Clinton quietly handed him a piece of paper on which he had scribbled a message to General Sullivan at Buffalo. Major Mulcahey took the telegram and read aloud as follows:

“The game is all up, General, and you had better call off the dogs of war. The *Mayflower* is blown up with all her cargo in the Bay of Quinte. The Government of Canada is fully aware of the contemplated movement of your forces. Canadian troops are now concentrated at Kingston, and all the other important points along the frontier, so that there is not a ghost of a chance for you to effect a landing anywhere on Canadian soil. Not a corporal's guard of Canadians would join you even if you did land. It would be rank madness, therefore, for us to start to-night from Oswego, and you had better countermand your order to advance, without delay.”

“For the love of hiven, Captain Sullivan, don't ask me to send that message to the General or I'll be shot instanter,” exclaimed Major Mulcahey, quaking with fear, as he stared at the Squire and let the telegram fall to the floor.

“Sign that message and send it to the General, immediately, Major, or take the consequences,” replied Squire Clinton, in a stern, loud voice, as he rose to his feet and thrust the telegram in the Major's hand. “I am telling you God's truth, and if you, sir, were to move out of here to-night, with your forces to the Bay of Quinte, every man of you would be shot or taken prisoner. I have come here, Major, expressly to tell

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the General the facts of the case, and you must send that dispatch at once as officer in charge, or I shall do so myself."

"Thin shoot me, or stab me, or drown me, Captain, but don't, for goodness sake, ask me to sind sich news. Mother of God! What does it all mean? The Ginerals own brother, who ought to know what is best, upsetting all the Ginerals well-laid plans. No, no, Captain! Shurely you can't be in arnest. The Ginerals orders must be obeyed."

"Then give me the telegram," demanded the Squire, as he snatched the paper from the Major's hand and started for the door; "there's only one thing to do—that dispatch must be sent to Buffalo at once, either by you or me, and thus save thousands of innocent lives. You may hold me responsible for the results that follow. Will you send it or will you not? Speak quickly."

"Yis, Captain, I'll sind it, begorra, though the hivens fall and the airth be rolled together loike a scroll," cried Major Mulcahey, as he took the message and rushed away to the telegraph office, followed by Squire Clinton and Curtis, as fast as they could run. The Squire saw the message signed by the Major, delivered to the agent and sent over the wires before he left the office. Then the alarmed Major rushed back like a madman to consult with his officers about the important step he had taken. This left the Squire and Curtis an opportunity to walk quietly out of the office and down one of the thoroughfares of the city, where they were soon lost to view amid a crowd of people moving to and from the docks.

"Well, Curtis, my boy," said Squire Clinton, when they were again alone, "the fat's in the fire now, for sure. We have done our little part and there's no more

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need for us in this camp. I wish I could get a boat to-night to take us back across the Lake; but I guess we'll have to wait for the next train to Cape Vincent, where we can cross to Kingston, I hope, some time to-morrow."

"What an awful thing war must be," replied Curtis, trembling with fear. "I'm glad, oh! so glad, you made the Major send that telegram to the General."

"Yes, my boy, war always results in much pain and sorrow and misery, and I trust the day will come soon when, as the prophet Isaiah says, 'they shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

"I wonder what General Sullivan will do? I wish we could get away, for I'm awfully afraid of these dreadful Fenians, grandfather."

"Don't be afraid, my dear boy. If we can get to the Cape to-morrow we will soon be safely home again, and then we will tell grandmother and the children all about our experiences."

"Where shall we spend the night, grandfather?"

"Oh, we'll walk on away out in the suburbs, where perhaps we can find a bed and get a quiet night's rest, as we are both pretty well worn out."

"All right, grandfather; I'm awfully tired and sleepy."

Walking on for some time they at length came to a rough-looking boarding-house, with a lamp hanging over the front stoop. Knocking at the half-opened door, a kind-looking woman ushered them in and gave them a comfortable bed for the night. They paid for their lodging in advance and were informed that the train would leave for the Cape about daylight the following morning. Arranging for a call at the proper hour they

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now retired, and soon were fast asleep and beyond the cares and anxieties preying upon other anxious minds that night.

Startling, indeed, was the effect of the telegram that reached General Sullivan from Major Mulcahey. He instantly became furious, and raved and cursed his brother and the Major and everything in general. He kicked the furniture in his temporary office into pieces, tore his hair and everything else he could get his hands on, and swore the biggest oaths that even a military man, however well accomplished in that particular form of speech, had ever been known to utter.

General O'Neil had already crossed the Niagara River to the Canadian shore, with a small force, and reinforcements were ready to join him at a signal from General Sullivan. An engagement would certainly take place there between the opposing forces the following day.

"What in the world has come over Captain Mike?" was the question the General asked of himself time and again. He first thought of having his brother come to Buffalo on a special to explain matters. He wrote a dispatch to that effect, and then tore it up, and swore again until the air was blue. He would order Mulcahey to advance, as originally intended, and take chances on the issue. Then the thought of the loss of the *Mayflower* and her valuable cargo dissuaded him from that purpose. Finally the General wrote a dispatch, ordering General O'Neil to withdraw to the south side of the Niagara River for the present; sent a general message to the commanding officers all along the frontier to await further orders before making any movement, and then took a special train for Oswego, with orders to clear the line

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and dash through at the highest speed possible, regardless of expense and careless of danger.

The message to General O'Neil for some unaccountable reason did not reach him until the following day, after an engagement had occurred with the Canadian forces, in which the Fenians were partially successful. O'Neil immediately withdrew, however, on receipt of his commander's dispatch, and thus ended the only actual engagement of the notorious Fenian Raid, in which, unfortunately, some lives were sacrificed on both sides.

On reaching Oswego the enraged General was soon closeted with Major Mulcahey and asked all manner of questions about the matters referred to in the telegram, and especially concerning his brother Mike, and what had become of him. No one knew where the latter had gone. The General immediately became suspicious, and made close inquiry as to the looks, style and manner of the man Captain Drury had brought across the lake.

Captain Drury told all about the man waiting for him on the wharf on the Bay of Quinte, the perfect condition of the *Mayflower* when they left, the sending of the telegram to Kingston, and all other particulars.

"Did the man you brought over from Canada swear like a trooper and constantly chew tobacco?" asked the General of the Captain of the steamer.

"No, General, he never swore once, nor did he chew any tobacco from start to finish," replied Captain Drury, proudly. "His conversation and manner indicated that he was a perfect gentleman."

"Then he wasn't my brother at all, you stupid fool!" shouted General Sullivan, with an oath. "And you have carted over here some miserable rascal of a Canadian farmer, who, by a string of lies, has endeavored to upset all my plans, in fact, has already, I fear, accomplished his hellish purpose."

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Again the General went off into a paroxysm of rage and ordered Captain Drury to be put in irons. He turned many of the Fenian soldiers into a corps of detectives, who scoured the whole city looking for an old farmer and his grandson. Their search was in vain during the night; but just about the dawn of day a man and a boy answering the description of the parties sought for were observed going into the railway station and purchasing tickets for Cape Vincent. Major Mulcahey and the General were quickly notified, and in a few minutes they came rushing into the station gasping for breath. Squire Clinton and Curtis were seated in a corner of the waiting-room when the Major rushed up and said:

"Come this way, sir, the General would like to spake wid yez for a minute," and he took Squire Clinton's arm and led him over to where the General stood, followed closely by Curtis, who wore a frightened look. They all withdrew from the station and walked round the corner of the building, where they could not be seen or heard by any of the citizens or railway officers who might chance to be around.

"What is your name?" asked the General of Squire Clinton, in a suppressed, harsh voice, as soon as they were by themselves.

"George Clinton, sir," came the quick response.

"Where do you come from?"

"Adolphustown, on the Bay of Quinte."

"Do you know my brother, Captain Mike Sullivan, over there?"

"Yes, he's my next-door neighbor."

"Where is he? Why did he not come to Oswego?"

The Squire hesitated for a moment before answering, while Curtis drew closely to his side. He met the angry glare of General Sullivan with a steady look, as he for a

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few moments contemplated what to say. He knew the probable outcome if he told the whole truth, and yet he would not shirk an honest confession. He foolishly took for granted that he was obliged to reply to the General's questions.

"Your brother, sir," began Squire Clinton, "lay bound and gagged in the freight shed on the wharf, under the eye of my servant, when Captain Drury's steamer came in. My servant found this letter on the wharf, from you, sir, to Captain Mike, your brother. You are familiar with its contents. I felt justified, under the circumstances, in arresting Captain Mike as a traitor to his country. I had just done so and was about to send him to Kingston to be imprisoned, when Captain Drury, without any solicitation on my part, invited me aboard his steamer, which had just landed at the wharf, mistaking me for Captain Sullivan; and I'm sure, sir, that Captain Drury and also your officer here, Major Mulcahey, will bear me out in that statement. I must confess, however, that I have taken some advantage of their blunders to carry out certain plans of my own in reference to your infernal intrigues to despoil my country."

"Come to think, General," said the Major, "I don't believe this mon did claim to be your brother in all his conversation wid me last night."

"Silence!" ordered the General, with an oath, "and learn to speak when you're spoken to, you stupid blather-skite."

"Shure, General; roight yez are, and Oi'll cut off this blathering tongue if yez will give the word of command. I niver yit opened me mouth but Oi put me foot in it."

"Have you anything more to say, Clinton?" de-

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manded the General, turning again to the Squire, vainly endeavoring to control his extreme excitement and anger.

"Once aboard the steamer, sir," resumed Squire Clinton, "I requested Captain Drury to take me over to the *Mayflower*, and, unknown to him or any of his crew, I touched a match to her and had the satisfaction, a little later, as we were proceeding down the Bay, of hearing an explosion that assured me the old schooner was in splinters, and her cargo at the bottom of the Bay. We then called at Bath and I sent a telegram to the Government authorities in Kingston informing them of your plans and of the blowing up of the *Mayflower*, and then we came on to Oswego. After learning from Major Mulcahey the particulars of your plan of campaign, I wrote a dispatch to you, informing you of the actual condition of affairs, and warned you of the utter futility of your contemplated raid on Canada, certain to prove disastrous to your own forces and to involve the loss of many of the lives of our own loyal Canadians. That telegram, I presume, reached you, General Sullivan, and I trust has resulted in forcing you to the conclusion that your well-planned schemes to capture Canada will not work. Would you have done less, General, had you been in my place?"

General Sullivan understood human nature sufficiently to know that the man before him had told the truth. The words, the actions, the spirit of the man, all indicated that Squire Clinton had made a clean breast of his complicity in the affair. It was impossible for the General but to admire such frankness, courage, and loyalty to one's convictions.

"Perhaps not," the General replied, with a frown, "but now that you are a self-convicted spy you needn't expect any leniency on my part in dealing with you."

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Turning to the Major, General Sullivan ordered: "Put him in irons in the dungeon, and give him bread and water for a diet. Give him fifty lashes to begin with, Major, and let them be applied with vigor. Perhaps he will realize in due time what it means to interfere with our plans. Call a hack and take him and the boy away at once." So saying, the General turned away in a rage, cursing the day he was born. He was interrupted, however, the next moment, and came back close to his questioner so as to avoid any noise or disturbance on the street.

"One minute, General, before you go," said Squire Clinton, with pale face and quivering lip. "If you have any regard for your own future welfare you had better cancel that order about the fifty lashes and the irons, for I warn you that my solicitor, a member of the Government of my country, is my personal friend, and the moment he hears of any cruelty on your part to me, a Canadian citizen, he will certainly demand reparation by the Government at Washington. Then, doubtless, you shall be dealt with in accordance with your treatment of me and this boy, whom you have no right to imprison, much less to treat with cruelty."

It was a strong argument, and General Sullivan did not take long to comprehend its force, especially as he now realized that the conquest of Canada was impossible, that the raid was practically over, and that the Fenian brotherhood, disgraced and despised, need not in the future expect any favors at Washington, however they may have been tolerated in the past.

"Never mind the lashes or irons for the present, Major," said General Sullivan, in a hoarse whisper, "but see that you keep a close guard over him until you receive further orders, and woe betide you if you allow him to escape."

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The General turned away, and soon the Major proceeded to lay violent hands on Squire Clinton, who promptly turned, and striking him a blow with his fist between the eyes sent Mulcahey sprawling to the ground.

He and Curtis then ran swiftly toward the station, where the train for Cape Vincent was slowly moving out from the platform. Just as they were in the act of stepping aboard the moving train, Major Mulcahey, who had quickly recovered his feet, came rushing up with several other Fenians, who grabbed Clinton and the boy from behind, and clapped their hands over the mouths of the prisoners, thus smothering their loud cries for help. Rushing them into an empty hack beside the platform, Mulcahey and his men drove quickly away, and in a few minutes Squire George Clinton and his little grandchild found themselves securely fastened within the confines of a vile Fenian prison without a single ray of light to illuminate the darkness or an apparent opening to afford ventilation.

Curtis felt disposed to cry, but managed to restrain his tears when he felt the strong arms of his grandfather about him, and heard his reassuring voice as he repeated part of a very familiar Psalm: "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. O, magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord and he heard me and delivered me from all my fears. They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed. This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them."

CHAPTER VI.

PATIENCE LIKE UNTO JOB'S.

JAKE SULLIVAN and his son Horace saw the skirmish on the wharf between Captain Mike and Quinte Brown. They were descending the hill from the village with a wagon load of wheat which they were sending to the Stone Mills on the opposite side of the bay—an ordinary farmer's grist. Recognizing the parties at once, Jake said to Horace:

“What's going on down there on the wharf, Horace? Looks as though Granddaddy and Clinton's old nigger were having a fight. Wonder what's the matter? Granddaddy seems to be very angry.”

Horace stood up in the wagon and shouted and clapped his hands, evidently enjoying what he saw.

“I'll back granddaddy every time, father,” he said. “Cracky! but he's a boss fighter. Why he's licked dozens and dozens of men since he began to sail the lakes. He has often told me all about his fights; I'll bet you he can lick old Quinte with one hand. Look at that, father! Hurrah! There he goes. That's right, granddaddy, throw him overboard. Good for you, old man, you're a peach.” Horace laughed and jumped up and down in the wagon with glee, as he watched the movements on the wharf, and saw Quinte pitched headlong into the water.

PATIENCE LIKE UNTO JOB'S

"But there goes granddaddy into the bay, too, Horace," said Jake, with evident fear. "Guess he couldn't stop himself after that rush. I don't believe either one of them can swim to shore."

Jake whipped up his horses to a run, and reaching the wharf in a few moments, jumped from the wagon and ran to the outer end with all speed, followed by Horace. All that could be seen, however, was Quinte clinging to the long, shaggy hair of the dog Rover, who had sprung into the water. Captain Mike was nowhere visible and Jake became alarmed. Throwing off his hat, coat, waistcoat and boots, he quickly climbed down the outer edge of the wharf, into the water, and holding to the logs, looked here and there under the wharf and around the cribs, but could get no sight of the object of his search. Ascending again to the top, Jake ran wildly about the wharf, looking over the sides and peering into the deep water. He called to Quinte, whom the dog was now dragging to shore, but the old negro appeared to be more dead than alive, and no response came from that quarter.

"Your grandfather, I fear, is drowned, Horace," said Jake to his son, in a broken, quavering voice, which caused a feeling of fear and dread to take possession of the lad, who now began to cry. In a short time Rover reached the shore with Quinte, who was barely able to drag himself out of the water and up on the rocks and sand. He lay there for some time in the warm sunshine, sneezing and coughing, with the dog sitting beside him, occasionally licking his face and showing the sympathy and affection which such animals frequently manifest.

Presently Jake Sullivan rushed over to where Quinte lay and said:

"What did you do with father, Quinte?"

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"Dunno, Jake," said Quinte, slowly, and with the greatest difficulty. "He pushed me into de water, Jake, and he done fell in, too, and Quinte nebber see him no mo'. Hope poo' Captain Mike ain't drowned."

"You shoved my father into the bay, Quinte; I saw you do it, and so did Horace. I can't find him anywhere. He is drowned! My father is drowned! Do you hear, Quinte Brown? You shall have to answer for it with your life."

"No, Jake, Quinte didn't do it, suah as dar is a God in heben. Quinte didn' push him in. Youah dad pushed old Quinte in, Jake. He was awfu' mad 'cause dat boat wouldn' come in an' take him away."

The regular steamer for Kingston came along in the course of an hour and there was a considerable commotion among the neighbors, who had meantime assembled, and the passengers and crew of the steamer, when they learned Captain Mike Sullivan had just been drowned; that Quinte Brown had nearly met the same fate, and that the *Mayflower* was on fire. A thick volume of flame and smoke was now ascending from the schooner's deck. The steamer passed out from the wharf quickly and continued her course down the bay, the Captain fearing to remain near the burning vessel. The group of neighbors stood on the wharf watching the departing steamer and the smoke and flames from the schooner, as they discussed the sad event that had just taken place. They thought possibly the commotion in the water by the paddle wheels of the steamer, would raise the body. Everyone looked carefully in all direction as the waves from the steamer subsided, but nothing could be observed of the object of their search.

Some of the men were about to go to the village for grappling irons, when something occurred that rendered

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such unnecessary. The explosion aboard the *Mayflower* took place, which fairly knocked the people off their feet and made the whole district tremble. Fragments flew in all directions. The vessel was completely demolished.

Shortly afterwards the body of Captain Mike was seen floating on the water. The loud concussion had raised the dead body from the bottom of the bay. The lad Horace was the first to discover it. He shrieked with fear and dread. The corpse was soon obtained by means of a boat and raised to the wharf, where all gazed upon it with sadness and awe. The face was observed to wear a hideous expression. There was a large hole in the forehead where some blunt instrument had penetrated, from which water and blood were oozing.

"Thee hast made thy last sea-voyage in this world, Captain Mike," said neighbor Joseph Picton, as he reverently bent over the body, "and thy spirit hast now voyaged to another world. Thy schemes and intrigues in this world have been brought to a sudden end. Thine own vessel's explosion served to raise thee from thy watery grave. Didst thou make thy peace with God before He called thee hence?"

There was much speculation as to the probable cause of the wound in the forehead, which was observed to be both large and deep. Quinte crawled into his cabin, divested himself of his wet clothing and lay down on the bed to rest. Jake Sullivan, on the discovery of the fire in the *Mayflower*, had rushed excitedly down along the shore, opposite the vessel to try and save it. After the explosion, which knocked him flat on the ground, he returned to the wharf, saw his father's body with its ghastly face, and heard the various theories of the neighbors as to the cause of death. Some declared that the

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indications pointed strongly to suicide, others said it looked suspicious of murder. Jake Sullivan returned at this moment.

"Quinte killed father," said Jake. "Horace and I saw the fight on the wharf. They scuffled for some time, and then Quinte struck him a blow on the head, and pushed him over the wharf into the water. Father's body must have sunk to the bottom at once, for I came up in a few moments and it was nowhere in sight.

Jake Sullivan had deliberately lied while standing over the body of his father. He had the reputation of being the most untruthful man in the whole country and now did not refrain from lying even on such a solemn occasion as the death of his father. He hated Quinte Brown and the Clinton family, and here was a good opportunity to get rid of "Clinton's dirty old nigger," as he was wont to call him.

Taking Horace aside, Jake told the lad what he must say about the fight observed on the wharf, so that Quinte could be proven guilty of the crime. At first Horace refused to agree with his father, by saying:

"No, father, Quinte didn't push granddaddy into the water. Granddaddy shoved Quinte in and then fell in himself. Don't you remember we saw it from the wagon?"

"Yes, Horace, perhaps you thought so from where we stood," replied his father, "but just at the end of the wharf, don't you remember Quinte braced his feet, threw himself back and struck granddaddy on the head with a hammer or something of the kind, which I distinctly saw in his hand. Then Quinte pitched granddaddy overboard and fell in himself. It was done so quickly you may not have understood it all, Horace."

"I did not see any hammer in Quinte's hand, father."

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“ Well, perhaps not, son, but I saw something very plainly. That's how it all happened, my boy, and now you must tell the story just as I have done and it will be all right. We'll hang Clinton's old nigger for killing your grandfather, and that will be a blessing to the whole community.”

Having fixed Horace to his satisfaction, Jake now demanded that a coroner's inquest be held. Then the question arose as to what had become of Quinte. They found him in his cabin, lying on the bed sound asleep, with Rover lying on the floor beside him. A number of neighbors gathered inside the cabin, awakened him and enquired all about the facts of the case. Quinte related in full all the details of what had transpired that morning on the wharf, how he and Captain Mike had fallen into the water, and how Rover had rescued him.

Captain Mike's body was removed to the town hall in the village, and a messenger was dispatched for the coroner and the sheriff. That evening the Government officials arrived and a jury was empanelled, of which Joseph Picton was the foreman. The hall was packed with people. Doctor Morrison, a well-known physician, examined the wound and testified as to its nature. The probability was strong, he thought, that death ensued from the wound, which apparently had been caused by a blunt, round iron of some description. The doctor claimed that the falling of the body into the water was a minor circumstance—a common episode in the lives of sea-faring men. The body apparently had not risen to the surface, as it otherwise should have done.

Quinte was next called and again recounted all the circumstances that happened from the time he went to the wharf in the morning until Squire George Clinton left on the steamer for Oswego. He related how Cap-

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tain Mike twisted and squirmed while bound after Squire Clinton's departure. Then he continued to inform the Court in his own peculiar way:

"I tried to hol' Captain Mike do'n, but, golly, he war too strong fo' Quinte. He got hol' of my jack-knife on de flooah, cut de rope dat boun' hes hands. Den, golly, he knocked me sprawlin' ober a salt barr'l and jist cut de oder cords on hes legs an' behold, Captain Mike was free. He den ran out on de wharf like lightenin', an' yelled fo' dat steamah to come in fo' him, an' waved his han'kerchief fo' long time, but no, de steamah wouldn't come; an' so Captain Mike he jist run back an' catch me an' say: 'You infe'nal black niggah rascal, I'll t'row you clean ober in de bay.' Captain Mike pushed me off the wharf, frien's, suah as preachin'. Den he fall in arter me, an' I nebber see him any mo'. When I come up to de top ob de watah, golly, dar I see de good dog Rovah. He come up to me an' I catch him by de hai' an' he jist pulls me out to de shore neah dead, an' that's all Quinte knows bout poo' ol' Cap'n Mike's def."

"Thee hast given a straightforward account, Quinte Brown," said the foreman, as Quinte concluded his evidence, "and I, for one, believe thou hast told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Mrs. Clinton was called and testified to the fact that Squire Clinton and Curtis had left their home that morning to take the steamer for Kingston. She had no knowledge of what had subsequently taken place until hearing the news from Quinte and others. She had no doubt about the truth of Quinte's statement.

Jake Sullivan was called, and by swearing that he saw a hammer, or something resembling a hammer, in Quinte's hand, with which Quinte struck his father, before they both fell into the water, he materially changed

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the whole aspect of affairs. Horace followed and told substantially the same story as his father. The coroner now reviewed the evidence, which he thought showed conclusively that a murder had been committed and called upon the jury for a decision. The jurymen, with one exception, thought the evidence sufficiently strong to justify them in sending Quinte Brown up for trial for the murder of Captain Mike Sullivan.

That exception was Joseph Picton, the Quaker foreman, who, having implicit confidence in the truthfulness of Quinte, would not be shaken in his opinion by anything Jake Sullivan might say. He pointed out the possibility of Jake being mistaken at so great a distance from the scene of action, even if he really thought Quinte struck his father with a hammer. But the old Quaker's protest was of no avail, and a verdict was rendered for the commitment of Quinte Brown.

Great sympathy was expressed on all sides for the old negro servant, who had never been known to do an unkind act. Quinte was arrested by the sheriff and taken away and lodged in the county jail, to await his trial for the murder of Captain Mike Sullivan. It was a sorrowful home at the Clinton's during the succeeding weeks and months. The absent ones did not return, nor could any word be obtained as to their whereabouts. The Attorney-General, although exceedingly busy with Confederation affairs, quickly responded to a personal appeal from Mrs. Clinton, and hastened to her side from Ottawa. They discussed the whole matter in all its details, and Mrs. Clinton learned now for the first time that it was her husband who had set the *Mayflower* on fire, and his reason for so doing. The Attorney-General told her of the important telegram her husband had sent him and how thankful he was to get it; also that the

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probable reason for going to Oswego was to endeavor to upset the plans of the enemy. They had likely been imprisoned; but now that the raid was practically over they would doubtless soon be released and allowed to return home. He praised Squire Clinton's actions in the highest terms. Mrs. Clinton expressed her anxiety about Curtis and a certain walnut box given him by Quinte, which the lad carried with him in a small leather book-bag under his coat, intending to deposit it in the Attorney-General's vault for safe-keeping. Mrs. Clinton placed Quinte's defence in the hands of the Attorney-General, and requested him to spare no expense in the case, as she was now positive Quinte had told the truth and had not murdered Captain Mike Sullivan. Macdonald returned to Kingston on the steamer the following morning assuring her that everything possible would be done to have the whereabouts of her husband and Curtis discovered; that Quinte's defence would be immediately taken in hand by his law-partner in Kingston, who would communicate with her from time to time as matters developed, while she must write him personally at Ottawa whenever he could be of any assistance.

The children, Helen, Gertrude and Walter, were almost disconsolate, and wandered about the place, back and forth to Quinte's cabin, lonely and dejected. They constantly talked about Curtis and their grandfather and wondered why they did not return. They could not believe Quinte had done anything wrong and felt very sorrowful over his imprisonment.

They abhorred the very sight of Horace Sullivan, and ran from him when he came near, as though he were afflicted with some hideous disease. They had heard Horace's evidence in the town hall and knew he was

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in part responsible for connecting their good old friend Quinte with the death of Captain Mike, and that, to them, was an unpardonable crime. Horace began to learn he was an object of dread and dislike to his former playmates; and while he could not understand the cause fully, yet a guilty conscience accused him of having done wrong in saying that his grandfather was killed by Quinte, and he naturally began to avoid the Clinton children as much as possible.

Joseph Picton, driving a fat and sleek horse before an old family phaeton, was a daily caller at the Clinton home. Squire Clinton and he had always been bosom friends, and they had implicit confidence in each other. Joseph now took charge of Mrs. Clinton's farming operations and induced the neighbors to lend a hand in cutting hay, harvesting and other work. He brought a word of cheer and encouragement to the lonely woman, who was always delighted to see him and to accept his kindly advice.

"Thee must have hope and faith that a providential hand is directing the family in this matter, friend Mary," said Joseph one day, when Mrs. Clinton felt much discouraged. "Thy Father in Heaven plans for the best for His children; and some day thou wilt understand what may be a mystery to thee to-day. Thy husband did his duty. Quinte committed no crime. Curtis is innocent of any wrongdoing. We are His children, friend Mary, and 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him and delivereth them.'"

"But why should we wait so long for deliverance, Uncle Joseph?" answered Mrs. Clinton, as she wiped away the falling tears.

"How long hast thou waited now, friend Mary?"

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"Six weeks—and they have been the longest and dreariest of my life."

"True, but six weeks is a very brief period in God's sight when trying thy faith."

"We fear Him, do we not, Uncle Joseph?"

"Thou dost fear Him, without doubt, and thou and thy family hast feared the Lord all thy days."

"And the Lord pities us as we pity our children?"

"Yea, much more than we can pity our children."

"Then why does He wait so long—even six weeks—and permit this load of sorrow to overwhelm me?"

"Dost thou not remember a man of old called Job?" asked the Quaker, with a kindly smile.

"Yes, a most remarkable character indeed."

"Perfect and upright and one that feared God and eschewed evil."

"True, I remember the words, Uncle."

"How long did Job wait for relief, friend Mary?"

"A long time indeed, and he patiently endured terrible afflictions."

"What was the result?"

"'So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning,' is what the Bible says."

"Yes, quite sure; also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. His patience in affliction was doubly rewarded."

"I wish I could have faith that there will be such a happy outcome from my present trouble. I never realized before how dependent we are upon the mercies of our Heavenly Father."

"Exercise faith in God and have patience, friend Mary, and thou shalt see the same things come to pass. Thou shalt surely find ultimately that the Lord pitieth thee and delivereth thee."

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“Thank you for your comforting words, Uncle Joseph. I feel stronger already and shall now leave the matter in the hands of Him whom I have always been taught to believe doeth all things well.”

“That’s right. We knew thee to be full of faith, and all thee needed was a word of cheer and a shake of the old Quaker’s hand. Good morning, friend Mary. We’ll finish the hay to-day and start the wheat to-morrow.”

The good man drove away leaving a ray of sunshine behind him—a custom he had always followed throughout a long, useful life, which made him a welcome visitor in every home in the community.

Walter Earle, the young emigrant lad, did all in his power to assist Mrs. Clinton in conducting the affairs of the farm. She found him a great help to her in her time of extremity. “I don’t know how we could possibly get along without you, Walter,” she would say to the little fellow.” You’re the only man we have now about the place, and I must depend upon you for so many things. I’m very glad indeed you are now one of our own family—my own boy on whom I can lean for support.”

“You have been very good to me, Mrs. Clinton—a mother could not have been better—and I’m very glad to be able to help you a little with the work and partly repay you for all your kindness. I hope you’ll give me plenty to do, for I’m strong and well able to work, and you must take good care of yourself until the Squire’s return.”

The boy felt proud of the confidence reposed in him, and early and late was found faithfully doing the chores, and running errands and making himself generally useful. The girls, Helen and Gertie, were a great comfort to Mrs. Clinton and materially assisted her in all her household duties. But the former exhilaration and life of the

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place was gone—no shouting, no singing, no laughing. The children felt gloomy and depressed as though a funeral were about to take place. The former buoyant spirit which had constantly prevailed when Squire Clinton and Curtis were present, would not now return, and Mrs. Clinton consequently found her task the heavier, owing to the intense sadness of the three little children of her home.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE JURY REVERSES ITS VERDICT.

THE summer holidays ended and the autumn term of the court of Queen's Bench opened in the county town with a sensational murder case first on the docket. The local and provincial papers, stirred up to fever heat over the Fenian Raid, had published many articles relating to the murder of Captain Mike Sullivan, the disappearance of the Clintons, and the blowing up of the notorious schooner, the *Mayflower*, with her cargo of arms and ammunition. Consequently, the people from all parts of the county flocked to the court room to see and hear this important trial. The Grand Jury, with very short deliberation, rendered a true bill. It was the first case called by Judge Thompson, and the court room was thronged with an excited crowd, requiring the services of several extra constables to preserve order. The selection of a jury was a difficult problem, as many of those called confessed to having previously formed an opinion. That opinion, it may be said, was almost universally against the prisoner. Twelve men, loyal and true, were found who had open minds on the subject. The trial began with a brilliant array of legal talent on either side. Mrs. Clinton and the three children occupied seats within the railing near Patterson, the Attorney-General's legal partner and leading counsel for the defence.

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Quinte—or Moses Brown, as he was known in court—was dressed in his best Sunday suit, and though emaciated and wrinkled, with a thick mass of curly grey locks surmounting a sad countenance, the old colored servant presented a very respectable appearance in the prisoner's dock. He smiled at the Clinton children after taking his seat, and they, not having seen him all this time, with one impulse, jumped from their chairs, vaulted over the railing enclosing the prisoner, and were seated on the old man's lap or had their arms around his neck before the guards or constables could interfere. This caused a ripple of merriment to pass through the courtroom, and the constables had to call out loudly: "Order! Order in the court! Order!" a good many times before the children were gotten back to their seats and the court was enabled to proceed.

Now, while Quinte's trial was in progress throughout the day an incident took place elsewhere destined to be of vital importance to the court's final verdict, which it might be well at this interval to follow.

The Attorney-General had run up from Ottawa and sat in his partner's office in Kingston that morning, immersed in a variety of matters pertaining to his constituency, with a large quantity of papers spread over his desk. A clerk quietly opened the door and interrupted him by saying:

"There's a dirty street Arab in the outer office, sir, who persists in saying he must see you personally."

"Who is he, Frank? This is a very busy morning, you know, with me," the Attorney-General replied, in a low voice, as he glanced up from his papers.

"He will not give his name or business, sir. I tried to send him away and have him call again some other

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time, but he refused to budge an inch, and said a man's life depended on seeing you."

"He must be a stubborn Grit, eh, Frank, to hold on so well? Bring the lad in anyway until we find out what his trouble may be. A man's life is of more importance than these dry documents before me."

Frank soon returned with a filthy, ragged, half-starved looking creature, who could scarcely pull one leg after another from sheer exhaustion.

"For God's sake, boy, what is the matter with you, and where did you come from?" asked the Attorney-General, startled by the pitiful looking sight before him. The lad gazed for a moment on the Attorney-General, then on Frank, and then at the door. He did not say a word, but his actions readily signified the thought in his mind.

The Attorney-General quickly took the hint and told Frank he might retire. When they were alone he addressed the boy in a kindly voice.

"Well, my little fellow, what can I do for you? What is troubling your mind this morning?"

Immediately the boy's features relaxed, and approaching the desk, he said, timidly, "Please, Mr. Macdonald, will you take care of a little box for me?"

"Certainly, my young man. Where is your box?"

"Here it is, sir," and the boy proceeded to take out from under his tattered coat a small, dirty, leather book-bag, from which he extracted a black walnut box with a brass plate on the lid, polished clean and bright.

The Attorney-General, with a look of surprise, took the box from the extended, grimy hand, and read the name on the plate, "Percival Clinton."

"Where did you get this, my boy?" he asked,

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slowly, as he looked the box over and over with the keenest of interest.

"From Quinte Brown, sir."

"When?"

"Last Christmas."

"Where have you been recently?"

"In prison, sir, in Oswego."

"What is your name?"

"Curtis Clinton."

"Who imprisoned you?"

"General Sullivan, of the Fenian army, sir; sent my grandfather and me to prison."

"Where is your grandfather now, Curtis?"

"Still in prison in Oswego."

"How did you get away?"

"I stole out yesterday when the guard, who was drunk, brought us our food."

"How is your grandfather?"

"Nearly dead, sir. I'm afraid he can't stand it many days longer. Does not eat anything now—just drinks a little water. That's really what I came to see you about, sir. It doesn't make much difference about this old box, for I can keep it myself, but I'd like to save my dear grandfather's life."

"How did you get here, Curtis?"

"I stole a ride on the train, sir, from Oswego to Cape Vincent. I got there in the night and crossed over on the boat this morning."

"Have you had anything to eat, my boy, since you left Oswego?"

"No, sir. I hadn't a cent of money with me and the purser came near throwing me off the boat. I was so glad he didn't that I forgot all about being hungry."

"You are as great a hero as your grandfather, Cur-

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tis," said the Attorney-General, patting the lad on the head as he seated him on a chair.

Remembering what Mrs. Clinton had told him about Curtis and his grandfather starting for Kingston, the Attorney-General now anxiously asked: "Did you see Quinte Brown kill Captain Mike Sullivan and throw him off the wharf at Adolphustown?"

Curtis looked in blank amazement for a moment, and then replied, "Quinte didn't kill Captain Mike."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, sir, grandfather and I watched them from the steamer and saw Captain Mike push Quinte off the wharf and then fall in himself."

"Are you sure of that, Curtis?" exclaimed the Attorney-General, as he arose, grasped the boy by the hand and eagerly looked in his eyes.

"Yes, sir. God knows I'm telling you the truth. Then we saw Rover jump in, too, and we hoped he would save Quinte's life, and then the steamer went behind the island and we could see nothing more."

"He did, Curtis. Good old dog; he saved Quinte from drowning; but when Captain Mike's body was found there was a big hole in his forehead as though struck with an iron, and Quinte is suspected of having struck the Captain with a hammer, and is now being tried for his life."

Curtis rubbed his hand over his dirty face, and his fingers through his long, matted hair, engaged in deep thought for a few moments. Then he said, in a low, hesitating voice, as though deeply mystified, "Well, I can't see how that could be, sir. Quinte didn't do it, that's sure. His head must have struck against something when he fell off the wharf."

"Whose head, Curtis?" quickly asked the Attorney-

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General, with a quick flash of the eye which indicated a sudden impulse had come to his mind, due to the lad's answer.

"Captain Mike's head must have hit against something sharp to make a hole in his forehead."

"Curtis Clinton," said the Attorney-General, taking both of the boy's hands in his own. "I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am you came to my office this morning. I believe you have the real facts about Captain Mike's mysterious death. You have more brains than the whole of us blockheads put together, for not one of us ever thought of looking to see if the wound in Captain Mike's forehead was not made by his falling against something sharp—a spike or a bolt, or something of that sort—in the edge of the wharf or under the water."

Then, looking at his watch, he continued: "I hope it is not too late yet, Curtis, to save Quinte's life. He is being tried to-day and we must go at once and make an examination of the wharf. But you must have a change of clothing and something to eat, for you look as though prison life had not agreed with you very well. I will put your walnut box away in the vault here where it will be perfectly safe, and you can get it at any time you wish."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind."

The Attorney-General rang a bell, and on his clerk coming in, quickly ordered as follows:

"Here, Frank, take this boy over to the hotel and give him a bath, buy him a good suit of clothes—the best is none too good, remember—and fit him up like a gentleman. Give him something to eat, Frank—but be careful, not too much, as that poor little stomach has not been getting its normal supply for some time, as you

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can see—and then bring him back to the office ready for a trip.”

“Very well, sir. We will be back in about an hour.”

“That will do, Frank. Send Harry in.”

The Attorney-General then began to gather up his papers and clear his desk. A moment later he remarked, as the second clerk appeared, “Harry, go down to the docks and engage me a steamer—the fastest one you can get—and have it all ready in an hour’s time for a trip up the Bay of Quinte. You need say nothing about the price—just say that it is for me and that I’m in a wee bit of a hurry. Send Jack in.”

“Very well, sir,” replied Harry, as he backed out of the door and scurried away to execute his employer’s commands.

Soon the door opened and another clerk entered.

“Here Jack, just run over to the office with this telegram,” the Attorney-General quietly commanded, as he finished writing a message to his partner Patterson in reference to his recent discovery. “While you are out, Jack, you might step round and tell Doctor Sinclair I desire him to go with me up the Bay on a steamer on professional work for the balance of the day, and that we shall be ready to start in an hour. Tell him it is important and that he must be sure and come if at all possible.”

“Very well, sir,” Jack responded, as he, too, hastened away to perform his mission.

“I wonder who Percival Clinton is, or was,” remarked Macdonald, as he took the walnut box in his hand, glanced again at the inscription, and proceeded to put it away in the vault. “Methinks if that box has been in Quinte Brown’s possession all these years it must belong to pre-Revolutionary days down in old Virginia,

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where, I understand, the Clinton Loyalists came from. What the deuce does it contain, I wonder? Not money—it is too light for that. Oh, likely some old legal documents which would not be worth a penny if the property was afterwards confiscated. Let me see! Clinton was a Loyalist. That settles it, as the American Government would certainly take possession of his property at the conclusion of the war and give it to the victors. I'm afraid old Quinte's polished walnut box is more valuable than its contents at the present time."

Promptly at the expiration of the hour the steamer's bell gave the signal to go ahead, and with bow pointing westward up the Bay of Quinte, the Attorney-General and his little party took their seats upon the deck and enjoyed the refreshing breeze. It was one of those delightful warm days of the early autumn when a cruise on the water invigorates a man and produces again the buoyancy of youth. They sped away out of the harbor with Fort William Henry frowning upon them from a prominent point on the left, and with the picturesque old Limestone City, sprinkled here and yonder with clusters of green verdure slowly changing to autumnal tints, lying on the right. They passed many excellent farms on either side, sailing yachts and pleasure steamers on the bay, and villages and hamlets basking in the sun. A few hours' speedy sailing sufficed to bring them to the Adolphustown wharf. Curtis rejoiced to see so many familiar landmarks, and the old Clinton home nestling among the trees. No time was lost in making the required examination of the wharf. Curtis showed the Attorney-General and Doctor Sinclair the relative positions of Captain Mike and Quinte, as he saw them from the steamer, near the spot where they disappeared under the water. With a pike pole they now prodded around

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in the bottom at this point, and against the outer edge of the wharf. Nothing could be found projecting above the bottom for some time; but after a little, Dr. Sinclair struck a drift-bolt projecting from the wharf, which had been bent up so that its head was nearly perpendicular and out about six inches from the face of the log in which it was driven. The blunt head of the round bolt was about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and about two feet below the surface of the water. All got down in a small boat and examined the bolt carefully, its size and shape, position of the wharf and exact depth and length of head below the level of the water. Again they returned to the surface of the wharf, and again Curtis carefully explained the movements of the men. Then Dr. Sinclair said, in a very decided voice:

“Without doubt, a man falling into the water here, as the boy says Captain Sullivan did fall, and partly swinging around to recover himself while in the act, would naturally pitch along the edge of the wharf head first, and would almost certainly come in contact with that iron. I haven't a shadow of a doubt but that the Captain was killed by striking his head against that bolt.”

“Nor I, either, Doctor,” said the Attorney-General, with evident satisfaction. “And now, if you will kindly make a little sketch of the end of the wharf and the relative position of that bolt, we will move on to Napanee as fast as possible and endeavor to get our evidence before the court before the trial closes.

Soon the steamer was moving rapidly up the Bay, with the cove where the Loyalists first landed on the right, and Quinte Brown's old log cabin plainly in view.

“Never mind, Curtis, my brave boy!” said the Attorney-General, kindly, as he came up to the lad a few minutes later, who was looking off in the direction of

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his home with his eyes full of tears, "None of your friends are at home now, you must remember, on account of Quinte's trial. You will see them all as soon as we can get to town and they will all certainly be right glad to see you, and of course you'll be delighted to see them."

The lad's face brightened up quickly, as he replied, "It seems a long time since I saw them, sir. I wonder if they'll know me."

"Oh, yes. I have no doubt your friends will know you, Curtis, although I must confess you do not look much like a farmer's boy in that new suit of clothes you have on. It fits like a charm and makes you look like the prince, which, indeed, you are."

"If poor grandfather was only here, sir, I'd be glad," and Curtis gave a deep sigh. It is awful, sir, in that dirty prison. Can't we get him out soon, sir? I wonder how we lived so long in that dreadful place."

"Yes, my brave little fellow. We'll lose no time in getting my good friend, your grandfather, set free; but we must first try and save poor old Quinte's life."

"Yes, sir. Quinte is a good old man, and I'm sure he wouldn't do wrong. He's been a good friend of ours, and I hope he won't have to die, sir." Again Curtis's eyes filled with tears.

The steamer soon swung round the most westerly point of the township, and then, with Carnahan Bay and Hay Bay on the east, and the high Prince Edward shore on the west, she glided down the long reach like a race horse. At Deseronto—then known as Mill Point—the course was again changed to the east, and leaving the Bay of Quinte, the narrow Napanee River was more slowly ascended, with due regard to the brightly painted buoys planted at intervals, denoting the narrow winding channel along the course. Reaching the Napanee wharf,

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the passengers alighted, and calling a hack, they were driven rapidly to the court-house at the far end of the town.

Entering the court-room by one of the side doors, the Attorney-General, Dr. Sinclair and Curtis edged their way in through a dense crowd, almost entirely unobserved, to a position near the railing, from which the Attorney-General managed to catch his partner's eye. In another moment the two were conferring together. A few words sufficed to explain the situation. The dull look of discouragement that had taken possession of the chief counsel for the defence was seen to rapidly disappear and give place to one of hope and animation.

The evidence had all been taken. Patterson had addressed the jury and had done the best possible under the circumstances for the prisoner, with the preponderance of evidence against his client.

The great criminal lawyer, Drummond, Q.C., from Toronto, who had a reputation for hanging prisoners in murder trials in which he was the Crown counsel, had likewise addressed the jury, and the great throng in the court-room, with very few exceptions, had become convinced by Drummond's forcible arguments, that the prisoner was guilty of murder. Judge Thompson had charged the jury, and while he admitted there was an element of doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, yet he thought the evidence of Jacob Sullivan and his son Horace, the only eye witnesses of the scene, was so clear and definite that Captain Sullivan had been struck by some weapon in the hands of the prisoner, before he fell into the water, that he was forced to the conclusion the prisoner was guilty of murder. The jury had formally adjourned to arrive at a decision, which had already practically been made before leaving the judge's presence. They

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had returned to the court-room with their verdict, and were answering to their names when the trio from the steamer entered. The judge was now in his seat, with his black cap beside him. Quinte Brown, the old black prisoner in the box, looked sad and dejected, as though every hope had fled. Mrs. Clinton and the children sat within the railing, shedding bitter tears. Every member of the local bar, and every fledgling in the law-offices of the town, was standing about on the tip-toe of expectation. Not a whisper was heard. There was breathless silence.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at a verdict?" It was Judge Thompson who spoke.

"We have, my Lord," came the response from the foreman.

"What is your verdict?"

Quick as a flash, and before the foreman had time to reply, Patterson arose and said, with evident emotion:

"My Lord, may I address you for a moment before the jury announces its verdict?"

Every eye was immediately turned on him, and, as the judge was agreeable to the request, Patterson continued: "Before the verdict of the jury is pronounced in this case, which we all firmly believe would be against the prisoner, I desire to request the indulgence of the court for a few minutes, in order to explain that within the last few moments two important witnesses for the defence have come into this court-room prepared to give the most conclusive evidence that the late Captain Sullivan's death was due to accident, and that the prisoner at the bar consequently is not guilty. Your Lordship will believe me when I say that said witnesses have come by special steamer from Kingston to-day with all the haste possible under the circumstances. They could not

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have reached this court-room a moment sooner, owing to the fact that on the way they had to obtain part of the evidence they are now prepared to submit. With your Lordship's permission I shall explain in a very few words the nature of this evidence, and I feel confident that your Lordship will not decline to accept the weighty evidence of these important witnesses at this moment—even though it be somewhat of an innovation in a High Court of Justice—especially since a human life is at stake.”

As the judge did not enter any protest, but rather gave an expression of relief and satisfaction, the counsel for the defence proceeded with a brief narrative of the names of the witnesses and the nature of the evidence they were prepared to submit. He brought the lad Curtis forward so that he could be seen by the judge, and told of his escape from prison, and of Squire Clinton still being held a prisoner at Oswego.

He told of the conflict on the wharf witnessed by the lad, of the examination by Dr. Sinclair, and of the discovery of the bolt, and explained how naturally Captain Sullivan's head would strike this object on his descent into the water under such circumstances. A few minutes sufficed to relate these facts, and then Patterson said:

“That, my Lord, is the substance of the evidence I desire to submit, and if permitted to do so I am quite sure that the prisoner, Moses Brown, shall be exonerated from any complicity whatever in the death of Captain Sullivan.”

Drummond, the Crown Counsel, here entered a vigorous protest against such an unusual proceeding, which the judge noted, and then demanded that the witnesses be called.

The evidence of Dr. Sinclair and Curtis Clinton was

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submitted. The counsel completed their arguments for and against the prisoner. Again the judge addressed the jury, and again the jury retired to decide upon a verdict. They returned in a few minutes and when they were asked this time, by the judge, for their decision, the foreman's firm reply was "Not guilty," and Quinte Brown proudly stepped from the prisoner's box a free man.

CHAPTER VIII.

SQUIRE CLINTON RETURNS HOME.

GREAT excitement prevailed after the prisoner was discharged and Judge Thompson left the court-room. Everybody wanted to shake hands with Quinte and congratulate him, thoroughly convinced at last that he had committed no crime. The old man's hand was nearly wrung off by the demonstrative crowd which clustered around him for the next hour. The lad Curtis had quickly won the sympathy of everyone in the court-room when, thin, and pale and weak, he appeared in the witness box, and told the whole story of what had transpired in simple, boyish language which everyone implicitly believed.

