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EDITED BY

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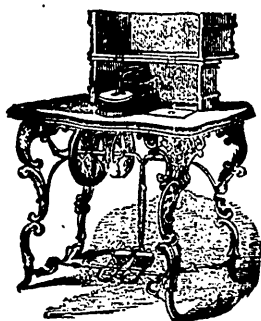
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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1871.

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VOL. I.

EDITED BY

ROBERT RIDGWAY.

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TORONTO:  
IRVING, FLINT & Co.

1871.

T H E  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1871.

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ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

An Historical Novel,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCASIONAL PAPERS," "WHAT SHALL WE DO?" "WAR SKETCHES," "THE TWO NEIGHBORS," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

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

—*Border and Civil Warfare.*

---

BENT AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE WAR PATH.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## THE SUN AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM.

BY OMICRON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Year of Max. of Observation.	27.5 Year Period	30 Year Period	33.3 Year Period	
1750	1750			
1761.5		1758		
1769			1771	
1778	1777.5			
1787		1788		1787
1804	1805		1804.3	
1816.8		1818		
1830	1832.5		1837.6	
1837		1848		
1848				
1860	1860			
1871			1870.9	

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

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

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

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

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

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

A. D.	Days of no spots.	New Groups.
1826.....	22	118
1827.....	2	161
1828—MAX.....	0	225
1829.....	0	199
1830.....	1	190
1831.....	3	149
1832.....	40	84
1833—MIN.....	139	38
1834.....	120	51
1835.....	18	173
1836.....	0	272
1837—MAX.....	0	333
1838.....	0	282
1839.....	0	162
1840.....	3	152
1841.....	15	162
1842.....	64	68
1843—MIN.....	149	34
1844.....	111	52
1845.....	29	114
1846.....	1	157
1847.....	0	257
1848—MAX.....	0	330
1849.....	0	238
1850.....	2	186
1851.....	0	151
1852.....	2	125
1853.....	3	91
1854.....	65	67
1855.....	146	79
1856—MIN.....	193	34
1857.....	52	98
1858.....	0	188
1859.....	0	205
1860—MAX.....	0	211
1861.....	0	204
1862.....	3	160
1863.....	2	124
1864.....	4	130
1865.....	25	93
1866.....	...	...
1867—MIN.....	...	...
1868.....	...	...
1869.....	...	...
1870.....	...	...
1871—MAX.....	...	...

This table makes us acquainted with the following facts :

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

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

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

4th. That the maxima do not occur midway between the minima.

This table shows that there have been sun spot maxima in the following years: 1829, 1837, 1848, 1860, 1871; and minima in 1833, 1844, 1856 and 1867.

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

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

Year.	Relative No. of Spots	Max.	Min.	Year.	Relative No. of Spots.	Max.	Min.
1749	63.8	1750.0	1755.7	1788	90.6	1788.5	1798.5.
1750	68.2			1789	85.4[?]		
1751	40.9			1790	75.2		
1752	33.2			1791	46.1		
1753	23.1[?]			1792	52.7[?]		
1754	73.8			1793	20.7[?]		
1755	6.0			1794	23.9		
1756	8.8			1795	16.5		
1757	30.4			1796	9.4		
1758	38.3[?]			1797	5.6		
1759	48.6[?]	1798	2.8	1804.0			
1760	48.9	1799	5.9				
1771	75.0	1800	16.1				
1762	50.6	1801	30.9				
1763	37.4	1802	38.3[?]				
1764	34.5	1803	50.0[?]				
1765	23.0	1804	70.0[?]				
1766	17.5[?]	1805	50.6[?]				
1767	33.6	1806	30.0[?]				
1768	52.2	1807	19.0[?]				
1769	85.7	1808	2.2	1810.5			
1770	79.4	1809	8.0				
1771	73.2	1810					
1772	40.2	1811	0.9				
1773	39.8	1812	5.4				
1774	47.6[?]	1813	73.7				
1775	27.5	1814	20.0[?]				
1776	35.2	1815	35.0[?]				
1777	63.0	1816	45.5				
1778	91.8	1817	43.5				
1779	99.2	1818	31.1	1816.8			
1780	72.6[?]	1819	22.5				
1781	67.7	