When all was over and he was at liberty to speak to his friends, who had been intently watching and yearning to get hold of him, Curtis fell into his grandmother's arms and then fainted away. With great exertion the lad had heroically performed his task; but now, overcome with excitement and physical weakness, he sank exhausted into the lap of his best friend, who had always given the orphan boy a mother's care and love.

They gently carried the lad out of the court-room, and when he had partially revived, bore him away to the steamer, accompanied by his friends, the Attorney-General and Dr. Sinclair. The latter made Curtis comfortable in a cosy state-room as the party steamed down the narrow river by the clear light of the moon.

"How is your patient, doctor?" asked the Attorney-

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General of Dr. Sinclair, as he came into Curtis's state-room, after a chat with Mrs. Clinton and the children and Quinte outside.

"Oh, the lad's coming around all right. Nature called a halt for a time, as she has a habit of sometimes doing, when we disobey her laws too often, but a little rest and nourishment and quiet will soon restore the lad again to his usual health."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, doctor. We put the lad through a pretty hard ordeal to-day, considering the condition I found him in at my office this morning. He must be made of pretty good stuff. I will keep my eye on that lad when he grows up. He should make a useful man if nothing happens him, and good men like you and me, doctor, are scarce, you know, in this day and age of the world."

"That's a fact," said Dr. Sinclair, glancing around at the Attorney-General, and smiling as he observed the well-known twinkle in the latter's eye always apparent when a joke was forthcoming.

"I suppose his politics are of the proper shade to suit you?"

"Bless your soul! Certainly, doctor. The Clintons are blue-blooded, dyed-in-the-wool Tories, who stand by the party no matter whether the wind blows fair or foul. That's what I admire, doctor—faithful support at all times, especially when we make a mistake, which every public man is liable to do, even with the most honorable intentions.

"Yes, yes, I thought so; but perhaps this intelligent lad will see the error of his way by the time he has a vote, and come over to our Liberal side of the camp, as your best Tories are in the habit of doing from time to time, as you are aware."

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"There, now, doctor, I fear I will never be able to convert you into a good Tory—pity, too, such a fine fellow, otherwise—but, to change the subject before we get into a political discussion, I desire you to remain aboard this steamer, go to Oswego with the rest of us and assist in bringing back Squire George Clinton, who must, by this time, be in a deplorable condition, if he is not already dead."

"Certainly, if I can be of any service; but it seems to me you are in more need of a detective than a doctor, in order to find his whereabouts."

"Pardon me, doctor, you are wrong for once, at least, for you have the detective there on the bed as your patient, and from all accounts a doctor's services will be indispensable after we locate my good friend Clinton."

"Doubtless you are right, sir, and I shall be pleased to bow to your commands."

"Thank you, Doctor. I knew you were made of the right stuff. If I could only turn you around to my way of thinking politically as easily as I can in professional matters, my happiness would be complete, but alas, I know you to be like adamant on the former question."

The matter of proceeding direct to Oswego was quickly arranged with Mrs. Clinton and Quinte by the Attorney-General, and then all, with the exception of Dr. Sinclair, retired to rest. When they arose in the morning it was found they had passed the Clinton home, left the Bay of Quinte and were far out on the bosom of Lake Ontario. It was a beautiful morning, and as Mrs. Clinton, with Helen and Gertrude and Walter, appeared at the door of the patient's state-room, they rejoiced to find that the good doctor, who had faithfully watched by the bedside during the intervening hours, had Curtis looking bright and cheerful and quite himself

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again. The children rushed in and hugged and kissed the lad, and assured him how glad they were to find him nearly well again. They had a jolly time together recounting their experiences throughout the long period of their separation and the happy outcome of Quinte's trial.

Mrs. Clinton and Dr. Sinclair looked on in silence and smiled as they witnessed the happy reunion of the children. Then Curtis called for Quinte, and when the old servant came to the bedside the lad threw his arms around the old negro's neck and shed tears of joy. Quinte, who had borne up in the long, trying ordeal without a single murmur or complaint or sign of weakness, now broke down and wept like a child. The old man raised his hands and exclaimed, in the words of Jacob of old, when he beheld his favorite son Joseph:

"Now let me die, since I have seen thy face once more."

At noon the doctor had his patient out on deck and they all proceeded to the dinner-table, where, with the Captain seated at the head, and the Attorney-General at the foot, and Dr. Sinclair and the Clinton family and Quinte on either side, they spent an enjoyable hour in pleasant conversation, while discussing the excellent menu the cook had provided.

They reached Oswego during the afternoon, and the Attorney-General, leaving the Clintons aboard the steamer, called a hack and drove with the Captain, Dr. Sinclair and Curtis to the place where the latter pointed out he had been imprisoned. The boy had no difficulty in directing them to the spot, which was on a back street, in an old frame shed or stable without windows or light from above, and with one heavily barred door.

SQUIRE CLINTON RETURNS HOME

They rapped loudly at the door and for response there came a deep, plaintive groan.

"George Clinton! Are you there?"

"Yes. Who calls? I've heard that voice before," came the response slowly and in a low, unsteady voice.

"Your old friend, Macdonald, from Kingston."

"My friend Macdonald, did you say? Can it be possible it is my friend John A.?"

"Yes, George, it is I, John A., and I've come to rescue you from this vile prison as soon as we can burst open this miserable door."

"That surely sounds like the voice of my old friend. Merciful God! can that be true?" The response was louder and the words were uttered more rapidly, signifying that Squire Clinton had become thoroughly aroused.

"I'm here, too, grandfather," shouted Curtis, loudly, unable to restrain himself any longer; "also grandmother and Quinte and all our family are on the steamer at the dock. We'll get you out of this awful place in a short time. Cheer up, grandfather."

The words of the Psalmist now came from within, which those standing outside could clearly distinguish:

"But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children."

"Faith and be jabers an' wot are yez doin' here wid me prisoner?" said a man from behind, who approached the shed with some bread and water, walking erect, and endeavoring to assume the air and stride of a military officer.

"Hello there, Major Mulcahey," cried Curtis, "open this door-quick. We are going to take grandfather away."

"Begorra, an' thar's that spalpeen that run away frim

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prison unbeknownst to me, whin I was very sick, very sick indade. Shure an' Oi'm glad yez came back, me lad, an' insted of lettin' the auld bloke out, Oi'll jist thro' yez in agin to sarve out yer term wid your auld grand-daddy."

So saying, Major Mulcahey threw down his eatables, seized Curtis in one hand, and proceeded with him to the prison door, which he now unlocked and unbolted. He was about to thrust the lad inside when the Attorney-General stepped up, and, placing his hand on the Major's shoulder, said, quietly but sternly:

"If you value your liberty, Major Mulcahey, don't interfere with that boy, or with me in releasing your prisoner from this filthy hole, which is not a fit dwelling place for a beast, let alone a human being. I shall have to report your conduct to Washington and request that you be soundly horsewhipped, as well as imprisoned, for starving my good friend in this loathsome den all these weeks and months since the Fenian Raid was ended. He is a loyal Canadian citizen, and you Fenian conspirators are no more justified in holding him in prison than you would be in holding me."

"And who are you, sor?" replied the Major, with all the dignity he could command. "Who is it preshumes to come here and demond th' relase of wan of th' Ginerals' prisoners who upset his plans jist whin he wuz on the pint of a swaping vichthory?"

"You are now addressing the Attorney-General of Canada, Major," said Dr. Sinclair, who, having looked inside the shed to see the prisoner, had returned and stepped up to the astonished guard. "I think when he sees the filthy condition of his friend inside this foul den he will flog you himself within an inch of your life,—or better still, ask me to do it. I would take much pleasure

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in giving you a sound thrashing for your terrible cruelty and unpardonable neglect of your prisoner."

"May the holy angels presarve me, sor," said the obsequious and frightened Major, as he humbly dropped upon his knees before the Attorney-General and pleaded for mercy. "Shure, your Majesty, or your Riverince, or whatever they be afther calling yez, Oi'm sorry in-dade for the poor mon, an' would gladly have lit him an' th' wee lad go home long ago; but, sor, I was afeared Ginerall Sullivan, who has niver been here since, would come back some day, sor, and skin me alive if Oi lit the prisoner go or even treated him dacently by kapin' him clane and nate, as God Almighty an' all thè saints in hiven an' on airth know Oi would gladly hav' done if I had been permitted, sor, to act accordin' to the dictathates of me own consuns."

"Well, Major, don't lose any more time in explanation, but help us get my friend out of this hell-hole as soon as possible," Macdonald replied, and then went inside and spoke to Squire Clinton. He found him in a deplorable condition, lying upon a bare floor without a shred of bedding, crippled with rheumatism, unwashed, uncombed and without a change of clothing since he became a prisoner. They picked the helpless creature up with the assistance of the Major, and placing him in the hack, drove quickly to the steamer. Throwing a spread over his form, so that the family could not see his awful condition, the men quickly carried Squire Clinton aboard. They placed him in a lower apartment, where the doctor cut off his filthy clothing and threw it overboard. He then proceeded to give him a thorough bath, and afterwards obtained the services of a barber from the city, who shaved him and cut his hair, and thus quickly transformed his appearance.

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Meantime the Attorney-General drove away to the nearest store and soon returned with a full outfit of the best clothing to be found. The doctor dressed Squire Clinton in the ready-made suit, and in short time had him in a presentable condition. He was carried up to a state-room and allowed to have a good rest and sleep before his friends were admitted to see him.

It was a happy reunion when Mrs. Clinton and the children were permitted to enter the Squire's state-room that evening. He was still faint and weak, but the proper nourishment, the fresh air, and the changed conditions instantly had a marked effect on what had always been a vigorous constitution. Squire Clinton did not attempt to talk much, but many expressions of deep affection passed between him and his happy wife and the four children, as they crowded around his bedside, which needed no words of interpretation. The children could scarcely be restrained from pulling him out of bed, so glad were they to see him and to hear his kindly voice once more.

The party remained at Oswego until the following morning, when, before leaving, the Attorney-General sent a telegram to Bath, with instructions that the message be delivered at once by special messenger to Joseph Picton. They crossed Lake Ontario with a gentle breeze, a cloudless sky, and a lovely autumn atmosphere. As they neared the Bay of Quinte the Squire was helped outside to a comfortable seat in a rocker on the deck. Already he felt like a new man, and chatted freely with his friends about all that had taken place in his own experience, and made many inquiries as to what had transpired during his absence from home.

Entering the bay, he pointed out familiar objects on either side and seemed as happy as a young school-boy

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returning home for his holidays. He got Curtis between his knees and fondled him as he would a baby, calling him "my brave little fellow-prisoner." He chatted with Quinte about Captain Mike and what took place on the wharf after his departure in the steamer, and learned the particulars of what had there occurred. The Squire was deeply pained to learn of the sad fate of his old neighbor, Captain Mike Sullivan.

They reached their destination, and as they rounded the little island and turned in toward the wharf, Squire Clinton wondered what could be going on to bring together the large crowd of people that stood on the shore. Several hundred had assembled, and there was a brass band playing.

"They must have heard something about your coming home, George," remarked the Attorney-General, with a gay laugh. "Do you recognize the tune they are playing?"

"Why, that's 'Home, Sweet Home,' the old farmer replied, with tears in his eyes. "Why, John A., do you suppose this is all intended for me? How glad I am to get back to my dear old home and friends once more. Seems to me I have been away for years."

"I wouldn't be surprised, George, if this is a little celebration to welcome you home. Your friends must have got wind of it in some way. They seem glad to have you return, and I do not wonder at it, after all you have done for them."

As the steamer came alongside the wharf, and the old Quaker, Joseph Picton, caught a sight of his good friend, the Squire, and realized that he was certainly on board without mistake, he waved his old plug hat in the air and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Three cheers for the hero of the Bay of Quinte,

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Squire George Clinton, a United Empire Loyalist descendant worthy of the name. Three cheers, I say, men of Adolphustown."

There were three rousing cheers, and a tiger, and then the old Quaker flung his broad-brimmed plug hat high in the air, and clean over the steamer into the bay, with the shout:

"Let the plagued old Quaker plug hat go, boys, to the bottom of the bay—down among the little fishes, in which they may play hide and seek."

"Thee hast served us for well-nigh fifty years, old hat, but we must now buy a new, modern one to celebrate the memorable occasion of the home-coming of our good neighbor and beloved benefactor."

Then the old man danced over the wharf, swinging his red bandanna high in the air while laughing, singing and shouting like a ten-year-old lad just let loose from school. Such outrageous actions and expressions from the quiet, sedate, old Quaker preacher caused surprise and consternation among the people, one of whom afterward said, "Quaker Joe's antics to-day were about what you might expect from his harum-scarum grandson, Charlie Picton."

The only way they could account for such conduct was that he had been on the hop, skip and jump since receiving the Attorney-General's telegram in the early morning, driving hither and thither notifying the people, engaging the brass band and preparing for the grand banquet which was to follow at the Clinton home, and consequently was just a wee bit nervous and excited.

The Attorney-General addressed the people from the deck of the steamer as soon as quiet could be restored: "As a citizen of the Bay of Quinte district, I'm proud to find that you, the neighbors and friends of Squire George

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Clinton, have assembled in such large numbers here to-day to honor him on his return home. He is too weak and feeble, as you can see, to speak for himself. He did a noble deed for his country in a critical period, as you all well know, and now for several months has lain in a filthy Fenian prison in Oswego, suffering on account of his valiant deeds. To his grandson here, this lad Curtis, we owe not only the grandfather's release, but also the life of Quinte Brown, the faithful old servant. Mrs. Clinton, with true Christian fortitude, has courageously borne up through this very trying ordeal and has performed her onerous duties nobly and well. Thanks to a kind over-ruling Providence, all this suffering is now over and the Clinton family, unbroken, returns again to live among you and to enjoy your friendship and hospitality. Use them well, I entreat you, and should ever the occasion come that they may need a helping hand, pray do not forget the service this family has rendered to you and me and to every citizen of Canada.

"Words would fail to express the great source of pleasure it has been to me, personally, to render some little assistance in restoring this family to the peaceful, happy life they enjoyed here on your beautiful bay before the 'Fenian Raid' threatened disaster and bloodshed; but which, thank God, has been speedily crushed out, let us hope for all future time. In such emergencies we are all one family—all brother Canadians—and it should be our pride and boast, like it was of your Loyalist forefathers, that we are ever ready to sacrifice ourselves for one another, and for this glorious country, which is destined some day, I verily believe, to become one of the grandest countries on God's green earth. Some of us, members of the Governments of the various provinces, have been working of late to bring about a united Can-

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ada. Many obstacles have stood in the way in the past, but the clouds are now disappearing, as our public men learn to avoid the obstacles by rising to a higher plane. We are gradually ascending above the valleys and plains, and we are very hopeful that soon we shall see from the clear mountain top a wide, prosperous, federated Canada, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Some of us are leaving in a few days for England, in order to lay our Confederation plans before the Home Government, and I am very hopeful that our efforts shall be crowned with success. Should our anticipations be realized, I feel assured this old Loyalist settlement of the Bay of Quinte will be one of the first in Canada to commend the action of those who have been responsible for the welding together of our scattered, and sometimes conflicting provinces, into a mighty, harmonious Dominion."

CHAPTER IX.

A MORTGAGE ON THE HOMESTEAD.

THE Squire, like his forefathers, had always taken pride in keeping his farm clear of debt; but now when the education of the four children became an issue, he got somewhat reckless and withheld no reasonable expense where he considered their best interests could possibly be conserved. The farm became less productive owing to excessive croppings of barley—the one important cereal of those years in that community. A heavy debt upon the farm was the natural result of the course pursued, which in the course of time began to weigh somewhat heavily upon the mind of the owner, who had never been accustomed to indebtedness of any kind.

The years sped away swiftly, and the stirring events of the preceding chapters had become but a memory, when, one delightful summer's evening, Squire Clinton and his good wife sat upon the wide verandah of their house facing the bay, of which it commanded an excellent view.

Seated with them in comfortable rockers were Mrs. Jake Sullivan, now a widow, and her son Horace, in the prime of young manhood. The latter was a bold dashing fellow, large in stature, and full of vitality, but prepossessing in neither looks nor manners. Horace's associations at college and elsewhere had not tended to elevate his character.

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He was now a large contractor on the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, and was spending some holidays with his mother on the farm. He frequently dropped in of an evening to have a chat with the Clinton family, for one member of which, as will soon appear, he entertained a very special regard.

The little company were chatting about a variety of local incidents, while gazing from time to time at the white sails here and there flecking the bay, at the golden and crimson colors with which the setting sun was crowning the hilltops beyond the opposite shore, and at the passers-by along the highway at the outer edge of the spacious, well-shaded lawn.

"The girls are coming at last with the mail," said Mrs. Clinton, as for a moment she dropped her knitting and looked over her spectacles in the direction of the village, where two young ladies could be seen leisurely walking along the road towards the house, chatting and laughing merrily.

"We should have some word from the boys by this time, Mary," Squire Clinton replied, as he looked away in the direction of the approaching maidens.

In a few moments Helen Clinton and Gertrude Westwood joined the company on the verandah. They had grown to be beautiful young women. Helen possessed a wealth of lovely auburn hair, and her features were of perfect mould. She wore a light-colored dress, with a bunch of natural roses pinned on her bosom. Her head was surmounted by a pretty sailor hat, which was most becoming, and in her dainty hand she carried her gloves and parasol.

Gertrude looked charming in a dark fabric and wore a very becoming hat, with an ostrich plume. She had a ruddy clear complexion, with high forehead, well

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chiselled nose, black eyes, thin lips, and a rich musical voice—all of which combined to create a most favorable impression upon the minds of all whom she chanced to meet.

After greeting the Sullivans cordially, the young ladies laid aside their hats, gloves and umbrellas, and took seats on the verandah beside their visitors.

“Well, what did you learn at the post to-night, girls? Has anything new or startling happened?” inquired Squire Clinton, as soon as they were seated.

“Well, here’s your old Tory paper from Toronto, grandfather,” replied Helen. “Perhaps it may give you some interesting news; but I’ve not had time, as yet, even to glance at it.”

Then, turning to Horace, she said, “I suppose you never read that paper, Mr. Sullivan, as you are on the other side in politics, I understand.”

“Oh, yes, Miss Clinton, indeed I do. I read them all on both sides of politics—but I don’t believe any of them tell the truth, where party interests would be better conserved by telling a lie.”

“For shame, Mr. Sullivan,” Helen replied, in a tone of astonishment; “you would never do to belong to our party—would he, grandfather?”

“I’m afraid not, Helen, for our party has every confidence in its leader and this paper which champions his cause.”

“Then here’s your old friend, the *Christian Guardian*, grandmother,” Helen continued. “I wonder which you read the more, this weekly journal or your Bible?”

“It wouldn’t hurt you, Helen, if you read that excellent paper a good deal more than you do, instead of so many love stories,” Mrs. Clinton replied, with a kindly smile.

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"There now, Miss Clinton, take that timely rebuke and endeavor to mend your ways," interposed Horace, with a loud laugh, "for you know, 'it's never too late to mend.'"

"Helen's grandmother apparently is not aware of the many moments her grandchild employs in her room reading religious books," remarked Gertrude. "I wish I were as careful as Helen in my choice of reading matter."

"That's right, Gertie, always to my rescue, in time of need," Helen cried, exultantly, as she brought forth a letter, and handed it to Gertrude, saying: "This letter is from Gertie's young man in Toronto, I presume, and of course we shall all be very much interested in knowing what he has to say."

"Indeed!" replied Gertrude, quickly opening the letter and reading part of the contents aloud:

. . . . "Owing to Nurse Nicholson having contracted typhoid, I am sorry to inform you it will be necessary for you to report for duty at the Toronto General Hospital two weeks earlier than our arrangement, or one week from this date.

'Yours very truly,

'M. R. JONES,
'*Superintendent.*'"

Gertrude folded the letter and put it away with the remark, "Now, what do you think of that, friends?"

"Shure, and I think it's dreadful, Miss Westwood," cried Mrs. Sullivan, "and I wouldn't budge wan ainch for all the hospital bosses put together. Faith, what matters it if a few poor crathurs do die and go to hiven, while you're to hum on your holidays. Ther'll be plinty

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more to nurse whin yez gits back. Don't budge, Gertie, till yez gets ridy to lave your home and friends."

"I wish you wouldn't go back at all, Gertie, my Yankee girl," Squire Clinton remarked, in a low, kindly voice; "but just stay at home the rest of the year and cure me of this rheumatism, which will not let go its hold."

"In that case, Squire Clinton," said Horace, with a grin, "I would be glad to become a patient as well, as my trouble, too, is becoming chronic, and I feel something radical must be done."

"And what's your complaint, Mr. Sullivan?" asked Gertrude.

"To be frank, Miss Westwood, I have to confess it's heart trouble, and the symptoms have become more alarming the past few days."

"Then I fear a cross old maid would make a poor physician for such a deep-rooted disease," replied Gertrude, with some asperity, as she quickly discerned the literal meaning of Horace's remark.

"Sthop that, now, Horace, you bold spalpeen," Mrs. Sullivan answered, with a loud laugh at what she regarded an extremely witty remark by her son. "Don't be proposin' to your swaitheart roight here forninst us all. I niver saw such a bold crathure in all me born days."

Everybody now joined in a hearty laugh at Mrs. Sullivan's good-natured remark, which apparently was intended to assist and to encourage her son in his advances.

"And here's a letter for you, grandmother," continued Helen, "addressed in a gentleman's handwriting. I think it must be from Rev. Charles Picton, our pastor, on some special 'Ladies' Aid' business, and doubtless of great importance."

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"Hark! Listen, all, while I read," rejoined Mrs. Clinton, adjusting her glasses and holding up an invitation card:

"Mrs. J. Sullivan and her son Horace request the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. G. Clinton, Miss Clinton and Miss Westwood to a birthday lawn party, at their home, on Tuesday evening."

"Why, what's going to happen, Mrs. Sullivan?" quickly demanded Squire Clinton, looking up from his paper. "It begins to look very suspicious when a wealthy, blooming, Irish widow begins giving birthday parties."

"Och! Squire Clinton!" replied Mrs. Sullivan, "Yez know well enough, ye auld flatterer, that it be's Horace's birthday pairty and not moine yez are invoited to. If yez could see the photygrafs of a sartin pritty gairl yez all know, that Horace has shticking in his dresser, and if yez could hear him talkin' in his slape and callin' her by name, yez could aisly guess why my lovesick spalpeen is makin' a birthday pairty an' invoitin' iverybody from Dan to Beershaba."

"There, there!" admonished Horace, with a reprov- ing gesture. "You must not be telling tales out of school, mother. Those matters are strictly private—between you and me. However, I trust the young ladies will find it convenient to honor us with their presence, as well as the Squire and Mrs. Clinton."

"We shall certainly all endeavor to go, Mrs. Sullivan," Helen replied, greatly amused at the widow's joke on her son and at Gertrude's evident embarrassment.

"I trust the weather may be fine, Mrs. Sullivan," Gertrude quietly remarked, "and that your party may be a great success."

The mail matter was now about exhausted.

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"Here is another letter to me, from my dear brother Curtis, which I have kept until the last, knowing it to be the most important of all, and one in which you will all be interested," said Helen, as she opened the envelope with a small pen-knife, took out the missive, and began to read:

"C. P. R. Engineer's Camp,
"North Shore, Lake Superior.

"Dear Sister Helen,—Your last letter has just reached me and I am glad indeed to hear you are all well and seemingly getting along nicely without me. I little thought when leaving home a year and a half ago to join Walter's survey party that I would be away so long.

"My only ambition then was to earn a few dollars through the winter months as axeman, when times are pretty dull at home and when farmers' sons, as a rule, spend more than they make. But before the winter passed I had gone up all the steps on a survey party to rodman.

"First, I was axeman, and you know that muscular arm of mine stood me in good stead when I came to compete with the stalwart lumberjacks of the Ottawa River country. I held my own pretty well and soon gave them to understand that muscle can be developed on the Bay of Quinte as well as in the backwoods of Canada.

"Then I became in succession, stakeman, chainman, picketman, rodman and finally leveller. I thought I had reached the summit and was well pleased with my position, with a salary of one hundred dollars a month. But Walter managed, although extremely busy to give me some lessons each night on the methods for adjusting

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and using the transit, the keeping of field notes, the plotting of notes on paper, etc., until the knowledge of these things began to penetrate my thick skull—thanks to the good mathematical training I obtained in the high school.

“Well, Helen dear, you never know what is going to happen next on a survey party.

“Chambers, the transit man—an engineer of good experience—got an opportunity recently to take charge of a survey party, thus leaving a vacancy with us, and to my surprise Walter pitchforked me into the position, although as green as grass, with an advance in salary and more responsibility. That was about a month ago and Walter tells me he has had no reason as yet to regret the step he took.

“I feel quite at home in the work now and with Walter’s supervision and generous aid hope to be able to do satisfactory work.

“We have long tramps through rough country and often get into camp tired, wet and footsore. But a change of clothing, a good dinner and a sleep that knows no waking until the cook’s gong sounds in the morning, makes one feel refreshed and ready for the fray once more.

“By the way, our cook is a gem, and bakes bread and buns nearly as good as grandmother, and that you know, is saying a good deal, for hers we always considered the very best in the world.

“When have you heard from Gertie? She should be home soon for her vacation, and I should be delighted to be there and spend a few weeks with the dear girl and yourself.

“I am beginning to believe more and more in the old saying, ‘Absence makes the heart grow fonder.’”

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I wonder if Gertie has forgotten a little scene some years ago under the mistletoe on a certain Christmas eve? That event shall always remain fresh in my memory, made more real by the pretty little story grandmother told us.

"I hope grandmother and grandfather may keep well and not allow the mortgage on the homestead to bother them, for although it is a large amount, owing to their generosity in educating us children and to grandfather's poor health since the Fenian Raid troubles—when that first mortgage was put on the place—still, I think Walter and I shall be able to reduce it considerably this year and gradually to wipe it off.

"It would certainly be an awful calamity to have that old United Empire Loyalist homestead pass into the hands of strangers, and you may rest assured we shall not suffer it to do so if it can possibly be avoided.

"Now a word or two about Walter before closing. It will be a comfort to you all to know that he has already won the reputation of being one of the best locating engineers that ever graduated from McGill. When the chief engineer was passing through not long ago, I overheard him say to his secretary that Walter was doing excellent work and that he had 'a good eye for country,' whatever he meant by that.

"Walter gets on well with the men, who work for him like Trojans, and without any bluster or harshness accomplishes more than some taskmakers and slave-drivers. He is kind and generous to a fault, and will do anything within his power to assist any one of his party.

"We have all sorts of games and matches and competitions in camp in the evening, and Walter is always

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ready to take part. He will not permit any swearing or obscene language or vile stories in the camp; and it is remarkable how some of the worst old toughs of a few months ago will now pull one another up short on the least approach to vulgarity or coarseness or rudeness.

"The boys are fond of singing and we occasionally make the welkin ring with song. Of course, we have no church service, but every Sunday night Walter reads a Psalm—grandfather's good example, you know—and we repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert, and so you will understand we are not heathen entirely.

"With kind regards to all,

"Your loving brother,

"CURTIS."

As Helen finished reading, the Squire and Mrs. Clinton wiped away some gathering tears, and intense silence prevailed for a few minutes.

"I was not aware before," said Horace, "that there was a mortgage against your farm, Squire Clinton. I hope it is not very large, and that it is not giving you any trouble."

"Yes, unfortunately," replied the Squire, with a sigh. "We do not care to make it public, but I fear it will take the boys many years to wipe it off. My health has not been the best, you know, in recent years, and the farm has not been producing what it should. I wish I were as good a man to-day as I was twenty years ago and I would soon wipe it off."

"I have some money to spare, Squire Clinton, and should be glad to assist you, if you care to make use of it, to raise the mortgage."

"Thank you, Horace, for your kind offer; you

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might purchase and consolidate the mortgages, but—” and the Squire hesitated.

“Certainly, Squire Clinton, I will be glad to do so. I have considerable money lying idle and wish you had spoken to me about it before.”

“No, thank you, Horace—come to think—that would not do,” the Squire replied, slowly. He was reflecting over the past and recalling the attitude of the Sullivan family toward his own. A feeling of distrust had been aroused in his mind, and he was sorry Horace had learned about the mortgages.

“We shall let the matter stand as it is, Horace, and Curtis and Walter will assist me out of my financial difficulties in a few years at the most. I am very grateful, however, for your kind offer.

“All right. Just as you please, Squire Clinton,” Horace replied, with evident disappointment. “Any time you need any financial assistance, Squire, don’t hesitate for a moment to let me know, as I will be happy to accommodate you if at all possible. I don’t like mortgages myself, for they usually seem to grow larger rather than smaller.”

“Now girls,” suggested Mrs. Clinton, glad of an opportunity to change the subject “since you have finished reading your letters and the men have got through talking money matters, which always gives me a fit of the blues, you had better favor us with some music. I’m sure Mrs. Sullivan and Horace will be glad to hear you sing.”

“Shure, Mrs. Clinton,” the former replied, “and I was jist wonderin’ meself if thim swate warblers of yourn wouldn’t be afther favorin’ us wid some of thim illigant songs of theirn, that always makes me feel happy and continted.”

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Helen and Gertrude could not resist the invitation to sing after so flattering a compliment from Mrs. Sullivan, and going into the parlor, Helen sat down to the piano, in the gloaming, and after playing a few chords began singing a familiar song in a clear, sweet soprano voice. Gertrude joined her with a deep, rich contralto. The two voices sweetly blended and the song filled the house and floated out through open windows and doors, upon the balmy evening air.

Several songs were sung, the volume of music increasing as the singers became more and more animated, until quite a group of people, driving and walking, had gathered before the gate.

As the first notes were wafted down to the bay shore, a lonely old man seated before the door of his log cabin immediately arose, with cane in hand, and tottered along as fast as his stiff legs would carry him up the pathway leading to the Clinton home. Entering the gate, he advanced slowly, and quietly took a seat on a step of the verandah, without uttering a word, where with bowed head he listened intently to the music within.

When the girls ended their songs and came out on the verandah arm in arm and noticed the old man sitting there as though asleep, Helen remarked gaily: "Why, Quinte, had we known you were there we would have sung your favorite song, 'Old Black Joe.'"

"Wish yo' would, Miss Helen, and Miss Gertie," answered the old man turning towards them, "cause yo' know ol' black Joe is ol' Quinte Brown, an' it won't be long now, I spec's, fo' dem Angel voices will call de ol' man to his long rest. Makes Quinte feel like gwine hom' when yo' sings dat song. Yes, honey, please sing 'Ol' Black Joe.'"

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The familiar old negro melody was sung softly and sweetly by the girls, while Quinte stood with bowed head and joined in the refrain. Soon the singing was concluded, and then, bidding every one good night, Quinte shuffled away down the path again to his cabin, repeating the words over and over:

"I'm comin', I'm comin', for my head am bending low,
I hear dem angel voices callin' o' black Joe."

The Sullivans soon left for home, but before going Horace managed to have a few words in private with Gertrude at the end of the verandah.

"Don't, for the world, allow anything to interfere with your attendance at our party, Miss Westwood," he said, eagerly, "and I'll promise you a surprise that night that will bring happiness, I trust, not only to yourself but to the whole Clinton family."

"Such a promise, Mr. Sullivan, is too important to ignore, and if nothing serious intervenes, you may rest assured I will be present."

"Thank you, Miss Westwood; your presence on that occasion will afford me more pleasure than I can express. Good night."

After they were gone Gertrude Westwood said to Helen Clinton, confidentially: "I really believe Horace Sullivan intends doing something very generous with your grandfather in regard to those mortgages on the farm. He has promised me that on the night of the party he will surprise us in such a way as to bring happiness to the whole family. Nothing, I think, Helen dear, could give me the pleasure I would experience in seeing that heavy financial burden removed from the shoulders of your dear grandfather, who has been so kind to me."

CHAPTER X.

THE CHARMS OF A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

REV. CHARLES PICTON called at the Clintons the following afternoon and gave the family a general invitation for a sail in his yacht the next morning. "Be sure and bring them all, Miss Clinton—tell the Squire to fetch his trolling line—and remember nine o'clock sharp is the hour."

"I am delighted with the idea, Mr. Picton," Helen answered, "and shall endeavor to have them all there on time. I trust you may be inspired, during the outing, with a text from which you will preach us an excellent sermon next Sunday."

"Does that imply that my sermons are not always excellent, Miss Clinton?" the minister asked, somewhat gravely.

"No, indeed. That one last Sunday, for instance, about 'Jonah and the whale,' grandmother said was a marvel of its kind. Perhaps that sermon was what inspired you to go fishing this week, Mr. Picton."

"I'm surprised! Nay, more! I'm amazed, Miss Clinton, that my faithful organist and choir-leader should poke fun at her pastor's poor preaching in that unblushing manner," the minister replied, with a droll expression, indicating that he enjoyed thoroughly Helen's little witticism.

"Pardon me, Mr. Picton, I was delighted with and much benefitted by that excellent sermon, as I have been

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by all your very practical discourses since you became our pastor."

"Perhaps you may be able, Helen, to suggest an appropriate theme on the morrow for next Sunday's sermon."

"I fear I have poor ability in that direction, Mr. Picton, but I will gladly make an effort if something worthy presents itself."

Then the minister lifted his hat and drove rapidly down the road and away on his pastoral work, while Helen, cheerfully humming a song, returned to her household duties.

Mrs. Clinton's prophecy, many years before, that some day the mischievous Quaker lad, Charlie Picton, would make a Methodist minister, had been verified. A change came over the boy as he grew older, and, leaving the farm, he studied for and entered the ministry from a conscientious sense of duty. In doing so he followed the faith of his mother rather than that of his father, for the Pictons had been Quakers back for many generations, having come into the country with the first settlers from Pennsylvania.

After graduating from Victoria College, Charles was placed on a mission in the outskirts of the Northern settlements, where he did excellent work. His backwoods life brought him in close contact and sympathy with the many poor people to whom he ministered, and excellent results followed from his faithful efforts.

The Conference soon recognized in him certain qualities calculated to make him a useful man on the older circuits, and so in the course of time he was assigned to this Bay of Quinte district.

Great was the surprise when it was announced that

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Charlie Picton had been appointed by the Conference to his native community.

"Lord save us. What will happen next?" exclaimed Mrs. Stacey, when she heard the news. "Has the Millennium indeed come?"

"For the love of mercy!" cried Mrs. Grant, another dear old mother in Israel, on learning of the appointment. "Surely the Conference has gone stark crazy, to send that wild scapegrace of a Quaker boy, Charlie Picton, to preach among the blue-blooded Loyalists of Adolphustown."

The boy's pranks and jests were still well remembered all through the community, and the people were very skeptical about his ability as a preacher and pastor.

Many friendly visits were made in those days, in which the good old women took their knitting and stayed all day discussing the merits of the new coming minister. There were, consequently, many misgivings when the service began on that first Sunday morning of his pastorate in the old white church in the concession, but they were all dissipated before he finished the sermon. The people began to realize that the frivolous, uncouth Quaker lad had been transformed into an able interpreter and eloquent expounder of the deep things of the Spiritual Kingdom.

A year had since passed, and now criticisms had ceased, and Charlie Picton's congregation was in full accord and sympathy with him in the important work he was faithfully endeavoring to perform.

He was fond of many sports, and in the various athletic games in which the young men engaged, the minister usually participated with all the vigor he possessed, and frequently bore off the championship. But boating was his particular hobby. Boarding at his

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own home on the bay, with no family cares, he spent his holidays, for the most part, on his fine sailing yacht, haunting the bars and coves and many shady nooks with which this delightful sheet of water abounds.

"How generous of Charlie to include the whole family," said Helen to Gertrude, after telling her about the boating invitation for the following day.

"Very generous, indeed. But of course we can readily understand who inspires all this generosity," Gertie replied, with a smile and knowing look.

"Who, pray?"

"Why his organist and choir-leader, to be sure."

"Now, Gertie," Helen replied, with a gay laugh, "you should not flatter me in that way or you may make me vain. I was thinking, you know, that it must be due to the presence in our family of one of the chief nurses of the Toronto General Hospital."

"How ridiculous, Helen. There are none so blind as those who will not see. Do you not know that the whole congregation is beginning to whisper about the minister's admiration for the organist? Of course he is very discreet and exemplary, and all that, but are you not aware, Helen, that Charlie cannot even hand you the hymns in church without blushing like a school girl? No wonder he is an old bachelor."

"Why, Gertie, I am really shocked at your statements, and can assure you there is nothing in them whatever. I fully expect to find Charlie giving you all the attention to-morrow and baiting your hook for bass, while I have to put those creepy worms on my hook all alone—the nasty things, the very thought of which makes me shudder."

"Very well, we'll see, to-morrow. You must act as umpire, Mrs. Clinton," Gertie answered, with assumed gravity.

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"I'm surprised, girls—nay, more, ashamed—to hear you say such foolish things about our very excellent pastor," Mrs. Clinton replied, gravely.

The next morning the Clinton family were at the wharf in good time with well-filled baskets for the day's outing. Promptly at the hour stipulated, Charlie Picton's yacht swept in on a gentle breeze, and picking the family up, he slowly sailed away to the west in the direction of his favorite bar, near Glen Island.

It was a grand morning, with just sufficient wind astir to nicely fill the sails and to provoke a buoyancy of spirits in all the passengers, and especially in the Squire, who dearly loved a boat and a good day's fishing.

"Steady, now, Charlie, my boy, until I get my troll out," said Squire Clinton, as soon as they were away from the shore. "It seems to me there ought to be a 'masco' waiting for me along this stretch of water this fine morning. Many a one I've caught here, and some of them were whoppers, I can tell you."

"I wish you would compel my husband to be more respectful, Mr. Picton," exclaimed Mrs. Clinton. "He calls everyone in the neighborhood by his Christian name and does not even make any distinction when addressing his pastor."

"Now listen to that, Charlie," the Squire replied, with first a broad grin and then a jovial laugh. "Can you wonder that I'm prematurely old, and bald-headed and crippled with rheumatism, when I have such a pernicky wife as that? You can't imagine what I've had to endure all these years from that prim little woman."

"But where is my trolling line, I say? Here it is—all right—see it spin. When I go fishing I want to have a good time and enjoy myself and not to practise

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etiquette. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, my dear."

Mrs. Clinton looked a little serious at first at her husband's brusque remarks; but, a moment later, she joined heartily in the general laughter that convulsed the young ladies and the minister.

"How now, Squire? Is your line all out?"

"Yes, all out, Charlie, and the spoon is working fine."

"It would not take any longer, George, to say 'Mr. Picton,'" suggested Mrs. Clinton, with a smile.

"Imagine me, wife dear, calling that boy anything but 'Charlie,' when I don't suppose I ever called his father anything but 'Daniel' or his grandfather—rest his dear old soul, now in heaven—anything but 'Joseph,' in all the days of my life. What do you say, Charlie Picton? I'll be governed by your ruling."

"Quite right, Squire Clinton," replied the minister, who was seated at the stern, dressed in a light yachting suit, with white boots, *négligé* shirt and soft felt hat, holding the tiller in one hand and gracefully managing the sail with the other; "I greatly prefer being called 'Charlie' by my old friends and shall inflict a heavy penalty on the one who calls me by any other name to-day."

"Good for you, my boy. That sounds like the genuine article," shouted the Squire, and he laughed with great glee.

Gertrude sat on the cabin roof, with her back to the sun, doing some fancy work, while Helen stood at the mast, looking out over the rippling water and singing snatches of a boating song.

After gliding along smoothly for some minutes, each enjoying to the utmost the exhilarating influence of the

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motion and the breeze, the Squire suddenly caught a firm hold of his line, and shouted, "Whoa! whoa!" at the top of his voice. Something was on the hook. He gave the line a turn round his hand and, bracing his feet, held on firmly, shouting, "Whoa! whoa! Charlie, whoa!" An immense fish, from four to five feet long, about fifty yards away, darted to the surface and leaped high out of the water with the spoon in his mouth.

"A fifty pound masco, as sure as you're born," exclaimed the Squire, excitedly. "Charlie, if you value your reputation as a preacher and a sailor, handle your boat with care, so that I can land that monster. I'd rather lose the best cow on my place than that whale."

At the mention of the word "whale," Helen quickly glanced at the minister, who was busy at the moment in swinging the bow of the yacht up in the wind. He caught her mischievous look, and called out loudly, with a broad grin on his face: "I hope you'll lose it, Squire, if it is a whale, for we could scarcely endure another one after last Sunday, could we, Helen?"

"An occasional change of diet is strongly recommended by the medical profession," Helen replied, with a roguish smile.

The old farmer was an expert at the game of tiring out a big fish before attempting a landing. Forward, backward; up, with his nose out of the water; down, to the bottom,—slowly but surely the fine big fellow, whom all could occasionally see, was drawn closer and closer to the yacht.

"What a beauty!" excitedly exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, rising to her feet. "If you land that fish, George, I'll buy you a fine, new hat, and take you to the Sullivan party."

"Steady now, steady, Squire;" said the minister, as

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he came forward and leaned far out over the yacht with a gaff hook in his hand, ready to assist the old farmer at the critical moment.

"There! Well done, Charlie!" shouted the Squire, as the former struck the gaff into the fish's head, quickly pulled it aboard the yacht, and sent it flying down through the open door upon the cabin floor, amid general rejoicing.

"Don't let mother forget that new hat, girls, or the blooming Widow Sullivan's birthday party," remarked Squire Clinton a few minutes later, with a hearty laugh, as the yacht again swung into the breeze and headed for a bar not very far distant, where they had frequently fished before.

They soon reached the favored spot and, anchoring in a convenient depth of water, got out their poles and lines and bait and indulged in still-fishing until the noon hour. They caught a fine string of black bass and had a jolly time, each of the young ladies baiting her own hook, without any of the special favors from Charlie Picton which Gertrude had anticipated.

When the time for lunch arrived they weighed anchor and sailed over to the south shore, under a high hill, where the hungry party found an inviting shady nook in which to spread their immaculate linen and place thereon the many dainty eatables Mrs. Clinton had provided. All did ample justice to the excellent lunch during the next hour, while engaged in pleasant chat under the over-hanging branches.

After the dishes were washed and packed in the basket, Charlie Picton challenged the party to ascend to the lake on the mountain. Squire Clinton and his good wife pleaded old age for an excuse, while Gertrude declared that the fishing in the hot sun had given her a

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slight headache. Consequently, Charlie and Helen had to set out alone and struggle up the steep incline. It was no easy task, as many tourists have since experienced. Helen gladly availed herself of Charlie's proffered arm as the ascent became steep and wearisome.

They stopped occasionally, and looking back over the beautiful prospect below, wiped away the perspiration that freely flowed on this hot summer's afternoon. Reaching the summit, they proceeded a few steps and came to the well-shaded shore of a beautiful sequestered lake, about five miles in circumference, with clear, tranquil waters, bordered by a rich foliage interspersed with scattered, stately trees, whose reflections could be seen on the picturesque lake.

"What a lovely scene," Helen remarked, as they seated themselves upon the timber of a bulkhead, from which the water flowed into the pipe leading down to the grist mill and foundry on the shore of the bay. "I wonder what caused this large lake to be formed so high above the level of the lower waters?"

"Various causes are assigned for its formation," the minister replied, with deliberation; "but I am not aware that any geologist has, as yet, spoken with authority on the subject. Some claim it is the crater of an extinct volcano, and that there is a certain portion of the lake which is unfathomable, through which depths the lake is fed by fissures in the rock from lakes at a still higher elevation away to the northeast.

"Another theory is that the lake is connected with Lake Erie by a subterranean passage, and that, as the surface of each lake is practically of the same elevation, the water line here is maintained by the constant flow from Lake Erie.

"Some farmers in the vicinity claim, however, that

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the lake is simply a natural depression, fed from some large swamps nearby, and that its rise and fall is governed entirely by local conditions, and that theory probably is nearest to the actual facts of the case."

"Is there no outlet?"

"Have you not been down to the gorge between the lake and the bay?" interrogated Charlie Picton. "Surely you have?"

"Never. Can we get down without too much exertion?"

"Yes; if you have a clear eye and a steady nerve."

"You surely would not let me fall should eye and nerve fail," replied Helen, with a laugh, as they slowly started off to go down into the deep chasm.

Before descending they viewed a little stream crossing a narrow limestone ridge between the lake and the gorge, which Charlie pointed out to be the only outlet of the lake—a small channel through which the water for many centuries had been gently flowing and washing away the clay and gravel embankment to the bay below.

In the descent of the narrow, winding, rugged pathway which led to the bottom of the gorge, Charlie went before or beside Helen, assisting her with one hand, and then, in particularly dangerous places, steadying her with the other arm about her waist. His face came so near Helen's at times that their cheeks almost brushed together. He found it somewhat difficult, on such occasions, to keep up a continuous conversation respecting the powerful forces of nature at work in the world, transforming its surface, lowering its hills and elevating its valleys; or the peculiar nature of certain plants and shrubs that delighted in a damp, clouded existence in crannies and deep ravines where the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate.

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Charlie managed fairly well, however, and they reached the bottom of the chasm without any accident. Here, for a considerable time, they enjoyed the cooling spray from the little waterfall, examined the rocks and deep recesses cut into the clay banks, and speculated as to the time nature had been occupied in the performance of the extensive excavations that had been made on the mountain's side.

At length they ascended to the surface, with feelings of thankfulness that the sun was still shining, and that they were not compelled to continually abide in caverns, however enjoyable it may be to occasionally visit them.

They retraced their steps to a point near the front of the mountain from which they could obtain a magnificent view of the Bay of Quinte with its branches, and the lovely panorama spread out before them. They stopped, and stood there, arm in arm, delighted and inspired by the beautiful prospect surrounding them.

"Was there ever a more lovely scene than that? What a landscape for a master painter's brush!" exclaimed Helen, in an ecstasy of joy, as she extended her hand and slowly swung it through a semicircle.

"Look yonder, Mr. Picton—Charlie, I mean—to that scene in front, where the green shores of the bay converge in dim perspective until they almost meet at that huge smokestack, with its dense cloud of smoke, in yonder lumbering town ten miles away. Glance there to our right and see those several arms of our charming Quinte projecting far into the land, and giving our native township the appearance of a man's hand, with five fingers extended.

"Behold that pretty little shaded island in front, and the majestic sweep of the bay as it turns its course to

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the east, and flows away to join the noble Lake Ontario.

"Then, look here to the west"—and Helen, standing on tiptoe, pointed in the direction indicated—"saw you ever bolder outline than of that high shore of Prince Edward, or more varied foliage than decks the hill-sides beyond, or the mountain ridge that fringes the shore westerly, from where we stand? Now, turn back once more and observe in our rear the placid bosom of that lovely lake, nestling in the lap of this mountain, and tell me, Minister Charlie, if there you cannot find one of the most glorious inspirations that Mother Earth affords for your next Sunday's sermon?"

"True, Helen, true," the minister replied, with animation. "This magnificent sight certainly should be a wonderful inspiration. I've stood on the palisades of the noble Hudson, and admired its charming scenery. I've climbed to the summit of Mount Royal, and looked over our great metropolis at its feet, with the St. Lawrence River gliding past, and the distant Vermont ranges on the southerly horizon. I've penetrated several of the sombre passes of the mighty Rockies on various lines of railway. I've admired the solemn grandeur of Mount Rainier, Baker, Shasta and Hood. I've gazed long upon that wonderfully sublime scene, Niagara Falls. I have observed these and many other sights that have given me more or less delight, but nothing I have ever witnessed, Helen, has afforded me the pleasure and satisfaction I now derive from beholding the lovely scene you have just pointed out to me within sight of our own rural peaceful homes."

"Well done, Charlie," rapturously exclaimed Helen, as he ceased speaking. Then she began humming softly,

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

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After the delightful strain was ended, Charlie Picton resumed, "Those words inspire me with still another thought, far transcending that of this beautiful landscape. Can you imagine what it is, Helen?"

"No, I have not the faintest idea. What could be more sublime?"

"It is the thought of home, sweet home, with you, Helen, dear, as my wife, to make that home the dearest in all this great wide world."

"Charlie—Mr. Picton—I'm deeply pained to hear you say that."

"Do not draw back, Helen, and look at me with such amazement. Have you had no suspicion of my deep love for you, and has not your own heart responded to this love in some degree during all these years we have known each other?"

"No, Mr. Picton," Helen slowly replied, in a few moments, after recovering from her surprise. "I've had no suspicion of that nature, nor has there been any response whatever on my part. While I hold you in the highest esteem as a lifelong, true, personal friend, and latterly as my pastor, there has been nothing in my heart in accord with the love you have confessed—nor, indeed, can there ever be."

"Do not say that, Helen, and destroy all my future happiness in this world. I do not find fault because you do not love me now. I'm older than you, and am your pastor as well—possibly both of these facts have weighed against me. But perhaps at some time in the future you may learn to love me. Let me beg of you not to dash all my hopes to the ground by saying that you can never be my wife. I shall be content to patiently wait if you will give me but the slightest hope."

They looked into each other's eyes for a few

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moments, and then Helen spoke: "Let me be perfectly truthful, Mr. Picton"—the voice and look indicated that it was costing her a deep struggle to make the confession. "It would be unfair to you and unjust to myself were I not to explain why your request can never be fulfilled. I shall tell you in a word, and then I feel that your high sense of honor will compel you to preserve the secret and forbid you asking of me any further explanations.

"There is one whom I love, and to whom I feel I am bound by a bond that death only can sever, although—strange as it may appear to you—no word touching directly on the subject has ever been spoken between us, nor have I ever before breathed a word concerning the matter to any living soul."

Charlie Picton could not understand how this could be, as he had never heard a word of Helen's affections being centred elsewhere. But he now felt fully convinced she had told him the truth and that his fate was forever sealed.

He took a few paces, short and quick—as though angry or desperate—and then stopped abruptly. Turning back, he took Helen's hand and said:

"I believe you, Helen, and I am now prepared to relinquish all hope of making you my wife, difficult as the task may be, since you feel you belong to another. Trust me to maintain your secret inviolable and to ask no questions in reference to the object of your love. Pardon me for my blunder, which, God knows, was made in entire ignorance of the true facts of the case. I trust sincerely that the unknown one may prove worthy of your love, whoever he may be, and that your life may be filled with joy and great happiness. We shall endeavor to forget this hour's experience."

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Descending the hill and approaching the yacht they found the rest of their company stretched out in the cool shade, enjoying a peaceful, refreshing sleep.

Soon all were aboard the craft ready for the return trip. They pushed out from shore and after a few little puffs of a breeze which carried them into the middle of the bay, they lay becalmed. There was not a breath of air and the deep, blue water was like a sea of glass. They lay there for some time chatting, in a listless way, about various matters, when the Squire suddenly sprang to his feet and shouted: "Look out for a squall, Charlie! Lower your sail! Quick, my boy!"

The minister was instantly aroused and caught hold of the rudder in order to throw the bow up into the wind, but it was too late. One of those sudden squalls, like miniature whirlwinds, that commonly occur on the bay in very warm weather, had struck them broadside, capsized the yacht and in a few moments all were struggling in the water.

No sooner did the owner of the yacht come to the surface and grasp hold than he fully realized his responsibility for the lives of these people. He was strong and, fortunately, was a good swimmer. Striking out boldly he first encountered Mrs. Clinton, whom he quickly raised and pushed up to a place of safety on the upturned craft.

"All right, Charlie. I can hold on here," cried out Squire Clinton a moment later, from the other side of the craft. "Try and save the girls. Where are they?"

"Here is Gertie near you, Squire. Help her with one hand—there, that's right. Up! Up! Catch on the keel! Safe! Now hold on for dear life, Gertie, but don't try to climb up."

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"Well done, Charlie, my brave boy," cried Mrs. Clinton. "And now where is poor Helen? Has the dear girl gone down?"

Charlie swam around to the other side of the yacht but could not catch a glimpse of her who to him was the dearest one on earth. Her head was not above the surface.

"Was Helen below in the cabin?" Charlie asked, with alarm, and with a deathly pallor in his face.

"No, Helen was on deck, too," muttered Gertie, choking and gasping for breath, with her head just above the water.

The minister swam desperately round the yacht again, and this time found Helen entangled in the ropes under the sail and completely submerged. It was only a moment's task to pull back the sail, dive down and loosen her feet and bring her limp form to the side of the yacht, which he grasped with one hand.

"Here, Squire, catch hold of her arm; take her hand, Mrs. Clinton. There now, steady; steady! steady."

Holding on with one hand, Charlie pushed heavily with the other, and soon they had Helen lying on her stomach across the bottom of the craft. By dint of rubbing and moving her body as much as the awkward position would allow, they soon saw Helen begin to gasp and show signs of recovery.

"How is it, Charlie?" called out the anxious grandfather, with a trembling voice.

"All right, Squire—all safe—thank God. Hold fast, and I'll help you up in a few minutes."

He now managed to get Helen's head around so that it lay in her grandmother's lap. As soon as she was able to hold on and maintain her position, Charlie slipped

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round and hoisted Gertrude up to a position on the keel where she could cling fast with less exertion.

"Hurrah! Some one has seen us from shore and is coming in a boat," called out Charlie Picton a few moments later, with a joyous cheer. "Let us all hold on steadily now, and keep perfectly quiet, and we shall be rescued in a few minutes. How fortunate they saw us. Thank God! Thank God!"

It was not long until Daniel Picton, the minister's father, pulled alongside in his large skiff and carried the whole party safely to shore. The women were soon led and carried into Charlie Picton's home and made warm and comfortable by his gentle mother. Then the men returned and towed the yacht to a landing, not forgetting to pick up the Squire's huge maskalonge, which they found floating in the water in the vicinity of the spot where the craft had capsized.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXPECTED SERMON.

THERE was an unusually large attendance at church the Sunday following the boating accident. The news of the latter spread like wildfire throughout the community, and a reporter for *The Dominion*, who happened to be rustivating at Glen Island at the time, wired his paper a long account of the affair. The article appeared the following day with large headlines, entitled, "Heroic Rescue by a Minister," and was widely read throughout the whole settlement.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, and before the hour of ten o'clock conveyances of all kinds were in motion down the concession lines and cross roads leading to the Methodist church in the central part of the community.

Reapers, mowers, and horse-rakes were standing idly in the large fields of ripened barley and wheat flanking the roads on all sides. Cattle, horses and sheep were grazing in the pasture fields, or comfortably lying under large beech and maple shade trees; crows were flying hither and thither, loudly calling to one another; swallows were flitting about the outer buildings, or darting through openings to and from their nests; while an occasional meadow-lark lustily sang its sweetest notes of praise from the hay-field or the summit of the highest fence-stake along the turnpike road.

When Rev. Charles Picton drove up to his church

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he was greatly surprised to find the sheds and fences on either side of the road for a long distance filled with teams. The church was full to overflowing, and groups of men were standing outside in the shade talking about the amount of grain they had cut, the probable yield per acre, and as a matter of course, the weather probabilities for the following day.

Jumping lightly from his buggy, the minister made his horse fast beneath his favorite shade-tree and quickly walking to the church, encountered several friends, with whom he shook hands, and then passed inside and ascended the high box pulpit at the far end of the church. He looked over the unusually large throng of people that crowded the seats and aisles and open windows and doors, and then began to realize that he was an object of curiosity,—that many people were there to see the hero of the yachting accident rather than to hear the word of God.

After studying the faces of the people for some time, the pastor said to himself: What can I say to awaken and arouse this large audience? Not that dry, theological discourse in my pocket. That would put half of them to sleep on this hot summer's day. Have I not some fresh message that will appeal to these Loyalist descendants, many of whom are careless and indifferent about religious matters and are here this morning out of idle curiosity? Their forefathers were different, for they regularly attended divine service whenever the opportunity presented itself. Ah, there is a subject—the religious life of our United Empire Loyalist ancestors in this locality.

While reasoning thus this new thought took entire possession of the minister and he quickly decided to act upon it. Leaving the pulpit he walked down the aisle

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and whispered something in the ear of a decrepit old man, seated in Squire Clinton's pew. It was Quinte Brown, who, with a look of surprise, slowly arose, and taking him by the arm, the pastor led him up the aisle, then up several steps, and assisted him to a seat in the pulpit beside him.

"For the love of mercy!" Mrs. Grant whispered to her husband, "has the Quaker boy gone clean crazy?"

Mrs. Stacey, too, was there, and spoke so loudly that the people in the vicinity could hear her withering remark: "Lord save us! What will happen next? A nigger in the pulpit! What are we Loyalist descendants coming to, anyway?"

A young lad standing on a block and peering through one of the windows, was heard to say: "Colo'ed gen'-man f'om ol' Vi'gina is gwine to preach."

"Naw, go along!" said another, from the next window; "can't you see—special solo to-day by Clinton's happy coon?"

The service began with the old, familiar hymn:

"O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,"

in which all heartily joined. Helen Clinton, as usual, played the organ, and the choir was assisted by Gertrude Westwood. The singing was followed by a brief, but earnest, prayer by the pastor, the burden of which was that the divine blessing might rest upon the descendants of the devoted men and women who had cleared the farms and rendered possible the raising of the abundant fields of grain, denoting great prosperity all over the community. He concluded with a fervent appeal that

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God's blessing might particularly rest upon all present at that service.

The choir rendered an appropriate anthem in which Gertrude sang a beautiful contralto solo that greatly delighted the people. The Psalm beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," was repeated in concert, and "Duke Street," that grandest of the old-time tunes, was sung with such a volume that it made the old frame church fairly tremble, as it has on many occasions the whole world round.

Then the pastor and Quinte Brown arose, and the people were filled with great wonder to know what part the well-known negro servant was about to take in the service.

The pastor began his address in a loud, clear and earnest voice, and there was rapt attention. Part of his discourse was as follows:

"You are assembled here this Sabbath morning in larger numbers than usual, my friends, from different motives. Many of you are here from a sense of duty, esteeming it a great privilege to assemble yourselves together on the Sabbath day to praise and worship God as your fathers and mothers did in the years gone by, which exercise always strengthened their faith and made them better men and women.

"Others are here, doubtless, owing to some alarm over the fact that a boating accident occurred a few days ago, in which a family, whom you all know and respect, was concerned. I am sure you are all devoutly thankful that no lives were lost. As you are aware, I had a part in saving some precious lives that day. I desire you, however, to speedily dismiss the thought, expressed by some of my friends, that there was anything out of the ordinary in my action. I simply did

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what anyone of you men would have done under similar circumstances.

"We each have a duty to do in times of danger to our fellowmen, and we instinctively lend the helping hand or give the warning cry, or rudely thrust our best friends, if possible, into a place of safety when disaster is imminent.

"You doubtless are asking yourselves the question at this moment why I have brought my old friend, Quinte Brown, into the pulpit this morning. Let me explain, if you please, in a very few words.

"I have before me a sermon which has engaged my best thought for many weeks. When I entered the pulpit this morning I fully intended preaching that sermon; but when I looked into your faces I somehow became deeply impressed with the fact that the discourse I have so carefully prepared, which may prove helpful to some of you on some other occasion, is not the kind of spiritual food you require at this particular time, and under these special circumstances.

"I have been wondering how many of you present are Christians, following in the tracks of your Loyalist ancestors, with whom the religion of Jesus Christ was the greatest essential in their lives of toil and privation, while clearing the fertile farms you are cultivating to-day. Instantly my mind reverted to the fact that here amongst us lives one who lived in the days of our ancestors, nearly a century ago; mingled with them in their hospitable homes in the wilderness, worshipped with them, and buried their dead in the old cemetery adjoining his cabin home. Then I thought it would be in keeping with the suggestion that so unexpectedly came to my mind, were I to invite such an one to come into this pulpit with me, realizing full well, as you also do,

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that through all the intervening years Quinte Brown has been a faithful, humble Christian, regularly attending divine service, reading—yea, more literally, studying—his Bible, until he knows more of it by heart than any of us, and, on many occasions, has brought consolation and hope to our people by his prayers, his praises in song and sympathetic words when kneeling beside their death-beds. Had Quinte Brown the gift of speech that you or I have, he could to-day tell you of William Losee, the first Methodist missionary from the States, who, in the early days of this settlement, travelled from house to house carrying the Gospel message, and holding service in the kitchens of our ancestors, thus bringing joy and gladness to those lonely people scattered here and there in the clearings between dense forests, over a wide extent of territory.

“He could tell you of the great revival of religion which at that period spread over this community, owing to Losee’s efforts, resulting in the salvation of hundreds of your forefathers, and of the erection in this locality of the first Methodist church in Canada. He could tell you that he had a hand in the building of that church which still stands over yonder on the shore of Hay Bay, deserted and decayed—a lonely memorial of the good men and pious women who once worshipped there. Yea, more, he could tell that he assisted in the construction of those seats in which you are now sitting, the altar in front of you, and the pulpit in which he now stands—all brought over from the old church when this one, a score of years ago, was built by you, or your fathers and mothers, to take the former’s place.

“He could tell you, moreover, all the particulars of that thrilling drowning accident on Hay Bay, near the old church, on that most eventful Sunday morning,

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when nearly a score of our ancestors were upset in the act of coming over the bay to quarterly-meeting and many precious lives were lost. He could tell you of the good old Quaker settlement of this community, and of the erection of their first chapel, still standing on the shore of Hay Bay, in which I am glad to know my forefathers worshipped and learned those precious scriptural truths which fitted them to become faithful servants of the God of all nations.

“We are proud of our ancestors, and of the rude churches they erected in which to worship God in those years of poverty and arduous toil; but what are we doing toward preserving those monuments they erected? What have we done in the way of honoring the dust of our departed dead?

“The old temples in which our fathers worshipped are fast going to decay, and no hand is raised to preserve those ancient landmarks, standing there on the shore of the bay like faithful, weary sentinels, reminding us of our duty to God. The graves of our forefathers are being levelled with the ground and their tombstones upset and broken, and there seems to be no one sufficiently interested in their preservation to rebuild them or to beautify the grounds.

“Again, the hundredth anniversary of the landing of our forefathers on these shores will be reached next June, and we do not hear a word about any preparation being made to celebrate so important an event in our history by some public demonstration that would draw the Loyalist descendants together and cause them to erect an appropriate monument worthy of so great an event.

“Then, the religion of your forefathers is being sadly neglected by some of you who never darken the door of

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God's house except on some special occasion like this to-day. Others who are regular attendants never remain for the class-meeting or prayer-service or the 'Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.'

"Do you, my dear friends, imagine for one moment that God will always continue to prosper you as He has been doing, if you continue to disregard the Divine laws in the way many of you have been doing for a large portion of your lives?"

"Arouse! awaken! ye Loyalist descendants. God is calling you for service. Heed the call. Do your duty to Him and to your fellow-men, and the God of your forefathers will bless you and make you a blessing to this community and to the generations yet unborn."

All eyes had become riveted on the minister during his earnest appeal, and as he concluded and resumed his seat, some one in the audience began singing a familiar hymn, in a low, but distinct voice:

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more."

The people quickly caught up the strain and sang stanza after stanza. The volume of sound increased in intensity as the singing proceeded, and whenever the very familiar refrain,—

"Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name,
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign."

was reached, the large congregation with an earnestness and fervor never before experienced, poured forth their

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penitence, yearnings, desires and tributes of praise to the mighty God of their fathers.

Then the service was about to be closed by the pastor in the usual formal way; but while the people sat in breathless silence, it was observed that one of the congregation with light steps moved quickly from his seat nearby to the platform between the railing and the pulpit, and began to speak with evident emotion:

“Neighbors and friends—sons and daughters of our Loyalist forefathers—children privileged to dwell in this delightful land of Canaan, after the wanderings of our ancestors through the wilderness, harken!”

The people opened wide their eyes at the first sound of a familiar voice, and beheld Squire Clinton, with an open Bible in his hand, addressing them.

Instead of any one moving out and away, every one quietly maintained his seat, and looked to the front of the church with the keenest attention. The minister and Quinte Brown descended from the pulpit and took seats in the Squire's pew. The speaker then resumed:

“Listen, friends, while I read a few passages I have marked in my Bible within the last few minutes. Remember, we are the people to whom God is speaking loudly to-day by His servant, our pastor, and by the words I shall now read from this Holy Book:

“‘I am the Lord thy God, which hath brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.’

“‘Thou shalt have no other gods before me.’

“‘And the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it; and He will do thee good and multiply thee above thy fathers.’

“‘If thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep His commandments and His statutes

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which are written in this Book of the Law, and if thou turn unto the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul.'

" 'The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms, and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee: and shall say: Destroy them.'

" 'For we are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow and there is none abiding.'

" 'O Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, our fathers, keep this forever in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of thy people, and prepare their hearts unto Thee.'

" 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'

" 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.' "

Squire Clinton closed the book and after a few minutes continued:

" My Loyalist friends,—After what we have heard to-day, I feel deeply ashamed that we have allowed the graves of our noble forefathers to be trampled upon, and in many instances obliterated, through our neglect in protecting them from the cattle of our fields.

" This very day we shall start a movement not only to repair the fences and fix up the graves of the old cemetery, but to erect a noble monument therein, next year, to commemorate the Centennial of the landing of our forefathers in this place. I feel very grateful to our pastor for reminding us of our duty in this respect, and feel assured you are all in hearty accord with this proposal.

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“After reading these wonderful promises of God from this grand old Book, I feel greatly humiliated as I recall how poor and unprofitable my service has been throughout a long life. I have resolved this hour, however, to serve our Lord and Master with full purpose of heart during the few remaining years He may permit me to remain with my friends. Surely you have come to the same conclusion, and may God help us all to live better lives.”

All were intent on listening to these words, which in a most impressive manner fell from the lips of the speaker, who now took his seat, visibly affected, with tears coursing down his face.

Never had Squire Clinton so addressed his people before. Never stood there, perhaps, a man among his neighbors and friends more universally respected and beloved than this plain, old Loyalist farmer, who had always tried to give a square deal in business affairs, to lend a helping hand to the needy, and to humbly serve his God according to the light and knowledge he possessed.

But the uppermost thought in the minds of these Loyalist descendants just then was that this man had done more for them and the whole community than any one else, in repelling the Fenian enemy that had lurked on their southern borders, thus preserving the prosperity that had been, and still was, in evidence on all sides. Moreover, by the appropriate scripture quotations and the honest confession of his own unworthiness, Squire Clinton had revealed to each one present the necessity of serving the God of his fathers more faithfully than had been his wont in times past. Evidently their consciences condemned them, for one after another quickly rose to his feet and told how deeply he had been im-

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pressed that day with the necessity of living a better life, more in keeping with the lives of the many noble and godly men and women who had passed on before.

An hour passed thus, and scores of men and women in quick succession—sometimes several at once, with tears streaming down their cheeks—stood up and expressed a determination to make a fresh start in the Christian life, and asked for the prayers of God's people that they might be true to their convictions.

No such movement had been known in the community by any one save Quinte Brown, who afterwards recalled similar manifestations in the early days of the settlement, and the wonderful revivals that followed.

Before the congregation dispersed, a public meeting of all the Loyalist descendants in the settlement, was announced by Squire Clinton for the following afternoon in the village town hall. It immediately became the talk of the whole district. No one apparently had thought of it before. Every family began to enquire about their forefathers—their nationality, what State they had come from, where their remains rested, whether their graves were marked by monuments, and how many generations had lived and died since the Loyalists first landed.

They gathered at the public meeting from far and near, old and young, and Squire Clinton was unanimously elected chairman of the committee. Plans were proposed and discussed for erecting a suitable memorial to mark the time and place of the landing of the Loyalists. Propositions were made respecting the fixing up of the long-neglected graves and the beautifying and protection of the cemetery. Discussions followed concerning the advisability of preserving the old Loyalist

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churches, no longer used for worship and rapidly going to decay.

No definite action was taken then, but other meetings followed from time to time which became intensely interesting to every son and daughter of a Loyalist, and ways and means were devised for carrying out the suggestions made by Rev. Charles Picton in his peculiar, but very effective, Sunday morning address.

The pastor's name was on the lips of every one in the settlement. All were glad to see him on his pastoral visits, which increased and widened as time advanced until he became a great power in the community in faithful pastoral work, and in the preaching of the ever-wise and ever-inspiring gospel message.

The peculiar service of that particular Sabbath was the beginning of a great spiritual awakening throughout the whole settlement, which has been reproduced from time to time in various parts of the world—the great Welsh revival being, perhaps, the latest illustrious example of such marked manifestations of the quickening of the spiritual life of a whole community.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNWILLING PROMISE SECURED.

It was not an unpleasant surprise to Horace Sullivan to learn from Squire Clinton that there was a heavy mortgage on the latter's homestead. From the way Curtis wrote about the matter in his letter to Helen, and from the Squire's remarks, Horace realized that this mortgage was a great source of worry and pain to the whole family.

That did not concern him, however, except as it might assist him in the accomplishment of certain plans he desired to carry out. Years of selfish indulgence had rendered him almost incapable of cherishing sympathetic feelings for the sufferings of others. He was now a wealthy young man, having inherited his father's large property.

As a contractor on the new transcontinental line—the Canadian Pacific railway—Jake Sullivan had been very successful and had accumulated a considerable amount of money. His untimely death by a premature blast of nitro-glycerine, at the scene of his operations on the North Shore of Lake Superior, had suddenly transformed his son Horace from a wild, reckless 'Varsity student into the responsible head of a large and profitable business. The son consequently had plenty of money under his control, and spent it lavishly in all sorts of dissipation. He found the rough life at the front too irksome after the novelty had worn off, and leaving the extensive works in charge of Saunders, his

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foreman, he would spend weeks in Toronto and elsewhere with a fast set, in reckless amusements and disastrous dissipations.

He now hoped it might be possible to realize the fulfilment of a purpose he had been cherishing for some time, but which heretofore had not been very promising. If he could gain possession of the mortgage or mortgages against the Clinton farm, they would, he thought, materially assist him in persuading Gertrude Westwood to become his wife. This was now the great object of his ambition. This was the thought uppermost in his mind when he conceived the idea of a lawn party.

Horace, consequently, walked home that night with his mother from the Clintons with feelings of exultation over the prospect of securing the Clinton mortgages and using them to good advantage in inducing Gertrude to overcome any scruples she might chance to entertain against marrying him. He remembered the reference Curtis made in his letter to Helen about Gertrude, and was glad Curtis was out of the way and that the coast was clear.

"We must double the list of invitations, mother," said Horace, as they entered the house, "and make this the greatest social event ever known in this district, and don't for one moment consider expense in providing for the entertainment of our guests."

"Why, Horace, what has come over you?"

"Are you blind, mother? Can't you see I'm head over heels in love?"

"Love and fiddlesticks! My poor bhoys has gone clean daft."

"Don't be foolish, mother. I'm just beginning to get sensible, and now purpose settling down and becoming a man."

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“Who would marry sich a wild crature as you, Horace, or who could live wid ye and be happy wid your roving, drinking habits, which be worryin’ the loife out of yer poor mother.”

“Gertie Westwood, of course; who else could it be?”

“May the blessed saints presarve me, Horace. Gertie is too good for yez, an’ begorra I don’t belave she’d wipe her shoes on ye, so I don’t. The Clinton family has niver liked yez since the day of your grandfather’s death, rest his soul.”

“There now, mother, you are mistaken, and one of these days I shall bring Gertrude here as mistress of this house, and then you will have to stand aside and take a second place. How will you like that?”

“Faith, an’ if you do, my son, I’ll dance to your weddin’ an’ take her to my arms as my own darlint of a daughter—nothing would please me better. I’ve been very lonely, Horace, since yer poor father’s death, rest his soul, and me only boy away from home so much of the toime.”

Mrs. Sullivan sat down on Horace’s lap, and, throwing her arms round his neck, hugged and kissed him as though he were her little child again, while tears flowed freely down her cheeks as she sobbed aloud—a new experience in the lives of this fond mother and wayward son. Horace made no remark, and soon Mrs. Sullivan continued:

“Shure, darlint, an’ I was only jokin’ wid ye, as nothin’ would give your mother so much comfort as for ye to marry that lovely lady ye were talkin’ wid forninst Squire Clinton’s verandy to-night, an’ then settle down an’ be my own swateheart once more, loike when yez was yer mother’s baby boy.”

The extra invitations were issued that night, and the

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following day Horace and his mother, with the assistance of several people employed in the village, gave the house and lawn a thorough overhauling. Preparations on an elaborate scale were then made for entertainment, and Horace was extremely busy for the next few days completing arrangements for the eventful evening which was to decide his fate.

He made several trips away from home in the carrying out of his business affairs, and did not forget to arrange with certain parties about the mortgages on the Clinton farm, which passed into his possession without the knowledge of Squire Clinton.

The day of the party at last arrived and Horace had everything satisfactorily arranged to entertain his guests. He met the Kingston steamer at the wharf to convey the orchestra and a number of city guests to his home. He was somewhat surprised to see the venerable Premier of Canada step off the steamer and accompany the Clintons to their home. What a triumph it would be if he could induce the Premier to accompany the Clintons to his party, in view of the write-up he was to have in the Toronto papers. He would send an invitation at once with a personal note, urging the Premier to come with Squire Clinton and meet many of his old friends and supporters, who would be delighted to see him once more. Better still, he would see the Premier personally and then the latter could scarcely decline. This was speedily done and the coveted promise was secured.

The crowds gathered from far and near, filling the house and swarming over the closely-cropped lawn. Old and young were invited and all seemed to have accepted the generous invitation. They formed in merry groups of all sizes and ages, chatting and laughing, dancing in the pavilion erected on the lawn, promenading through

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the spacious grounds and partaking of delicious refreshments furnished by a caterer from Toronto, while the excellent orchestra discoursed sweet strains of music.

It was a lovely, warm, clear night, and as darkness came on, many Chinese lanterns suspended over the lawn were lighted; also the interior of the house was brilliantly illuminated.

Squire Clinton and the Premier walked over about this time, and Horace very graciously received them and expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to have the presence of Canada's greatest statesman at his humble home. The latter, after this warm greeting, moved about among the people, most of whom he had known from boyhood, shaking hands and chatting in that friendly, familiar manner which always gave genuine pleasure to all who chanced to meet him.

Horace had led off in the first dance with Gertrude Westwood, and it was remarked by many how charming they looked, and what a dashing couple they made.

On the arrival of the Premier, Horace arranged that his distinguished guest should have Gertrude as a partner in the only dance he took part in. The Premier soon convinced the young men and maidens that he was no amateur in the graceful art. He glided through the mazes of the dance with the buoyancy and agility of youth, like the gallant courtier of bygone days, saying many witty things and paying many graceful compliments to the young ladies, with the result that everyone on the floor entered with zest into the spirit of this dance, which would mark an epoch in their lives.

Gertrude, feeling the joyous thrill of dancing with her beloved Premier, swept through the various movements with a lightness of step and grace and ease that

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delighted her partner and rendered her an object of concern, if not of envy, to all the other young ladies present.

As the Premier and his partner retired from the dance, Horace was ready to receive them, his face radiant with smiles.

"You have done me such great honor, Sir John, in being present at, and in taking part in our amusements," Horace remarked, very graciously, "that I have decided henceforth to become one of your political supporters, if I can be of any service."

"I'm sure that is very gratifying news, Mr. Sullivan," the Premier answered, with a smile; "and I've no doubt I have my good friend, Miss Westwood, largely to thank for bringing you to see the error of your former ways."

"You are quite right, sir. It is she who has been doing the effective missionary work," replied Horace.

"Indeed!" said Gertrude, with a look of surprise at Horace. "I cannot recall ever having spoken to you, Mr. Sullivan, about political matters in all my life."

"But silent forces are often most powerful, Miss Westwood," said Horace, as he turned to the Premier for confirmation of the truth of his wise statement.

"I wish I had many more such good missionaries in this constituency, Miss Westwood," the Premier suavely replied; "I think we could then easily redeem it at the coming election."

"If I can get the nomination from the party," boldly answered Horace, "I will run as a government candidate, and I have no doubt but that, with the influence I can bring to bear, we can win the election."

"Thank you for your suggestion, Mr. Sullivan," the Premier gravely replied. "I appreciate your offer very much, but I understand the party already has a candi-

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date in view, and it would not be wise, you know, to interfere with the choice the people may have made."

"Now that I see Squire Clinton coming to fulfil his promise to take me home early, I shall say good-bye, Mr. Sullivan, and trust your guests will all go away as much delighted with your excellent reception as I have been."

After the Premier had cordially shaken hands with Horace and Gertrude, and had departed arm in arm with Squire Clinton, Horace turned to Gertrude and said:

"Come with me up to yonder balcony, Miss Westwood, where we may have a few words in private conversation."

"Very well, Mr. Sullivan. If you will lead the way I shall be pleased to follow, for the hallways are thronged with people."

Gertrude accompanied Horace through the crowded building, up two flights of stairs, and soon they emerged from a door on a roof balcony. Horace closed the door behind them and they stood there in silence gazing at the animated scene below.

The air was warm and still, scarcely a leaf fluttering in the cluster of shade-trees surrounding the lawn. The moon had risen and, being nearly at the full, was bathing the earth with a flood of mellow light, without a cloud above the horizon to obscure its brightness. The silver streak of the bay, broken here and there by an elm, maple or birch tree in the fields or along its bank, could be seen stretching east and west for a long distance.

Beyond the bay the crest of the hill growing higher and higher towards the west and culminating in the lake on the mountain, could be distinctly traced in the bright moonlight.

The Clinton home, nearly environed with giant

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maples, stood out prominently to the east, and the fields and fences of the old farm, familiar and dear to Gertrude, could be outlined from the bay, back for a considerable distance toward the rear of the farm.

The long line of horses and carriages in the lane, the chatter of many people moving about on the lawn below, the pale light of the lanterns, the strains of music in the pavilion—all these sights and sounds were noticed by Horace and Gertrude in the brief interval that elapsed before a word was spoken. Then Horace turned to Gertrude, and taking a long, white envelope from his pocket with one hand, while he placed the other upon her shoulder, said:

“Miss Westwood, this is the surprise I promised you last week. I cannot tell you how much pleasure it affords me to be able to place these papers in your hand.”

“What does the envelope contain, Mr. Sullivan?”

“It contains the mortgages on the Clinton farm for ten thousand dollars, which I have purchased since that evening we sat on Squire Clinton’s verandah, and which I now present to you, with the request that you hand it over to Squire Clinton, thus freeing his farm entirely from all debt and allowing him and his family to breathe God’s air more freely than they have in recent years.”

Gertrude took the envelope and rapturously exclaimed: “Mr. Sullivan, how can I ever thank you sufficiently for such generosity? Nothing in this world could possibly give me such delight as to be able to do as you say. That awful burden has been slowly, yet surely, sinking my dear benefactor and guardian into his grave. Your extreme kindness, Mr. Sullivan, will bring joy unbounded to the whole family—I sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I feel

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assured Curtis and Walter will repay you with interest in a very few years."

"I have just one little request to ask, Gertie, in return. I do not ask or expect a cent from Curtis or Walter—it is a gift to you. Will you grant my request?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sullivan, if I can. And what is it, pray?"

"That you make me the happiest man in all Canada by becoming my wife."

Gertrude looked keenly at Horace for a moment, scarcely able to realize the import of what he had said; then, stepping back quickly, so that his hand on her shoulder fell to his side, and throwing the white envelope at his feet, she replied in a stern tone, with pale face and compressed lips:

"Never, Mr. Sullivan. That can never be. Take back your documents."

"Why not, Miss Westwood?"

"Because I do not love you."

"That may be true now, Gertie, but—"

"That will always be true, Mr. Sullivan, and you must cease this moment to entertain such a thought," answered Gertrude, impatiently, without allowing Horace to complete the sentence.

"Look here, Miss Westwood," said Horace, firmly, "you must listen to me. We have known each other since childhood days, and I have always admired you notwithstanding the fact that you have been reserved and cold in response to any advances I have made to cultivate your friendship. Latterly, I have learned to love you passionately, and since meeting you here during our holidays I began to have strong hopes that your feelings toward me were undergoing a change—that, in

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fact, you would consent to become my wife and enjoy the comforts of a good home yourself, and at the same time be in a position to free your guardian's farm from all encumbrances. To this end I am now willing to give you a deed in your own name of this valuable Sullivan farm on which we now stand, and to hand you the mortgages of the Clinton farm which have cost me ten thousand dollars. Surely, that should be an inducement for a poor girl to marry, who otherwise will be forced to work hard for her living all her days."

"Pardon me, Mr. Sullivan," Gertrude replied, with warmth and spirit, "I am quite willing to work for my living, and shall never feel that it is any disgrace. I thank you for your generous offer, but let me tell you frankly I would rather live on one meal a day with the man I love than be your wife and possess all your abundant wealth."

"And what about your friends?" said Horace, who felt he still had his trump card up his sleeve.

"It certainly would be very gratifying indeed, Mr. Sullivan, to clear the farm of debt with one stroke; but we shall have to wait patiently until Curtis and Walter can earn the money, which at the most cannot be more than a few years."

"Very well, Miss Westwood, the matter rests with you. But understand that the Clinton farm is mine since these mortgages are equal to its entire value, and if you refuse to grant my request, your family shall be turned out homeless on the street to-morrow."

"Surely not, Mr. Sullivan," cried Gertrude, in alarm. "That would be awfully cruel and would, I'm quite sure, break Squire Clinton's heart."

"That is what I feared, and that is why I think you should act wisely, and by becoming my wife insure

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your guardians the comforts of a good home in their declining years, and at the same time relieve Curtis and Walter from financial burdens that would probably cripple them all their lives."

Horace could see that his specious argument was having the desired effect and he felt like patting himself on the back for having secured those mortgages.

"You certainly do not intend to be so unkind?" continued Gertrude, in a pleading voice. "Think of the disgrace. Think of the pain and sorrow it would cause those dear old people who have been kindness itself to all of us children. Why should you do this?"

"You have plenty of capital, Mr. Sullivan—Horace. You have a kind mother to live for, and some day, doubtless, you will find a suitable wife of your own faith, who will give you her love in return for yours. Be generous, then, Horace; yea, more, be noble and kind and spare us now. Then at some future day you will rejoice and thank God that you took the advice of Gertie Westwood."

She had placed her soft hand on Horace's arm, and looking him in the eyes, had spoken with a trembling voice, revealing deep emotion. He listened intently until she had finished, and then replied slowly, but firmly:

"All you have said, Gertie, cannot possibly dissuade me from my purpose. The flame of love for you burns so strong in my heart that I would sacrifice everything I have in this world—nay, more, I would give up every hope I may have of happiness in the world to come—in order that I might win you. You must consent to be my wife, or the Clinton family will be disgraced. There is no other alternative. What do you say?"

Gertrude now burst into tears, and while they freely flowed she thought of all the sacrifice Squire Clinton

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had made for her. He had rescued her perhaps from a life of shame in New York; had cared for her through childhood as though she were his own child, and in later years had freely expended the money in her education that had contributed to weighing down the farm with a heavy burden.

Now, when it came to the first real test, and she was called upon to make a sacrifice for him and his family, she shrank like a coward from the task, refusing, possibly, the only chance there would ever be to redeem the farm.

On the other hand, she thought of Curtis and of the scene under the mistletoe, when they were children, to which he had alluded in his letter to Helen, which had always remained fresh in her memory. But since Curtis had never confessed the love she firmly believed he cherished for her, she was not actually bound to him, but free to marry whom she would.

Then, reverting again to the feeling of repugnance she entertained for the man before her, Gertie sobbed aloud in her distress. "Oh, miserable creature that I am. Would to heaven I had never been born."

"Don't say that, but consent to be my wife, as I believe that you are now convinced it is your duty to do, and you shall never regret the step you have taken."

"No, I am not convinced," Gertrude answered, with a look of despair, "but I consent to marry you—not for my own peace or happiness, which I this moment resign for ever—but solely to prevent sorrow and disgrace to those who have befriended me, and rescued me perhaps from a life of shame."

"Thank you, Gertie," said Horace, with an outburst of joy, and threw his arms around her in a loving embrace.

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"Stand back, sir! Don't dare touch me, or take any liberties with me until I am your wife," cried Gertrude, stepping back and standing erect with the dignity of a queen.

"How soon may that be, I pray?" asked Horace, with a cynical smile, as he stepped back and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"The sooner the better—to-morrow if you choose."

"Very well, to-morrow. Where, and by whom?"

"Privately, in our church and by our pastor, with Helen alone as a witness—is that satisfactory, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Quite satisfactory, and I shall have the papers there. We shall then have time to catch the evening steamer for Belleville, and the flyer for Toronto, Chicago and the Pacific Coast, embracing two or three months of the grandest trip possible on the American continent."

They descended from the roof and reached the parlor just as a large throng was vigorously applauding Helen for a selection she had been playing on the piano. She was just retiring from the room, and meeting Gertrude, said:

"Why, dear, what is the matter? You are as pale as death."

"Come home, please, Helen. The atmosphere here seems very oppressive. Let us get away as quickly as possible."

Quietly and unobserved Gertrude and Helen left the party and without any escort walked home. At a late hour the guests dispersed, and Horace Sullivan congratulated himself on the marvellous success of his first social effort, and the excellent manner in which his marriage plans were working out.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOWERY WAIF HAS A HISTORY.

THE two girls entered the Clinton lawn when Gertrude, drawing her friend to one side of the pathway, said: "Take a seat here, Helen, with me, under this dear old maple, where we have so often sat in years gone by and told each other the innermost thoughts of our hearts."

They sat down side by side on a large wickerwork lawn chair, with their wraps over their shoulders, for the night air was cool, and at once became engaged in earnest conversation, respecting the one important event, to Gertrude at least, of the Sullivan party.

Helen was so sympathetic and kind that Gertrude was constrained to tell her all that had taken place between herself and Horace Sullivan. She frankly confessed that, although she did not entertain the slightest regard for Horace, yet, as a matter of expediency, she would wed him on the morrow and save the Clinton family from disgrace and poverty.

"Surely not, Gertie. It will never do for you to marry a man whom you do not love, no matter what the consequences may be," replied Helen, aroused and indignant at the thought of Horace being so unscrupulous as to demand that Gertrude, her dearest friend, should sacrifice herself to so selfish a creature in order to save the Clinton farm from passing out of the family's possession.

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"But I tell you, Helen, I have promised to do so, believing it to be my plain duty under the circumstances, and that promise shall be fulfilled," Gertrude sternly replied in a harsh, unnatural tone of voice, which Helen realized meant settled determination. Still, Helen would persist in a hopeless argument.

"What does it matter, Gertrude dear, if we should be turned on the street? You and I can earn our own living, and Curtis and Walter will not see our grandparents suffer. Be sensible, Gertie, and let Horace, the villain, do his worst. I beseech of you not to sacrifice all your happiness in this world, and perhaps in the world to come, from a mistaken sense of duty. Be true to yourself, my dear sister, though the heavens fall, and you shall sooner or later realize that you have acted in your own best interests as well as of all others concerned. You must listen to the voice of reason."

"No, Helen, your argument may be true—possibly it is quite true—but I have made a promise, and that promise must be fulfilled, regardless of what the consequences may be."

"It is better to break a bad promise, Gertrude, than to attempt to fulfil it. Listen to me, Gertie. You have told me your secret, now let me tell you mine, and perhaps that will influence you. When Charlie and I were on the mountain that day last week, just before the boating accident, he told me he loved me and requested me to become his wife. I refused him for two reasons,—first, because I did not love him, and second, because my affections were centred in another. Did I do right, Gertie? Answer quickly? Why do you hesitate?"

"Yes, Helen," Gertrude at length replied, "and I am glad indeed to know you still remain faithful and

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true to your early love—especially since the object of your affections is so worthy a young man.”

“Then why should you not prove faithful and true to yours, when you know as well as I that your love is reciprocated by one, whom we are both satisfied, is noble and good and true—my own darling brother.”

“There, now, dear Helen, you must cease your very logical reasoning. What you say was the uppermost thought in my mind to-night, and had there ever been a word of confession, one to the other, I could not—I would not have dared—to consent to Horace Sullivan’s proposal. In the absence, therefore, of any actual tie binding me to another, and remembering my duty to my benefactor—that duty we heard so much about from our pastor last Sunday at church—the thought of that, I say, took possession of me and impelled me to forget all about my own happiness, and to undertake to maintain the happiness and honor of those who have reared me and cared for me as one of their own, whose kindness I can never repay in this world. I am sorry, Helen, dear—you cannot realize how deeply—that this awful cloud has settled down so suddenly over my life, hitherto bright with happy anticipations, but God has decreed it, so it seems to me, therefore it must be done and you must not oppose me in my set purpose.

“To-morrow, in the afternoon, I shall expect you alone to accompany me to the church and witness my marriage. Not a word on the subject must be mentioned to your grandparents until after the ceremony, when I shall return and tell them all, and hand them the mortgages before we take our departure, and ask their forgiveness if I have done wrong, which I’m sure they will grant. When you write to Curtis and Walter and

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tell them Gertie is married, say, too, that the mortgages are all burned and that the dear old homestead is again entirely free from debt."

Entering the house quietly, the two girls retired to their respective rooms, and endeavored, like others, to forget for a season the cares and anxieties of this world in refreshing slumber. But sleep, the greatest restorer to the human race of vitality, ambition and hopefulness, was out of the question for several hours that night with Gertrude Westwood.

Her emotions, Vesuvius-like, were stirred to their profoundest depths. She knelt beside her bed, as she had been wont from childhood, and especially prayed that God would guide her and uphold her in the important step she was about to take. Then, retiring, she tossed on her pillow from hour to hour, with countless thoughts regarding her whole past life and weird imaginations respecting the future.

With an intensity she had never before experienced, Gertrude's thoughts went back to her earliest childhood, to her baby life in New York, to her father, whom she could scarcely remember; to her mother, an angel of light; to the little trinkets her mother had given her on her death-bed, and especially the miniature hand-painting encased in a gold locket, of some ancestor of her mother's, which she had quite forgotten.

She began to wonder what had become of that painting and all those precious keepsakes. After her mind had dwelt upon them for a short time, Gertrude arose from her bed, lit her lamp, and brought out from the bottom of her trunk the small parcel given her by her mother, which she had not opened before since early girlhood. She spread each little article out carefully on her dresser, including a lock of her mother's hair, which

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by comparison she found closely resembled her own. Then she unfolded and unclasped a large gold locket, and gazed long and earnestly at the features of her mother's ancestor, between whom and her guardian, Squire Clinton, she thought she discovered a striking resemblance. So much was she impressed with this that, with the open locket in one hand and the lamp in the other, she opened the door, went through into an adjoining room, and stood at the bedside of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton, who, as she supposed, were fast asleep, and compared the features of the portrait with those of her kind guardian now resting so quietly in his comfortable bed.

She could not refrain from bending over and kissing the old couple, whose grey heads lay peacefully slumbering within easy reach upon spotless white pillows. Gertrude was turning away and tip-toeing out of the room, when she heard her guardian call, "What is it, Gertie?"

Returning to the bedside, she answered in a low voice:

"Nothing; only a fancy of mine to compare this portrait given me by my mother, with your face, in which there certainly seems to be somewhat of a resemblance. I'm sorry, though, that I came in and wakened you."

"Why aren't you sleeping at this time of the night, child? Do nurses in Toronto become night owls and flit about in the dark hours and then sleep in the daytime?" said the Squire, kindly, as he rubbed his eyes.

"No, not usually; but I find I am somewhat nervous to-night and have been thinking about my childhood and my mother and how you became my guardian. You never told me the particulars of that important event, Squire Clinton, and I would dearly love to hear all about it. Will you not tell me now?"

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"Not to-night, Gertie, dear—go to your bed now and some other time I'll tell you all the particulars. So run off, quickly, child, and 'jump into bed and cover up your head and lock the door with the pillow.'"

"Won't you tell me now, please? I would sleep much better to-night if I knew all about my mother and something more about this portrait," asked Gertrude, pleadingly.

"Yes, if you like, foolish child. Put down the lamp on the stand there and bring the chair close beside me so that we may not waken tired Mother Clinton."

"Do you think any one could sleep, George, when you are talking loudly enough to waken the whole household?" Mrs. Clinton answered, in a low, whispering voice.

"Upon my word, Mary, I thought you were sound asleep."

"I'm not always asleep when my eyes are closed, like some people I know. But, Gertie dear, how pale you are. Here, child, put this counterpane around your shoulders as the night air is cool. You should be in your bed at this time of night, fast asleep."

"Thank you, Mrs. Clinton, that makes me very comfortable. Now, you may proceed with the story, and please tell me every particular."

Squire Clinton thus began: "Well, you see, after my son Tom and his wife were drowned, leaving two babies, Curtis and Helen, for mother and me to bring up, I grew restless and nervous, like you women folk do at times, and so decided on taking a trip down to Virginia, where our forefathers had lived, and see if I could find traces of any other branch of our family. It turned out to be a wild-goose chase, as every mother's son of them had gone, and I could not even find the

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plantation where Quinte had told me the Clinton family lived, on the Potomac river.

“After visiting George Washington’s grave, and the capital city named after him, I returned to New York, and was wandering around seeing the sights of that great metropolis, when I happened to pass through a street called ‘The Bowery,’ which was the toughest-looking hole I ever had seen. On a certain corner I stood and watched the proceedings of the people that thronged the place, when I was touched on the arm by a pretty, black-eyed little maid, clean and neatly dressed, who was weeping and attempting to dry her eyes on a dainty white handkerchief.

“I asked her what she was crying about. She replied that her dear mamma was very sick in an old rickety tenement building across the street—to which she pointed—and that she was likely to die and there was no one there to do anything for her. I had heard something about the way some of these New York people decoyed greenhorns, or tenderfeet, like myself, into out-of-the-way places and robbed them and sometimes killed them. That was the first thought that flashed into my mind.

“Then the little girl took me by the hand and said, with earnest entreaty, ‘Please sir, will you not come with me and speak to my dying mamma before she goes to heaven?’

“There was something so pitiful in the words and voice that I became at once convinced there could be no deception in this case, so away I went with the little girl and climbed two pairs of rickety stairs amid dirt and filth and a smell that was almost unendurable. In another minute I was led into a clean, tidy room, and there on the bed sure enough, lay an emaciated creature

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in the last stages of consumption. She had been a good-looking woman in her day, with large, black eyes and fine features, but alas, that terrible disease had done its work and she was now but a living skeleton.

“‘Here, mamma, dear, is a kind gentleman I found on the street, who has come to see you before you go away to live with the angels,’ said the little maid, as she led me to the bedside, and placed her mother’s hand in mine.

“‘You are very kind, sir,’ the woman said, in a low, trembling voice, ‘I have been praying that some one would come in before I die, and God has been kind enough to send you to me, in answer to my prayers.’

“‘What can I do for you, madam?’ I asked. ‘You apparently are very sick and have not long to live in this world.’

“‘Could you take this darling child of mine, sir, and care for her as your own, or else find her a good home after I’m gone, where she will be free from the snares and temptations of this awful place?’

“I thought for a few moments of the situation, and the need Mother Clinton had here on the farm for such a little girl, before I answered:

“‘Yes, I’ll take your child and provide her a good home in my family and see that she gets an education. I will treat her as one of my own, and you need have no more concern about the care of your child.’

“The sick woman’s face lit up wonderfully as she reached out her bony hand, and taking mine, said: ‘God bless you and reward you, sir, for your extreme kindness to a poor, helpless woman.’

“‘What is the name of the child?’ I enquired.

“‘Gertie Westwood.’

“‘And your name, madam?’

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“‘Westwood. Gertrude Westwood,’ she replied, slowly, ‘wife of Charles Westwood, a dry goods clerk, who sickened and died with the same disease I have, shortly after our only child, this little girl Gertie, was born. He was a good man and did his best to keep us and earn a living for us; but, at last, the end came. He died peacefully and I buried him.’

“‘I have had a hard struggle since to make ends meet with my needle, but always managed to live in respectable quarters until my health failed. We were obliged to come to this terrible district a few months ago, but I’m so glad, sir, that you will take my dear child away from this loathsome place.’

“Then, placing a little parcel, which she took from under her pillow, into my hands, she continued: ‘There are some little keepsakes for Gertie, and among other trinkets you will find a locket containing a miniature painting of one of my forefathers in Virginia, handed down through several generations to the next heir by some arrangement made many years ago. My father gave it to me, and now I wish Gertie to keep it and pass it on down to her child, if ever the dear girl has one.’

“She told me a kind neighbor, a washerwoman, had been doing her work, in addition to her own; also that I would find Gertie’s few clothes clean, though much worn, in a closet in the room. She requested me to sell the furniture and such things as were of any value in the room, to use the money to bury her beside her husband, whose plot and grave I would find in a certain cemetery, and she named the Presbyterian minister whom she desired to officiate at her burial—the same who had buried your father, Gertie, dear. Your mother lay perfectly still for a few minutes. I knelt beside her

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bed and prayed with her, and pointed her to the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' Then she called you to her side, and, kissing you again and again, placed your hand in mine and said, through blinding tears: 'Good-bye, sir. Take good care of my precious child. Good-bye, Gertie, dear, be a good girl. Meet your mamma in heaven.' Then her spirit fled and you and I, Gertie, became good friends, which friendship, I trust, will never cease."

The old kitchen clock's ceaseless tick-tock, tick-tock, was the only sound that could be heard in the stillness of the night as Squire Clinton ceased speaking.

Gertrude sobbed for some minutes, and then, wiping away her tears, and looking at a photo she held in her hand, said: "My dear, dear mother, how beautiful, how unfortunate, how good! Do you see any resemblance between my mother and me?"

She handed the photo to Squire Clinton, gave him his glasses and brought the light near to the bedside.

The Squire, after closely examining the photo, exclaimed: "Yes, certainly, Gertie, a strong resemblance. Where have you kept that photo of your mother all these years? It must have been taken when she was about your age."

"Along with this one," said Gertrude, handing him the large gold locket, "laid away in the parcel my mother gave me, which I always regarded as too sacred to handle."

"Whose picture is that?" asked the Squire, with evident surprise, as he looked closely at the painting in the gold locket, and then up at Gertrude.

"My mother's Virginia ancestor. The one you were just speaking about. Did she not tell you his name?"

"No, I don't remember that she told me who it was,

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nor did she mention her maiden name. Poor soul, she was too much concerned about providing you a home during the few moments she had to live to think of those details."

"What a pity you did not find out the name, Squire Clinton, for I see some resemblance between that painting and yourself. Perhaps he was some relation of your Virginian ancestor, Percival Clinton, whom Quinte once told us about!"

The Squire and Mrs. Clinton examined both the photo and painting, and after they had commented upon them for a time, Gertrude bade them good-night, and then quietly returned to her room without mentioning a word about her approaching marriage.

It weighed heavily upon her mind that it was her plain duty to tell those who had been so kind to her all about the matter, now that she was about to leave their home. She knew, however, they would not approve of the act, and therefore she must maintain silence until the dreaded ceremony was over on the following day.

It was a great relief to her to learn the particulars of her father and mother, and to know there was no blot or stain upon her birth and early life: also that her parents had been dependent upon a higher power—had put their trust in God and had gone to a better world. This was her one comforting thought. Gertrude retired once more, and this time found solace in a few hours' sleep. She was aroused in the early morning by a commotion in the house and knew that the Squire was astir in order to take the Premier to the steamer for Kingston.

Then she arose and dressed and began the many duties of that most eventful day in her life.

"You may tell the Convention this, George," said

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the Premier, as the two stood upon the wharf waiting for the steamer, whose trail of smoke was close at hand, "that I came up from Ottawa on purpose to persuade you, if possible, to allow your grandson, Curtis, to become our candidate in this county in the approaching election in accordance with the desire of many of our party. His absence will cut no figure, as we can have him here in good time for the campaign. Tell them, moreover, that I believe he will make the strongest man that we can put in the field, and that it will be a personal pleasure to me to learn that he has been nominated, as I have regarded him for some time as one of our coming young men in this country. I've been waiting for a good opportunity to bring him into public life, and this apparently is the opportune time."

"I thank you very sincerely, Sir John," the Squire answered, "for your thoughtfulness and for your kind words respecting my boy, Curtis. I shall certainly accede to your request if you consider it the proper thing to do, and will convey your message to the Convention at its next meeting, and advise you of the result of the proceedings. From what you have said it is probable that Horace Sullivan's name will come up for nomination, and as he has considerable wealth and some influence, it is possible the Convention may feel disposed to give him the preference."

"Not a bit of danger of that, Squire. We must not antagonize Horace if he feels inclined to come over to our side; but he is not the type of a man to carry this constituency. Even if he could—which I think very improbable—we could not depend upon him in an emergency. He does not come of a very good breed, you know, Squire. His father, Jake, and his grandfather,

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Captain Mike—well, rest their ashes. We'll say nothing against the dead, but we can scarcely forget the past.

"No, friend George, rest assured there will be no difficulty in arranging for Curtis to become our candidate. I shall in the meantime have a word with some of our more influential followers in the riding. We must bring all our forces to bear, for there is only one thing more uncertain in this world than an election, as I have often said, and that, as you doubtless know, is a horse-race. Good-bye, Squire, my old friend, and don't forget to write me about the boy Curtis."

"Good-bye, Sir John, God bless you!" the old Loyalist replied, as he removed his wide-brimmed straw-hat, and warmly grasped the Premier's extended hand. A few moments later his departing guest stepped aboard the steamer, ascended to the deck, and signalled a parting farewell to Squire Clinton. The latter waved his handkerchief in response, and then stood, watching the departing steamer until it had rounded the small island, immersed in deep thought. His heart was filled with gratitude at the thought of the Premier's recognition of the boy Curtis, in whose future welfare he was deeply concerned. Then his mind reverted to the schooner *Mayflower*, and the tragedy that had taken place many years before on the spot where he now stood, in the life of the *Mayflower's* owner, Captain Mike Sullivan. As Squire Clinton gazed over the quiet waters of the bay, all the scenes and experiences of that most strenuous period of his life, came trooping before his mental vision like panoramic views on canvas. Retracing his steps homeward, a little later Squire Clinton dismissed all sad reflections on the Fenian Raid of former days, and comforted himself with the glad thought, that matters might have been far worse, and that the Premier was still his good friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

QUINTE MAKES AN IMPORTANT PROTEST.

It was arranged that morning that Quinte Brown should hitch a horse to the phaeton and drive Gertrude and Helen to the church in the afternoon, where the pastor, Rev. Charles Picton, was to perform the marriage ceremony.

"Specs you an' Miss Gertie is gwine to practise fo' next Sunday," said Quinte, with a grin. "Hope you'll sing one of dem lovely duets, Miss Helen. Golly! Quinte loves to heah you ladies sing—seems jes' like de angels, as I've often said."

"Yes, Quinte, we certainly shall have to sing our best if you are going to be the preacher again next Sunday," she answered, with a smile, and a knowing look.

"Dar, now, Miss Helen, don't make any moah fun of ol' Quinte. Golly, it felt funny to stan' up dar befo' all dem people las' Sunday! You couldn't hire Quinte to do dat ting agin. No—no! Not eben fo' de pastor, much as I love him."

"You had better dress up in your Sunday clothes to-day, Quinte, for we desire our coachman to look pretty fine, you know, when we go driving to the church."

"All right, Miss Helen. Quinte will knock de spots off dem Kingston niggahs all togged up wid plug hats an' kid gloves an' hol's dar whips jes' so when dey drive

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de gran' ladies. Golly, don't dey tink demsel's swell when dey drive 'long de street lookin' outer de co'ners ob der eyes at us pooah fo'kes? But Quinte can beat dem all hollo'. Yah! Yah! Yah!" And the old servant chuckled and laughed as he shuffled away to prepare for the afternoon drive with the young ladies.

Great was the surprise of Charlie Picton when Horace Sullivan drove over that morning and arranged for his marriage that very afternoon with Gertrude Westwood.

"Honor bright, Charlie. True as preaching. I'm to be married this afternoon at three o'clock in your church. Mum is the word until after the ceremony is over," said Horace, in reply to Charlie's surprised look. "There's another one in the family for you, Charlie, and I hope you'll follow suit soon. You're not as young as you once were, remember, and time and tide wait for no man."

"But why did you not give me notice before, Horace? Why this secrecy? Why this haste? Surely Gertrude is not a party to this sudden marriage!"

"Why, I was not engaged until last night, sure, Charlie, old man; and as for keeping it a secret, that is Gertie's idea, not mine. I don't care how many know it or how soon. Shall I call for you, Charlie, and drive you over to the church with my team? You can drive back with Helen."

"No, thank you, Horace. I much prefer going in my own conveyance, as I may have some calls to make."

"All right, my boy, don't be late—and mind you—tie the knot good and tight, and there is a cool hundred in my pocket for you when the deed is done. Such events are rare in one's life and should be well paid for."

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Horace then cracked the whip over a team of spirited black thoroughbreds, attached to a light covered buggy, and dashed away down the road, smoking a cigar and waving his hand to any of the neighbors who chanced to be in sight.

A few minutes later he reined up at the village hotel, and springing lightly out, handed the lines to Jenkins, one of the old bummers about the place, who invariably was on hand night or day when any free drinks were available. As Horace walked to the hotel door he said to the man holding the reins:

"Hold them tight, Jenkins, old man. They're a pair of trumps—the best team along the Bay of Quinte."

"Pretty busy time, Bill?" said Horace to the proprietor, as he entered the bar. "Your customers are all at work these days—not much doing in the bar, eh, Bill?"

"Right you are, Horace. There are not many of the boys around this fine harvesting weather. They will be here to-night, though, and make it a little more lively. They know I've got a fresh barrel of beer on tap to-day and that will bring them, sure."

"Well, here's a fiver, Bill, to treat the boys when they come in. I'm off to-night for Chicago and the Pacific Coast for a few weeks, and will not see you again before I go; so tra-la, William—*au revoir*—as we say in French, until I return in the course of a couple of months. You will hear that something has happened in the meantime. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Horace, and good luck to you," the genial proprietor replied, as he shook hands with Horace and then stored the crisp five dollar note away in his trousers pocket. Flipping the old man Jenkins a quarter, Horace took the reins, shouted at his team, and hastened away with a freshly-lighted cigar to interview

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the issuer of marriage licenses at the other end of the village. Then, having completed some minor duties, he returned home in time for dinner, which his devoted mother had ready and waiting for him.

"Yes, Horace, my darlint bhoy," said Mrs. Sullivan, as she bade her son good-bye with tears in her eyes, on his departure in the afternoon. "I'll have the house all trim and nate for yez and your pretty bride when yez come back from Chicagy, and shure I'll be glad to take a back sate and let sich a grand loidy become the mistress of this house. May the blisshed angels presarve yez from harm and bring yez back safe from yer honeymoon and make yez a good mon. I shall count the days until me darlint returns wid his swate bride, and here's anither kiss for that swate soul."

"All right, mother; thanks for your good wishes and blessing, and I hope you will always remember who is mistress here. You might polish up your English or Irish a little in our absence, and be able to make a somewhat better appearance in our social life in future. Some of your expressions are a little out of date, you know, in the social life of to-day."

"Faith and bejabers, Horace, an' I can talk wid the best of 'em an' yez needn't be afther gettin' ashamed of yer old mither's Irish brogue. Shure an' ye moight jist as well expect a lipard to change his spots as fer me to larn yer new-fangled words. So good-bye to yez, an' may hiven presarve yez both an' bring yez back in safety."

At the proper time Quinte appeared with the conveyance at the front gate, togged out in his black Sunday suit, and an old silk hat that had done duty for several generations, which he only wore on special occasions.

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Helen and Gertrude came out dressed in their ordinary plain costumes, and took seats in the phaeton, while Quinte mounted a rear seat, folded his arms and looked very grand in his own estimation, as they proceeded leisurely to the adjoining concession.

They reached the church in good time and found the minister already there. While Quinte was putting away the horse, Rev. Charles Picton and the two young ladies walked inside the church and sat down without uttering a word. Presently they heard a buggy dash up, and, looking through the windows, they could see Horace Sullivan drive under the shed, his horses all covered with foam.

"Wondah what's gwine on heah to-day?" said Quinte to himself, as he saw Horace drive in, and shortly afterwards enter the church. He followed inside, and, taking a seat near the door, watched the movements of the four people who had now advanced to the altar. He saw Horace take certain papers from his pocket and hand them to the minister. Quinte was a deeply-interested spectator of these proceedings, and, without attracting any notice, walked quietly up to the front seat and sat down.

"This seems to be a mortgage of the Clinton farm," said the minister, as he glanced over the documents, "drawn in favor of John Fisher, with a transfer to Horace Sullivan, and a more recent transfer from Horace Sullivan to Gertrude Westwood."

Then, taking another paper in his hand, he said, "This document is a deed of Horace Sullivan's farm to Gertrude Westwood. These papers are duly executed and witnessed, with seals attached, and without doubt are what they purport to be. What do you wish done with them, Mr. Sullivan? Why do you hand them to me?"

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"You are to give them to Miss Westwood, after she becomes Mrs. Sullivan," Horace proudly answered. "She will then be the sole possessor of those two adjoining farms."

Gertrude, with a face like a marble statue, dejected at heart, though still resolute, moved over to the position assigned her by the minister beside Horace. Helen stood by her side, and the marriage service was begun in a very listless, indifferent manner by the one in charge.

The voice of Rev. Charles Picton, usually strong and steady, now trembled and faltered as he began reading the solemn words. He was evidently nervous and excited, and vainly endeavored to preserve that quiet, composed manner habitual with him under ordinary circumstances.

Helen glanced for a moment into the face of her pastor, and quickly realized he was undergoing a great strain, and she wondered if he, too, like herself, was shrinking from the thought of the consummation of this marriage.

"Oh, God! If something could happen to prevent it, even, at this last moment," prayed Helen to herself, as, with intense sadness, and eyes full of tears, she stood listening to the words which would soon result in what she firmly believed would prove a most unhappy union.

Horace was perfectly unconcerned and indifferent to the deep emotion that prevailed among the other members of the little group at the altar. His mind was self-centred. A life of selfish gratification, indulgence by a fond but foolish mother, and utter disregard of the claims of others, rendered it impossible for him to see beyond the narrow horizon bounded by his vanity, ig-

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norance, conceit and arrogance. He looked on with perfect composure, as a customer at a counter who expects to obtain the goods he pays for,—no more, no less.

Quinte became greatly interested, and then more and more agitated as the service proceeded. He rubbed and rolled his eyes, looking first at one and then at another, scratched his long, grey locks, fumbled in his pockets, wiped his brow with a large bandanna, and actually clenched his fist and shook it at Horace Sullivan.

He had seen marriage ceremonies performed in the old days in the log cabin, and so was not long in comprehending what was going on, and who were the contracting parties.

"Heben sakes alibe!" he said, in an under breath, "can it be possible dat my deah chile, Miss Gertie, is gwine to marry dat man, an' he a Sullivan, one ob ol' Captain Mike's tribe?"

"Wondah if Mas'r an' Missus knows about dat? Why am dey not heah? Golly, dis am strange goin's on. An angel to marry a debbil—nebber, so help me God!" And the old man rose to his feet with determination in his eye, and made a step forward in the direction of the bridal party.

The minister at this moment had come to that part of the service which reads: "If there is any just reason why these parties may not lawfully be joined together let him now speak or else forever hereafter hold his peace."

He hesitated for a moment and, glancing up, his eyes rested on Quinte, who had advanced to the altar and stood beside Helen.

"I fo'bid de banns!" roared Quinte, in a loud, deep voice that re-echoed throughout the large church.

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Everyone was startled but the minister, who had seen from Quinte's look that there was liable to be an explosion.

"What is that you say, Quinte Brown?" demanded his pastor.

"I fo'bid dis marriage, sah. It must not take place."

"For what reason? On what grounds do you forbid this marriage? The minister stood with an eager, penetrating look at the old man, while the book he held in his hand trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Llig—il'igit, illigitm' chile!" stuttered Quinte.

"What's that you say? Illegitimate child? Be careful, Quinte Brown, what charge you make." Rev. Charles Picton spoke sternly to Quinte and then looked at Gertrude Westwood as though apparently to verify the truth or falsity of Quinte's remarkable statement.

With an imploring look and agonizing, heartrending cry, Gertrude turned to Quinte and said, "No! No, Quinte! You're wrong. You've made a mistake. That is not so. I was honestly born. I heard all about it last night by one who knew my mother in New York. She and my father lived very happily together and I was their first and only child. Oh, wretched creature that I am! How can I endure so shameful a charge by dear old Quinte, who has always been a true friend to me up to this moment. You are misinformed, Quinte Brown, and I can prove it by Squire Clinton."

These hysterical sentences of Gertrude's caused Quinte to look at her with surprise, and when she concluded he made certain strange grimaces and gestures, but at length managed to say:

"No, Miss Gertie, not you! not you! Quinte doesn't mean you, deah chile! You am all right. Golly, what a bad mistake dat am!"

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"Who is an illegitimate child, Quinte Brown? Speak quickly!" demanded the minister, as he walked over and, grasping Quinte by the shoulder, rudely swung him round as though endeavoring to bring him to his senses.

"Dat man dar, Horace O'Malley," said Quinte, in a loud, scornful voice, holding on the altar with one hand and pointing with outstretched arm and finger towards Horace Sullivan.

"What's that you say, you infernal liar?" Horace yelled, at the top of his voice; and then, rushing over to Quinte's side, caught him by the coat collar and glared in his face with the look of an angry beast, at the same time drawing back his other clinched fist as though about to strike him.

"I say youah name is not Horace Sullivan, but Horace O'Malley, which was youah mudder's maiden name befo' she married youah fader, Jake Sullivan. Yo' was bo'n mo' dan a yeah afo' dat marriage, so youah name's not Sullivan at all, but Horace O'Malley. Did yo' nebber heah dat befo'? Specs not. Well, dat God's truf, an' Quinte Brown can prove it, too."

"What proof have you of that statement, Quinte?" asked the minister, with an anxious questioning look, as he disengaged Horace's hand from Quinte's collar and parted them, fearing there would be a crime committed by Horace within the sacred precincts of God's house.

"Proof, yo' say, sah?" said Quinte, with a sneering laugh at Horace; "why de whole neighbo'hood know'd all bout dat fac'—specially de ol' folks. Youah own dad an' mam, Charlie Picton, will tell yo' what I say am true. He's a basta'd, suah as youah bo'n, an' unfit to stan' in de same chu'ch as Miss Gertie, let alone to marry her. Once nao' I say I fo'bid dis marriage an'

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you dar' not pronounce dem man an' wife, Charlie Picton, if you specs to go to heben when you die."

Horace walked back defiantly to Gertrude's side, and turning to the minister, cried aloud in a perfect frenzy of rage:

"It is false, sir—false as hell—and I demand that you proceed instantly and complete this marriage and pay no attention to the ravings of that crazy old devil's imp, Quinte Brown, who ought to have kicked himself out of this world under the hangman's noose many years ago."

"I dare not proceed, Mr. Sullivan," answered the minister, firmly, as he closed the book. "In the face of such a grave charge against your mother, I am compelled to wait and investigate. Any man has the right to prefer a charge and forbid your marriage if he knows of any serious impediment. The charge made by Quinte Brown is a serious one indeed, and if proven true, your illegitimate birth would certainly render you ineligible for this marriage contract. But the woman herself has a voice in this matter. What do you say, Miss Westwood? Shall we proceed? Do you still desire to become the wife of Horace Sullivan?"

Horace quickly turned to Gertrude, hoping she would remain firm in her purpose, and in order to spur up her resolution at this critical moment, whispered in her ear:

"Remember your sacred promise, Gertrude; the fate of the Clinton family; the property you will possess in your own name! Be true; be mine, Gertie, and we'll defy the whole world."

Gertrude, pale as death, glanced up at the minister, then, turning so as to squarely confront Horace, said with all the bitterness she could command, "Scoundrel! Villain!" and fell in a swoon to the floor.

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"Thank God! Oh, how thankful I am, Gertie, that this marriage, which would have been so disastrous, has been averted," cried Helen, as she knelt by her side, fanned her brow, took the clammy hand in her own and tenderly watched over her.

Horace gazed for a moment at the sad sight before him. Then, without making the least effort to assist in restoring life to the prostrate body of the one he had professed to love, asked the minister for the mortgages and left the church with awful curses, and vowing vengeance on Quinte Brown. In another minute he drove out from the shed, furiously whipping his spirited team, and dashed towards home with such a terrific speed that everyone in the neighborhood seeing him pass declared his horses were running away and that he was drunk or crazy.

Charlie Picton caught Gertrude under the arms, and with the assistance of Helen carried her from the church to a spot of green grass in the shade outside. Leaving Helen to attend her, he rushed away bareheaded to a neighboring house and soon returned with a bucket of water. They bathed Gertrude's forehead, sprinkled her face and rubbed her body, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her begin to revive.

"Where is he?" was Gertrude's first question on regaining consciousness, after staring here and there with a frightened look, and then setting her eyes upon Helen.

"Gone home, Gertie, dear, and I am so glad that it did not take place," said Helen, with a cheerful, happy look.

"Thank you, Quinte," muttered Gertrude, and she tried to extend her hand to the old man standing beside

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her, wiping his eyes and blowing his nose, and revealing all the signs of utter despondency.

"Dar, now, bless youah bones, Miss Gertie, don't look so pale like dat an' scar' ol' Quinte to def. Golly, I'se glad to see youah purty eyes open once mo', 'cause I was afeared youah was dead." Quinte grasped Gertrude's hand and kissed it again and again.

"Thank you, Helen. Thank you, Mr. Picton. You were both kind. There, let me sit up. Oh, that is much better. I am not married at all! How strange! I thought this was to be my wedding day, but it's more like a funeral. Where is Curtis? I thought I saw Curtis. No! No! It all seems like a dream. I thought it my duty; but I must have been mistaken. You were right, Helen. Did he not stay to help me when I fainted? I did not think he was so heartless. I'm so glad it's all over. There, Helen, dear, I'm all right now, only just a little swimming in my head. There, that pillow is fine. I'll just have a wink or two of sleep, and then—and then—we'll—all—go—home."

Rev. Charles Picton had folded his coat and made a comfortable pillow upon which the poor, exhausted girl found refreshing sleep, amid the chattering of many swallows under the eaves of the primitive white church.

Old Quinte sat down on the ground beside her and fanned her face and brushed away any flies that dared to intrude, meanwhile muttering an old, familiar lullaby, as though again putting a baby to sleep as he was wont to do in the days of long ago in the Loyalist log cabin on the shore of the bay.

The minister and Helen sat in the shade at a little distance and, in a low voice, so as not to disturb the sleeper, discussed the whole matter of Gertrude's contemplated marriage. He now learned for a fact what

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he already suspected, that Gertrude had intended to sacrifice herself in order to save the Clinton family from the ruin and disgrace which Horace had threatened.

"What made you so nervous, Mr. Picton? I never saw you so overcome before," asked Helen, after some time had elapsed.

"My whole nature strongly rebelled against the marriage, Helen, and yet I was powerless to raise a finger in protest. My duty was plain and clear as an ordained minister of the gospel; but as a warm, personal friend of Gertrude's, every fibre of my being rebelled against joining her to that horrid creature. Hence the conflict waging within me, which doubtless was the cause of the agitation you observed. I was never more grateful to anyone in my life than to Quinte when he forbade the marriage. It seems providential that you brought him along with you this afternoon, Helen."

"Do you think Quinte is right in what he claims?"

"I haven't a shadow of a doubt of its truth, when Quinte states it for a fact. He has always known the Sullivan family; but, strange to say, none of them have ever been friendly to Quinte. Of course I shall be careful to have his statement verified by others who will remember the circumstances, but I feel we can rest assured Quinte has made no mistake."

When Gertrude awoke she declared her refreshing sleep had rendered her quite herself again. The carriages were brought out and the parties returned home in the cool of the evening. As Quinte rode with the minister he had an opportunity to explain in more minute detail some matters of particular interest to Rev. Charles Picton, concerning the Sullivan family in the early years before he could remember. He helped Quinte out of

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the carriage at the Clinton gate and watched the gathering clouds in the sky above him as he slowly drove westward to his quiet home, deeply meditating upon the cause of the many disappointments of life so common to all mankind, and wondering what kind of a world it would be if every wish and desire of every individual were immediately gratified.

CHAPTER XV.

A VIOLENT SCENE IN THE OLD LOG CABIN.

HORACE SULLIVAN did not drive home, but stopped at the village hotel, and demanded that his team be put away and fed. He called for a room and locked himself in, and, throwing himself on the bed, thought over the whole situation. Fear of the truth of Quinte's statement led him to abandon his original intention when leaving the church of going direct to his mother and confronting her with Quinte's charge. With all his conceit and bravado, Horace was morally a coward, lacking even sufficient courage to investigate to its full extent so important a question as one which materially concerned his birth and reputation.

The overmastering influence governing the young man at this juncture was hatred and revenge. Ringing a bell, he called for glasses, a pitcher of water and a bottle of rye whiskey, and gave strict orders that he was not to be disturbed.

"What is the matter with Horace to-night, I wonder?" asked the proprietor during the evening of some of the men who had gathered in the barroom, and were having some drinks on account of the five dollar note.

"Why? Where is Horace?" they asked.

"He has gone upstairs to bed, with a bottle of old rye for his bed-fellow," answered the host, in a tone of disgust.

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A VIOLENT SCENE IN THE OLD LOG CABIN

"I heard he was to get married to-day, and take the steamer this evening," remarked Tom Piper.

"Where did you hear that, Tom?" questioned the landlord, with evident surprise. "I never heard that before."

"Why, his mother, Biddy Sullivan, told it at the store this afternoon to the clerk, Sally Jones, as a great secret, and Sal told me, but said I wasn't to breathe it to any person until to-night. So this news is fresh from the mint."

"I guess there must be something in it," continued the host, "for he told me this forenoon he was to take the steamer this evening, and was bound for the Pacific Coast. There must have been a change in the wind, however, since then, boys, judging from his present condition."

"Who was the victim to be?" enquired Jenkins. "I thought he must be half daft when he gave me a quarter to-day for holding his team. Never knew him to be so generous before."

"Why, Squire George's adopted daughter, the pretty nurse of Toronto, of course," answered Piper. "Didn't you see them dancing together at Horace's party? Well, I did, and I saw her go up with him to the top balcony of the house, where, I suppose, they billed and cooed like turtle doves, and got engaged."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the landlord. "Surely Gertie Westwood wouldn't marry Horace Sullivan. I used to think that possibly Gertie and Curtis would get spliced, but the old saying is true, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' We never can tell what's going to happen next, can we boys? The next thing, we may hear Jenkins is married."

"I've been seriously considering matrimony for some

THE OLD LOYALIST

time," gravely replied Jenkins, the old bummer, which remark caused a loud burst of laughter.

"The affair must have been patched up in a hurry, eh, boys?" continued the host. "It didn't come off, however — didn't materialize, as Horace would say — because I saw the girls and the minister and old Quinte go home, after Horace went upstairs to bed. Well, there's as good fish in the Bay of Quinte as ever were caught, so here's another drink at Horace's expense, and may he have better luck next time."

All hands filled their glasses to the brim, clinked them together, and drank to the health of the disappointed bridegroom. Thus the evening was spent with drinking and song and many jokes concerning the wedding that was to have been. At last the merry ones departed, and the host closed the bar and retired for the night.

Passing Horace's door, he knocked lightly, but received no response. He tried the door and found it locked. He could hear the heavy breathing of the occupant, and remarked:

"I guess Horace will sleep till morning, from the mile-a-minute gait he's going it now," and passed on to his room.

That night Gertrude Westwood was disturbed by a terrible dream. Quinte Brown was in trouble, and was calling to her for help. It seemed so real that she found herself shaking from head to foot when she awoke. She sprang out of bed, and, peering out of the window, could discern that the night was dark and cloudy, with occasional flashes of lightning, and there was a dull roar of distant thunder. Quinte's weird, plaintive call for help was, in imagination, still ringing in her ears, and she could not shake it off.

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A VIOLENT SCENE IN THE OLD LOG CABIN

"I wonder what's the matter?" cried Gertrude, aloud. "I'm not dreaming. I'm fully awake. There's a thunderstorm coming on. The lightning is very vivid. Quinte must, indeed, be in trouble, and I must go to him without a moment's delay. He surely was calling me."

Pulling her bedroom slippers on her feet and catching up a light shawl, which she flung around her shoulders, Gertrude quietly opened her bedroom door, glided noiselessly through the hall, down the stairs, out of the front door, and sped away down the lawn, across the road and along the pathway leading to the shore of the bay. The wind was blowing a gale in her face from the south. The forked lightning illuminated the whole sky for a moment, followed by such inky darkness that she could scarcely keep the path. The bellowing thunder made her shiver more and more as each peal came nearer and nearer.

Her long, black hair streamed loosely behind, and on her bare head and face the heavy raindrops spattered. Still, she rushed along with all the speed she could command, determined to reach Quinte's cabin, if possible, before the breaking of the impending storm. She stumbled against a small mound of earth and fell headlong to the ground. She managed to protect her face, but her hands and arms and knees were bruised, and her whole body was badly shaken by the heavy impact.

Again she regained her feet, and hastened on until she heard the loud splashing of the waves on the shore. Almost breathless, with her heart beating like a great force-pump, Gertrude stood still and listened, with her hand to her ear to aid in catching the words.

A loud, angry voice could be heard inside the cabin. She quietly crept to the door, and, looking in, saw a sight that made her blood run cold. There stood Horace Sul-

THE OLD LOYALIST

livan beside Quinte's bed, with his back to the door, holding in his left hand a lighted candle, and in his right a revolver pointed at Quinte's head. Quinte was lying motionless on his back, with his face turned toward his would-be assassin.

"Are you ready to go?" cried Horace, in a harsh, rasping voice. "If not, you had better make your peace with God instantly, for in another minute you shall die, curse you, and your body shall then be sunk to the bottom of the bay, at the end of the wharf, where you threw my grandfather in and killed him when I was a boy. I've not forgotten your murderous deed, Quinte Brown, and now I mean to avenge my grandfather's death, as well as to make you suffer for telling those hellish lies about my mother and thus preventing my marriage. What say you, Quinte Brown, before you die? Do you admit your guilt?"

Gertie realized in a moment from Horace's attitude and the tone of his voice that there was murder in his heart, and yet she dare not move for fear he would shoot her as well. She listened breathlessly to Quinte's reply, without moving a muscle, and ventured a little closer.

"Quinte did not kill Captain Mike, nor did he tell any lies 'bout youah mudder, Horace—nuffin but de truf, so help me God; an' as fo' bein' ready to go to heben, why, bless yo', Horace, ol' Quinte's been ready fo' a hund'ed yeahs or mo', an' knows fo' suah dat 'if our earthly house ob dis tabernacle were dissolved, we hab a building of God, an house not made with han's, eternal in de hebens.' Can yo' say dat, Horace?"

"Don't take time to quote Scripture, you lying old hypocrite! You need not try to make me believe you are a saint, ready for the skies. Pray to God, or to the Holy

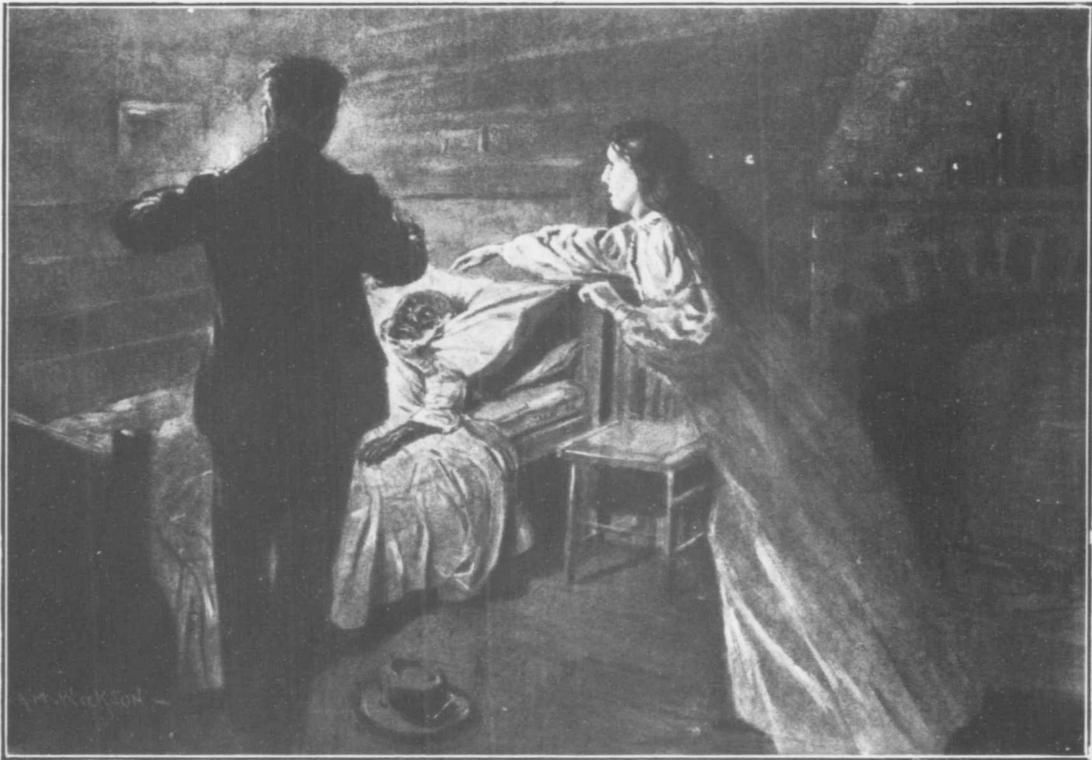
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"Gertrude sprang through the doorway, rushed to the bedside, and fiercely struck up the hand in which Horace held the deadly weapon."

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A VIOLENT SCENE IN THE OLD LOG CABIN

Virgin, or whoever may be in charge up there, to forgive your sins. You must beg my pardon, too, before you die, for your falsehood about my mother, who says there is not a word of truth in what you said to-day to Charlie Picton.

"Did youah mudder say dat, Horace Sullivan?"

"Yes, certainly. What else could she say in reply to your infernal lies? She says I was as honestly born as any man in this Loyalist settlement. Now, what have you to say?"

"I say youah mudder lies, Horace Sullivan, if she said dem wo'ds," Quinte replied, in a low, solemn voice, which Gertrude could, however, distinctly hear, notwithstanding the roar of the wind and the splashing of the waves.

"Dare you call my mother a liar, you black villain? Then die, curse you!" shouted Horace, in a perfect frenzy, and fired his revolver point blank into Quinte's face. Horace recocked his revolver, but before he had time to fire again, Gertrude sprang through the doorway, rushed to the bedside, and fiercely struck up the hand in which he held the deadly weapon.

Another report, clear and sharp, rang through the cabin, but the bullet this time went wide of its mark, as the revolver fell to the floor. Quick as a flash Gertrude stooped, grasped the weapon, cocked it, pointed it at Horace's head, and cried, defiantly, "Move another step, you vile murderer, and you are a dead man!"

"For God's sake, Gertie, don't shoot—don't shoot!" pleaded Horace, who, frightened and subdued like a whipped cur, was now ready to cringe at her feet.

Without taking her eyes off Horace, Gertrude asked the question, "Quinte, are you hurt? Did the first bullet strike you?"

THE OLD LOYALIST

"No, Miss Gertie, t'ank de good Lord! I'se not hu'ted at all—jes' a little scratch on Quinte's fo'head. Skull too t'ick, me tinks, fo' dat bullet. Don't shoot Horace, Miss Gertie. Let him go, de mean cow'd. Some day he'll repent an' ask youah pa'don an' mine, an' p'r'aps de good Lo'd will fo'gib him fo' all his sins."

"Shame on you, Horace Sullivan," cried Gertrude, with flashing eyes and scathing tones, as she still covered him with the revolver, and took a step nearer.

"By sophistry and threats you would compel me to marry you. Failing in that, through a merciful Providence sending Quinte Brown to my relief, you would now, under the cover of darkness, add the terrible crime of murder of an innocent man to your other sins. Shame on you, I say! Down on your knees and ask pardon of us both, here and now! Then leave this cabin—yea, this neighborhood—before to-morrow's rising sun, or the emissaries of the law shall fling you into a felon's cell. Down on your knees, I say, you craven coward, and ask forgiveness."

Dropping on his knees and quaking with fear, the blear-eyed bully of a few moments before humbly pleaded: "I beg your pardon and forgiveness, Miss Westwood; and yours, Quinte Brown. I shall leave this part of the country, I promise you, this very night, and I shall trouble you no more. I swear it, so help me God," and he raised his right hand aloft to confirm his oath.

"That will do, Horace Sullivan. Arise! And now, before you go, let me assure you that Quinte told you no lies. What he said was literally true, as I have since verified by those who know all the circumstances. I cannot express how profoundly thankful I am that I have been saved from the clutches of such a fiend in

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A VIOLENT SCENE IN THE OLD LOG CABIN

human shape as you to-night have proven yourself to be. Go, and may God have mercy on you, and influence you to become a better man from this day forward."

Horace slowly backed out of the door without uttering another word, clutching his hat in his trembling hand, and then quickly vanished into the black darkness of the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CALL OF DUTY.

THE storm at that moment broke furiously over the cabin. Gertrude dropped her weapon on the bed, bolted the door, closed the window blinds, and then by the aid of the candle Horace had left on a stand by the bedside, examined the wound on Quinte's head, which she found to be not at all serious.

She took a basin of water and washed the blood from his face, due to the scratch of the bullet wound, saying: "I'm so glad you were not badly hurt, Quinte, by that terrible man, and that I was able to get here in time to save you."

"Golly, Miss Gertie, dat was a clos' shave. What made yo' come jes' in de nick ob time?"

"I was dreaming about you, Quinte, and thought I heard you call for help, and rushed down as fast as I could."

"Suah enough, Gertie, de good Lo'd knows when His chile needs help, and sends His deliberer in time to obercome de enemy. Dat's what He's doin' ebery day fo' His elect."

"Do you suffer any pain?"

"No, honey; dat wound's no mo' den a good-sized flee-bite. I mean dem big, ol' fashioned flees we used to hab in de days when dis country was young."

"Do you think Horace would really have shot you dead that second time, Quinte, had I not raised his arm?"

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THE CALL OF DUTY

"Suah as youah bo'n. I could see it in his eyes. Horace nebber liked Quinte since his grandfather, Captain Mike died, an' so dis was a good chance to get rid ob de ol' black coon."

"Well, we've upset his plans to-day to destroy us both, Quinte, and I think he will be glad to leave the country now, fearing we shall have him arrested for attempted murder. However, I mean to stay right here and keep watch until morning, for fear he does come back again."

As Gertrude thus spoke she threw the basin of water outside quickly, rebolted the door with a shudder, and then began to tidy up things in the room.

"You mus' be col', chile. Jes' get a quilt out ob de closet dar, honey, an' wrap yo'self up good an' wa'm."

"Thank you, Quinte. I believe I am somewhat chilled."

Gertie did as requested, and soon made herself comfortable in the old armed rocker, which she pulled up alongside Quinte's bed in such a position as to allow her to look into his wrinkled face and kindly eyes.

"Why, this is fine, Quinte! Just like being back in my old ward in the Toronto Hospital, caring for one of my good-natured patients. Some of them were extremely cross, and so it was a great pleasure to find a nice one like you occasionally."

"I s'pose yo' see some purty tough sights up dar, Miss Gertie, in dat big hospital, whar dey take so many people?"

"Yes, indeed. As you say, I have seen some painful sights and sad death scenes. But it's wonderful how often men pull through when you think there isn't a ghost of a chance for them to live. Some people seem to have nine lives, like the proverbial cat, and you,

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Quinte, must be one of them, for I have heard you tell of other narrow escapes you have had from death."

Then, by way of passing the time and quieting her unstrung nerves, Gertie related many of her hospital experiences, amusing and sad, until she and the old servant had almost forgotten their recent personal adventures. Their conversation soon turned to the church event, and Quinte enquired about the papers Horace Sullivan had handed to Charles Picton. Gertrude explained the matter to the old man, who appeared to be mystified by the fact that she had consented to marry Horace.

"Oh, I see!" said Quinte. "Horace was buying yo', den, fo' de price ob his fa'm, Miss Gertie, jes' like Mas'r would buy a horse?"

"Well, Quinte, I'm afraid you are very close to the truth, when I come to think of it. I can see it now in all its hideousness, but at the time when Horace almost forced my consent to marry him by threatening to throw Squire Clinton and his family on the street, I thought I was under obligation to make this sacrifice for him who has done so much for me. I cared nothing personally for Horace's wealth, Quinte; I can say that with a clear conscience, and was giving up all my future happiness, for I could never have loved him—never, never, never!"

"I t'ought so, Miss Gertie. I didn't jes' know de facts; but I felt in dese ol' bones ob mine dat a big mistake was bein' made, an' den, Miss Gertie, came de t'ought how to stop dat marriage, an' I had to scratch dis ol' head ob mine to tink ob some plan, an' den, golly, I t'ought ob de bery ting dat knocked Horace higher dan Gilroy's kite!"

"I fear Horace will now have his revenge, however, and turn us all out of doors. I shall tell Squire Clinton

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THE CALL OF DUTY

all about it as soon as I go home. I'm sorry I did not take Helen's advice."

"Horace can't turn dis ol' niggah out ob his hole, Miss Gertie, 'cause I've de deed ob dis ol' cabin an' ga'den to de bay shore, an' yo' all can come an' lib wid ol' Quinte. Golly, wouldn't dat be fine? I'd weah my plug hat ebery day den, 'cause I'd be de landlo'd an yo' white trash de servants."

"I'm surprised, Quinte, but at the same time am delighted to learn you are the actual owner of this cabin and lot. When did you get it?"

"Oh, 'bout fifty yeahs ago, when Mas'r Clinton's fader built de big house up on de road whar Mas'r now libs. He wanted me to move up dar, too, but I said, 'No, dis place am good enuf fo' ol' Quinte.' That made Mas'r Clinton laugh loud an' long, an' he said, 'All right, Quinte; I'll gib yo' a deed ob de place, an' if yo' eber find a wife I'll make good provishun fo' yo' bof.'"

"Well, well! That is fortunate, indeed. Did you ever think seriously of getting married, Quinte? How ridiculous for me to ask you such a silly question!"

"Bless youah soul, honey, 'deed I did. I was in lub, suah as you' bo'n, an' spected soon to hab me bride, but—"

"When was that, Quinte? You never told me about it."

"Dat was in de yeah 1800, when I was de finest young coon in all dis distric'. I fell head ober heels in lub wid a beau'ful colo'ed gal dat wo'ked at Mas'r Picton's, in dis neighbo'hood. She came f'om Kingston, an' I cou'ted her fo' a long time, an' tol' her she was an angel, an' took her out fishin' in de bay in my ol' punt, an' walked wid her to church sometimes on Sunday.

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My! but she made dis hea't ob mine fluttah like a leaf fo' weeks an' months, an' I was lubsick suah, fo' I could not eat or sleep, t'inkin' 'bout my lubly Dinah. I 'specs Dinah lubbed me, fo' she acted silly, too. I was jes' gettin' ready to p'opose to Dinah, when—glo'y Hallelujay!—what should she do but go off an' marry a low-down black niggah coachman in Kingston. She libed down dar, so I jes' went straight down on de boat, an' I saw her dad an' mam, an' tol' dem how bad I felt at losin' my deah Dinah. Dey only laughed at me, an' said Dinah always was a fickle chile, but dat it was now too late, as Dinah was away on her honeymoon. I felt ver' bad, Miss Gertie, fo' a long time. I nebber saw Dinah no mo', no' did I eber lub anuder gal. I hope dat coachman used her well. I 'specs she's dead now an' gone to heben, an' dat we'll meet some day again in de sweet by an' bye, but I'd jes' as soon dat oder black coon wouldn't be libin' next dooah to Dinah an' me."

Thus Gertie unconsciously touched a tender chord in the old man's heart which vibrated again with surprising activity after the lapse of three-quarters of a century. With many reminiscences of olden times did he continue to interest and amuse his nurse, while the candle burned low in the old brass candlestick and the night hours chased each other away.

With the first appearance of dawn Gertrude left the cabin, and, retracing her steps up the pathway through grass saturated with the night showers, she reached her home and bed, and slept for many hours, with nothing to disturb her peaceful dreams.

Horace Sullivan immediately left the settlement, and the Clinton family for the time being were not disturbed. The Squire and Mrs. Clinton were deeply grateful when they learned how Gertrude had escaped from marrying

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THE CALL OF DUTY

Horace. They now insisted that she should remain at home at least for the balance of the year, and Gertrude was constrained to comply with their request.

The leaves of autumn were falling and the chilling winds were reminding the people once more of the advance of the ice king from the north, when on a certain afternoon, as Gertrude sat with the Squire and Mrs. Clinton by the fireside, Helen came in from the post with a letter from Walter Earle, written at his engineering camp on the north shore of Lake Superior. Descending from her room a half-hour later, Helen read part of Walter's letter aloud, as follows:

"I am very sorry to be compelled to say that Curtis has been severely hurt, and that the company's physician and surgeon, Dr. Thorp, who has been faithfully attending him, advises me that his life depends largely upon the care we give him during the next several months. He is in too weak a condition at present to remove from camp, and as navigation closes soon, it is very probable that we shall be obliged to attend him here until the boats begin to run next spring.

"You will be surprised and pained to learn that the foul deed was done by our old acquaintance and neighbor, Horace Sullivan, whose largest railway contract at the present time is on my division.

"Horace returned some weeks ago from his holidays in a very bad condition. He had been drinking heavily, and they had to carry him from the steamer to his camp. Some of the attendants on the boat told me he had been on the verge of the D. T.'s, and thought from his raving he must have been getting married, and that he certainly must have been concerned in some shooting affair. However that may be, his foreman here, a very good man named Saunders, told me they had a hard time with him

THE OLD LOYALIST

in camp trying to pull him into shape; that he was ugly, even fiendish, and threatened the lives of several in the camp.

"Dr. Thorp attended him occasionally, and told me confidentially that he thought Horace would stand watching, which, in other words, meant his mind was giving way.

"Curtis was engaged a few days ago measuring up the work in a certain rock-cutting on Horace's contract, and had his task about completed when Horace came along. He was in a very bad humor, and immediately started to dispute with Curtis about his estimates, contending that more work had been done during the month than Curtis had given him credit for. When Curtis endeavored to explain that the reason for a less depth of cutting in that month to the preceding month was due to many of Horace's men having quit work, he began to curse and swear and called Curtis many vile names.

"Horace called us all paupers, and said that the Clinton family would be on the street in a few days; that he would be in possession of the farm, and he supposed the family would be compelled to go begging for a living.

"Curtis was about to move on with his work, when Horace, realizing his efforts to provoke him had proven abortive thus far, now made a remark which instantly aroused him.

"I must be explicit here, Helen, however distasteful it may be to you, so that you may understand that Curtis was justified in doing what he did. Horace told Curtis that he had better beware of Gertie Westwood, for from what he had personally seen of her conduct in Toronto, and from what he had learned on good authority of her mother's record in New York, Gertie was not just what

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THE CALL OF DUTY

she should be, and would likely get some man into trouble.

"Curtis threw off his coat in a moment, and, confronting Horace, said: 'Take that back, you lying scoundrel, or I'll smash you!'

"With a sneer and a vile oath, Horace replied: 'I'll dare a Clinton pauper to lay a finger on me.'

"'Apologize! Retract!' Curtis demanded, 'or else take the consequences. I'll not allow you to speak with such disrespect of any good woman, and especially of a member of our family, whose reputation I know to be spotless and pure—take back what you said, Horace Sullivan.'

"'Horace Sullivan never takes back anything he says,' was the haughty answer.

"Then, like a flash, Curtis struck Horace between the eyes, and he fell like a log to the ground. After some time he recovered, and Curtis then assisted Horace to his feet, but not a word was spoken. Presently Horace reached down slowly to the ground, as though he had dropped something. Seizing an angular stone as large as his fist, lying at his feet, Horace quickly flung it with all his strength and struck Curtis on the head.

"As Curtis fell, stunned and bleeding, to the ground, Horace walked away, the men said, with a fiendish smile, saying: 'I guess that will quiet that Clinton cur.'

"The men carried poor Curtis to camp in an unconscious condition, and I immediately sent a messenger down the line for Dr. Thorp, whom I knew to have been in the vicinity that day. The doctor reached here at midnight. I was never so glad to see anyone in all my life. He was an old McGill man, with a good experience as hospital surgeon, and a much wider experience in the field where accidents are continually happening, and I

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had confidence that he would soon know if there were any chances for Curtis.

"In a few minutes he had the blood washed away, and with delicate instruments raised a fractured part of the skull, which was pressing against the brain. How thankful I was a little later when Curtis opened his eyes and spoke, you can well imagine. He has slowly improved since then, and to-day he is taking some nourishment and is resting quite easily, but he is still in a very precarious condition.

"Dr. Thorp calls as frequently as his duties will permit. Instead of taking the risk of moving Curtis out before navigation closes, he recommends that, if possible, I bring a nurse into camp to look after him this winter, for it will take several months at least before he can be entirely cured.

"Possibly you may not be able to find a nurse who is willing to come, but if you can, we will take good care of her and make her as comfortable as our poor quarters will allow, and we will pay her liberally for her services. Perhaps you had better wire Gertie, at Toronto, and ask her, if possible, to send someone by the next steamer leaving for the north shore."

Helen, with eyes brimfull of tears, ceased reading the unfinished letter, and, with faltering voice, asked: "Can anything be done, Gertie?"

As the latter made no reply, Squire Clinton demanded, eagerly: "Gertrude, dear, can you think of anyone who would be likely to go?"

"Could you not wire the superintendent to-day, Gertie, to send someone from Toronto?" suggested Mrs. Clinton, with tears streaming down her face.

There was no answer from Gertrude, who, without a trace of a tear in her eyes, looked first at one and then

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at another as they spoke, and then out of the window to a passing sail on the bay.

"You are thinking of what Horace said about you, Gertie?" Helen sorrowfully remarked, as she looked at her friend.

"No, indeed, Helen; I was thinking rather of what things I shall require to take with me," Gertrude replied, in a half-meditating mood.

"Take with you where?"

"Why, to the north shore of Lake Superior, of course. Where else would you suppose?"

"Gertie Westwood, will you really go to my dear boy yourself?" cried Mrs. Clinton, and then threw her arms around Gertrude's neck and wept like a child.

"Do you mean it, Gertie? Thank God, for my brave little woman!" exclaimed Squire Clinton, as he arose from his chair, walked over and, stooping down, kissed Gertrude tenderly on the forehead.

"Do I mean it? Why do you ask? There's only one thing for me to do under the circumstances. I wonder that you express such surprise. Why was I trained for a nurse do you suppose? Who could care for Curtis like I can, and bring him through this crisis? What have I ever done for this family in return for all that has been done for me? Nothing—absolutely nothing. I've only been a burden and a care all my life. Surely it is time I did something in return for all that has been done for me.

"Come, Helen dear, and assist me in packing my trunks, for I must take the next train for Toronto, in order to catch that steamer for the north shore, and there's not a moment to lose."

There was a great stir in the Clinton home for the

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next two hours in getting Gertrude ready for her long trip.

The evening steamer up the Bay of Quinte on its way to Belleville picked up but one passenger at the wharf in Adolphustown. It was Gertrude Westwood, who managed to catch her train for Toronto, and on the following day her steamer across Lake Superior, to a country which, to her, as to many others in those days, was a veritable *terra incognita*.

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CHAPTER XVII.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

WALTER EARLE'S engineering camp was situated in a delightful location on a sequestered inlet on the north shore of Lake Superior, convenient to a dock where an occasional steamer called with railway supplies.

Entrance to this bay was effected through a comparatively narrow channel, on either side of which an almost unbroken rocky ridge extended east and west until it intersected the bold, rugged shore line of the bay.

Thus a large inner lake was formed inside the reef, which was practically uninfluenced by the fierce storms that sometimes raged without on this largest body of fresh water in the world. Huge cliffs of granite and diorite extended back from the water's edge, ascending in elevation as they receded from the shore and culminating in peaks of considerable height, which, for the most part, were devoid of trees.

Deep ravines extended down between the ridges in general parallel lines with outlets at intervals along the shore of the bay. In the valley of one of the larger of these ravines, on a level, grassy plateau, a few feet higher than the level of the bay, stood the engineering camp, consisting of a few small, rudely-constructed log shacks and several canvas tents of various sizes and shapes, with their entrances facing the bay. A broad view of the latter could here be obtained, and also a glimpse of the large lake beyond through the navigable channel directly opposite the camp.

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At the rear was a grand view of a great amphitheatre several miles in radius, with bald peaks and fringes of jack pine, tamarack, spruce and cedar on the slopes and in the ravines.

A roadway wound up from the dock near the camp, between boulders and ledges of rock, through graded muskegs and over temporary bridges to the railway dump and rock cuttings, which could be seen here and there at intervals skirting the shore of the bay.

The noon-hour had arrived in camp and Walter Earle, a slim, dark-complexioned and fairly tall Englishman, wearing a full beard closely cropped and pointed at the chin, sat at the head of the table in a large canvas dining tent. The survey party was engaged in satisfying the demands of exceedingly vigorous appetites, induced by incessant outdoor exercise from day to day. Conversation at such times was not very brisk, and the only comments heard at the moment were in reference to the merits of a prodigious, steaming rice-pudding, which all were sampling with evident relish.

As the cook came in from the log kitchen adjoining, with a large tin tea-pot in his hand for the purpose of renewing the supply of tea in the cups on the table, he said: "Gentlemen, I'm happy to inform you the steamer is coming from God's country beyond the lake, and is now in sight."

Instantly there was a loud cry of "Hurrah! Bravo!" and a bolt and dash for the outside of the tent by all the members of the party.

"Well done, the *Monitor!*" shouted Walter Earle, the chief, after bringing his field-glass to bear upon an object far out in the lake.

"The last boat of the season," cried one of the chainmen, and he turned a handspring upon the smooth turf.

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS

"Hurray for letters and papers from home!" roared the cookee, as he waved his apron high in the air, the better to express his joy.

The party stood there for some time gazing out upon the tranquil lake through the offing, where a cloud of smoke could be distinctly seen in the distance, indicating the approaching steamer.

"Now, my brave lads," said Walter Earle, "this is Saturday afternoon, and as you doubtless will wish to send some letters off by this steamer, you may have a half-holiday to write to your mothers and sweethearts."

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" was the general response from the survey party to this generous act on the part of the chief, and soon all members thereof were seated here and there in their shacks and tents with letter pads on their knees writing to the dear friends at home.

Those who have not been beyond the confines of civilization and thus deprived of the privilege of receiving and sending mail for weeks and months in succession cannot properly appreciate the peculiar sensation that comes over one when intercourse with the outside world is about to be interrupted for a long period, or, on the other hand, when it is again renewed after weary months of waiting.

Walter went over to one of two small, new log shacks standing side by side and a little apart from the rest of the camp. On a cot in one corner, lay a stout, beardless young man, of fair complexion, square, determined chin, large mouth, kindly blue eyes and a high, intelligent forehead. His face was pale and haggard and his head was partially bound up with a white cloth. He had been a fine type of physical manhood a few weeks before, but now Curtis Clinton was exceedingly ill.

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Walter closed the door softly, and taking a seat beside the cot, spoke to the patient in a kindly voice:

"Well Curtis, old boy, how are you feeling to-day?"

"Not very well, Walter. This terrible pain in my head is almost unbearable at times. It has been very severe to-day, but I'm now feeling some better. I think Dr. Thorp might loosen the bandages a little, which I am sure would give me some relief."

"Yes, possibly it is a little too tight. We'll see what can be done, Curtis, when the doctor comes to-morrow."

"What was all that cheering about outside just now, Walter?"

"The *Monitor* is in sight and will shortly be in."

"That's good news, surely, for this lonely camp."

"Yes, and the boys are kicking up their heels in great glee. They're always exceedingly glad to get home news, and you and I are disposed in the same manner just now, eh, Curtis?"

"Yes, indeed. Do you think there will be any word from Helen or Gertie about a nurse?"

"Without doubt there will be a letter, but whether or not a nurse will be aboard is the important question."

"I'm afraid there wasn't time for Gertie to send a nurse on this steamer, even if one had been available."

"Perhaps not, my dear fellow, but we'll hope for the best and try to believe they have sent one of some kind or other until we learn the contrary to be true."

"If none has come, Walter, would it not be well for me to try and go back by this boat? I think I could stand the voyage all right."

"No, Curtis, that is out of the question, as Dr. Thorp has advised against it. He thinks if the trip should be a rough one—as it probably will be this time of the year—you would not be able to pull through.

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So if Gertie has not been able to send a nurse, why, I'm a pretty good one, you know, and the boys will assist me, and together we'll look after you this winter and we will make a whole man of you again by next spring, with Dr. Thorp's valuable help."

"You have been very good and kind to me, Walter," Curtis replied, with tears in his eyes. "And if anything should happen—"

"There, there now, old boy, I know your concern about the people at home, should anything happen you, and that mortgage, and all the rest of it. But rest assured you will soon be all right again and then you and I will clear matters all up. Don't allow yourself to fret about the home affairs. You must compose yourself and get well, and then, together, we'll turn a small part of this old world around to suit us better than it does to-day.

"Keep up your courage, Curtis, for 'all's well that ends well,' and my word for it, you will yet see a happy outcome from all our apparent misfortunes."

At that moment the whistle of the steamer reverberated throughout the bay and re-echoed from the distant, lofty peaks at the north.

The welcome sound was heard by the busy members of the engineering party and in the various contractors' camps throughout the district, and soon a large concourse of men and teams were moving in the direction of the dock. Walter Earle was early on hand and eagerly scanned the passengers on the deck of the approaching steamer. Not a female form could be discovered, however, and his hopes in consequence sunk low. They were laborers of various nationalities, and in different groups were jabbering away in their respec-

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tive tongues as they drew near and beheld the movements of the people and teams on the shore.

As soon as the steamer touched the dock, Walter jumped aboard and cordially shaking hands with the Captain, inquired,—“Have you a nurse on board as a passenger, Captain Cook?”

“Yes. You better believe we have, chief,” replied the Captain, with animation, “and she’s a jolly fine girl, too, and sings like a meadow lark. I wish we could take her back with us on the return trip. Pity to leave so fine a girl here in the wilds of this beastly country with a lot of heathen surveyors and contractors.”

“Where is she, Captain?” demanded Walter, as he looked here and there among the throng now descending from the deck and walking out on the gang-plank. “I’ve not yet seen a woman aboard your steamer.”

“There she comes down the stairs with her grip—the brightest, jolliest young woman I’ve met in a month of Sundays.”

Walter looked intently for a few moments at the approaching young lady, who, with head down, was picking her way along the narrow passage between crates, barrels and bags of freight. She glanced up as she drew near, and looked him full in the face. Walter shouted, and as he rushed to her side, he exclaimed: “For the love of mercy! Can it be possible? Gertie Westwood, as sure as I’m born.”

“You seem to be much surprised, Walter. Were you not expecting me? I thought you were in need of a nurse, but perhaps you were expecting a better one.”

Walter threw his arms around Gertrude, kissed her, took her grip, gave her his arm, and together they walked up to where the Captain was standing at the gangway, with a broad grin on his face, indicating considerable

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS

personal pleasure in witnessing this meeting of old friends.

I wish to thank you, Captain Cook, for your kind hospitality," Gertrude said, pleasantly. "And now allow me to introduce my adopted brother, Mr. Earle. Walter, this is Captain Cook, who has been extremely kind to me and has materially assisted in making this a most pleasant voyage across the lake."

"Chief Earle and I have had the pleasure of knowing each other for some time, Miss Westwood," returned the Captain, with a laugh, "but I was not aware until this moment that he, too, was your adopted brother. I thought the latter had been wounded and you were coming over to nurse him."

"Oh, that's another adopted brother, Captain. You see, I'm fortunate in having two. How is he, Walter? How is poor Curtis? We've all been very anxious about him."

Gertrude's anxious, penetrating look was quickly dispelled by Walter, who said, "Curtis is improving slowly but surely, Gertie, and he will be greatly cheered when he finds that the best nurse in all the world has come to take care of him and to assist in restoring him to health."

"I should think as much, Miss Westwood," remarked the Captain. "And if you ever think of adopting another brother, who doubtless will require to be waited upon some day, just kindly remember me."

"Very well, Captain. I shall be pleased to file your application and to notify you when there is a vacancy, as you business men are in the habit of writing to those seeking employment. That is the best encouragement I can give you at the present time."

"Thank you, Miss Westwood. I shall not forget

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your promise," Captain Cook replied, with a hearty laugh, as he raised his hat and bade them good-bye.

Gertrude's baggage was sent up in a wagon, while she and Walter walked, engaged in earnest conversation about the patient and the friends at home.

A few minutes later, Walter opened the door of Curtis's shack and said in great glee, "I've good news for you, Curtis, the nurse has come, and she's the very best one Gertie could find in Canada."

"I'm very glad, indeed, to hear it, Walter." And Curtis's face immediately brightened with the pleasing information. "Where is she?"

"At the door, waiting for your permission to come in. I just stepped in first to see if you were ready to admit her."

"Walter was scarcely able to restrain his abounding joy when conveying the good news to the invalid.

"Yes, Walter, I'm ready, and you may as well bring her in at once and let her see the cross old bear she must endeavor to appease this winter. I hope she is good-natured or I fear she will have a hard time with me."

He then opened the door and beckoned for the nurse to come in. Gertrude followed closely behind Walter with her pocket handkerchief covering her face, until reaching the cot she stepped aside, and quickly kneeling, covered Curtis's eyes with both hands, and with her face close to his, said, in a low tone, "Curtis Clinton must now endeavor to tell the name of his nurse by the sound of her voice. I wonder if he can do it? All ready—go!"

There was perfect silence for a few minutes. Then Curtis slowly raised his weak arms, and entwining them around the nurse's neck, replied, with choking voice and

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tears of joy coursing down his cheeks, as he drew her face to his: "There's only one voice like that, Gertie, in this world, and it's by far the sweetest voice I ever heard. I can't tell you now how glad I am that you've come, Gertie, but I'll try to do so some other time."

Walter suddenly remembered he must see about getting Gertrude's baggage put into the adjoining shack, and so he quietly withdrew, his face radiant with joy over the happy reunion he had just witnessed.

It was a great comfort and relief to him to feel that Curtis would now be almost certain to get well under Gertrude's skillful professional supervision.

There was much bustle and confusion that afternoon about the dock unloading and hauling away supplies for the various camps. Mail bags were exchanged, and then before night closed in Captain Cook, having that part of his cargo discharged belonging to this port, steamed out of the bay, leaving behind a large company of lonely people entirely dependent upon their own resources for existence and entertainment throughout a long solitary winter.

After Gertrude's trunks were opened, quite a transformation took place in the sick chamber and in the adjoining shack. Walter and his men lent a hand, and under Gertrude's directions the walls were papered with some well-chosen rolls she had selected in Toronto. Then chairs, stands, tables, shelves and brackets were improvised from such rough material as was available. Mattresses made of sacks were stuffed with hay, upon which were placed several thicknesses of double woollen blankets, with which the camp was liberally provided.

Gertrude now brought forth spotless sheets, pillow slips, counterpanes, stand covers, shelf drapery and table spreads, unframed pictures, an alarm clock, books and

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magazines, music and song-books,—all of which, skillfully adjusted as only a woman's hand can do, wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of things.

The nurse's shack was made a duplicate of the one occupied by her patient, and the two were connected by a cord with a bell attached to the end which terminated in the nurse's apartment. There was a small sheet-iron stove in each shack, and now the novelty of a wood-box was made to grace a corner of each cabin.

Before darkness set in everything had been satisfactorily arranged, and Walter called all hands and the cook to admire the two neat and trim buildings, the furnishings of which the nurse had so quickly and ingeniously evolved out of chaos.

Walter and his men now took Curtis in hand, and after shaving, bathing and clothing him in one of a pair of choice night robes Gertrude had brought him, removed him to his luxurious cot.

The nurse, looking very pretty in her cheerful, familiar, professional garb, remarked while standing beside her patient's bed, looking around the room: "Dear me, Walter, I wish I could have brought another trunk; there are so many things still lacking."

"Why, it seems to me you have brought nearly everything under the sun. I wonder how you got it all in your trunk. Surely, there's nothing more required. This place is now a veritable paradise. What do you think, Curtis. Will it do?"

"It is perfectly grand and complete in every detail, and I'm as happy as a prince."

"I'm so glad you are well pleased, Curtis," Gertrude quickly replied.

"I shall now regard you, Gertie, as my ministering angel, sent from a better world to restore me to health."

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS

“Very well, I shall be pleased to be regarded as your ministering angel, and since I have no wings you need have no fear of me flying away. I’ll always be at the command of yonder tiny bell, which you must ring loud and long, if you get no immediate response, for I’m sometimes a wonderfully heavy sleeper.”

“But you have clever hands, and they are worth far more than wings,” Curtis replied, with a smile. “As for the bell, I hope its services will not be required very often.”

Now the supper hour arrived, and Walter gave the nurse a seat on his right at the table, and then, while all were standing, introduced her to the various members of his staff. They became seated, grace was said by Walter, and soon all became deeply engaged in one of the greatest enjoyments of life—of camp life, in particular.

“Why do you have such a long table?” remarked Gertrude, while the meal was in progress.

“Our family, now, is comparatively small, nurse. When we were locating our railway we were numerous enough to fill this table comfortably, but now, on construction, our staff has become greatly reduced.”

“You must have an excellent cook, for it seems to me everything tastes better than at home. Just look at this delicious bread—what a thin crust! I would give anything to be able to bake such good bread as that. I fear it’s becoming a lost art.”

“Yes, we think Johnson, our cook, is about perfect. It may be interesting for you to watch him bake bread and pastry, and learn something of the tricks of the trade while here in camp.”

“I shall be delighted to learn, chief, for, as you know,

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that part of my education has been sadly neglected of late years."

"How are you on snaring rabbits and shooting partridge?"

"I'm afraid I would not be a success at either trapping or shooting, as I've never had any experience. However, there's nothing like trying."

"All right, nurse, we'll give you plenty of practice, and some day we may find an opportunity for you to knock over a moose or elk or cariboo to replenish our larder."

"Wouldn't that be grand! What would the friends at home think if they heard that I had shot a moose? I would be a heroine there, for sure. I never shot even a chipmunk in all my life."

"Of course, you'll want to see the men drilling and blasting in the rock cuts, the teams and scrapers on the dumps and the Dagoes with their shovels and barrows in the muskegs. I think we can find a few things to interest you, Nurse Westwood, even in this so-called God-forsaken country."

"Yes, indeed, I'm sure you have, and you must not forget the lovely tamarack and spruce gum, for which my mouth has been watering—as we rude girls used to say at school—ever since you sent Helen and me some in your birch-bark letter, many moons ago."

"Very well, nurse. We'll set our nets in the bay tomorrow and catch some whitefish, which you'll declare, I'm sure, to be the most delicious fish in the world. They form a very important part of our diet in this camp."

"Why, it seems to me that you people do not fare too badly out here, after all. If you feed me on all these delicacies and my appetite maintains its present propor-

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tions, I fear my friends will not recognize me when I return home next spring. I never ate so ravenously, it seems to me, in all my life, as I've done to-night."

"Why, that's not a ragged patch, nurse, to what you will be capable of doing a little later on," Walter answered, seriously, and then everyone laughed heartily as Gertrude pretended to gasp for breath at the thought of so improbable a condition.

The conversation became general and spirited after this, Gertrude's first meal, in camp. Her cheerful, pleasant manner had the effect of thawing out the stiff, shy, lonely young lads ranged on either side of the table.

After retiring to their tents, the young men declared the nurse to be one of the most charming young ladies they had ever met. The ice was broken that evening, and a friendship begun which led to many amusing, interesting and helpful conversations at meal hours to the various members of the survey party during the succeeding weeks and months in which Nurse Westwood was one of their number.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO IMPORTANT PAINTINGS.

CURTIS CLINTON, happy in the consciousness of Gertrude's unexpected arrival in camp, very perceptibly revived in spirits. That evening, with Gertrude and Walter seated around his cot, after having partaken of an unusually hearty meal, he listened attentively to an account of all the leading events that had transpired at home since his departure. Helen in her letters had said not a word in reference to Gertrude's experiences in Adolphustown. The nurse soon realized how deeply interested both the young men were in the most trivial affairs of the family, and consequently, after talking some time of generalities, she entered into all the minutiae of her contemplated marriage with Horace Sullivan. Although humiliated and ashamed, she was determined to particularly explain the part she had played in what had almost proved to be a tragedy, so that Curtis and Walter might have a clear conception of her real motive in consenting to become the wife of such a miserable creature. It was a trying ordeal, causing her at times to shed bitter tears, but that did not prevent her from telling the whole truth concerning the lawn party, the unwilling engagement, the scene at the church altar, and her rescue from taking the fatal step by Quinte Brown.

"Thank God, Gertie, for Quinte's providential intervention at that moment," said Curtis, in a husky voice, but with a great sigh of relief. "Quinte's mission in

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TWO IMPORTANT PAINTINGS

this world seems to have always been to protect and defend and assist the Clinton family."

Then Gertrude, having finished that part of her story, related the incidents of the eventful night when, awakened from her dreams, she hastened to Quinte's cabin, in the midst of terrific thunder and blinding lightning, and rescued him from the hand of the assassin. It made her shudder and tremble as she told the story, with that detail and vividness that only a participant could employ. When she finished, Walter Earle grasped her by the hands and said: "Gertie Westwood, you're the bravest girl I ever knew, and Horace Sullivan is the worst scoundrel. Would to God we had known this when he came back to this locality."

"Where is Horace now, Walter?" asked Gertrude.

"He left these parts immediately after he struck Curtis, and has not returned since. His men think he has gone up the line, farther west, where he has other contracts, but of this there is no certainty."

"Probably he thought he had killed Curtis, and is afraid to come back."

"Doubtless that's true, Gertie, for there was certainly murder in his heart when he threw that large, ragged-edged rock so fiercely at Curtis's head."

"Will you have him arrested when he returns?"

"I certainly would were it left with me; but, unfortunately, Curtis does not approve of having him arrested, imprisoned, and condemned to the penitentiary, which he so justly deserves."

"Horace is certainly a dangerous character to be at liberty, and he may yet do you both bodily harm."

"That is my fear, Gertie, when he comes back again, especially if Curtis is able to be around again. From what you have told us of his character, Horace would

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not hesitate a moment to shoot Curtis if he had a gun convenient."

"I gather from what Dr. Thorp says I'll not be around very soon," answered Curtis, "and so there's no immediate fear. I would prefer thrashing the sneak to within an inch of his life to seeing him arrested. Perhaps I'll be able to do it by the time he gets back to this neighborhood."

"There, Gertie, that's the best evidence we've had yet that our mutual friend Curtis is getting better. His Clinton fighting blood is beginning to assert itself."

"Had you known Horace better, Curtis," Gertrude remarked, "you would not have exposed yourself as you did after you knocked him down. He has an uncontrollable temper, and is therefore very dangerous. I'm awfully sorry that I was the cause of the quarrel which led to your sad misfortune."

"I have no regrets over that matter," Curtis replied, "only that I did not knock him down again before he was able to pick up a stone. Oh, that I had then known his reason for trying to defame your good name, Gertie! He would not be roaming at large to-day."

"Shall we have him arrested, Curtis?" interrogated Walter.

"No, Walter, my good fellow. It's all a thing of the past now, and Horace has trouble enough with his men, heaven knows. Perhaps some day he will repent of all his vile deeds and come and ask our forgiveness. What does the Good Book say?—'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

"You are certainly very charitable and forgiving, Curtis, considering all you are suffering on his account," Gertrude replied, with gratitude, as she noted the magnanimous and forgiving spirit manifested by her patient.

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TWO IMPORTANT PAINTINGS

"The coming of my ministering angel must be the cause, for already I feel like loving my enemies," Curtis quietly answered.

"Speaking of Horace's trouble with his men," Walter resumed, "I wouldn't be surprised to see him have a row with the Dagoes on his return, as they claim he has not paid them for two months for their work, and they are now loudly clamoring to get hold of him. They're a bad lot when they get angry. Horace had better pay them up or else keep out of their way."

"What are Dagoes?" asked Gertrude, with a look of surprise.

"Foreigners — Italians — graders, with shovels and barrows in the muskegs. There are a hundred or more of them in Horace's employ, and they are ready to camp on his trail when he returns."

"Is he making a great success of contracting? He pretends to be very wealthy, and the people at home regard him as one of the strongest financial men in that part of the country."

"No; I should say he was not a howling success, judging from what I've heard," replied Walter. "He has a swelled head, and thinks what he doesn't know about contracting is scarcely worth knowing. He has launched out far beyond his depth, I fear—has a large number of contracts here and there, and has taken the work at too low a price. I would not be surprised some day to see Horace in the hole. He's not half as good a business man as was his father, Jake."

"What do you mean by 'in the hole'? You have some new expressions, I observe, Walter, since you left our quiet country home."

"Pardon my slang, Gertie. We rude creatures some-

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times say 'in the hole' or 'in the soup' when we mean failure or bankruptcy—a more expressive term, you see.”

“Oh, I understand; and should failure result here, would that involve his farm and the Clinton farm at home?”

“I fear it would; but perhaps his affairs may turn out better than my anticipations. He must have had considerable wealth after his father's death; but it does not take long sometimes to dispose of a fortune in this contracting business, especially with a man of Horace Sullivan's type at the head of affairs.”

“Had any move been made to dispossess grandfather of the homestead before you left, Gertie?” enquired Curtis, aroused at Gertrude's last question.

“No, Curtis, but your grandfather had grave fears that such action would be taken when he heard Horace had purchased the mortgages.”

“Perhaps Horace left in too big a hurry to give any instructions to his solicitors,” Curtis suggested, “which may account for the delay.”

Walter renewed the fire by placing more wood in the stove, and then started another line of conversation with the following question:

“I was deeply interested in what you stated in your story a little while ago, Gertie, about a certain gold locket containing a miniature painting of one of your ancestors who once lived in Virginia. You said you got the painting out of your trunk that night and took it into Squire Clinton's room and induced him to tell you the story of your mother. Tell me, please, where you obtained that picture?”

“It was among those other keepsakes my mother gave me in New York. I laid the locket away, and had not thought of it for years until that sleepless night, when

TWO IMPORTANT PAINTINGS

thoughts of my dear mother took possession of me, which naturally led to a recollection of the old gold locket and the splendid miniature painting it contained.

"Where is that picture now?"

"In the bottom of my trunk, in the other building. Would you like to see it, Walter?"

"Very much, indeed. Would it be too much trouble to get it to-night? I'm exceedingly interested in seeing it, since you say it represents an old Virginian."

"No trouble whatever—it will only require a minute or two."

"Very well, Gertie; and while you're bringing a portrait of your Virginian ancestor I will bring a painting of one of my forefathers who lived in Virginia many years ago. We'll compare them, Gertie, and see which is the better looking."

"Where did you get your painting, Walter?"

"It was given me by my father in England when I was a very little boy. I'll just run over to my tent and get it out of the bottom of my trunk."

They were gone but a few minutes, and then each returned with a beautiful, large gold locket. Walter brought the light to Curtis's bedside and held his locket up beside Gertrude's, so that Curtis could see them both. The similarity was quickly observed by all parties.

"Why, they are just alike," Curtis remarked, with great surprise. "How can that be? Now open them, and I'll soon tell you which of your old Virginian ancestors is the handsomer."

Each locket was opened by its respective owner and held close to Curtis's eyes, in order that he might compare them. Not a word was said for a few moments, as Curtis gazed earnestly first at one and then at the other,

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and then, taking them in his own hands, held them closely together and gazed long at them in perfect silence.

"Well, Curtis, which is the winner?" Gertrude at length asked, with a smile. "But perhaps you're too modest to be a judge. You need not fear that you will wound our feelings, eh, Walter? Out with the truth, then, Curtis."

"They are identical. What does this mean, Walter, Gertie? Can it be that you are both descendants of the same family? God grant that it may be true, but it seems utterly impossible, as one of you came from the States and the other from England."

"They are pictures of one and the same man, Gertie, as sure as there's a God in heaven," cried Walter, in an ecstasy of joy, as he passed the lockets over to Gertrude, after he had made a long and close comparison.

"Well, well! Wonders will never cease! How can this be? They certainly are exactly alike," declared Gertie, with great exultation, after she had carefully compared them. "Why, then, we must be related by ties of blood. What a grand discovery! I'm pleased to know you, Walter, as my long-lost ninety-ninth cousin."

"Nothing could give me more pleasure this moment, Gertrude Westwood, than this wonderful discovery," Walter rapturously replied, and then the two clasped hands and shouted and danced joyfully around the room, reminding Curtis again of their happy childhood days in the old Loyalist home on the Bay of Quinte.

"How strange," Curtis remarked, "that those pictures should come together from different parts of the world, remain side by side in our old home all these years, and that only now, in this far-away wilderness, are we finding out that you two have sprung from a common

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ancestry. Surely 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.'"

"It's a very hopeful sign, indeed, when my patient already begins to quote Shakespeare," Gertrude replied, with much joy and merriment.

Shortly afterward Gertrude said: "Do you not think, Curtis, that Walter should tell us something about his early life and how he came by that picture? Never a word has he told us of his boyhood days in England, throughout all the years we have known him."

"Yes, I will be interested now, Gertie, in knowing something about the early life of this illustrious cousin you have just discovered. I do not remember that you ever told us much, Walter, about your family, or how you came to this country."

"It's not a very long story," Walter began, "and since you are more interested now than ever before in my family history I will endeavor to tell you something about it, even though it may prove a dreary recital of sad events.

"My first recollection is of a kind father and mother in a very comfortable home. But my father drank heavily, and after a prolonged spree now and again, would find all his earnings were spent. He was a newspaper man in London—a writer on one of the large morning papers—but he lost his position through excessive drink, and about that time my mother, a beautiful, sweet, Christian woman, died in premature childbirth. I can just remember her death, and how sorrowful my father was. After that father went to the bad very fast, and I, the only child, scarcely more than an infant, had to go out and sell papers on the street, in order to earn a few pennies to live on when father was drunk.

"We moved from our comfortable apartments into a

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miserable, dirty room, in an old ramshackle tenement house. There we lived in a half-famished condition for some time, and my father drank up the most of his own slight earnings and mine as well. I often came in wet and cold and hungry, with not a morsel in the room to eat, and would crawl in bed beside father, lying there in a drunken stupor, and would cry myself to sleep.

"When he was sober he was kind and good, and would talk to me about my dear mother, and tell me what a good woman she was, and would sometimes kneel down beside me and pray earnestly that God would shield me and protect me, and preserve me from the curse that had ruined him. He would pray, too, that he might be preserved from the temptation to drink, in order that he might be a help to his poor little boy. He would reform for a time, but his old chums would get round him and lead him off to drink again.

"I loved my father when he was sober, and would kiss and plead with him not to drink any more, and he would promise me he would try and give it up, and I know he did try very, very hard time and again.

"It was on one of those occasions when sober that he took this gold locket from his pocket, showed me the portrait within it, and told me it was painted by his great-great-grandmother, Margaret Earle by name, a wealthy woman in high social life, whose husband was a member of King George's Government. I remember the name Margaret Earle very distinctly, and that the portrait was of her father, who lived in Virginia. I cannot recall the name of her father, and think perhaps it was not mentioned to me.

"This picture and locket my father told me had been handed down from family to family, and that he, Walter Earle, had been given it by his father just before the

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latter's death. 'And now, Walter, my dear little boy,' said he to me, 'I shall not live very long—in fact, I fear my end is very close at hand. I have nothing to leave you except this locket, which I now give you for fear I might be induced some time to pawn it for drink. You must be careful to preserve it, as I and all your forefathers have done, and when you are through with it, pass it over to your son, or next heir, if you have any. There has been an unbroken chain thus far in the descent, and our name has always been above reproach. I've been a spendthrift, and sent your poor mother to a premature grave through my reckless life, but outside of that no stain rests upon your good name, and I trust a kind Providence may shield you, and that you may grow up to be a good and useful man, and that some day this gold locket may be of some service to you or your family.'

"Soon after this father died and was buried, I presume, in a pauper's grave, and I was turned out on the streets of London. I made a little money by selling papers—enough to keep body and soul together—but became more and more ragged and filthy, until my strength at last gave way and I had to be supported by my pals, the other newsboys, who were about as poor as I was. They were very kind to me, however, and brought me food and drink every day in the old rookery where a number of us slept. Fortunately, the good care they gave me, and the lovely spring sunshine, enabled me to pull around again, and I went out on the street once more to earn my living. I did very well, grew much stronger, and was able to help some of my pals when they got sick.

"One day I was standing in front of a big store with some papers under my arm, looking at the beautiful

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sights in the window and shouting to the passers-by, when a lady came out from the store, unhitched her spirited horse, stepped into her dog-cart, and drove away. In some unexplainable manner she dropped her lines, which fell to the ground. Her horse did not heed her shouts of 'Whoa! whoa! whoa!' but started to dash up the crowded street.

"I saw what had taken place. Throwing down my papers I ran with all my might, caught hold of the lines, and by pulling and sawing the horse's mouth managed to stop the animal before it had gone very far, and thus prevented what might have proved a very serious accident. I handed the lady the lines, and she said: 'Thank you, my dear little boy. You are very brave and kind, indeed, and here's a coin for you; and I will be glad if you will tell me your name and address.'

"I noticed it was gold, and I was sure it was a sovereign.

"'No, thank you, lady,' I said. 'I'm glad I had the chance to save you from getting hurt. I do not want any pay. Give your money to some sick child. I was once very sick myself, and nearly died.'

"She looked at me for a moment with a pitying smile, and then said very kindly: 'You're a little gentleman, even if you are ragged and dirty. Get in beside me here and I'll take you home with me and buy you a new suit of clothes, and perhaps we can be of some service to each other in the future. Jump up here quickly. You're a fine fellow.'

"Well, Gertie and Curtis, you better believe a London street Arab knows a good thing when he sees it, and you may rest assured Walter Earle was not long in climbing into that dog-cart, even if I did refuse to take her shining gold coin.

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“The kind lady drove to some bath-rooms, took me in, and ordered them to make me thoroughly clean and to cut my long hair. She then drove away, and presently returned with one of the nicest suits in all of the city of London. When I was dressed up like a young prince she took me home with her. Of course, I took good care to get my gold locket and jack-knife out of my old clothes before they threw them into the fire, where I had the bath.

“It was a grand home I was taken to, and the lady, Mrs. Cross, made me her servant. I was a messenger boy and bellboy, and did lots of things about the house, and had a nice room all to myself and plenty to eat and pretty picture books, and all that heart could wish for.

“Mrs. Cross and the family were all very kind to me, and I did my best to please them, and I seemed to succeed pretty well.

“One day, after I had been there some weeks, Mrs. Cross said to me: ‘Walter, how would you like to go to Canada? I have a friend out there who writes me that if you care to go out he will undertake to find you a respectable home, where you will have a chance to be educated and to get a start in life. I like you for my servant very much, but a smart, young boy out in Canada may become more than a servant—in fact, he may become one of the great men of that country. So, having your future welfare in mind, I wrote my friend about you, and told him what kind of a boy you are, and he has requested me to send you out. But you must use your own judgment, Walter, and decide for yourself. I merely make the suggestion and you must now make your choice.’

“Of course, I could not say no when Mrs. Cross had been so kind, and when I had a desire to see something

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of the world. The result was I took the next steamer for Montreal, with my passage paid to Kingston, some money in my pocket, and a letter of introduction to Mrs. Cross's friend, the member for Kingston and the present Premier of Canada.

"I had a great trip across the ocean, and enjoyed every minute of the time, as I was never seasick and always had a good appetite. I was sorry when we reached Montreal. There I was packed aboard a stuffy train for the west, and in a few hours was landed in Kingston. After some delay, I found the member's office, and handed him my letter. He shook hands with me very cordially, after reading the letter, and asked me how I enjoyed the trip, enquired about Mrs. Cross and her family, and then—would you believe it?—our present Premier took me to his own comfortable home, where I was treated as his guest, with every mark of civility and kindness, as though I were as great a gentleman as he.

"A few days after this my host said to me: 'Walter, I met an old friend of mine to-day in the city, named George Clinton, a substantial farmer living some thirty or forty miles up the Bay of Quinte, who tells me he will take you home with him, educate you, and treat you as his own child. He has two grandchildren and an adopted daughter, all about your age, and fine children they are. The school is quite near, and he has lots of horses, cows, pigs, and sheep, and this good farmer says he'll allow you to ride the geese to water and curry off the hens. What do you say? Would you like to go and live with my good friend, Squire George Clinton, on the farm, or shall I find you a position as a clerk in the city?'

"My story is ended, for, as you well know, I went to live with the good old Loyalist farmer, who since that day has been my staunch friend and benefactor, using

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part of the proceeds of his farm in these latter years to give me an engineering education and fit me for my present duties.

"Can you wonder, then, Gertie, Curtis, that I venerate and love that good man, who has been so kind to me?"

"Of course, I kept the locket with me, and always laid it away carefully wherever I chanced to be, as my father advised me to do; but never until this hour did I learn to value it as I do now, when I find that you and I, Gertie, through these paintings, can definitely and positively establish a blood relationship. This not only intensifies our admiration for each other, but it will make glad the heart of our common benefactor, Squire Clinton, and all his family, as it has Curtis here, when they learn the strange, though joyful news."

The evening being now far advanced, the patient, Curtis, was made comfortable for the night, and then Gertrude and Walter, bidding him good-night, repaired to their respective shacks, and a deep, tranquil sleep soon took possession of everyone in the camp.

CHAPTER XIX.

TWO PATIENTS IN ONE SHACK.

WINTER closed in early and during the following weeks Gertrude Westwood found plenty to occupy her time. She gave her patient the most careful attention, and had the satisfaction of finding that the serious fracture of the skull in the forehead was healing nicely and that he was gradually growing stronger.

Dr. Thorp called from time to time to examine and dress the wound and to give explicit instructions concerning the treatment of her patient.

The doctor and the nurse sometimes had long and interesting chats about their professional work and experiences, and occasionally Dr. Thorp would tell some amusing stories of student days by way of breaking the monotony, and would have the nurse convulsed with laughter and her patient aroused and looking cheerful. It was always a comfort and pleasure to see the genial doctor put in an appearance, and many of his amusing sayings were discussed in this lonely engineering camp after he had passed on down the line of railway, cheering the hearts of hundreds of other diseased or wounded patients in the various construction camps.

The doctor was an employee of the railway company, and consequently had a field hundreds of miles in extent in which to operate. He had an advantage over ordinary medical practitioners in that he was a "sky pilot" as well. As a matter of fact the medical

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degree had been a secondary matter with Dr. Thorp at college. He was known at McGill originally as a Presbyterian "theolog" for several years, and was regarded a crack sport on the campus, where he loved to mingle with his fellow-students in their various games.

The college football team was never considered to be at its best unless Thorp's burly form was present. It was always a foregone conclusion that he would carry off certain of the best prizes at the annual sports, in the various feats where strength and endurance win the day.

He was a keen debater, and some of the boys who had heard him hold forth in certain outlying districts, whispered around that Thorp was a good preacher as well as a debater. Soon it became a custom for the students to attend in large numbers when Thorp was announced to preach.

After graduating in theology, he continued his studies in medicine, already begun, and in due time came forth from the college as a full-fledged medical doctor, ready to hang out his shingle.

By this time Thorp was a well-known character in the social life of Montreal, and certain officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company thought he was a good man to send out among the thousands of laborers employed on construction. As that idea was agreeable to Thorp, he soon found himself at the front with a wide sphere in which to operate in the dual capacity of a physician and missionary, for which his education had specially fitted him.

He had been in the harness for many months when called upon to attend Curtis Clinton, and from a wide practical experience and contact with scores of men in the intense agonies of life, due to all kinds of accidents, and oftentimes in the hour of death as well, Doctor Thorp

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had learned what many another good physician has experienced, that when medical treatment has failed to prove effective, a brief, earnest conversation on spiritual things—directing the patient's mind to a higher source of power, to the "Great Physician" Himself—has often brought consolation, and "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," in the last dying moments.

Many a man had Dr. Thorp been the means of leading from spiritual darkness into the marvellous light of God, and at many a lonely grave beside that great Transcontinental Railway, over which millions of people have since comfortably glided, did he read the solemn burial service in the midst of a group of workmen standing with bared heads, paying their last respects to a fellow-laborer who had fallen by the way.

"What is this long roll of paper for, Walter, with little square and black and red lines?" asked Gertrude, one day, as she stepped into the engineer's office, where the chief, seated on a stool beside the table, was engaged with plans, profiles, cross-sections and estimates.

"That's a profile, Gertie."

"Yes, doubtless; but what's a profile?"

"Well, that continuous uneven black line represents the surface of the ground along the centre line of the railway as finally located."

"How do you know it does?"

"Why, we took levels, of course, with an instrument for that purpose, and finding the elevation at every station one hundred feet apart and at certain intermediate points as well, plotted these elevations on the paper. Every square horizontally represents one hundred feet and every square vertically five feet."

"Good. I understand that perfectly. And now pray what is that red line bending up and down, some-

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times running level and often cutting through the black line which you call the surface line?"

"That's the grade line."

"Well, what's the grade line for, Mr. Engineer?"

"In the construction of our grade or road-bed we cut down the hills and fill up the hollows, and that red line marks about where the train will run when the contractors have completed their work. That above the red line we call 'cuts,' and that below, 'fills,' and in fixing our grades we endeavor, as nearly as possible, to make the cuts equal the fills. Where they do not even up we 'borrow' from the sides to make up the deficiency."

"Why, that's easy. I can understand that like a book. I thought engineering work was difficult."

"Where did you get that silly impression?" asked Walter, with a grim smile, as he turned on his stool and looked keenly at his questioner.

"Why, because you made such a fuss about your hard studies at McGill in your college days. But look here, what's this large roll for? Pardon my curiosity, but I may as well learn it all now since I've made a start."

"That's a 'plan' of the line of railway, with a narrow strip on either side, on which the general topography of the country is indicated, as you see."

"What's that good for?"

"Well, it makes an interesting picture for the officials in Montreal to look at, and they will insist on having an endless number of copies of our plans and profiles, no matter how much work we have on our hands here in the field. But seriously, the plan is useful, first in assisting us in locating the road, and then in preserving a record of that location."

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"No doubt, but what I want to get at is how you go about doing the work represented by this plan."

"All right, Gertie. Now, observe these straight, red lines—some short, some long—joined to one another at different angles and extending clear across the paper?"

"Yes, my eyesight is excellent and the lines are very clearly defined."

"Well, the position of these lines was found by actual surveys with transit and chain, over hills, through ravines, across inlets of the bay, always keeping a perfectly straight line until reaching a certain point, where the nature of the ground forbade going farther in that direction, and from thence turning an angle and running on such a new course as would be more favorable for the line of railway. Thus a continuous line bending back and forth in its course has been marked out on the ground by stakes planted one hundred feet apart and at every angle point as well, throughout the whole length of the railway."

"Why, that's as easy as rolling off a log, Walter, and now, pray, what are these curves for at every angle of the red lines?"

"If an engine and train of cars could turn a corner as easily as you can, those curves would not be there; but, unfortunately, they will not. The wheels will persist in leaving the rails when you desire to move the train round an angle, unless you bend the rails to an easy curve. So after finding the first line, we fit in curves just suited for the purpose at every angle, and then, abandoning the first line from the point where the curve meets it up to the point of intersection with the next line, we grade the roadbed on the curves and the tangents connecting them, lay the ties and rails thereon and, presto! the next thing you see is a train of cars

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bending gracefully round the curves from one straight tangent to another and gliding along with all the ease imaginable."

"What a delightful sensation it is, too, Walter, reclining in your Pullman, with a good book in your hand, and glancing up occasionally to find yourself sweeping round the shore of some beautiful lake on the one side, or just avoiding some ugly projecting rocks, or an immense cliff, on the other?"

"Yes, nurse, that is usually a very pleasant experience, indeed, and I sometimes wonder how many of those enjoying the luxury of modern railway travel ever for a moment consider the thought, toil and privation of the faithful engineer, who marked out the route, designed the details of trestles, culverts, bridges and tunnels, and rendered such travel comfortable and comparatively safe."

"Have I learned all about railway location and construction in this short time? My, but I must be clever!" Gertrude remarked, with a gay laugh, as she turned to leave the office.

"There may be a few details, Gertie, you will yet have to learn before you fully understand a profession many wise heads have spent the best part of a lifetime in acquiring, and in which I feel I have only just made a beginning."

"Thank you very much for your initial lessons today, Chief Earle, and now, after attending my patient, I will go for a constitutional on Curtis's snow-shoes up along the grade. I'll be back in an hour or so with a good appetite for dinner. You may expect me again in a few days for my second lesson."

But Gertrude was detained somewhat longer with her patient that morning than usual. She was particularly

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cheerful and happy as she entered Curtis's shack, and she carried with her a ray of sunshine and happiness to the patient, who had just awakened from a good night's sleep and was anxiously awaiting her appearance.

"I've just been learning from Walter how to build railways, Curtis," she said, as she began her usual morning duties in the sick room, after the first greetings were over.

"Yes, Gertie, with what result? Do you think you can learn the business?"

"Why, I find it's the easiest thing in the world. Already I know all about plans and profiles, tangents and curves, grades and levels, cuts and fills, and many other things too numerous to mention."

"Well done. You must be an apt scholar."

"Yes, indeed—that's what Walter has just been telling me. Soon I shall be an expert on snowshoes, as well, and I'm going out now for an hour's constitutional."

"I am very glad to hear that, too, Gertie. But best of all, you know how to bring comfort and joy to a poor, lonely invalid."

"Oh, but it took me years to learn that, Curtis. Building railways and snowshoeing are easy compared with nursing cross invalids. My profession requires not only ability—but tact and patience and skill and unselfishness and—"

"Have I been very cross, Gertie?" interrupted her patient.

"No, not extremely so. But I shall expect you to be very good indeed after you have eaten this nice breakfast I've just brought you, steaming, from the cook's shanty. Isn't that whitefish tempting?"

"Yes, and your coffee and toast are delicious."

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They chatted away with a vein of humor in their conversation while Curtis ate his breakfast and the nurse completed her work in the patient's room.

As Gertrude was about to remove the tray and start out on her snowshoeing tramp, Curtis took her hand in his, and, looking into her eyes, said: "Are you in a hurry this morning, Gertie?"

"Yes and no—it depends on circumstances."

"I've something I wish to tell you—something that may surprise you; but I've been longing to speak to you about it for a long time."

"Really!" Then my morning tramp must be postponed."

"Thank you, Gertie. You are indeed kind."

"Is it some pleasant surprise, Curtis, or will it cause a chill?"

"You must be the judge, Gertie. I will tell you in a few words. I love you very dearly and trust my confession may not produce a chill. I have always loved you since we were children, and have cherished the hope all these years that some day you would be mine. I cannot withhold this confession any longer, even though I am an invalid. You can scarcely realize how anxious I am to know if you love me in return—if you will some day become my beloved wife?"

Gertrude's smiling face became serious as she listened to Curtis's earnest words, expressing a love she realized to be genuine and deep and true. She made no reply, but, sitting on a stool beside him, looked into his kindly eyes and beyond into the depths of his being, and that love light, that ne'er was seen o'er land or sea, illuminated their souls, and Curtis read the answer in Gertrude's tearful eyes.

"Was it a pleasant surprise, Gertie?" he asked, after

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a few minutes had elapsed, during which not a word was spoken.

"Yes, Curtis, I believe you, and I return your love with all the intensity of my nature. I have been yours at heart ever since you kissed me that Christmas night under the mistletoe, and have often wondered why, if you loved me, you did not confess it, as I had no other means of knowing your thoughts. This, Curtis dear, I declare to be the happiest moment of my life, and I shall be proud some day, if you can forget what has taken place, to become yours forever."

Gertrude dropped on her knees beside the cot. Curtis folded her in his arms and their lips met in a loving kiss which forever sealed the former contract made in childhood days under the mistletoe in the old Loyalist's home.

"I think your patient will recover very rapidly now, Gertie, dear," Curtis said, a little later, with a happy expression on his pale face.

"I sincerely hope so," she replied, her sweet face radiant with joy, "and now that you are really mine, I shall redouble my efforts to restore my patient to his accustomed health by cheering him in his lonely hours in this far-away wilderness-home."

A few minutes later Nurse Westwood, with snowshoes on her feet, took the well-beaten path up the ravine and soon reached the railway grade. Here she found a fine course for snowshoeing and tramped along for a mile or more, leaving the imprint of her large shoes upon the deep and spotless snow.

The morning air was crisp, and the exertion sent the blood tingling through her veins, and made her feel so buoyant that she determined upon going still another mile before turning back to the engineering camp.

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Gertrude had not gone far, however, until she came to a wide ravine where the grade had only been partially made by the navvies with their wheel-barrows from borrow-pits in the muskeg on either side.

From the elevation where she stood looking over the ravine, she could see the camp of these foreigners on a slight elevation of the grade, in the shelter of a thicket of spruce and tamarack. She had heard about these "Dagoes" in camp and had a curiosity to see where and how they lived. She climbed down the steep incline with some difficulty, and continued her tramp through the muskeg, where the timber had all been cut to the width of the right-of-way. The men were not working upon the grade and not a man could be seen as she advanced, but their voices could be heard in a great clatter, apparently back in the thicket behind their shacks and tents.

Hearing this loud din of voices, Gertrude stopped and listened, and thought perhaps she had better go back, as it might not be safe to expose herself unprotected among these rude, low-bred foreigners. But she was not a timid girl, and her curiosity to see their camping place overcame her scruples and fears, so she tramped on across the muskeg through the deep snow, which packed firmly beneath her feet.

As she drew near the camp she saw the men, apparently about a hundred in number, all standing together in a bunch back of the camp, and some two or three were talking in a very loud voice. Then all joined in what seemed to be an angry chatter, as they jumped about and shook their fists at some central person, as though threatening him with violent hands.

The air was perfectly still. Stopping again and listening, Gertrude heard someone say, "Yes, yes.

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I'll pay you every single cent I owe you when I get to camp. I have no money here, I say. Let me go, and I shall see that you all get your pay."

Then came the reply, "No, no! Pay me now! Pay me dis minute! Me no wait! Me hang you to tree! You fool me two, tree, times, pay me an' my men—now—quick—or up you go."

Then Gertrude heard the loud reply, "I can't pay you now, curse you. And if you dare to put that rope round my neck I shall have you and all your men sent as prisoners to Montreal. Take your hands off me this minute, I say! Let me go, you infernal, blood-thirsty Dagoes!"

Gertrude could detect terror and fear in this man's voice, and determination and anger in that of the Dago leader, who now replied, "Montreal long way off. You pay me now, quick, or up you go, an' die, quick. Pay me, I say, or die, quick—quick."

Then the man who was held prisoner tried to break away and shouted and swore and tried to strike and kick, but could not free himself from the grasp of the crowd of angry men. Soon the chatter began again, and the frenzied men ran to one side and began to pull on a long rope, hand over hand.

Intense horror and dread seized Gertrude when she saw that the rope had been passed over the limb of a tree, that a noose at the other end had been placed around the man's neck and a handkerchief tied over his face. Thus the poor creature, writhing and twisting, was being suspended between heaven and earth. She felt like screaming at the top of her voice. What could she do? Did they really intend to hang him? Were they cold-blooded murderers?

Up, up he went, slowly but surely, higher and higher,

TWO PATIENTS IN ONE SHACK

his hands tied behind his back and his legs lashed together. As she heard the increasing fiendish yells of exultation from a hundred throats, she understood the poor creature's death had been determined upon and a peculiar sinking sensation crept over her.

Then an impulse suddenly seized her to rescue that man if possible, even at the sacrifice of her own life. Throwing off her gloves she quickly sundered the buckskin strings of her snowshoes with a strong pen-knife she carried, and free from this encumbrance, darted like a deer up the well-beaten path from the railway grade toward the men, with the open knife in her hand, and with strong determination in her heart.

The leader, who stood apart from his men and underneath his victim, saw the approaching woman; but the men, with upturned faces to the suspended creature now high in the air, not observing her, continued their hellish yells and still pulled on the rope. The leader looked with amazement and awe upon the approaching apparition, as he thought, from the spirit world. But just as the vile murderer, who had a terrible dread of ghosts, was about to call upon his men to let go their hold of the rope and flee, Gertrude, like a flash, reached up above their hands, and with one stroke of her knife, severed the small, tense rope.

The suspended victim immediately dropped to the ground, struck on his feet and fell over on his face. She quickly stepped to his side, loosened the noose, and cut the cords that bound his arms and feet. Then, rolling him upon his back, she cut open his collar and shirt and began rubbing the swollen veins with her bare hands.

The man's face, only partially disclosed owing to the handkerchief, was black and swollen, and he gasped

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and struggled in awful agony for a few minutes as nature began to assume her functions once more.

In the meantime the Italian leader, with his excited men, clustered around Gertrude in a very threatening attitude, now that he discovered she was an active inhabitant of this world rather than a passive dweller in the kingdom of ghosts. They did not like the idea of being robbed of their victim, and with hands on the hilts of their knives, with which weapon every one seemed to be provided, were giving vent to fierce mutterings which in language she could not understand, but which in thought she readily comprehended.

"What are you hanging this man for?" Gertrude demanded of the leader, who now boldly stepped up to her as she arose from her stooped position beside the victim.

"He no pay me an' my men wages—long time—no good. Me hang him yet to dat tree. Me make him pay or die, quick."

"No! You will not hang him," cried the intrepid nurse, with all the courage and defiance she could muster. "I'm a friend of the engineer, Mr. Earle, and I will see that you get your pay. Who is this poor fellow you have nearly killed?"

"Contractor Boss Sullivan," said the leader, sullenly. "He no good."

"What! Not Horace Sullivan?" cried Gertrude, as she turned in amazement, and cutting away the handkerchief gazed into the prostrate man's face, which, although bloated and black, revealed that it was none other than he.

"Yes, Boss Contractor Horace Sullivan. No pay. Bad man," repeated the foreman, savagely, as he shook his fist at the helpless contractor.

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"Oh, God! Can it be possible Thou hast ordained that I should save Horace Sullivan's life?" Gertrude gasped, as she recognized the helpless creature writhing at her feet. "Can it be that my steps have been divinely guided to this place to save the life of that miserable man?"

Then, turning to the foreman, she nervously cried:

"Where did you find him, sir? Where did he come from?"

"He come back to camp las' night. Me catch him, bring him to my camp. Me ask pay, no pay he say—me hang him, bad man—no good."

"Where is the Contractor's camp?"

"Tree, four mile down grade dere," and the leader pointed in a direction still farther away from Gertrude's camp, through rocky cliffs and sombre forest.

"What can be done with Horace Sullivan?" Gertrude asked herself, aloud. "It will not do to leave him with this rough gang of men. It might not be possible to get them to convey him safely to his own camp, and even if they did the man might die there without proper care."

While she was thus engaged in thought she heard Horace groan, and looking round saw that the men had spliced the rope she had cut in twain, and again put it over the limb of the tree and were in the act of putting the noose around his neck preparatory to hauling him up the second time. Surely they were a desperate gang, she thought, and something decisive must now be done.

"Look here!" she said to the leader, in a kindly voice, as she endeavored to realize the actual condition of affairs; "if you hang that man you will get none of the money he owes you, and you will all be arrested

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and tried for murder and every man of you will be hung, for I will witness against you. But if you will now carry him to the engineer's camp, where I live, I'll promise you that as soon as he gets well—in a few days—he shall pay you every cent he owes you, or else the engineer shall pay you, and keep it out of the contractor's estimates—do you understand me, sir?"

"Yes. Do you promise dat, lady?" said the leader, excitedly, as he ordered his men to keep quiet and leave the man alone.

"Yes. I promise that, and you can depend upon it."

"Swear, den, lady! Swear you'll pay me dat money!"

"Very well. I swear to keep that promise, so help me God," and Gertrude raised her right hand, as she had seen Horace do on a former memorable occasion.

"All right, lady. We no hang him. We carry him, go ahead. We bring him fast. We take him to engineer's camp. Engineers, good fellows—no cheat workmen."

Gertrude had been successful in her negotiations, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of binding on her snowshoes and leading the way back to camp, followed by a horde of rough foreigners, bearing Horace Sullivan in a helpless condition on an improvised stretcher.

There on a cot in Curtis Clinton's shack, almost within Curtis's reach, Horace Sullivan was nursed by Gertrude Westwood for several days until strength was again restored. Curtis and Gertrude endeavored to be friendly with the unfortunate creature under their charge. Horace would say but little, however, and expressed no sorrow for the injury he had done these friends of his childhood. Selfishness, jealousy and ingratitude

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were still the controlling forces of his nature. He thought any semblance of humility on his part under these circumstances would be an everlasting disgrace to him, the wealthy contractor. In a few days, Horace sent to his camp for money and paid off the Dagoes, who at once packed their turkeys and started off for a new field of operation. Then, as soon as he was able, Horace rudely took leave of his benefactors by asking them the amount of their account for services, without a single expression of regret for his injury to Curtis or of thankfulness to Gertrude Westwood for saving his life.

They would not accept a cent of his money, of course, and all breathed more freely after Contractor Sullivan had left the engineer's camp.

"The next patient you bring into this ward, Gertie, will, I trust, be more companionable than the one who has just left us," Curtis remarked, with a sigh of relief, and a cheerful smile.

"It has been a trying ordeal, Curtis, for both of us," replied Gertrude, "but there is great satisfaction, is there not, in feeling that we have done what little we could to help that poor creature in his dire distress? Let us hope that his latest experience may teach him to become a better man."

CHAPTER XX.

A WELCOME VISITOR TO CAMP.

THE weeks and months of winter followed one another in rapid succession, when, to the surprise of the survey party, it was discovered that the spring sunshine was beginning to melt the snow and uncover the bald heads of the peaks, causing many rivulets to sing cheerful songs on their way down the hillside to the great parent lake.

Curtis continued to improve under the skilful treatment of Dr. Thorp and the good care of his nurse, and, although still confined to his shack, was growing stronger day by day.

Nothing unusual had occurred to break the monotony of the lonely camp, except that Gertrude had actually shot a large bull moose, which Walter had discovered one day quite near the shacks. She was a little nervous, and showed some disposition toward "buck-fever," but, encouraged by Walter, who assisted her in getting the Winchester in range, she took careful aim, blazed away and had the proud satisfaction of seeing the monster moose fall to the ground, pierced through the heart.

One moonlight night after supper, as the trio were having their usual pleasant chat in Curtis's shack about camp affairs and the good friends at home, a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Walter, who supposed it was the cook, desiring to make some enquiries about the supplies or meals for the morrow. The door opened

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and an elderly, large, smooth-faced man entered, carrying an old rifle in one hand, an ordinary black leather grip in the other, with a small bundle of blankets strapped across his back. His fur cap was pushed well back on his head, his great coat was unbuttoned, and he carried his heavy mittens in his hand. Imagine their surprise when they discovered the visitor to be Squire Clinton, the one man above all others these lonely people desired to see.

"Grandfather!" shouted Curtis from his cot in the corner, and nearly sprang from his bed.

"My good old benefactor!" said Walter, as he jumped to his feet and rushed to meet him.

"My dear guardian!" Gertrude exclaimed, and fairly flew to his side.

"Is supper ready, children? I'm as hungry as an old bear when he comes out of his hole in the spring. I can't seem to get enough to eat in this starvation country of rocks and trees.

"Lord bless my soul! I never would have come to make you a visit had I known it was so far. I'm glad to find you all looking so well, and to see you so comfortable, away out here in this blooming wilderness."

While Squire Clinton was making these remarks he placed his rifle in the corner of the shack, put down his grip, unstrapped the blankets from his shoulders, and then stood for a moment looking at the astonished group before him, with a broad smile on his handsome, ruddy countenance.

"Bless your dear old heart!" cried Gertrude, as she again and again threw her arms about Squire Clinton's neck. She wept tears of joy as she held him closely, kissed him, and told him how it gladdened her heart to see him once more.

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"There now, Gertie," exclaimed the Squire, with the old-time, good-natured bluster, when the nurse had set him free, "that's the roughest usage I've had on my five hundred mile trip from North Bay. You've sadly disarranged my toilet and nearly shut off my breathing apparatus, but I'm awfully glad to see you once more, dear child.

"How are you, Walter? Where did you get that fierce beard? Hardly would have known you had I met you elsewhere." Then, turning to Curtis, the Squire said: "My dear boy Curtis, I'm thankful to God to find you looking so well, after what must have been a very serious illness. We've all been very anxious about you since we heard of your injury, and now I've come all this long way to see you."

Then, kneeling beside Curtis, the loving old grandfather patted and fondled him as though he were a little boy, reminding him of the days of their imprisonment together in the Fenian guardhouse in Oswego, and many other experiences on the farm in the years that followed.

"Where in the world did you come from?" demanded Gertrude a few minutes later, as Squire Clinton took a seat beside the cot.

"How on earth did you get here, grandfather?" asked Curtis.

"Which way did you come from—North Bay?" enquired Walter, who was thinking of the long, ungraded gaps along the hundreds of miles of railway now under construction.

"There now, children, it's very easy to ask questions—three in a row—but that's a long story, which I can relate much better after Gertie has brought me a cup of tea, which you will remember I like hot and clear and strong."

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While the men chatted, Gertrude fairly flew away to the kitchen, where she enlisted the services of the cook, and soon returned with a tray laden with a variety of good things, together with a steaming pot of tea.

"How are all the friends at home?" the nurse enquired, as she arranged the refreshments on a small table, bade the Squire draw near, and took a seat herself in order to pour the steaming beverage.

"They were all well when I left home, and as happy as could be expected, living in Quinte's old log cabin, with Quinte for landlord, chief cook and bottle-washer," said the Squire, as he seated himself at the table.

"What do you mean, grandfather?" Have you lost the—" Curtis could not complete the sentence, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, Curtis, my lad. The old Loyalist Clinton homestead has gone out of our possession, just on the eve of one hundred years' occupation by our family. It is now in the hands of strangers, and, were it not for Quinte's kindness, we would be without a home."

Squire Clinton bowed his head low, took out his large bandana, rubbed his eyes, blew his nose, and then, after solemnly asking a blessing, quietly began his meal. They chatted about various matters until the Squire had finished and pushed his chair back from the table.

"Gertie has told us all that happened up to the time she left," Walter presently remarked. "Your ejection from the old homestead must have taken place since then. I hope it was before the cold weather set in, for it has been unusually cold this winter."

"Yes, the sheriff's bailiff came the very next day after Gertie's departure, and put us out, bag and baggage, on the street, in the rain, and there we sat, weeping together like so many frogs in a thunder-shower. For-

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tunately, Charlie Picton came along, and, discovering our sad plight, soon had the whole neighborhood astir. They were all very kind, and a dozen or more of the neighbors offered to take us in; but we preferred sticking to the old sod, and so had them move us down to the log cabin, of which, as you doubtless know, Quinte Brown holds the deed. It was very fortunate he did, or that doubtless would have gone, too.

"The next day our good friends came with lumber and shingles, and built an addition to the cabin, and we fitted the place up as comfortable as possible, and we stored the rest of our furniture at Charlie Picton's home."

"I suppose Quinte was very glad to have you come to live with him," suggested Gertrude, remembering what the old man had told her on the eventful night when she saved his life from the bullet of the would-be murderer.

"Yes, the poor old fellow was as happy as a lark. 'Golly,' said he, 'dis am fine, Mas'r Clinton, bein' owner an' habin' serbants to wait on yo.' I 'specs I'll renew my youf now, wif all dis white trash in my house waitin' on me. I 'specs ol' Mas'r Clinton in Virginy would almos' turn ober in de grabe if he knowed Moses Brown was now de boss ob de Clinton fambly. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Quinte stepped about as proud as a peacock, played his banjo, sang the old songs over and over, and did everything possible to make everyone happy."

Sad though these young people felt over the news that the old home had passed out of their hands, yet they could not refrain from smiling when Squire Clinton, in his droll way, told what Quinte had said. They well knew that the kind old servant's object in talking that

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way was to divert the minds of the family and create a little merriment in the midst of their distress and gloom.

"What started you off to the north shore, grandfather, and how did you get here?" asked Curtis, after a time, by way of changing the unpleasant subject of the loss of the old farm, on which his affections had become concentrated since leaving home.

"Yes, yes," said the Squire. "Now, I must answer all those questions. You have touched an important matter, Curtis, in which Quinte's black walnut box is involved. While dusting and cleaning in every crack and corner of the cabin, Helen one day found an old manuscript stowed away in an aperture between the logs which had been papered over many years ago. It was quite near the spot where, you will remember, Quinte dug out the black walnut box that stormy Christmas night when we all went down to make him a visit. No wet or dampness had reached the paper, and, fortunately, the mice had not discovered it. To our amazement, we found that it had been written by my great-grandfather, James Clinton, who, you will remember, built the cabin on his crown-granted homestead at the first settlement of the country.

"He had apparently laid the manuscript away in that crevice near the latter end of his life, likely without the knowledge of his family; and in his final days had probably forgotten all about it. But there it was, neatly written, in a firm, bold hand-writing, doubtless with a quill-pen and jet black ink, and every character as well preserved and legible as though it were engraved yesterday."

"Why, that's remarkable, indeed," interrupted Curtis, somewhat excitedly, "and what did it contain, grand-

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father? What did it say about the black walnut box, of which I had almost forgotten?"

"Well, I read it aloud to the family and Quinte, and we all became deeply interested in its contents. I was convinced that it was of considerable importance as an historical relic at least, though perhaps not of any particular value to our family, after the lapse of so many years.

"We discussed it for several days, and old Quinte grieved and wept and upbraided himself for not having handed over the walnut box to his new master in Virginia, and then for not allowing me to open it that Christmas night.

"I was sorry that you children were not all home, especially you, Curtis, since you have the custody of that box, in order that we might have opened it. I, too, brooded over the matter, and growing very lonely through not having much to do to occupy my time, announced one day about a month ago that I was going to take James Clinton's letter and make you children a visit on the north shore of Lake Superior."

"That must have greatly surprised them, grandfather," said Curtis.

"Yes, it did, indeed," resumed Squire Clinton. "Mother and Helen thought I was crazy to think of such a long trip overland, and tried to urge me to wait until navigation opened; but you know when your stubborn old grandfather gets an idea into his head you can't beat it out with a club. Quinte was the only one who gave me any encouragement. He wanted to come along."

"Why didn't you bring him?" enquired Gertrude.

"I fear the old man would not have stood the journey. When they saw I was determined to go, they began packing a trunk with enough truck in it to do me the rest of my life; but I got out my old black grip, put

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James Clinton's letter in the bottom, and then, with some extra socks, shirts, shaving apparatus, comb and brush and a few little nick-nacks—not forgetting some pipes and tobacco—I shouldered my old, reliable rifle, that had done duty for many years, and told them I was ready to start. They had the impression I was going so far away I would never get back, and I began to think so myself before I got here.

“Doubtless, if grandmother and Helen had had an officer handy they would have packed me off to the Rockwood Asylum at Kingston; but I kissed them good-bye, told them I would be back on the first steamer after navigation opened, and started from home. We drove to town, and I took the train for Toronto, where I replenished my supply of cartridges, for I thought the old rifle ought to do some execution up in this forlorn country, from all I had heard.

“We left Toronto the following morning, and I got to North Bay in good time. From there I came west by a construction train to the end of the track, as an ordinary laborer looking for a job on construction.”

“Then your troubles really began, no doubt,” Walter interjected, knowing something of the kind of experience he would probably have the balance of his rough journey, over many miles of partially graded roadbed.

“Troubles, boy? Bless your soul! No, that was the most wonderful experience of my whole life. I wouldn't have missed it for a mint of money.”

“Or you wouldn't go through it again for two mints of money, I suppose, grandfather?” Curtis remarked, with a smile.

“Well, I guess you hit the nail on the head that time, my boy,” laughed the Squire, as he glanced at his clothing, arose to his feet, and showed them his tattered

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trousers and worn shoes. "But I worked the engineer's racket for all it was worth, and, to my great surprise, it worked like a charm."

"What do you mean by the engineer's racket?" asked Walter, who was unfamiliar with the term.

"Well, I told the engineers along the line I had two grandchildren away up the line somewhere, who had charge of an engineering division, and that I was going to make them a visit. They nearly all knew Earle, Walter Earle, good engineer, fine fellow, McGill man, dickens of a long way west, though; but none seemed to know Curtis Clinton; they thought perhaps he was one of those 'Yankee' engineers with which the road was flooded, they said."

"Did they speak about any Yankee nurses?" enquired Gertrude. "I'm a Yankee, you will remember, and am always interested in anything pertaining to the land of my birth."

"That's true, Gertie," said Walter, with a smile, "and you'll soon be known as an engineer as well, after you take a few more lessons in my office."

"I could not have been used better if I had been the president of the C.P.R.," continued Squire Clinton. "Those engineers are grand fellows, every one of them. They passed me on from camp to camp across their divisions, and always laughed and said: 'We'll charge it up to the company, Mr. Clinton,' whenever I offered to pay them for their hospitality and kindness. To my utter amazement, they would send their team with a driver and convey me long distances whenever possible; or they would mount me on snowshoes and give me an escort of at least two guides, where there were poor roads; or they would give me letters to various contrac-

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tors requesting them to give me a 'boost' along the way if it were at all possible.

"The contractors all live like princes, and they supply their men, too, with an abundance of good, wholesome food. To my surprise, many of them had a 'wee drop of the crather' to drink as well, and they always brought it out and offered to treat me; but, of course, you know old grandfather is strictly temperate, and so I invariably declined their friendly offer of liquor with thanks."

There was a pause for a few minutes, when Curtis asked: "Did you find any use for your rifle, grandfather?"

"Ah, did I, boy? I should say I did. Never shall I forget that part of my experience. Several engineers' camps along that five hundred miles are feeding to-day on good, wholesome moose and cariboo meat as a result of my pilgrimage through this barren land, and one large black bearskin adorns the side of an engineer's shack, about one hundred miles from here, owing to the fact that he stirred out from his hole a little early in the season and happened to come in range with your grandfather's trusty gun. One shot through his head at a range of two hundred yards did the business, and I skinned him then and there.

"Bless my heart, but I would have enjoyed taking that bear's pelt home with me to show the natives of our Loyalist community in order to convince them that the old Squire was not telling any of your fanciful bear stories, but it was too heavy to bring along. Carson, the engineer, took my address, and said he would endeavor to preserve it, and send it to me some time when he goes out into civilization; but I scarcely expect ever to see my beautiful bearskin again, except in my dreams, where it has already appeared on several occasions."

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"Once in a while a black fox is seen in this country," Walter here interjected. "I nearly got a shot at one on my division about a year ago, but he was too sly for me. It was a real beauty, though, and would have been a great treasure."

"How did he compare with this one, Walter?" Squire Clinton demanded, as he opened his grip and brought forth a beautiful pelt of a large black fox, which he shook and spread out on the floor of the shack.

"What a trophy to carry home with you!" cried Walter. "That alone should amply repay you for your long, tedious trip into the wilds of Northern Canada."

After they had all admired the valuable pelt, Gertrude remarked: "And did you not see any wolves? They make me quake with fear when I hear their weird howls in the forest at night."

"No, Gertie; we did not see any wolves, but we heard them from time to time—occasionally quite near, and I must confess they caused that 'creepy' feeling to come over me.

"Dr. Thorp said he had seen one now and again, slinking through the timber, when driving up and down the country in the day-time, but has thus far managed to escape an attack by them in full force at night."

"Where did you meet Dr. Thorp, grandfather?" asked Curtis.

"I fell in with him away down the country east of here, and rode with him all the way to your camp. A grand fellow he seems to be."

"Why did he not come in and stop with us all night?" Walter enquired.

"He had a patient, he said, some distance up the line, in a critical condition—could scarcely live until morning—and he was anxious, therefore, to push on to-night

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and see him again before he died. So when he let me out of his sleigh at the grade near your camp, he asked me to convey his kind regards to you all, and to say he would be back again to see Curtis in a day or so on his return trip.

"From what I saw of him, I take it that Dr. Thorp is able to prescribe for a man's soul as well as for his body. I saw some of his patients on the way who were very near to death's door, and he talked and prayed with them like one of our old-time Methodist preachers in the Loyalist settlement. It did me good to hear him, and I wondered if he had not missed his calling in the medical profession."

"Why, Dr. Thorp's a missionary as well as a doctor," Gertrude replied, "and is doing splendid work in this country."

"Ah, yes; now I understand—a happy combination of professions, indeed. I wish there were more of such practitioners in our country."

Then the conversation turned to the doctor's treatment of Curtis and the success that had attended his efforts. The nurse explained the condition in which she had found Curtis, and related many details concerning the nature of the deep wound in his forehead, the extreme danger of complications, and the good fortune that had attended their efforts. This led to a discussion of the cause of the injury, and of the person who had committed the foul deed.

Squire Clinton learned many particulars of Horace Sullivan's operations as a contractor, and found to his utter surprise that Gertrude had saved his life, and nursed him for some time in the same shack where Curtis was also a patient.

His admiration and love for the girl he had rescued

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from the slums of New York and adopted as his own was never greater than at that moment, when he realized she was capable of sinking all personal feelings of resentment against one whom she had every reason to abhor when she found it her duty to treat him with tenderness and care.

Now the conversation turned to the gold locket and the paintings they contained, which established beyond question the blood relationship—though far removed—between Walter Earle and Gertrude Westwood. Squire Clinton looked at the two paintings for a long time in blank amazement, scarcely able to realize the truth of the statement the three members of his family were endeavoring to prove.

“God be praised! Walter, Gertrude,” he said at length, taking each by the hand. “I’m glad, indeed, to find that you are both descended from the one Virginia family, which from the type of the man represented by those paintings and from your knowledge of your family history must have been one of the aristocracy of that loyal colony.”

Following this came the frank confession of Gertrude’s engagement to Curtis, which pleased Squire Clinton more than anything he had heard in many a day.

“All this good news you have been telling me, children, renews my youth again, and largely compensates for the loss of the old homestead.” Then, like one of the patriarchs of old, Squire Clinton, placing one hand upon the head of Curtis and the other upon Gertrude’s head, bestowed his blessing upon them, and prayed to that God from whom all blessings flow to keep them and guide them through their future years.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INTERESTING LETTER TO THE CLINTON FAMILY.

So many personal matters were discussed that night in Walter Earle's camp, and the hour was so late when they got through, that Squire Clinton said, before retiring for the night, they would wait until the following day for the examination of the old manuscript he had brought with him, which Helen had found in Quinte's log cabin.

The old Loyalist slept well after his tiresome journey, and long before he was awake Walter had started with his survey party—all carrying their lunches with them—to continue his cross-sectioning work a considerable distance from camp.

These long tramps along the narrow, snaggy centre line trail previously cut out through the deep forest, was the hardest part of the work, and rapidly developed wonderful powers of endurance. Great energy was demanded on the part of every member of the party. This accounted for the voracious appetites of the men and the huge lunches of fried or boiled pork, canned beef, bread and biscuits, canned vegetables and fruits, tea and coffee, and many other secondary tasteful articles, supplied by the cook, which the party daily consumed at the noon-hour, around an open fire.

They reached camp that night at dark, every man with wet feet, torn boots or trousers, tired and hungry. Changing of garments, washing and combing, and ques-

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tioning the cook about what he had good for supper, occupied the next hour. At the sound of the tin pan beaten by the cookee, every one started for the dining tent, where Squire Clinton was given the seat of honor at Walter's right, with Gertrude on his left.

For the first time since his injury, Curtis occupied a seat at the table, and sat beside his nurse, where she could the better wait upon him. Every one was delighted to see the invalid around again after his long illness.

Squire Clinton was extremely happy, and soon put everybody at ease with his droll remarks and many amusing anecdotes. A pleasant hour was thus spent at dinner, and the young men returned to their camps with light hearts, forgot their weariness and smoked and chatted and read beside comfortable fires in sheet-iron stoves, which made the stoves themselves glow like live coals.

The Clinton family withdrew to Curtis's shack, where, after chatting for a time about the varied experiences of the day, Squire Clinton brought forth from his black grip the old manuscript which he had been anxiously waiting to read to his family.

He sat beside the warm stove, with glasses adjusted and with one elbow on the improvised centre table. The latter was covered by a nice spread and supported a large well-trimmed coal-oil lamp. Squire Clinton opened the manuscript and read as follows:

“Fourth Town, Canada West,

“July 28th, 1815.

✓ “To whom it may concern,—

“I, James Clinton, advanced in years and persuaded that my life is drawing near to a close, take up my pen

AN INTERESTING LETTER

to record a few facts in connection with my past life, which may be of interest to those of my family who come after me.

“ I was born in the loyal old British colony of Virginia, where my father, Percival Clinton, owned a large plantation on the Potomac River. There were three children: Margaret, Edward and myself. Margaret went home to England to finish her education in the home of our wealthy grandparents in the city of London, while Edward and myself remained with our parents on the plantation.

“ A few years after this, the Revolutionary War broke out between England and her American colonies, which caused great sorrow and distress in our dear old Virginia home. We regarded it as a most unjust war, and thought England did a grave wrong in taxing her colonies, which had no voice in the Government at home. But when it came to a question of taking up arms against our rightful sovereign King George, and declaring our independence, many of us shrank from such a thought, as we would from that of taking our own lives. Like many another family in those days of turmoil and strife, ours became divided, and this led to much trouble and sorrow.

“ George Washington and my father were warm personal friends. Washington, when a young man, so my father informed me, had made a survey of our plantation and prepared a plan or map thereof which, with other papers, my father preserved in a black walnut box, with his name engraved on a brass plate on the cover. There was some mystery about that map I never could understand. My father frequently referred to it and on various occasions I saw him with it in his hand, pacing back and forth and apparently checking some of

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the measurements from a certain stone monument, which I frequently saw near the river on the plantation boundary line, up to the house and through the cellar door into a passage excavated through rock which father always called his 'wine cellar,' and which he would not allow us children under any consideration to enter.

"Father felt very much grieved when he learned that his old friend, George Washington—England's loyal champion of the past—had become the leader of the rebellious American forces that had taken up arms against King George. Sadder still was he and our dear old mother when Edward one day announced that he was about to join General Washington's army. Father reasoned and stormed and threatened, while mother pleaded with Edward; but it was of no avail, as he was determined to go.

"He left our home in great anger and with dire threatenings. In the course of time he became an officer of some prominence in Washington's army, and it is said, showed great courage in the midst of danger.

"I remained at home with my parents and assisted in the management of the large plantation, where we had a great number of slaves employed. Just here I desire to say that over and above the apparent goodly profits from year to year of this plantation, my father inherited a considerable fortune from his parents in England, and I cannot understand to this day what became of all his wealth.

"He was most economical in his business and domestic affairs. He did not speculate, and had the plantation all paid for and made much more money, I firmly believe, than he spent. Father always managed his business affairs himself and never took his wife or children into his confidence in financial matters, and therefore

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we were quite in the dark in regard to the disposition of his money.

“Soon the day came when we were called upon to buckle on our armor in the defence of our beloved Virginia, and so father and I set forth, mounted on our two best horses, to join the King’s forces.

“A little incident occurred then which, in passing, I wish to relate, as it may have some bearing on the history of our family. After father and I had started from home, he suddenly changed his mind in regard to the black walnut box he was carrying with him in a large outer pocket, and stopping his horse abruptly, shouted to me, ‘Hold on, Jim. I can’t be bothered with this big walnut box in my pocket. Perhaps it will be safer at home anyway, for we can’t tell what may happen. Just wait a minute, and I’ll ride back and hand it to your mother.’

“He was about to start off when I remembered having a little gold keepsake in my pocket, which my sister had sent me from England and which I valued very much. ‘Here, father, put this keepsake of mine in your walnut box,’ I demanded. ‘I would not like to lose it, and it will be safer there.’

“‘All right, Jim,’ answered father, as he took the key from his pocket, unlocked the box and dropped the article inside. He then relocked the box, returned the key to his pocket, and rode swiftly back to our home. I waited for him but a few minutes when he returned and we put spurs to our horses and continued our journey.

“The history of that terrible war is known full well and it is needless for me, therefore, at this time to dwell at length upon the final issue. Suffice it to say that my dear father fell dead by my side in one of the latter

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battles, pierced through the heart with a bullet; that my mother died of a broken heart, and that I afterwards found myself turned out from my old home by my brother, a beggar upon the cold charity of our enemies. I was consequently compelled to seek an asylum elsewhere.

“I do not wish to complain about our haughty, merciless victors; but I must protest against the gross negligence and apathy of England in permitting her representatives to sign the Treaty of Paris, without the insertion of a clause which would provide for and protect all her faithful, defeated subjects. It was manifestly unfair and cruel for our mother country, for which we had suffered and bled, to permit of the confiscation of the property of many thousands of her most loyal and faithful subjects without some compensation.

“Our victorious enemies treated us with supreme indifference and contempt even after peace was declared, knowing that no provision had been made for our future welfare.

“I left Virginia a pauper and saw my brother Edward in full possession of my father's large estates. A little slave lad, Moses Brown, belonging to the estate, who became attached to me after the death of his parents, begged to go with me. I arranged with Edward for his release, and together we started from the dear old home of my childhood with tears in my eyes, as I thought of the old associations and the graves of my dear father and mother.

“Imagine the feelings of a proud son of Virginia begging from door to door, and spurned like a leper, as he pursued his weary journey for several weeks, sleeping in outbuildings by the roadside and existing upon mere scraps of provisions doled out by our cruel, heartless victors?

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“ Reaching New York, in the good providence of God, after our long, arduous journey, we found considerable activity there among our Loyalist friends. Many had been sent away to various parts of the British Dominions, and just then an expedition to Canada was being arranged. We were sent aboard one of three vessels which, in a few days, set sail with a full complement of Loyalist passengers, under the protection of an English warship.

“ At that hour a new light dawned on the horizon of my life in the presence of Marie Van Buskirk, a niece of Major Van Alstine, the acknowledged leader of our party. She was a member of a well-educated and wealthy Knickerbocker family, who had lost all in the war. Marie, the only survivor of that once prosperous and proud family, was accompanying her uncle, Major Van Alstine and his family to a new home in the Northland, where we understood the flag of old England still continued to wave.

“ She was a beautiful young woman, who, I observed, was very active among the children aboard our vessel from the time we set sail. She was a sweet singer, too, and delighted in getting all the little ones on board together and singing for them and teaching them certain beautiful little songs.

“ It was in the summer of 1783, and the weather was delightful as we sailed along from day to day. We passed the shore of Nova Scotia and had the old fortress of Louisburg pointed out to us, with which in name we were all familiar, owing to the many struggles our people had experienced there in the past with the French.

“ One day, while steering westward through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Marie was having a concert on deck and everyone was delighted with the singing of the chil-

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dren, and clapping their hands loudly as each pretty song was concluded. One little fellow in happy excitement lost his balance and fell overboard. This created great alarm and Marie rushed to the side of the vessel with a scream and look of terror. I was sitting nearby on a chest listening to the sweet singing, and, I must confess, admiring the winsome leader.

“As soon as I heard the scream I threw off my coat and vaulted over into the sea. We were running at a fair speed at the time and the vessel was soon clear of the child, whose form I distinctly saw as it rose to the surface. I was a good swimmer in those days and it was no exertion for me to place the little fellow across my shoulders and keep afloat until the vessel was headed into the wind and a small boat was sent off to our rescue.

“Small though the service was which I performed, it was of wonderful import to all on board, and especially to Marie, who was deeply grateful. Thus we became more intimately acquainted, and I have had reason many times since for gratitude to that little lad for tumbling overboard that beautiful summer afternoon.

“We called at Quebec and wintered at Sorel. We had a long, toilsome voyage up the St. Lawrence rapids the following spring; but eventually reached Lake Ontario, and rejoiced in knowing our final destination was near at hand, that our long, weary pilgrimage was over.

“While waiting at Kingston for the completion of the surveys along the Bay of Quinte, Marie Van Buskirk and myself were married. We then moved up the Bay of Quinte with our people and selected our Crown-granted homesteads of two hundred acres. My choice happened to be just where Major Van Alstine's party landed from our long bateaux in Fourth Town on the

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now memorable 16th of June, 1784. The Major declared that in honor of my lovely bride the first log cabin should be built upon my homestead. This was done, and Marie and I were very happy in our plain log cabin in the great wilderness, among so many kind friends.

“The lad Moses Brown had been my faithful companion all these months, and now became our genial, happy servant, with the distinguished name of ‘Quinte,’ which the Major dubbed him, owing to his fondness for splashing in the bay.

“We all began our pioneer life on an equal footing, and all had to work extremely hard in the erection of our numerous log cabins, and in the clearing of the land.

“A bright little boy came to cheer our home in the course of time, and all the privations and sorrows of the past were forgotten as we looked to the bright prospects of the future.

“We had a hard struggle the following winter on account of all the Government supplies for our colony having been frozen up in the St. Lawrence. The Government had performed its part faithfully, but through the negligence and drunkenness of certain officials, the supplies were not rushed forward as they should have been and the vessels were overtaken by the early ice. It was a close call for many. Nearly all the animals were killed and everything that would afford nourishment was devoured. Soup bones were boiled again and again and passed on from house to house. We were like one large family, however, and a remarkable generosity prevailed throughout the entire district. Everyone seemed to be anxious about the welfare of his neighbors.

“We managed to pull through that memorable famine with but a few deaths. Then our wilderness soon began to blossom as a rose. In a few years we

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were able to provide more than we could consume and our rough tables groaned with the loads of wholesome, nutritious food with which they were stored every day in the year. The mortars and pestles for grinding wheat and corn gave place in time to the grist mills; and an imported piece of dress goods found its way now and again into the settlement, where our home-made flannel had been the staple since our arrival. Roads were cut from one settlement to another and schools were established at intervals. A church, too, was built here and there on the Bay of Quinte, and the missionary and ordained preacher began to talk to us about the spiritual life, of which we had heard but little for many years.

"We were reminded again of the old days when at home we worshipped God. The family altars were erected once more in many of our homes, and our people assembled on the Sabbath, heard the Word expounded and praised our Maker with rapturous song and fervid prayer.

"In the course of time a new province was erected in the west, and John Graves Simcoe, the new Lieutenant-Governor, came and established his Government. Instead of making Kingston his capital, however, he went away west to the Niagara Peninsula, and opened forth in a tent with stools for seats in the village of Newark. We sent Major Van Alstine, our respected leader, as our first representative to the new Parliament, where he performed his duties to the satisfaction of all our people and with great credit to himself.

"Time would fail to tell all the experiences we had in the development of our section of the great country which we now recognized as our permanent home. We were happy, too, in finding there were other prosperous settlements to the east and west. They, too, were loyal,

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law-abiding and God-fearing people like ourselves, and were prosperous in their various communities.

“Just when we began to feel we were becoming a people of some importance, we were alarmed one day by the loud, harsh tocsin of war, and every man of us sprang to arms in the defence of our country against the would-be despoiler from the south country, of whom we had always been suspicious.

“The history of the War of 1812 will be written by abler pens than mine. I merely wish to say that we Loyalists faithfully did our duty and every man of us was ready to die, if needs be, in the defence of Canada.

“I was early in the saddle at Kingston as Captain of our local corps. In the ranks I was proud to find my son, Thomas, then about the age I was when I went forth to battle at my father's side in the great war of the American Revolution. We had occasion to send a message from Kingston to General Brock in the west, and my son Thomas was the one selected to convey that message on horseback with relays of horses at intervals along the route.

“He acquitted himself with distinction by placing the letter in General Brock's own hand on the evening of the day preceding that most eventful one, when the gallant General's life was sacrificed on Queenston Heights, and the whole country mourned over its irreparable loss.

“We finally returned home with hearts filled with gratitude to Almighty God for our deliverance from our enemies, and with greater love than ever for the dear motherland, which came to our rescue at the critical moment.

“Again we settled down to our peaceful, rural life, and God's smile has rested upon us ever since through-

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out this fertile district, where all have become prosperous.

“Occasionally there came upon me the desire to return to Virginia and see once more the home of my childhood; but it was a long journey and travelling was expensive, and we have always had good use for all our hard-earned money in the maintenance of our family. I have never gratified that desire up to the present moment, and will scarcely do so now at my advanced age, especially since I am aware none of my relatives would be found there at the present time.

“I have learned from a reliable source that my brother Edward recklessly squandered all my father’s possessions, and afterwards left Virginia with his family for the city of New York. The old Virginia home is consequently now in the hands of strangers, and there is little to induce one to go back to the scene of so much sorrow beyond seeing the graves of the departed loved ones.

“I have never heard anything more respecting my sister Margaret, in London, than I have already stated; but I suppose she has gone to her reward ere this, as she was the eldest of our family.

“As I said at the beginning of this letter, my life-work is nearly over, for already have I handed over the management of the homestead to my faithful son Thomas, who, with his good wife and three little ones, are occupying our old log cabin with me.

“My dear partner sleeps in the graveyard hard by our old home where I am writing these lines, and her good name is revered throughout the whole community. Hers was a noble, self-sacrificing, gentle Christian spirit, a true helpmate and a fond mother. That spirit is today enjoying the bliss of the home immortal beyond the skies, and methinks at times I see her gentle hand

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beckoning me to come to her. It will not be long now, at the most, until I hear the summons, and I am ready to go when the call comes.

“Quinte made the grave for her remains, as he has for all our good Loyalist colonists in this settlement, who have crossed the river. I water it and keep the grass green during the summer and replenish the flowers from day to day in company with my little grandchildren, who now begin to manifest an interest in grandmother’s grave.

“There is a space beside it for me; and Quinte, my faithful servant, has promised to attend my grave after I am gone. Thomas will scratch my initials on the rude stone that is now erected at the head of the grave of the one who is gone, and that will be quite enough to satisfy all the desires of my heart.

“If I could make one humble request of those who follow, it would be that they bring, if possible, the dust of my dear old father and mother from Virginia and bury it here in our family plot in the Loyalist graveyard, where the gentle waves of our beautiful Bay of Quinte, as they splash against the shore, and the sighing of the wind in the surrounding trees, may together sing a solemn requiem over all our graves in future years, while our spirits are at rest above.

“I cannot close this letter with more appropriate words than those of St. Paul to his beloved Timothy:

“‘I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.’”

“Faithfully yours,

“JAMES CLINTON.”

CHAPTER XXII.

ANOTHER MISTLETOE CONTRACT RENEWED.

DURING the following days James Clinton's letter was read again and again in the railway engineering camp, and long discussions followed in the evenings on the various matters to which he alluded, each one of which seemed to be fraught with much significance to the Clinton family.

Curtis and Walter became particularly interested in that part of the letter which spoke of the survey and plan, or map, of the Virginia plantation having been made by George Washington. They were not aware before that Washington in his early days followed that profession. Why did Percival Clinton get out that plan from time to time, and check certain measurements leading up to his dwelling? Why did he keep a wine cellar, to which none of his family were ever admitted? What had he done with all the money earned off his plantation and inherited from his wealthy parents in England? What else did that black walnut box contain besides the map and the gold keepsake belonging to James Clinton?

All these questions and many more were commented upon, and it appeared quite evident there was some mystery associated with Percival Clinton's affairs, which as yet had never been cleared up. Then, too, the final request of James Clinton, that the dust of his father and mother should, if possible, be transported from the bank

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of the Potomac to the shore of the Bay of Quinte, appealed very strongly to Squire Clinton, who said he would some day endeavor to have it accomplished, providing he could find the locality of those long-forgotten graves.

Curtis grew very enthusiastic over these interesting problems, and advised that they take immediate action in order, if possible, to clear up the mystery.

"Why not take a trip down to Virginia this spring, Curtis?" Gertrude remarked one evening, when the matter was under discussion. "It will never do for you to return to work for some weeks, and you should have some agreeable recreation after the trying ordeal you have experienced these several months."

"That's an excellent idea, Gertie," Walter replied, "and you might take old Quinte along with you, Curtis, to help you find the Clinton graves. He possibly would have some recollection of their location if you could find the property."

"Yes, a very good suggestion, Curtis; and would it not be well to take Walter, the engineer, along to interpret Washington's mysterious map and endeavor to discover Percival Clinton's wine cellar, which, possibly, may be stored with hidden treasures? That's the most important problem to solve, and who could unravel the mystery so well as our expert engineer?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Gertrude, "and your dear old grandfather must go along to superintend the expedition, take possession of the treasures, and bring them and the members of the expedition back safely home. When will you start?"

Everyone smiled at Gertrude's remarks. Then Squire Clinton said:

"Your suggestions are all very good, children, and

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I would dearly love to bring over the remains of our old ancestor, Percival Clinton, and his good wife, and deposit them by the side of our forefathers in the old Loyalist cemetery at home; but, unfortunately, a serious barrier prevents our carrying out so laudable an undertaking at the present time."

"What is that, grandfather?" asked Curtis.

"Our finances are at a very low ebb just now, my dear boy, and for the first time in my life I find myself entirely crippled financially, and unable to provide even a decent home for my family, let alone doing many other things of this nature I would dearly love to see accomplished before I die. I have always hoped for better things in my declining years."

The Squire's voice trembled a little, and as he concluded he wiped away some gathering tears, which he tried hard to restrain.

"I think you have done your share, grandfather," Curtis answered. "Walter and I have some money saved, and if he will now agree to join me, we will go to Virginia and take you and Quinte along and see if we can locate the old Clinton plantation. What do you say, Walter, shall we go?"

"I'm with you, Curtis, old fellow, in so laudable an enterprise. I will ask at once for a couple of months' leave of absence from the time navigation opens, which is not very far distant. I believe Collins, the division engineer, who will be along any day now, will arrange it for me."

"God bless you, boys!" said Squire Clinton. "My one great longing desire—next to reclaiming our old homestead—shall now be fulfilled."

Thus, in a few words, were certain simple plans formulated by this little company in that far-away lonely

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region of country, which were destined to lead to some strange discoveries in the past history of the Clinton family and in their experiences in the years to come.

Matters had been growing worse and worse meantime with contractor Horace Sullivan. As the spring advanced he became badly tied up in his contracts, and could not meet his many obligations. Moreover, through poor management of his men, but little work was performed on the various contracts, and so the engineers and head contractors became uneasy and dissatisfied with the slipshod manner in which he was doing his work. They consequently notified him that if he did not do better in future they would close down on him and take the contracts out of his hands.

"You are constantly complaining about your estimates not being large enough, Mr. Sullivan," said Walter to him one day, "and I understand from other engineers that you are making the same complaint on their divisions. At the same time, you are slighting your work wherever possible, and you are making no attempt to perform it according to the specifications. You have been warned before, and I warn you now, that you must change your methods in future or you are certain to get yourself into trouble."

"Look here, Walter," said Horace, "I'm in an awful mess, and will lose every dollar I've got in the world if you don't help me out of this infernal hole."

"How can I help you out, Horace. You have got the ill-will of all the engineers where you have worked, owing to your domineering and even insulting manner with them, and you have treated your foreman and employees generally as if they were so many slaves. What else could you expect under the circumstances?"

"Yes, yes, Walter. I can see my mistakes now,

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and shall endeavor to do better in the future; but the question is, will you help me out of this damnable hole I'm in just now, and let me get on my feet again? If you will, I'll make it worth your while."

"I do not understand you, Horace. I have no power to help you out. I have given you fair, even liberal, estimates, and that is all you can expect from any engineer."

"No doubt of that, Walter, whatever bluff I have made to the contrary. You are the best one of the whole gang of engineers on construction. I want you to go a little further, however, since we are old friends and neighbors, and give me a big estimate this month in that rock cut. I must have the money to tide me over, and what's the odds? If it isn't done this month it will be the next, or the following month, and no one will ever know the difference except you and me.

"Give me an increase in estimates of say, \$10,000 this month, Walter, over and above what I'm entitled to, and I'll give you a commission of ten per cent., or \$1,000, to slip down into your trousers' pocket. I will give you my word of honor that I'll never mention it to a living soul, and no one but ourselves will ever be the wiser. Come, now, be a gentleman, Walter, and help a poor fellow who is down on his luck."

Walter Earle looked at the contractor for a few minutes in blank amazement and deep disgust at his attempt to bribe him.

"I'm surprised, Horace, that you would attempt to place me, whom you claim as an old friend, in the position of a base scoundrel for a paltry sum of money. You must have a low estimate of me to think I can be bought for a few dollars. You certainly manifest a very low estimate of your own self-respect."

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Misunderstanding Walter's meaning, Horace replied quickly: "Well, double or quadruple the estimate, Walter, and I'll give you your ten per cent. on any amount you name—twenty, or even forty, thousand dollars—which, you know, would go a long way in helping you to buy back the old Clinton homestead."

"No, Horace; you may count on an estimate this month just in proportion—no more no less—to the amount of work you have actually performed during the past month. As for redeeming the old Clinton home, we shall endeavor to do that with honest money."

When Horace saw that Walter could not be bribed he became furious, and cursed and raved and called him all sorts of vile names, and began making personal threats.

"There, now, Horace, don't be foolish and make your case still worse than it is now. Go ahead and do your best, and you may be able to pull through yet. You should endeavor to be something more than a petulant child if you desire to succeed as a contractor on this railway."

Walter's cool, self-possessed manner served only to infuriate the passionate creature. He suddenly clinched the handle of the large jack-knife with which he had been whittling a piece of wood, and, rushing up quickly, stabbed at Walter's heart as he hissed: "Die, then, curse you, you English dog!"

Walter instinctively threw up his arm in self-defence, and the sharp, glittering blade penetrated the cover of the field note-book he fortunately was holding in his hand. The engineer instantly leaped upon the contractor and bore him to the ground, while the knife fell from the latter's hand. They were both strong men, and a desperate struggle took place between them. Walter

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did his best to hold Horace down on his back in the position in which he first fell. The latter twisted and struggled and twirled round and round, in a vain endeavor to throw off his antagonist and recover his feet; but the latter held on with a mighty grip.

Horace's superior strength soon began to tell against Walter, who pluckily continued to hold on to his adversary. The engineer now made a desperate attempt to prevent Horace from rolling over on top of him, clearly realizing that the contractor would use the knife which lay beside him on the ground.

Thus they continued to struggle to the full limit of their strength, without either gaining the mastery. Horace managed after a while to get Walter by the throat. He thus quickly forced the engineer to let go his hold. Horace then suddenly turned over upon him, grasped the knife in his right hand, and was just in the act of raising his arm to stab his victim in the heart, when he was caught from behind and hurled over on his back with a jar that made his whole frame quiver and that sent the knife flying out of his hand.

Squire Clinton happened to be walking along the grade with his rifle on his shoulder, looking for rabbits and partridge, and had reached the scene of the struggle just in the nick of time. Throwing down his rifle, the Squire, with giant strength, flung the contractor over backwards, sprang upon him with all his weight, and shouted:

"Give me a hand here, Walter. There, that's right. Hold his arms steady, now, until I get my suspenders off. All ready. There, that arm's secure. Now bring the other arm down here beside this one. Good! That will hold him, I guess. Now for his legs. Give me your belt, Walter. Here, wind it round; now buckle

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it up tight. Bravo! There you are, Horace; tied in good shape, like I once fixed your old grandfather, Captain Mike, many years ago. Pick up that knife, Walter, and throw it away where it can do no damage. Good! Now what shall we do with the rascal?"

A contractor's team chanced to pass along the grade just then, and Walter explained to the driver what had occurred. Horace was quickly dumped into the wagon and driven to Walter's camp, where he was held a prisoner, under a warrant issued by Magistrate George Clinton.

The few remaining weeks up to the opening of navigation passed away quickly in the engineer's camp, where matters were being arranged so that the Clinton family could leave on the first steamer. The division engineer, Collins, arranged for a temporary supply in Walter's place, and the latter was extremely busy in getting his work in shape to hand over to his successor.

Gertrude found her hands full in making ready for her departure, and Curtis gave a willing, helping hand to the extent of his ability, for he was still somewhat weak.

The impending crisis came with Horace Sullivan. The chief contractor, under whom Sullivan was but a "sub" in his various contracts, became impatient and then disgusted with Sullivan's mismanagement, and finally closed him out and took everything out of his hands.

When the climax came, and Horace realized that he was a ruined man, his mind became completely unbalanced. He was still held a prisoner at Walter Earle's camp, for the simple reason that there was no one in the district to whom they could hand him over, and he was too dangerous a character to let go. His prison was an

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out-of-the-way shack, where he was made comfortable and kindly treated. He now became a raving maniac, and they placed him in a strong cage, improvised in the camp.

The glad day came when the bay resounded once more with the welcome sound of the steamer's whistle. There was a busy time for the next few hours about the dock discharging the large cargo. Before the bell sounded for the steamer's departure, Horace Sullivan, secure in his movable prison, was taken aboard and placed in an apartment below, where he could not be seen by the other passengers, and where his frantic yells and curses would give the least disturbance.

"Good-bye, Curtis! God bless you! I hope you'll be as good as new when you come back again," shouted the genial Dr. Thorp, as the steamer glided away from the wharf, with Squire George Clinton standing on the deck and Curtis and Gertrude and Walter on either side, all waving their handkerchiefs and bidding kind farewells to the good doctor whom they had grown to love for his many excellent qualities, which all had learned to deeply appreciate.

In due time Captain Cook landed his passengers safely on the south shore of Georgian Bay, and the Clinton family immediately took the train for Toronto and Kingston, and arrived at the latter city the following day.

Horace Sullivan occupied the cage in the baggage car of the same train in which the family travelled. Walter looked after the unfortunate contractor, and wired ahead for an ambulance to meet the train at Kingston. On arriving at the station, Horace was taken to the Rockwood Asylum, where he was confined in the

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ward set apart for the most desperate lunatics, so violent and dangerous had he become.

The family meanwhile repaired to the hotel, where later on they were joined by Walter Earle on his return from the asylum. In the afternoon the Squire and Curtis went to the office of his solicitors, where Patterson, who had so ably defended Quinte Brown, was now the head of the firm since the Premier's removal to Ottawa. Patterson gave them a warm welcome, and after a few minutes' chat, the black walnut box was demanded. The latter was immediately produced, and again Curtis took possession of the box he had handed over for safe-keeping on that well-remembered morning eighteen years before.

The walnut box was securely placed in Squire Clinton's portmanteau, and then the family called a hack and took a pleasant drive around the city, viewing each of the many points of interest.

That afternoon they took the steamer up the Bay of Quinte. They watched, and freely commented upon, the many familiar landmarks as they passed along. They landed at the wharf in the early evening in front of the Clinton home. Their hearts were filled with gladness when they first caught a glimpse of the other members of the family. They could scarcely restrain themselves from shouting, and thus making known their arrival.

Seated outside of Quinte Brown's cabin, in plain view of the wharf, were Mrs. Clinton, Helen, and the old colored servant, watching the movements of the steamer and of the people moving to and fro after the landing at the wharf.

"There's quite a party coming off the steamer tonight," Helen remarked quietly to her grandmother, as she paused for a moment and then resumed her sewing.

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"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Clinton. "They must be strangers. They certainly have lots of baggage. I wonder whom they may be?"

"Golly, dey is comin' up de paf to de cabin, missus," shouted Quinte, a few minutes later. "Gwine to hab company foh supper, suah. Quinte bettah start de fire, put de kettle on, an' den we'll all take tea."

The old man limped away inside to perform his old-time duty, with all the agility he could command.

"Why, is that lady not like Gertie, grandmother?" cried Helen, as she jumped to her feet. "Surely, there is some resemblance! Can it be possible?"

"No, certainly not, child; but, bless me! That looks like your grandfather, Helen; but can't be. Yes, thank God, it is my dear husband!" And Mrs. Clinton threw down her knitting and started on the run to meet the approaching quartette, whose faces were all wreathed in smiles.

"And Curtis and Walter! Where in the world did they come from?" exclaimed Helen, as she followed her grandmother in hot pursuit.

"Golly, I'se glad," said Quinte from the door of the cabin, and he, too, tottered off to welcome the home-comers with unusual speed for a man of his advanced years.

It was a very happy family reunion. The visitors, accustomed to camp life, had but little difficulty in adapting themselves to the narrow quarters of a primitive log cabin, with a lean-to attached. The night had grown old before the conversation began to languish; there was so much to tell of all the experiences, at home, on the one hand, and at the front, in the engineer's camp, on the other.

The following day Helen and Walter were standing

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on the shore of the bay in front of Quinte's cabin, skipping small stones out over the smooth surface of the water, in lively competition, as they had often done before in childhood days.

It was a beautiful warm June day, and nature was adorned in her loveliest robes. The four young men and women had strolled to the wharf to see the steamer come and go on her morning trip down the bay, and to admire Gertrude's elegant moose-head, brought from the north shore, still lying there in the crate in which it had come through by steamer and rail.

Curtis and Gertrude had gone up to the village to post some letters and order some groceries for Mrs. Clinton, and Helen and Walter, left to themselves, had taken a walk along the shore of the bay, chatting about a multitude of those little things, of no particular import, that have afforded pleasure and delight to young men and young women at certain times and under certain conditions, in all ages of the world and among all races of humanity.

Growing weary of skipping stones, Walter suggested that the little island in the bay, with its green sward and lovely shade trees, looked very attractive. He longed for a skiff, that they might row out and visit the familiar spot once more, where, as a boy, he was accustomed to bathe and fish and bask in the sun, or lie under the shade of the trees.

"There's Quinte's fishing punt chained to the wharf. Do you suppose you are engineer enough to navigate it?" said Helen.

"Is it safe, Helen? It must be very old by this time."

"Yes, perfectly safe. Quinte often takes me out fishing, and it does not leak a drop, but it is very hard to row."

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"Very well, Helen, suppose we try it? I'm a pretty good swimmer, but not a professional oarsman."

They soon were seated in the old fishing boat, and slowly Walter rowed toward the island, chatting meanwhile with his fair companion about many familiar objects observed along the shore.

"That was harder work than locating a mile of railway," he declared, half an hour later, as he stepped from the boat, gave Helen a helping hand, and then wiped the perspiration from his forehead before pulling up the boat.

They walked up the narrow strip of the island to its far end, and there became seated on a log on a slight eminence, in the shade of overhanging trees, clad in the greenest verdure, from which delightful bower the glassy surface of the water could be seen on all sides, with the gentle shimmering of the sun's bright rays above it.

"What a delightful spot, Helen. I never knew it was so lovely."

"Yes, I've always admired this dear little island from the land, but very rarely have I ever made it a personal visit in all my life."

"It seems to me I never enjoyed the scenery here at home so much as at the present time. I wonder why it is?"

"Doubtless owing to your long absence from home, Walter," Helen quietly replied, as she looked away in the opposite direction, at a schooner under full sail, vainly endeavoring to change her course owing to a lack of wind.

"Possibly. But I have an impression there must be some other cause. Your presence affects me differently, Helen, from what it did before I went away."

"Some magician, perhaps, has been waving his

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magic wand over you," she replied, with a blush, as she arose and broke a small limb from a tree.

"I was just thinking so, Helen, and you are the one who has brought about the transformation."

"I have no magic power, nor any wand, save this tiny branch, and so you can scarcely hold me responsible for the change that you have experienced."

"You have something better, Helen."

"What's that, pray?"

"A true heart, rendering all magic power needless."

"How do you know?" Helen looked Walter squarely in the eyes. "You have been away for a long time, Walter."

"My high regard and, latterly, my deep love for you, Helen—especially since I saw your sweet face on my return home yesterday—leads me to believe you have ever been faithful and true to the one who has never forgotten his early love for you, or that memorable event that took place under the mistletoe."

Helen said nothing, and they both watched a kingfisher dive from a tree on the shore and arise from the water in a moment with its prey, a small fish, in its bill.

"How cruel!" cried Helen, as she watched the bird fly away and resume its perch upon the overhanging limb.

"Was I cruel in telling you of my love, Helen?"

"No, no! I mean the kingfisher was cruel to seize that poor, innocent minnow, to which life must have been as sweet as to any other living creature."

"Of what account is a minnow, Helen, or, in fact, all the fish in the Bay of Quinte, where a man's love is involved?"

"Do you think love is actually the power that has influenced you, Walter? You have mentioned the mistletoe event in our early years, but since that time until the

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present moment you have never expressed one word of love for me, whatever may have been your thoughts and feelings."

"True, Helen, never a word, but actions speak louder than words. You surely have known I loved you. No one else has ever occupied a place in my affections. But I must candidly confess I never realized before now how essential you are to my future happiness. Brought up as we have been in the same family, I feared in early years that my regard for you was not reciprocated, beyond that friendship one naturally entertains for any intimate friend of childhood days. Consequently, I have been restrained from confessing my love to you, believing that time would reveal to each of us if we were intended for each other. I do so now, Helen, and earnestly hope you will overlook my seeming neglect, and here and now consent to become my darling wife, for I love you with all my heart."

Their eyes met, and then Helen slowly answered: "Had I not always loved you, Walter, with all my powers of affection, this confession of love on your part, at this late day, would scarcely have been possible, since I would ere this probably have been the wife of another. But throughout all the years of my life since that memorable night in my youth of which you have just spoken, I have felt that I belonged to you, and that you belonged to me. It has been a long, weary wait, with many misgivings and fears at times that perhaps another occupied the chief place in your heart. However, I have been faithful—my heart has been true, as you say—and at last I am rewarded amply with your confession of love for me, which I feel assured comes from an honest heart."

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"Then you will be mine, dearest Helen?" exclaimed Walter, rising to his feet and clasping her in his arms.

"Yes, Walter," Helen replied, and yielded herself to his loving embrace. Thus was the old contract revived and sealed.

Walter kissed her again and again, until a red squirrel, perched on a limb of a tree close by, became greatly alarmed and scolded them with all the fierceness it could command, threatening at last to jump down upon their shoulders.

"You told me, Helen dear, there was another whose wife you possibly would have become. Do you care to mention his name? I will not urge you, if you do not so desire, but I have a curiosity to know him."

"Yes, I prefer telling you, Walter. He has always been a good friend of our family, and is one of my noblest and most trustworthy friends to-day. I refer to our pastor, Rev. Charles Picton, whose request I denied, owing to the fact that I felt I belonged to you."

Just then the dinner-horn reverberated over the still waters from the Clinton home, and Walter and Helen left their shady nook, waved their handkerchiefs to Squire Clinton on the shore, tripped lightly down to the boat, and leisurely rowed back to their home with hearts replete with joy.

Entering the log cabin arm in arm, Helen and Walter looked supremely happy. Mrs. Clinton noted the joyful expression on their faces, and quickly divined the meaning. With a pleasant smile, she said: "You two children seem very happy to-day; will you not tell us the cause, Helen, and then, perhaps, we'll be happy, too."

"Why, grandmother, can't you guess?" Helen answered, with flushed cheeks. "Walter has asked me

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to become his wife, and I have promised I would. Now, are you not glad?"

"That is good news, indeed, children, and I'm sure you will always be happy in each other's love," Mrs. Clinton quietly replied, and tenderly kissed them both.

"I also am very thankful, Walter, Helen, to hear what you say," the old Loyalist added, with manifest pleasure.

He then placed his hands upon their heads and bestowed upon them his heartiest blessing, as he had previously done to the other couple in the engineering camp far away in the wilderness of the north country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BLACK WALNUT BOX LEADS TO A DISCOVERY.

QUINTE BROWN was exceedingly anxious that the black walnut box, formerly belonging to Percival Clinton of Virginia, should now be opened. Consequently that afternoon Curtis broke the lock of the box, opened the lid, and disclosed the contents to the expectant family, seated around the table. The first article disclosed was a gold locket lying between the papers. As Curtis laid it down on the table, Walter and Gertrude glanced at each other with a look of surprise. On being opened it was found that the locket contained the picture of a man whose face was already familiar in the lockets which had been opened in the engineer's camp. Gertrude and Walter immediately produced their old souvenirs and laid them down beside the other. The three lockets were found to be identical, and the three paintings they contained were of one and the same man.

This unknown character was the ancestor of Walter Earle and Gertrude Westwood, but how came his picture to be among the Clinton relics? Was this the old keepsake James Clinton had dropped in his father's walnut box when they were starting away from their Virginia home for the war? Was there anything in the walnut box that would afford any light on the subject? Who could these paintings represent?

Looking into the walnut box again, Curtis now drew

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forth a neatly-folded letter, which he quickly opened and proceeded to read:

“ London, England, Oct. 17th, 1774.

“ Percival Clinton, Esq.,

“ Virginia.

“ My dear father,—I am sending you by this mail a small package containing two gold locket, each of which contains a miniature painting of yourself. I have painted these pictures from the original, which you will remember hangs in your mother’s parlor in London, and which, I understand, was made just prior to your departure for Virginia.

“ I thought it such an excellent portrait of you that I decided to make three miniatures of it, having become somewhat of a painter since I came to England. I am keeping one for myself, and I desire you, dear father, to hand one to each of my brothers, Edward and James, and request them to do with their locket what I shall do with mine, viz., hand it down to the next generation of my family. We can thus preserve these little mementoes in our respective families through the succeeding generations and possibly they may be the means of binding us more closely together.

“ I am very happy in my home here, and hope some day to persuade my husband to join me and my darling baby boy in making you a long visit in our dear old Virginia home, a sweet memory of which still lingers with me.

“ With the warmest love to you, my kind father, and to my dear mother, and Edward and James, I remain,

“ Your loving daughter,

“ MARGARET CLINTON EARLE.”

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Curtis put down the letter and the whole family sat gazing at one another without uttering a word.

"What does it all mean, children?" the Squire exclaimed, after a while. "Can it be possible that—" and then he stopped, his voice too choked for utterance.

"Yes, it is possible, and clearly evident," Gertrude cried, with great animation, "that the keepsake James Clinton handed his father, Percival, to put into that walnut box when they were starting for the war was this third locket which Curtis has just discovered. Margaret Clinton Earle's letter shows, too, beyond peradventure, that Walter Earle is a descendant of Percival Clinton's eldest child, Margaret; that Gertrude Westwood is a descendant of the second child, Edward; and that Curtis and Helen Clinton are descendants of the youngest child, James."

This relationship had to be more fully explained to Mrs. Clinton, and Helen and Quinte, who had not heard of the previous discovery in the two lockets by Gertrude and Walter. Great rejoicing naturally followed this wonderful revelation, that Percival Clinton was the forefather of the three families now represented in Squire Clinton's home.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the Squire. "Can it be possible that Providence has been guiding in this wonderful manner the destiny of this divided Clinton family all these many years. I am prouder of my name and of our reunited family than ever before, penniless though we may be."

"It would seem so, George," Mrs. Clinton replied, "and God has been using you, my dear, in effecting that reunion in order, perhaps, to carry out some divine plan, which has not as yet been disclosed to us. Surely—

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'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,'

in these latter days, as in the days of old."

Certain papers were then unfolded from the walnut box, referring to the Virginia estates, which were closely examined. These disclosed the fact that the title to the plantation was perfect in Percival Clinton. Then a duly executed will was found, in which, after making liberal provision for his wife, Percival Clinton divided his estate equally between his three children—Margaret, Edward and James.

Then Curtis took from the box a larger document of heavy drawing paper, folded to the full dimensions of the box and lying in the bottom. This proved to be the old map of the Clinton estate in Virginia, referred to by James Clinton in his letter, showing the lengths and bearings of all the sides, with the Potomac river in the front and a residence distinctly marked near the bank of the river. There was a stone monument marked on the river bank, and near the centre of the basement of the building there was a distinct red circle, where certain lines, indicating a pathway, terminated.

The map bore the signature in a bold handwriting at the lower right-hand corner, "George Washington, Surveyor," and in the opposite lower corner the name and date, "Richmond, Virginia, April 12th, 175—"

The men looked at one another with wonder and amazement, after gazing intently upon the map, and the signature of the illustrious Washington, the founder of a mighty nation and the father of his country.

That map quickly decided the question of the advisability of making a trip to Virginia. Preparations were completed that very day, and the following morning the four men of the Clinton household took the

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steamer for Kingston. From thence they crossed to the Cape, and sped away southward to New York, and on to Richmond, Virginia, without a moment's delay.

A few days later, in an open field on the west bank of the Potomac, they were thus accosted: "Well, stranger, I reckon we're going to have another railroad through this part of Virginia by the looks of things. Pretty expensive, though, to bridge the old Potomac where your old instrument is pointing. Easy matter to make surveys; but it takes a power of money to build railroads, eh, boss, whatever your name might be?"

The speaker was a tall, slim, rough-looking individual, who, with hands shoved down into his trousers pockets, sauntered up to a group of men standing round an engineer's transit, with suspended plumb-bob, with one of the men engaged in turning screws and otherwise adjusting the instrument.

"Right you are, my friend," replied Walter Earle, as he now peered through the telescope and focussed the object-glass on a distant point. "It takes a lot of money to build railways, but the country must have them, you know, in this progressive day and age of the world."

"Yes, you bet your life, railroads are a great necessity. What road be you surveying for here, boss?"

"Oh, this is just a little private survey we are making to locate an old landmark or two in this locality. No railroad is designed this time, my friend. Could you tell me the owner of this farm?"

"Well, boss, I reckon I own a few feet hereabouts," said the old farmer, proudly, as he relieved himself of a mouthful of tobacco juice, and taking out his jack-knife, began to whittle a stick he picked up from the ground.

"What is your name, please?" Walter demanded.

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"My name is March."

"Oh, yes, Samuel March. I've heard of you. Glad to meet you, Mr. March," replied Walter, as he extended his hand to the stranger.

"How do you know my name, boss? I haven't any recollection of ever seeing you before. Don't live around here, do you?"

"No, sir. I'm a stranger here; but I saw your name in the Registry Office as the owner of this land. I intended to hunt you up and ask your permission to look for a couple of old graves somewhere about here, where some of my ancestors were buried many years ago. We were just investigating a little to make sure if this is the right spot."

"What might your name be, boss?"

"My name is Earle. Walter Earle."

"Never heard of anyone of that name living in this part of the country, and I've lived here well-nigh fifty years."

"No, I presume not, Mr. March. The name of my ancestor was Clinton—Percival Clinton—who, from the records I have found, lived on a large plantation in this locality long ago, when this country belonged to England. These two men with me here are George Clinton and his grandson, Curtis Clinton, and this old colored man is Moses Brown."

"Glad to know you all," said March, as he curtly bowed and then shook hands with each member of the party. After a few general remarks, Walter resumed:

"A son of Percival Clinton went to Canada, Mr. March, after the Revolutionary war, and these Clintons are his descendants. We heard about the grave of Percival Clinton and his wife being here, and thought we would like to find them if possible and carry what

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remains of their dust over to Canada, where their son is buried, and all his descendants. I suppose you will have no objection?"

"Then you folks are all from Canada, eh, Earle? We don't see many of you Canucks down here in Virginia—not bad-looking chaps, by any means, to come from that Polar region."

"Yes, we have just come from Canada, and would like to go back as quickly as possible. Of course we will gladly pay you for any damage we do in digging up your soil, and for the other privileges we are asking."

"That's all right, boss. You Canucks jist go ahead and dig round here all you like and take away as much dust as you please. Virginia soil ain't so rich but what I can spare a few odd pounds to take to Canada for transplanting your old ancestors in, if you think they'll rest any more comfortable there till the judgment day, which I very much doubt."

"Thank you, Mr. March. We appreciate your kindness very much. There should be an old house foundation near here, where Percival Clinton lived, and we would like to do a little excavating and see if we can find it, if you do not object."

"What kind of people are you Canucks, anyway?" said March. "It must keep you hustling to keep track of all your dead families. It makes us Virginians hump along to look after the living, and sometimes we don't do that as well as we ought to. Go ahead, though, and hunt up the old foundation and graves if you can find them, only fill up the holes when you get through, and don't damage the trees."

"Thank you, sir, and here's twenty-five dollars for the privileges you have given us," Walter answered, as he proceeded to count out some bills.

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"No! Hang it all, boss! Keep your money. I'm pretty hard up, like some of my neighbors hereabouts, but since we all have some good Virginia blood in our veins, I won't charge you anything for doing a little burrowin' on my property. Go ahead, and good-bye to you all and safe journey home."

The old farmer, whistling "Marching Through Georgia," now shuffled away across the field to resume his labors, where he had left his team standing attached to a plow.

"Bless my soul, Walter," declared the Squire, "you're a born diplomat. I thought you had run against a snag that time, sure, but you managed your case with great skill."

"A decent old head, that, Squire Clinton, and his heart's in the right place, too. I wonder if all Virginians to-day are built on those lines? He would do for a Loyalist of pre-revolutionary days."

"Do you feel sure about this stone monument, Walter, being the one shown on Washington's map?" asked Curtis.

"No, not yet, Curtis. Where is your walnut box? Just get your plan now and let us compare it with the layout here."

Curtis Clinton unfolded the old map, which had done duty a century before in that spot. After examining it, Walter said:

"Observe, now, the plan shows a stone monument six inches square and twelve inches above ground, which agrees, as you see, with this one under my instrument. Now, let us check this distance of fifty feet to the bank of the Potomac river. How much, Curtis?"

"Thirty-five feet, only," Curtis replied, as he read the measurement of the tape.

"Well, that's not bad considering the river has been

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washing its banks for over a hundred years since the date of that plan."

"But, Walter," interrupted the Squire, "how are you going to find the direction of the old boundary line of the plantation, even if this stone monument is correct? I have been looking, and there isn't a vestige of a fence left, or anything else to mark where the old line ran."

"Never mind that, yet, Squire Clinton. Let us see what we do know. This monument, if it be the correct one, is on that old boundary line, is it not?"

"Yes. It should be."

"Very well. Now, I have made a calculation of the magnetic variation between the date of Washington's plan and the present date, which, from such data as I could obtain in Richmond, should be approximately correct."

"How will that help you, Walter?"

"Look at the instrument's needle now. See, it is pointing to the magnetic north. Now I turn it through my calculated angle, and there it points to the north, as it did when Washington had his compass set up over this monument."

"I begin to see some daylight," exclaimed the Squire, as he slapped Walter on the shoulder.

"Now, Curtis, what is the bearing of this boundary line on your plan? All right, my boy, I have it. I will turn off that angle from the present position of the telescope. There, the instrument should now point along the boundary line of the Clinton plantation, which we are endeavoring to establish."

"Come here, Quinte, will you?"

"What is it, Mas'r Walter?" the old darkey answered, as he drew near to the engineer.

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"You told me the graves of your master and mistress were near the boundary fence and up some little distance from the river, did you not?"

"Yes, Mas'r Walter, suah as youah bo'n."

"Now supposing, Quinte, this to be the fence where the instrument points. Which side of it would the graves be?"

"Right side, Mas'r Walter."

"How far from the fence?"

"Purty close, I specs, man's length, maybe. Praps little moah, praps a little less, Quinte can't tell 'zactly."

"All right, Quinte. Now, we will all take a look up this line for something that appears like a grave. The stone at the heads of the graves has doubtless been knocked down, and perhaps carried away; but as this rough ground has apparently never been ploughed, we should find some evidence of a depression or a slight mound."

The four started and looked carefully up the line, upon which a picket was set, kicking away the dead leaves and twigs until in a few minutes the Squire threw his hat in the air and shouted: "Here it is, Walter! God be praised! Here is the headstone fallen over and partly buried in the earth."

"Turn it up, grandfather, and look for the letters," called out Curtis, as he rushed over and looked at the ancient monument.

"Yes, here they are: 'J. C.' and 'P. C.' What's 'J. C.' stand for, Quinte?" shouted Squire Clinton.

"Jane Clinton, Mas'r, and 'P. C.' fo' Percival Clinton. Great God in heben! can it be dat I'm standin' ober de grabes ob my deah ol' Mas'r an' Missus once moah?"

"Nothing surer, Quinte," Walter replied. "Now

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let us go back to the instrument, Curtis, and I'll turn the angle given on the plan from this boundary line to the wine-cellar door of Percival Clinton's house. We will then measure up the distance Washington gives on his plan from the stone monument, and see if we can discover any trace of this mysterious wine cellar."

"Specs I can open up dis grabe now wif my pick an' shovel, Mas'r Clinton?" said Quinte, as he divested himself of coat and vest, rolled up his shirt sleeves and prepared for action, as in the days gone by in the Loyalist graveyard in Canada.

"Yes, Quinte. Go ahead. You have dug a good many Loyalist graves in your day. How many, do you suppose?"

"Golly, Mas'r Clinton. Don't know. Whole graveyard full. Specs dis will be de las' one ol' Quinte will dig."

"The first shall be last and the last first, eh, Quinte?"

"Yes, sah, Mas'r Clinton. Dat's true. Suah Mas'r Percival heah, was de fust Loyalist in youah fambly dat we buried an' now he'll be de last. Hope dar is some-thin' lef' in dis ol' grabe to carry home."

The Squire left the grave-digger hard at work with his shovel, and walking over to where Walter and Curtis were standing with picket and steel tape, remarked:

"Well, Walter, what do you find?"

"I find the trunk of this immense oak tree right on the line of my instrument, which is now pointing in the direction of the wine cellar."

"Nothing could be truer, Walter, for the map here shows a little black dot on the line about this point marked 'Oak Sapling' in very small letters." And Curtis showed Walter the spot.

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"Yes, but 'Oak Sapling' is not a sturdy tree three feet in diameter, Curtis," interrupted the Squire.

"Quite true, but how large was this tree do you suppose when Washington made the survey?"

"Right you are again, Walter. What a thick-headed old goat I am, anyway. But don't let me bother you any more."

"Now then, Curtis, let us measure right on in this line the balance of our distance. There, now, the door of that wine cellar should be somewhere in gun-shot of this picket. Just bring a shovel and let us see if we can find anything."

The Squire lost no time in getting to work digging in the spot indicated, and in a few minutes uncovered a long, narrow, flat stone worn smooth on the surface.

"What have you struck now?" exclaimed Walter, exultantly.

"A stone door-sill, as sure as your name is Earle."

"Very well. You may now bring up the instrument, Curtis, and we'll set up in the centre of this door-sill." Then, with the instrument set in the line of the centre of the oak tree we shall turn off the angle shown on your plan, and that should give us the line of tunnel into the rock."

"Well, Walter, my boy," said Squire Clinton, excitedly, "it begins to look as though you were on the very tracks of old Percival Clinton for sure. We'll stick to them now, my good fellow, until we find where they lead us."

In a few minutes Walter had his instrument set up on the door sill; then, turning off the angle required by the map, he said, "Now, Curtis, hold your picket back a few feet on this line. There you are. Right a little, left an inch, down! We'll tackle this bank of earth

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now, Squire Clinton. Let me give you a hand with another shovel, while Curtis, the weak invalid, gives us line through the instrument."

The surface was about level back from the door-sill for a short distance, beyond which was a bank of loose earth, and beyond the bank a ledge of rock. The shovels moved rapidly for the next few minutes and the earth flew in all directions. The sweat dripped copiously from the faces of the laborers, yet on they worked as though their lives depended upon digging through that bank in the shortest space of time possible.

Bang! went the shovel a little later.

"What's that you struck, grandfather?" shouted Curtis, as he came running up to the pit.

"Solid rock, my boy, on this side—the mouth of a tunnel filled with this loose earth, as sure as my name's George Clinton."

A few more minutes' work opened up the entrance to a passage in the rock, which could now be distinctly seen, extending back for some distance. They dug away the earth until at last Walter climbed down into the tunnel, and feeling his way by striking his shovel on the rock floor, advanced into the chamber to the remotest end.

"Now, Curtis, one more measurement here, and then our exploration is done. Hold the zero of your tape at the centre of the door sill, and sing out that last measurement on your map."

"All right here, Walter. Measure thirty feet, six and one-half inches," called out Curtis from the instrument.

"Correct. Come ahead and strike a match, Curtis, as the floor here is in perfect darkness."

The match was lit and all three men bent down and

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eagerly gazed around the iron point of Walter's picket.

"There it is!" Walter shouted, excitedly, which made the others jump as though he were pointing to a snake.

"There is what?" cried Curtis.

"A crack, a joint in the rock. Can't you see it here?" and Walter ran the point of his picket along a slight groove. Another match was struck and Walter moved the picket point round the four sides of a block of stone, scratching out the dirt in the joints. The block was about eighteen inches square.

"There's the lid of your vault, Squire Clinton, and here in the centre there should be an iron ring with staple imbedded in the rock. Certainly. Here it is, covered with the earth."

The staple head and ring were bedded down in the rock so that they did not project above the surface, and a little loose earth in the cavity hid the ring completely.

"Now another match, Curtis," exclaimed Walter, "and look out for your toes, for I'm going to swing this lid out of its position if possible. There it goes like a charm. Hold your light down there in the opening, and look and see if old Percival left any good wine in his secret vault."

Lying down on his stomach, with the lighted match in his hand, which he thrust into the vault, Curtis Clinton looked inside and saw a sight which made his head swim. There lay a large heap of glittering, gold, English guineas, filling the vault solid to the four walls, and reaching up almost to the brim.

"Heavens on earth, men, we're millionaires!" gasped Curtis, as he withdrew his pale face, rose to his feet and stared at the other two in utter amazement. He breathlessly motioned for Walter to examine the interior.

THE BLACK WALNUT BOX

The latter bent down, and by the light of another match gazed on the long-hidden treasure with wide, protruding eyes.

"There's enough gold in that pile, surely, to place the Clinton family beyond the possibility of want," said Walter, as he arose. "Let me see, eighteen inches square is about the size of the vault. That requires a depth of between five and six inches to make a cubic foot of gold and about three cubic feet of gold is worth a million dollars. I wonder how deep the vault is?"

Squire Clinton wildly stared at the two young men for some moments without uttering a word. Then he rushed out and shouted for the old grave-digger, who quickly came tottering along as fast as his uncertain legs could carry him, puffing and sweating and wondering what all the excitement was about. As he drew near, Squire Clinton said:

"Come on, Quinte, and you and I will see the prize together."

"See what, Mas'r Clinton? What hab you foun' in de wine cellar? Some good wine? Golly, it ought to be in prime condition arter all dem yeahs."

"Strike a light, now, Curtis," eagerly demanded his grandfather, "and let me see what Quinte's old, black walnut box and James Clinton's letter have done for us."

The Squire bent down and peered into the treasure hole for a long time, and taking some of the yellow coin in his hand, raised it up, looked at it and showed it to Quinte.

"God of my fathers!" was all the Squire could utter, as he arose and walked away toward the graves of his ancestors, trembling from head to foot.

Quinte now stooped down slowly and looked at the great heap of gold. He scooped it up in his hand, gazed

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at it closely, laughed aloud, and then twisted his head around to see Walter and Curtis.

"Golly, boys!" he exclaimed as he arose, "dat ol' walnut box was worf keepin', arter all. Mus' be a few thousand dollahs dar, anyway. Whew! Buy de ol' Bay ob Quinte homestead back wif good, clean Clinton gold. Wish poo' ol' Mas'r James Clinton was heah now to help enjoy it. Wondah if ol' Mas'r Percival ain't lookin' down from heben dis minut' an clappin' his han's fo' joy. He knowed how to fool dem sha'p Yankees what confiscated his plantation, didn't he? Golly, Mas'r Percival, I'll go ober to youah grave now an' see if I can't fin' jes a little ob youah dust an' ob the Missus, too, to take back to Canada 'long wid all youah heaps ob gold. Won't Helen an' Missus an' Gertie be glad when dey heah de good news? P'raps it was all fo' de best dat I kept dat walnut box, arter all. Quinte has been ob some use in dis worl', I guess. Now he's ready to jine his ol' Mas'r and Missus in de better land beyond; but dese old bones must rest in de Loyalist graveyard on de shoah ob de Bay ob Quinte, along wif Mas'r Percival an' all de Clinton family."

CHAPTER XXIV.

VIRGINIA TREASURES RESTORED.

As the sun was nearing the western horizon that afternoon, Squire Clinton stood on the shore gazing at a brigantine slowly descending the river. There was scarcely a breath of wind blowing, and the vessel, on one tack, came in very close to the spot with low banks where he was standing. He read the name of the large vessel, *The Evangeline*, and called out loudly: "Hello, Captain! Where are you bound for?"

"The Annapolis Basin, in Nova Scotia, sir," quickly came the response from a tall, stout man, leisurely sitting in the stern of the vessel, smoking his pipe and reading a book.

"Have you a full cargo, Captain?"

"No, sir. I have some room below."

"Have you any empty bags or sacks on board?"

"Yes. Plenty of them—empty grain sacks."

"Will you carry a few sacks of—"

Here the Squire hesitated and stammered, but Walter, coming up at the moment, shouted: "Some sand, Captain. A few hundred sacks of sand. We'll pay you well for your services if you'll carry these and four passengers to your destination in Nova Scotia."

"We have plenty of room, sir," the Captain replied, with a genial air and quickly gave orders to furl the sails, steer for the landing-place, and then to cast the anchor.

"Walter, you're a trump," exclaimed the Squire, in

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a low voice, as he slapped the former on the shoulder. "Your slow-witted old grandfather could not have arranged matters so cleverly, and, forsooth, came near giving the whole business away."

"We'll put some sand and gravel, you see, in the bottom of each sack, Squire Clinton; then some gold coin, then more sand on top, and no one will ever have the slightest suspicion of the value of our freight."

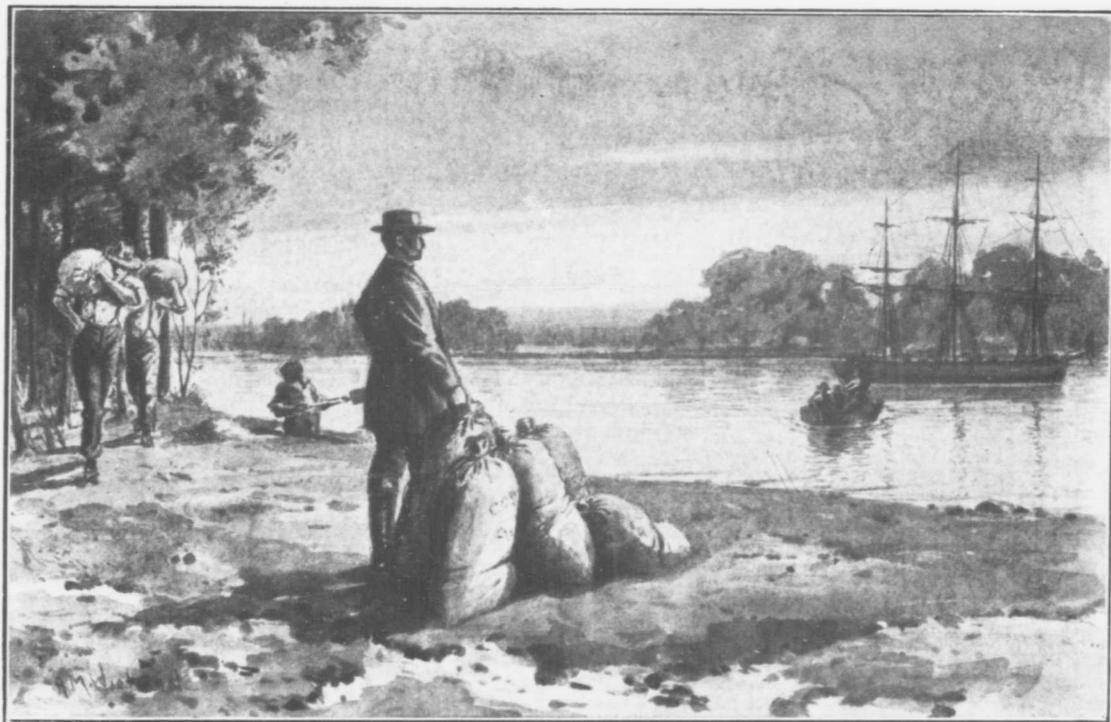
"Splendid idea, Walter. Nothing could be better."

The Captain sent several of his crew ashore in a yawl with a large pile of sacks. The Squire whispered to Walter and Curtis: "Now, boys, you carefully fill the sacks, and carry them down part way to the shore, and I will see that the crew take them safely aboard. Thus they will never get their eyes on our yellow goods. If they did, it might possibly lead to a mutiny; but don't make your sacks too heavy—say, twenty-five to fifty pounds each. Be sure there are no holes in them, and tie them good and tight."

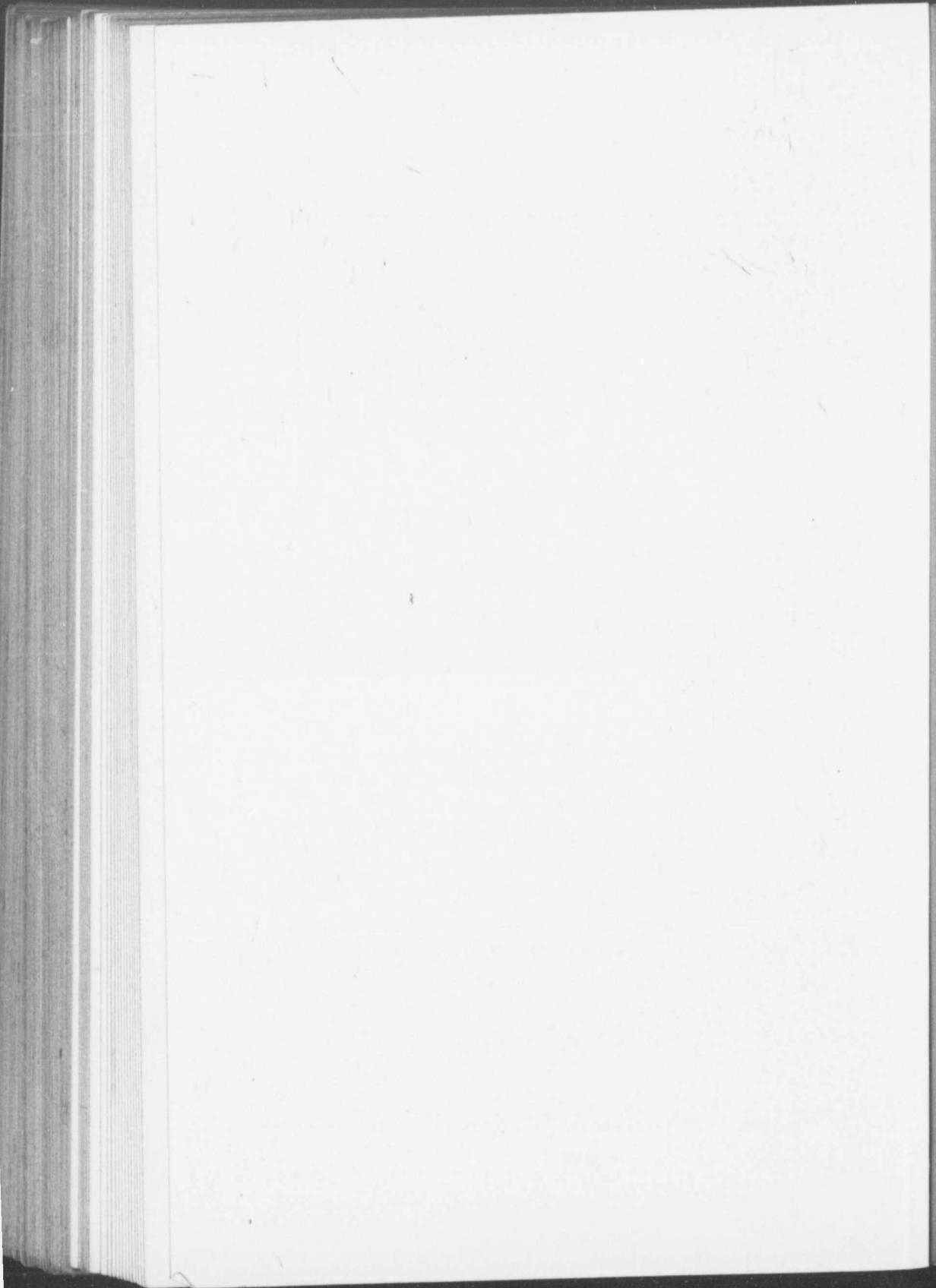
The scheme worked like a charm. Sack after sack was made ready by Walter and Curtis, with several double handfuls of shining guineas imbedded within the sand and gravel. These were tied firmly, and carried down to Squire Clinton, who stood near the river's bank. The crew here took charge of them and carried them aboard *The Evangeline*. Rapid progress was made, so that in the course of a few hours all the gold coins were extracted from the vault, mixed in the sacks of sand, and carried aboard the brigantine.

In the meantime Quinte had completed his task of disclosing what little dust remained within the confines of the badly decayed coffins in the two old Loyalists' graves which he had opened.

Curtis removed the papers from the black walnut



"The last gold coin was extracted from the vault, mixed in the sacks of sand, and carried aboard the brigantine."



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VIRGINIA TREASURES RESTORED

box, and into this old receptacle were deposited the few handfuls of dust remaining of Percival Clinton and his wife, Jane. This was carried on board; also the headstone that had marked those ancient graves.

Soon all was in readiness, when Captain Hooper, lifting anchor and loosening the sheets, put his staunch bark under motion, under a freshening breeze, and slowly glided down the river toward the sea.

While at dinner in the cabin that evening the Captain said: "What peculiar quality has the sand of Virginia, Mr. Clinton, that warrants you in shipping it to Nova Scotia?"

Squire Clinton was ready with an answer now without any hesitation, for he felt everything was secure.

"That property, Captain Hooper, at one time belonged to one of my forefathers, who, with his wife, was buried there. They were United Empire Loyalists. We have dug up the remains of these Loyalists and are taking their dust to the Bay of Quinte in Ontario, to deposit beside their descendants. We are taking along some old Virginia soil as well, with which we shall fill up the newly-made graves in the cemetery where all my ancestors have been buried."

"That's a very good idea, but it makes rather an expensive transplanting, I should imagine. I've carried nearly every kind of commodity in *The Evangeline*, but this is the first time I've ever carried sand, except for ballast. However, it's all the same to me."

"We don't mind a little expense, Captain, since it comes out of an estate this old Loyalist ancestor left for his descendants."

"Oh, I see now, Mr. Clinton—that explains the mystery."

"How do you happen to be up the Potomac, Cap-

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tain?" asked Walter, who was a little anxious to change the subject at that moment, not knowing just where it might lead.

"I am on my return trip from the West Indies, and had on board a family who were originally from Virginia. They offered to make it worth while if I would carry them up the river a short distance to where they formerly resided. I complied with their request, and put them safely off, and was returning when you hailed me. Strange that I should meet another family here, so soon after, desiring to go to Nova Scotia. However, that's what we're in this business for, and I trust you will feel perfectly at home aboard our staunch craft."

"What will be the prospect, Captain," asked Curtis, "when we get to the end of your present voyage, of finding a small steamer in Nova Scotia to carry us round the coast and up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario?—a special trip, of course, for which we are willing to pay liberally."

"I think I can manage it for you without any difficulty, as there are always some small steamers coasting along the Bay of Fundy and into the Annapolis Basin."

"Thank you, Captain, and don't consider the expense," said Curtis, who felt he was now a veritable King Midas.

Thus these important matters were satisfactorily explained and arranged, and Squire Clinton and his party settled down for a long, pleasant voyage up the Atlantic coast of several days' duration.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred while they were at sea. The wind was in their favor, and they sailed along at a good average speed, day and night. The weather was all that could be desired, and the passengers spent most of the hours of the day on deck,

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chatting with the genial captain or some of his crew, and learning many things of interest in the sailing of a ship and of the extensive carrying trade between Nova Scotia and the various ports visited by *The Evangeline* in the West Indies and South America.

As they entered the Bay of Fundy, Captain Hooper explained all about the high tides and "the bore" of this peculiar inland sea, and related many thrilling personal experiences on its treacherous waters. Then the captain swerved from his course up the bay, and, heading for the south, passed through the narrow "Digby Cut," with high spruce-crowned hills on either side. Entering the Annapolis Basin, his passengers were delighted with the panoramic view displayed. They saw the narrow, land-locked basin, some twenty miles long, flanked with terraces on either side, one above another, extending up and back to the summit of ranges of hills of considerable altitude.

Old-fashioned farm buildings were seen to decorate the terraces here and there, while herring weirs extended out in the Basin at intervals along its course. Crowning the heights on either side were large quantities of spruce, forming a charming background to the delightful scene spread out before them.

The tide was nearing its full as they entered the Basin, and was now beginning to ebb as *The Evangeline* reached her landing-place at Annapolis Royal, at the easterly extremity thereof, a quiet, old-fashioned town, which had known better days.

Captain Hooper at once arranged with the owners of a small steamer plying between Annapolis and Digby to convey the Clintons and their freight around the coast and up the St. Lawrence, and agreed to personally take

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command of the steamer as soon as the transfer of these sacks of sand could be effected.

While awaiting the steamer's return from Digby, the captain took his passengers ashore and showed them over the quaint town, the site of the old fortress, with the deep moat surrounding it, and the burying-ground close by, where English and French were interred side by side in those early years when this spot was the scene of so many fierce struggles between England and France.

As they walked around the deep, wide moat and over the bare hill overlooking the Basin, where once stood the fort, Captain Hooper said: "This is one of the most historic places in the Dominion, and worthy of some study at your leisure. Longfellow did not overlook it in his story of *Evangeline*, for he says, you remember, in reference to the French-Acadian settlement at Grand Pré: 'And well I remember a story that often consoled me, when as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Fort Royal.'"

As soon as *The Digby* arrived, she was brought alongside *The Evangeline*, whose hatches were now opened, and the sacks of sand and gold were transferred to the small steamer. The Clintons carefully superintended the transfer, counted the sacks, and found that the number corresponded accurately with that placed aboard ship in Virginia.

Immediately the bell sounded and the steamer started on her long trip out of the Basin, through the Bay of Fundy, around the coast and into the Gulf, and up that great chain of waters which Quinte had navigated just one hundred years before in company with the New York Loyalist expedition.

The old man would sit for hours holding imaginary

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converse with his old masters long since dead, while gazing upon the changing scenery from day to day. His friends, observing his peculiar state of mind, left him alone in his quiet reveries. The undue exertion and excitement had visibly affected the faithful old servant, and his end, they thought, was doubtless drawing near.

No more stops were made than were absolutely necessary. The machinery of the little craft worked to perfection throughout the entire trip. It was but a few days until, passing Montreal, they entered the locks and reaches of the St. Lawrence River, and arrived in the Bay of Quinte.

On a perfect June evening, just as the sun was disappearing in the west, fringing the clouds with varied gorgeous hues, *The Digby* blew a shrill whistle in front of Quinte Brown's cabin, as she turned her course toward the wharf. Her delighted passengers gave a lusty cheer to attract the attention of the family. Mrs. Clinton, Helen, and Gertrude, upon recognizing their friends, waved their handkerchiefs and rushed to the dock to welcome them.

The steamer had scarcely touched the wharf when Curtis and Walter bounded off and soon became locked in the arms of Gertrude and Helen respectively. Then there was a cordial greeting all round, and much delight was expressed by the women in finding that the men had safely returned from a most successful expedition.

Now for the first time since leaving Virginia was the question raised of compensation for the services of Captain Hooper. As soon as the cargo was discharged, Squire Clinton demanded: "How much do we owe you, Captain?"

"I scarcely know, Mr. Clinton. I don't wish to charge you too much; yet my time and expenses, and the

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chartering of this steamer amount to a considerable sum."

"You have given us good service, Captain — most satisfactory in every respect—so you must not be afraid to make your account large enough."

An amount was named with a good deal of hesitation by Captain Hooper, to which Squire Clinton replied:

"All right, Captain; we will be back in a few minutes."

Then, turning to the young men, he said: "Here, Curtis and Walter, let us each carry a sack over to the cabin with us, and we'll see if we can find enough money in the family to pay this account."

Each of the men shouldered a sack of sand, and, ascending the pathway, the Squire led the way into the cabin, untied his sack, and poured the contents out in the middle of the floor, to the utter consternation of the women.

"Goodness sakes alive, George!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, as she stood aghast at his strange action, "have you gone stark mad, to empty your bag of dirt out in the centre of my clean floor? I scrubbed it well this very afternoon."

"Come here, Mary, Helen, and Gertie," said Squire Clinton, wiping his forehead and bringing the light near. "Get down and closely examine that pile of dirt, and see what you think of the soil of old Virginia."

The three women complied with the strange request, and, bending over, stirred the sand and gravel about, until Mrs. Clinton remarked, with excitement:

"Why, George, here's a gold coin, someone has dropped—a guinea, I should say, from the looks of it!"

"And here are two more!" cried Helen, with exulta-

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tion, a few minutes later. "They look as fresh as though they had just come from a mint."

"And here are a whole handful!" exclaimed Gertrude, loudly, as she stepped nearer the light and examined them one by one, with evident pleasure. The Squire smiled, and the young men looked on with much satisfaction and delight.

Captain Hooper glanced up with marked surprise when Squire Clinton, a few minutes later, brought forth a bag of British guineas—a practically obsolete coin in Canada. It was explained that they were probably worth their face value, but that, in order to compensate him for any loss that might be sustained in exchange or depreciation, an extra handful of guineas had been added to the number necessary to make up Captain Hooper's account. This was perfectly satisfactory to the latter, who took his gold, bade all a cordial farewell, and immediately started on his return trip to Nova Scotia, assured that this had been one of the most profitable voyages he had made in many a day.

After his departure, Squire Clinton, Curtis, and Walter explained to the ladies all the particulars of the wonderful discovery they had made in Virginia through the information contained in George Washington's map; also many details about their varied experiences and anxious, though pleasant voyage home.

After supper the men took their shovels and spades and assisted Quinte in digging a new grave in the Clinton plot in the old Loyalist cemetery. Into this Quinte placed the black walnut box, containing the dust of the Virginia Clintons, and while Squire Clinton repeated the words, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," Quinte let fall upon the box in the grave three

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handfuls of Virginia soil, a custom he had always preserved in his capacity as grave-digger.

The ancient Virginia stone slab was now carried up from the wharf, and again erected at the head of the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Percival Clinton. Then the family turned their attention to the gold. Carrying the sacks from the wharf, the men screened the sand and dirt through a coarse sieve, and the women, by the light of lanterns, picked out the gold coins and dropped them into an iron potash kettle, which the men sunk below the surface of the ground in a corner of the cemetery. The work continued incessantly for some hours, until the coin of the last sack was deposited safely inside the kettle. Now the heap of sand was shovelled into sacks and emptied into the open grave until the latter was filled to the surface; and thus Virginia soil once more covered the remains of these Virginia ancestors of the Clinton family.

“There, children,” said Squire Clinton, when the task was completed and the whole family stood silently gazing upon the immense heap of gold, on which the dim lanterns were turned, “that treasure all belongs to you. It must be divided into three parts, in accordance with Percival Clinton’s will. One part belongs to Margaret Clinton’s heir, whom we now know to be Walter Earle; another part belongs to the family of Edward Clinton, and consequently Gertrude Westwood, his only living lineal successor, now rightfully inherits his portion; the other part, without question, belongs to Curtis and Helen, the last descendants of James Clinton.”

After a short pause, the old Loyalist continued: “Our good friend Quinte has about concluded his important work in this life, and, doubtless, will soon join the saints above. We must provide him with every

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possible comfort while he remains with us, for the wonderful service he has rendered our family throughout his long life. Mary and I do not require much to complete our remaining days. We are quite willing to depend upon the generosity and love of our children. Use all you require for redeeming this old Loyalist homestead, and making it the most productive in the community; be generous to the needy, and always lend a helping hand to a brother Loyalist descendant whom you find in trouble. Above all, do not forget the tithe that belongs to God.

"Always use your influence, my children, to make Canada the best country on God's earth, and do all you can to consolidate the Anglo-Saxon race in these three great countries, which by your birth you represent. I pray God we may become a more united people in spirit, burying the hatchet forever, and occupying the exalted position Providence intended our race should hold in the vanguard of the mighty movement which has been inaugurated for the uplifting of the whole world."

A quantity of coin sufficient to meet the requirements of the family for some time to come was extracted from the iron receptacle. Then the cover was carefully adjusted, the potash kettle was covered over with earth, and the family repaired to the old log cabin, with thankful hearts that a great achievement of more than a century's duration had been brought to a successful consummation.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOME MISSION FIELD.

NUMEROUS questions were freely discussed by the Clinton family when seated in the cabin. Among these were the approaching marriages of the happy couples, the buying back of the old homestead now advertised for sale along with the Sullivan estate, the U. E. Loyalist Centennial, the marvellous results of Charles Picton's pastorate in the community, the condition of Horace Sullivan in the asylum, and his widowed mother, who was now penniless and heart-broken.

"We'll buy the Sullivan farm from Horace's creditors, Curtis," said the Squire, in conclusion, "and give it to Mrs. Sullivan during her lifetime. That will provide the poor soul a comfortable home in her old age, and will lighten somewhat the gloom which has come into her life through the recklessness of her wayward boy. We shall hope that Horace may get better and yet become a source of comfort to his mother in the years to come by manifesting a marked change in his aim and object in life. Let us endeavor to forget the past, my dear children, and help him to become a better man, in case he recovers from his present terrible condition."

Then Squire Clinton took down Quinte Brown's old Bible, soiled, torn, and rusty with age, and read from the one hundred and twelfth Psalm words that had frequently brought comfort and peace to the soul, when the surface of life had been disturbed:

THE HOME MISSION FIELD

"Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed. Wealth and riches shall be in his house; and his righteousness endureth forever. Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness; he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous. A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely he shall not be moved forever; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

They knelt in prayer, and the Squire's strong voice, supported by a mighty faith in God, resounded through the old log cabin, as did the voices of his forefathers in the early history of the country. He poured out his tribute of praise and thanksgiving for providential mercies, and implored Divine guidance for his reunited family in the distribution of the great wealth bestowed upon them. Then they retired for the night, and soon were lulled to sleep by the lapping of the gentle waves against the shore.

While the Clinton family were slumbering that night, Rev. Charles Picton in his lonely room, was having the greatest struggle of his life with himself. He thought of all Helen Clinton had been to him in his pastoral work, in her faithful choir and organ duties, and in the social life of the community, with which she had been very closely identified with him for a considerable time. Then his mind reverted to the time when, on the Lake on the Mountain, he had told her of his love. He remembered distinctly her answer, that there was another whom she loved, which had suddenly shattered his hopes and cast a gloom over his life.

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He had not known that one during this long interval, nor dared he enquire, owing to his solemn promise. He had tried hard to forget, but could not, and his love for Helen Clinton, kept subdued by sheer will-power, now burst into a red-hot flame when he found that her loved one had at last appeared on the scene, and that she was indeed lost to him forever. He felt extremely sad and dejected.

“Walter Earle is Helen’s choice, then,” the minister reasoned with himself, “and a grand, good fellow he is, who will make her a noble husband. No doubt, it is all for the best, but, God knows, it’s a hard struggle to give up one who is so gentle and sweet and pure. She has encouraged me to do my duty—yea, has nobly assisted me—and I have tried hard to be faithful to my calling. God has wonderfully blessed in fruitful results my feeble efforts. My work, however, is nearly over. A few more years at the most and I shall be called to my reward. Yes, Charlie Picton, work on; do your best until you reach the goal. The pleasures of wife and home and family are not for you in this world. Stamp out all such hopes with an iron heel, and plod along in life alone, giving such cheer and aid and friendly consolation in the dying hour to others as you may be able, and then shuffle off this mortal coil, and be at peace forever with your Creator. The blessed company who have already crossed to that bourne from which no traveller shall ever return will greet you in that blessed country, and there your weariness and loneliness shall forever cease.”

In this manner did the minister converse with himself, reflect and pray for guidance through that long, weary night, as he sat and knelt and paced the floor of his bedroom until the dawn of the following day.

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When the morning sun streamed into his windows, with its warm, cheering rays, he sat down at his writing table and wrote a letter to the Quarterly and Trustee Boards of his church. Hitching his horse to the buggy, the minister rode rapidly to the post-office to mail his epistle; but, instead of doing so, went on past the post-office and pulled up a little later at Quinte Brown's cabin, where he learned that the old man was feeling quite poorly, and had not risen from his bed. He found the Clintons at breakfast, and received a hearty salutation from all as he entered the low log building. Declining a generous invitation to join the family at their morning meal, the minister, still standing, said in a low voice, in which there was a distinct note of sadness:

"I've come to tell you I'm giving up my pastorate here, and am going away into the Northern mission-fields again, where I feel there is a greater work for me to do."

"Nonsense, Charlie Picton! We'll permit nothing of the kind," Squire Clinton said, in a loud, firm tone. "The approaching Centennial celebration will be due largely to your suggestions, and now, just when so important an event is about to be consummated and the name of this locality made illustrious, you give up your work here and go back among those heathen of the north again. No, sir! Not if George Clinton can prevent it."

"You must not think of such a thing, Mr. Picton," exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, with disappointment in both voice and countenance. "We could not get along without you."

Gertrude and Helen made protests, and Walter and Curtis declared disapproval of such a step, but all in vain.

"I'm going, friends—that is all settled—and here is my letter of resignation I wrote this morning and am about to mail. I thought before doing so, however, I

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would read it over to you and your family, Squire Clinton, before giving it to the public. Do you care to hear it?"

Of course, everyone was anxious to hear what the minister had written to his people in regard to the unexpected decision he had made to leave his field of labor. Having finished their meal, the family pushed back from the table, and the minister took a seat and read aloud:

"Sincerely believing that a greater field of usefulness in the Master's service is to be found in the mission field of the backwoods of Canada, where I successfully labored for several years, I have decided, after much thought and consideration to now resign my position as pastor of your church, and at the close of the Centennial, within the next few days, to start for my former field of labor, where the demands are greater than ever.

"I am taking this step, not because I believe my work has been an entire failure in this community, nor yet on account of any grievance. I have been treated with the utmost courtesy and respect by all my people, and shall carry away with me pleasant recollections of the kindness of everyone in this, my native Loyalist settlement.

"While the people here are intelligent and prosperous, and capable of supporting a minister of the gospel, yonder in the fields where I was stationed are many noble-hearted but extremely poor people, who rarely hear the message of salvation. The former prosperity of those regions vanished largely when the great pine forests were cut into sawlogs and floated down the streams and rivers of the interior, to be manufactured into lumber. There was plenty of work for everyone, and a good, living wage in those active years of the past. But to-day that north country is not so prosperous to those fellow-Canadians—many of them Loyalist descendants—and to

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others, poor and unfortunate, scattered here and there throughout our country. Many are prosperous, it is true, but my sympathies are drawn out toward the poor.

"I am going in the footsteps, I believe, of my Master, to proclaim His salvation. I am persuaded I shall accomplish some good if His guidance is vouchsafed to me during the remaining years of my life, however few or many these may be.

"You will kindly accept this resignation as soon as convenient, as I am already making preparations for my departure. I trust my successor, whoever he may be, may meet with the kind consideration you have invariably extended to me."

There was no question now in the mind of any member of the Clinton family concerning Rev. Charles Picton's determination to resign his pastorate. The spirit of the letter and the manner and voice of the man convinced everyone that there would be no turning aside from his purpose. What was the *real* purpose? This question immediately arose in the mind of the old Loyalist, as he sat at the head of his table with eyes fixed on the minister while he read, and then folded and put away his letter. The Squire determined to find out.

"It would seem, Charlie," said he, slowly, "as though you desired a wider sphere of usefulness in your ministry—especially among the poor and unfortunate—without any thought of your own comfort. Is that what you mean?"

"That about expresses my views, Squire Clinton."

"And what about your remuneration for services?"

"I am willing to leave that in the hands of One who is wiser than I am, Squire Clinton, who has promised to provide for His faithful servants."

"Then be a missionary over all Canada, Charles Pic-

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ton—yea, the world, for your parish, like John Wesley, our Church's founder," cried the old Loyalist, as he arose from his chair, walked over and grasped the minister by the hand and fixed his kindly eyes upon him. The Squire was evidently satisfied.

"What do you mean, Squire Clinton?" asked the minister, as he rose to his feet and met the steady gaze of the former.

"I mean this, sir, that you shall be liberally supported by the Clinton family—yea, more—you shall have a goodly sum placed at your disposal for the help of others in actual want if you will proceed with the mission you have just outlined to us, not confining your efforts to the north land you speak of, but covering our whole country from ocean to ocean, thus carrying the Master's message to all our poor and unfortunate citizens. Will you do it? I ask you in the name of the whole Clinton family."

"Yes, Squire Clinton."

"Then, God bless you and prosper you."

The Squire now explained to the minister the result of their expedition to Virginia, which placed abundant means in the hands of the Clinton family, not only for redeeming the old homestead and providing for their necessities for all future time, but also to permit of a fund for just such Christian work as the minister had suggested, but in a much less limited sphere. This proved to be the very work the latter strongly desired to enter.

When Curtis and Walter, following the minister to his buggy, announced their approaching marriage, Charlie Picton urged them to arrange for it to take place at the time of the Centennial, to which the young men, after some persuasion, agreed, since that would be a most

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memorable occasion in the history of the whole settlement.

Rev. Charles Picton, having learned all the circumstances of the reunion of the Clinton family and their recent discoveries, concluded this double marriage would be a most important event for the Centennial. That very day he wrote a letter to Ottawa, to Canada's Premier, urging him by all means to be present at the Centennial, in order that justice might be done his old friend and supporter, Squire George Clinton, and the various members of his family.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED CENTENNIAL EPISODE.

AT a certain prescribed hour of the following day the Clinton homestead was advertised to be sold by auction sale to the highest bidder, if the latter's offer exceeded a certain reserve bid the auctioneer retained.

The creditors of the Sullivan estate, and of the Clinton property as well, had been advised that there would be a lively competition for the Clinton farm—one of the best in the country—and consequently they would not permit a private sale of the farm, anxious as they were to realize the utmost price.

Squire Clinton was on hand early and patiently listened to many expressions of sympathy over the loss of his old family homestead, and his inability to recover it. Not a word did he mention to any one outside the family, save Rev. Charles Picton, about Percival Clinton's treasures.

The bids were slow at first, causing the auctioneer to dilate at some length upon the merits of this farm and the opportunity the people were missing. Then the bidders warmed up and shouted their offers of one hundred dollars' advance each time from all parts of the building.

Squire Clinton glanced from one to another of his neighbors, who were bidding, but not a word did he utter himself. The bids went higher and higher and the contestants grew less and less until there were only two

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competitors in the ring. Soon one of these began to falter as the price had gone beyond anyone's expectations.

The old Loyalist, anxious to see what value his neighbors placed upon his property, could scarcely suppress a smile as, catching the auctioneer's eye, he nodded a new offer. This spurred up each of the other contestants and several more bids followed; but soon the third party dropped out, and then Farmer Jones, the noisy bidder, and Squire Clinton, the silent, unknown one, were the only competitors in the field.

The price continued to soar, as Farmer Jones was a wealthy Englishman in the settlement, and being very determined, had resolved on becoming the owner of the first Loyalist homestead selected in the settlement. He tried to discover his opponent by watching the auctioneer's eyes; but the latter were well accustomed to discovering a nod or even a wink of assent, without disclosing the party.

The end came at last, and the cry, "going! going! going!" bringing no response, the auctioneer proudly proclaimed, "and sold to Squire George Clinton, the former owner of the best farm on the Bay of Quinte."

There was a great buzz of excitement at this announcement, and every one wondered where the money was to come from. Then the Sullivan farm was offered, and in a short time it, too, was purchased by Squire Clinton, who made the requisite cash deposit in glittering gold coin, and quietly asserted payment in full for the two farms would be made in Canadian currency as soon as the legal papers were ready.

The Clinton family removed to their old home the following day with great rejoicing, each of the young people vigorously working in cleaning the house, re-

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placing carpets and curtains and carrying in the furniture.

Rev. Charles Picton was there and lent a helping hand. The mirth and happiness of the family proved contagious, and soon the pastor joined in the general pleasure, reminding him again of boyhood days when fun and frolic abounded in this old Loyalist home, and especially the memorable Christmas eve, when Helen, a little child, sat upon his lap.

Quinte was not there. He remained in bed in his cabin, talking at times in imagination to his dad and mam, or his master in Virginia. Then his mind would revert to the old graveyard, and he would ask Squire and Mrs. Clinton who would dig the Loyalists' graves after he was gone.

They talked to him as though he were as well as usual. Then Squire Clinton, in order to cheer him up, said:

"You must get around and be all right in a couple of days, Quinte, for nearly all the Loyalist descendants will be here at the great celebration, of which you know I have had the honor of being appointed president. Everybody will want to see Quinte Brown, you know, the only original U. E. Loyalist left—the boy who kicked up his heels on this shore one hundred years ago."

"I'se glad, Mas'r, yo' am de pres'dent ob de Centen'al, fo' praps you'll tell dem bout Quinte an' Mas'r Percival an' Mas'r James an' all de rest ob de family. I specs I'll be dar, Mas'r, if jes' to heah de band play 'God sabe de Queen,' dat deah good saint on de throne ob ol' England. I specs to meet her befo' de great white throne an' dar we'll all sing de song ob Moses an' de Lamb."

Then Quinte tried to sing, "Der am Angels hov'rin' "

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'round to carry de tidings home," and soon fell off to sleep. This permitted Squire Clinton and his faithful wife to leave the log cabin and join their family once more in the dear home they had been forced for a time to vacate.

The morning of the Loyalist Centennial—the 16th of June, 1884—ushered in one of the loveliest days of the whole summer. At an early hour the people were astir throughout the whole Bay of Quinte district, winding their way by steamers and carriages to the old United Empire Loyalist burying ground in Adolphustown. As thousands of people assembled, with bands playing and flags in abundance flying, there was great animation and cheer after cheer rent the air. Tents and booths and a large grand-stand were erected in the vicinity of the memorable Loyalist landing-place, and the grounds thus assumed the appearance of an important camp.

The peanut, lemonade and ice cream vendors were on hand as usual, with liberal supplies for the visitors, and loudly shouted the merits of their respective wares. The battalion from Belleville arrived by special steamer, camped in tents upon the grounds, and their excellent band discoursed appropriate music throughout the celebration.

When all was in readiness, Squire Clinton, the president of the Centennial committee, ascended the platform, followed by a large number of representative Loyalists from all parts of the province. After giving the large throng a cordial welcome, the chairman proceeded to outline the aims and objects of the celebration, briefly sketching the history of the Loyalist movement since the Revolutionary War.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the province, a member

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of a prominent Loyalist family, made an excellent address, going into the more minute details of all the experiences of the grand men and women who had sacrificed all they held most dear on earth in order that they might remain faithful and loyal to the honored flag which now floated above their graves. He followed their descendants down the century, and referred to many of the distinguished sons of the old Loyalist pioneers.

The laying of the corner-stone of the monument to be subsequently erected in honor of the U. E. Loyalists was performed with Masonic honors, the battalion firing a Royal Salute and the band playing "God save the Queen."

The corner-stone of an Anglican church in the vicinity was also laid during the celebration.

After partaking of the refreshments liberally provided by the ladies in various large tents, the chairman again called the immense concourse of people to order, and announced that the Premier of the Dominion, who was present, had expressed a desire at this time to briefly address the people on a matter which had not been announced on the programme, but which, he understood, referred to some particular family in the locality. This caused a great flutter of excitement, for it was not known that the Prime Minister was present, except by a few intimate friends.

Sir John, looking somewhat aged and care-worn, came briskly forward and was accompanied to the platform by Rev. Charles Picton. The latter returned at once to a tent erected near the platform, while the Premier, dressed in his ordinary light tweed suit, ascended the steps and with his familiar, genial smile and easy, graceful manner, stood before thousands of his fel-

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low-citizens and many warm, personal friends. After three hearty cheers, order was again restored, and then the Premier began to speak:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—I was glad to be honored with an official request to be present at this celebration, where honor is being done to the memory of the United Empire Loyalists of the Bay of Quinte. As I am not a Loyalist by birth, I did not accept that very kind invitation, believing that it would be more in keeping with the design and purpose of this Centennial if the public addresses made on this occasion came from the descendants of those illustrious men. But I hold here in my hand a private letter from my good friend, the Rev. Charles Picton, of this place, requesting me, if at all possible, to be present on this first day of the Centennial in connection with a matter with which a Loyalist family represented here to-day—particular friends of mine—is deeply concerned.

“I immediately accepted this invitation, and when I arrived last evening and learned from the reverend gentleman the nature of the matter in question, I found it to be of such transcendent importance to this Centennial that I took it upon myself to request that a slight variation be made in the programme, by allowing me the opportunity of explaining to you briefly the circumstances connected with this matter, which, doubtless, will be as great a surprise to you as it has been to me.

“As you are doubtless all aware, I was for a time in my childhood a resident of this old Loyalist settlement, and have known most of the good people here intimately since those boyhood days. After my father and mother emigrated from Scotland and settled in Kingston for a time, they moved to Adolphustown, and we dwelt for a period in a small frame house on Hay

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Bay, near that historic building which stands to remind us of those God-fearing men whose names you are honoring here to-day. I refer to the original Methodist church erected in Canada, which you will do well to preserve as long as possible from the ravages of time, in memory of your grand old Loyalist forefathers who wrought faithfully and well.

"As a bare-footed boy, I tramped up and down the creeks of this community, spearing pike and suckers along with many associates of my own age. I attended your village school, and at one time got my ears severely boxed by one of the school girls for sending her adrift in an old oarless boat, not far from the place where I now stand. George Clinton, whom I am glad to see you have honored with the chairmanship of your Loyalist Centennial Committee, was perhaps my most intimate associate in those happy, youthful days when we attended school together and sat in the same seat. Since then our friendship has been unbroken. He always brought his legal business to our firm in Kingston. As young men we came to know each other intimately, and as old men we have not forgotten or broken the friendship of earlier days."

Briefly, the Premier now reviewed the history of the Virginia Clinton family, and explained the marvelous manner in which the three branches of the family had preserved their identity by means of the paintings of Percival Clinton, handed down from generation to generation by each of his three children, Margaret, Edward and James.

Continuing, he said:

"Thus in the good providence of God these three Clinton families, scattered by the Revolutionary War,

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are now reunited in the family of Squire Clinton, and I am pleased to say we are about to witness a still closer reunion of this remarkable family.

“They recently made a trip to Virginia and found the graves of Percival Clinton and his wife on the old plantation. The few handfuls of dust of those bodies still remaining have been transferred to this locality in a corner of the graveyard yonder. You may see their newly-made grave in the Clinton plot with the same old headstone which did duty for a century in Virginia, erected to mark their Canadian resting-place for all future time.

“It was thought probable, from a map made by George Washington, when a young surveyor, of the Clinton plantation in Virginia, and from a letter written by James Clinton after coming to this country, that Percival Clinton had buried certain treasures in Virginia. Washington’s map has been preserved in a most miraculous way in a walnut box in the custody of Quinte Brown.

“While in Virginia the Clintons, through the engineering skill of Walter Earle, were enabled to locate a masonry vault beneath the former residence of Percival Clinton, wherein vast treasures of gold coin were discovered. A ship was engaged to transfer this great fortune to this country, and I am happy to inform you that the immense treasures of Percival Clinton are at this moment safe and secure in the possession of Squire Clinton and his family.

“These millions of money have apparently been preserved through the century for some divine purpose. This family, I understand, intend using a considerable part of their great wealth in the uplifting of their fellow-men throughout the limits of our wide Dominion, by

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well-devised, philanthropic plans, which I would be glad to see many of our wealthy citizens imitate here and elsewhere.

“To this end the Rev. Charles Picton has already been employed by the Clintons to become a missionary at large to travel throughout this country and investigate the causes of extreme poverty, wretchedness and suffering. Plans are to be inaugurated by this good man for helping the unfortunate to help themselves, and for the carrying of the gospel of Christ into the homes of all our people. He is commissioned to draw upon the Clinton treasures freely for the support of his various charitable projects, and no doubt great good will be accomplished. I am sure, therefore, you will all rejoice with me in knowing that great prosperity has come to the Clinton family at the very moment when they were about to lose the old homestead, which has been in the possession of their family for a full century.”

There was a loud clapping of hands at this point, with shouts of approval, and then the Premier resumed:

“Let me also say a few words in regard to my good old friend, Quinte Brown. This day, as you know, marks the centenary of his advent to this part of the country. He, too, was born in the state of Virginia. Throughout that long century he has been a faithful servant to every generation of the Clinton family, and a most estimable citizen of this community. He has carefully guarded yonder graveyard and has assisted in the grave-digging and burial of every Loyalist sleeping beneath the ground in that sacred spot. Quinte Brown, though of a different color and race, has been a devoted friend, a loyal citizen, and a true Christian gentleman, and it seems to me while firing a royal salute over the graves of those Loyalists who are gone, we should fire

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another in honor of this faithful servant who, having laid so many others away to rest for the past century, is now himself awaiting the call of his Master. Doubtless he, too, will soon be gathered home to his fathers."

The battalion here fired a salute, the band played the National Anthem, and the welkin rang with cheers.

Then the Premier continued:

"Some weeks ago Curtis Clinton received the nomination of our party, as many of you are aware, for this constituency. To-day I have learned that the opposition have decided to put no candidate in the field against him, and, therefore, he may be regarded as your future member for this riding.

"I shall esteem it a great privilege and honor, therefore, to welcome the grandson of my old-time friend, George Clinton, to our Legislative halls at Ottawa, where, I trust, he will long do honor to himself and the grand old constituency he represents.

"Walter Earle has consented to accept my invitation to come to Ottawa, where we are in need of a good man as Assistant Chief Engineer of Government Railways, where he will find, I trust, a wider scope for his marked ability.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am not aware of any citizen of this country more deserving of recognition, not only by our own country, but Great Britain as well, than our good friend, Squire Clinton; and it shall be my pleasure in the near future to have his name submitted to Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, as a subject worthy of knighthood. I trust, therefore, that ere long we shall have the pleasure of calling the one who presides over this meeting to-day by another name; and in order that he may be getting accustomed to it

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in the meantime, I shall take the liberty of giving him his new title to-day—Sir George Clinton.”

There was a thunder of applause at this announcement, followed by rousing cheers and rapturous music by the band playing the familiar tune, “He’s a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny,” which was sung lustily by the crowd.

The Premier concluded as follows: “I thank you, friends, for your patient hearing, and now before taking my seat I shall ask the Clinton family to come forward to the platform in order that the Rev. Charles Picton may perform a brief ceremony, which, I am confident, from my fair knowledge of human nature, shall merit your approval and applause.”

At that moment the delightful strains of Mendelssohn’s Wedding March were wafted through the great and expectant throng, thrilling the hearts of the people with joyous exultation and manifest gladness.

Squire Clinton left the chair and platform and walked over to the tent. In a few moments the tent door opened and the Rev. Charles Picton emerged, followed by the Squire and Gertrude Westwood arm in arm, Mrs. Clinton and Helen, arm in arm, while Quinte Brown, supported on either side by Curtis and Walter, brought up the rear. They advanced to the platform, and ascending the steps, took a position in the centre thereof indicated by the minister. It was observed that Quinte Brown was very feeble, and when left to himself leaned upon a chair, as though not able to stand alone.

Helen and Gertrude looked charming in very becoming travelling suits, and despite the awkwardness of appearing before so vast a concourse, chatted and smiled and seemed supremely happy.

At a signal the band ceased playing, and the Rev.

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Charles Picton proceeded with the marriage ceremony in a clear, strong voice, that did not in the least betray the aching of his own heart, which made Gertrude Westwood the wife of Curtis Clinton, and Helen Clinton the wife of Walter Earle.

Just as the minister was in the act of pronouncing the benediction, Quinte Brown bent forward, and with drooping head, in a listening attitude, exclaimed in a low, though distinct voice, while a smile overspread his countenance:

“I’se comin’, I’se comin’, fo’ my head am bendin’ low,
I heah dem angel voices callin’ ol’ Quinte—”

He ceased in a low, broken sound, and then with both hands extended, the old man tottered and fell forward.

The old Loyalist stood near, and quickly grasping Quinte in his arms, broke the fall and gently laid him down. He put his coat underneath his faithful old servant’s head and fanned his wrinkled, placid face. But it was of no avail, for Quinte’s spirit had taken its flight with the angel band that had been hovering over the spot for a full century.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OLD LOYALIST AT REST.

THE celebration at the U. E. Loyalist landing-place on the Bay of Quinte continued for several days. Many excellent addresses were made by prominent descendants of the old stock, who had carefully gleaned a great amount of interesting information concerning the noble character and varied experiences of their forefathers.

Before its close the remains of Quinte Brown were laid away to rest with solemn ceremony, in a corner of the large Clinton family plot, in a grave he had dug for himself many years before, and covered over with boards and turf.

After the two newly-married couples returned from a prolonged and happy honeymoon, the buried gold coin was removed from its iron receptacle in the cemetery and deposited in the Bank of Montreal. The two farms were paid for in full, and the titles thereto passed over into the hands of the Clinton family, to their great joy and delight.

Mrs. Sullivan was requested to return from her boarding house in Kingston, whither she had gone to be near her son Horace.

“You may return to your former home, Mrs. Sullivan,” said Curtis, very kindly, to the sad mother, “and rest assured you will not be disturbed again during the remainder of your life. When Horace recovers sufficiently, bring him to your home and care for him, and

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tell him the past is all forgotten and we are his friends. I shall always keep enough money deposited in the bank to your credit to meet all your necessary expenses from year to year. I trust you will be happy."

Mrs. Sullivan, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, could not speak a word; but she took Curtis's hand in both of hers and pressed it and kissed it with marked tokens of gratitude in her eyes, then turned and walked away to take possession of the comfortable home in which she was to spend the balance of her days.

Walter and Helen soon removed to Ottawa, where he began his engineering duties in the Government service, and where as the years advanced he became a useful, capable civil servant, devoted to his work. A baby boy came to their home, and he was named "George," in honor of his great-grandfather.

Their domestic life was very happy. Long vacations each year were spent by Helen and her son on the old Loyalist homestead with her friends. Occasionally Walter would join them, when they would all have lively times together in various forms of amusement.

Curtis and Gertrude lived very happily on the farm, which was now brought to a perfect state of cultivation, and was plentifully stocked with animals of the best breeds that could be imported. A little girl was born to grace their home and was called "Mary."

When attending Parliament, Curtis usually took his wife and child with him to Ottawa, where they lived with the Earles, in a fashionable quarter of the city. Curtis developed into an excellent speaker and keen debater, under the gentle, but masterful, hand of the Premier. He spoke only at rare intervals, but whenever Clinton addressed the House there was close attention manifested from the well-filled seats on both sides of Mr. Speaker.

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Clinton became an ardent advocate of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, a cause none too popular in those days. He was most vehement in his denunciation of the principle of licensing establishments for destroying human beings. He claimed, with strong, convincing arguments, that the license system had utterly failed in Canada, as it had elsewhere throughout the world. He stood for the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, except for medicinal and sacramental purposes. He maintained that the powerful influence exerted by the brewers, distillers, and wholesale and retail dealers in alcoholic liquors was becoming the greatest menace to the well-being of the Government and people of Canada, threatening to corrupt and debauch the whole body politic if the sober-minded people of the country did not immediately adopt strenuous measures to resist and counteract that influence by making the liquor traffic illegal.

There was but a mere handful of out-and-out Prohibitionists in Parliament when Clinton entered, but in the course of a few years several other lukewarm members from the various provinces became more pronounced in their views, and together they exerted a power in the House and country that had to be reckoned with by both of the great political parties in the years that followed.

The old log cabin had been unoccupied since Quinte's death, until some fishermen attending their nets nearby, finding the door-string on the outside, as it had been for over a century, made it their temporary abode. One day they carelessly left a large fire, as well as some wood scattered over the hearth, when departing to attend their nets. The fire spread to the floor and walls, and soon the building became a mass of flames. The venerable landmark was utterly consumed, and so there passed out of

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existence the first and last of the original log cabins erected by the Loyalists on the shores of the Bay of Quinte.

Rev. Charles Picton's mission, starting in the backwoods of Canada, where he had previously labored, gradually widened in its sphere, until it became publicly recognized by both church and state as a mighty power for good from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The interest on the well-invested Clinton treasures amounted to a very large sum every year, and the greater part of these earnings were placed in the mission fund of the family, the various members of which constituted the board, of which Rev. Charles Picton was chairman. The object sought in the administration of this fund was the uplifting of the poor and unfortunate, first physically, then morally and spiritually, similar in many respects to the grand work being achieved throughout the world to-day by the Salvation Army, under the able leadership of a dauntless old General.

Rev. Charles Picton employed a number of assistants for various fields, who as colporteurs carried cheap editions of the Bible, which were freely distributed wherever required among the poor, also a purse of money to render aid wherever, like the good Samaritan, he found a case of actual suffering. These colporteurs were usually college students, who, becoming familiar with the work and discovering the wonderfully large field of usefulness lying before them, as a rule took up the work with great zeal and made it their chief business for life.

Many a poor child, many a broken-hearted mother, many an unfortunate man blessed the good missionary as he passed through the lonely rural district, or the congested city quarters, dispensing charity or giving a word

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of cheer, or offering a brief prayer. These good men reported weekly to the chairman a full account of their operations and the number of visits made. These reports were again compiled by the chairman and submitted to the board of the mission fund.

The Clinton family thus kept thoroughly in touch with the work in the field and soon began to realize that the family treasures were destined to accomplish a mighty work in the future in the uplifting of their fellow-men. They were glad to feel they were using most of their income in dispensing blessings to others, and they resolved that the mission fund should be increased from time to time, as the work developed and the demands enlarged.

A substantial monument was afterwards erected on the broad base, of which the corner-stone was laid at the Centennial celebration. It was a tall brown granite shaft, and on the side facing the bay were inscribed the words: "In memory of the U. E. Loyalists who, through loyalty to British institutions, left the U. S., and landed on these shores on the 16th of June, 1784."

The old Loyalist was duly knighted, as the Premier had declared, and everyone began calling him Sir George, but he preferred the simple name Squire Clinton, to which he had always been accustomed. He took a lively interest in everything going on at the farm, but in no way interfered with Curtis's management, which proved more and more successful.

He laid his beloved partner in joy and sorrow away to rest in the maple-encircled cemetery in the course of a few years. In extreme loneliness, he now fell back upon the company and friendship of his little great-grandchild, Mary, and her cousin George, whenever the latter came to visit him. He loved to take each of these little

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ones by the hand on a summer afternoon and wander with them over the farm, explaining many interesting sights and listening to their merry prattle. He would lead them to the bay shore, where they would wade in the water with bared feet, or, sitting down on the bank, would make castles of sand. Then they would walk slowly up to the old cemetery, where he would show them their great-grandmother's grave, and would deeply interest them with little stories of her life and her beautiful character. The children were always much interested in the grave of Quinte Brown, the old black man, of whom they had heard many, many tales from their fond mothers.

As the years passed away, Sir George, growing old and somewhat feeble, seldom left the old Loyalist settlement, in which he had been born and reared. Occasionally he visited Helen and Walter, in Ottawa. At such times he invariably called upon the Premier at his office in the House of Commons, where he always received a hearty greeting and had a friendly chat, no matter how heavily the cares of state rested upon the aged Premier's shoulders. His presence in the home of Curtis and Gertrude always brought sunshine. It was the delight, too, of his neighbors to have him call as he drove to and fro throughout the settlement, and tarry for a cup of tea, when they would listen to his kindly voice as he recounted many stories of bygone days.

His friends observed that his mind was now becoming more and more centred upon the life beyond the grave. He read and studied his Bible more earnestly than ever before, and never failed to be in his place of worship on the Sabbath day. The pastors, who came and went in accordance with the itinerant regulations of his church, always received his loyal support and co-operation.

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Their frequent visits to the Clinton home, of which Gertrude was the beautiful, genial mistress, continued to be the custom, as it ever had been in the past, and they were always given a hearty welcome.

An occasional visit from his former pastor, Rev. Charles Picton, always brought Sir George much comfort. The missionary would always halt for a day or two on his hurried trips back and forth over a vast extent of country, where he was constantly advising and directing his numerous assistants in his great mission field; and at the same time personally proclaiming and exhorting whenever and wherever an opportunity presented itself. At such times Sir George would earnestly discuss plans with the missionary for the expansion of the work, and the utilizing of the money set apart for the purpose to the very best advantage. Then the old Loyalist would turn the conversation toward the future world. He would tell of all his bright anticipations when, with a great heavenly multitude, he would walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, in the presence of his adorable Saviour. There was no doubt, no fear; but a calm, firm belief that immediately he quit this world the Master, whom he had feebly endeavored to serve, would say to him, as he had said to others who had proven true to their trust: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

One day the old Loyalist came in from the post with his daily paper in his hand, his face as pale as ashes, and his step somewhat unsteady. When questioned as to the cause of his feebleness, Sir George held up his paper and pointed to the startling large headlines: "A mighty man has fallen! Canada to-day mourns the loss of her great-

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est son! A great political chieftain has gone! Our beloved Premier is dead!"

Then, laying the paper down on the table and leaning upon the latter, Sir George said, with evident emotion: "True, children, alas! 'tis true. Our great leader is gone, and Canada to-day is mourning over his departure. We cannot realize yet what a loss we have sustained, but future generations will look back and see his life and character in their true perspective. By his wise statesmanship and constant devotion to duty, a great nation has been welded together out of a few scattered, disjointed provinces. Not only has he done his best for our country at home, but at Washington and London he has stood up boldly for our best interests, and I am glad to know that our good Queen has honored him on more than one occasion. He has stood for integrity and purity, in private as well as in public life. He dies to-day a poor man—greatly to his credit—as he would not permit himself to become soiled with dishonest gain, like many men in public life have done in the past in this and other countries.

"He has laid a foundation, broad and deep, upon which there shall now assuredly be built one of the most prosperous and, let us trust, most upright nations in this great, wide world. The Premier had his faults—who of us have not?—but, notwithstanding these and all the evil influences that surrounded him, he had a faith in God which, I verily believe from our conversations from time to time, grew stronger and stronger toward the close of his life, and which I trust gave him the victory when he to-day, after a severe illness, forever laid down the weapons of his warfare. I shall expect to meet him soon, for I, too, shall be gathered home to my fathers in the not distant future."

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A few days later the old Loyalist and Curtis took the steamer for Kingston, to attend the funeral of the late Premier. The remains were brought from Ottawa, and lay in state in the Kingston City Hall—the Parliament building of former years.

Sir George wept as he stood beside the bier and looked for the last time into the face of his former Chief-tain and lifelong personal friend. They followed the great funeral cortège to the outskirts of the city, where they saw the coffin lowered into a grave in the quiet little Cataraqui Cemetery. They heard the final words of the officiating clergyman as he concluded the burial service.

While standing there, with bared heads, amid a vast concourse of people awaiting the filling up of the grave, the old Loyalist listened to the sighing of the wind in the tops of some tall pine trees near by. He looked and listened, looked and listened again, and concluded he heard from the tree-tops a low, distinct mournful call to himself from the invisible world. He could not divest his mind of that weird thought, but spoke of it again and again after they had turned away from the cemetery.

The Earles, who had come up from Ottawa to attend the funeral, accompanied the Clintons to their old home that afternoon, which they reached in the early twilight. The reunited family spent a happy evening together. Listening to the chatter of the children, the old Loyalist was again reminded of the time when the four parents of the little ones were children themselves, and made the old house ring with their merry laughter. When ready to retire for the night, their feeble grandfather said:

“My dear children, I firmly believe I heard God’s voice to-day in the whispering of the wind in yonder pine trees, near our late Premier’s grave, bidding me come to join our friends and all the saints who have gone before,

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in that city whose builder and maker is God. Remember, I am ready to answer the summons, even though it be this night. I shall expect you all to meet me in the better world above after the call comes to each of you, and you feel, as I do, that your life-work is over. Good-bye and God bless you."

Each member of the family shook hands with Sir George, and expressed a hope that he would be feeling better in the morning, after a good night's rest.

As he did not appear at the usual hour next day, they looked into his chamber. He lay with closed eyes and a peaceful smile upon his face. Drawing nearer, they discovered that his spirit had departed during the quiet hours of the night.

Three days later the remains were deposited in the Clinton family plot, beside the dust of his worthy forefathers.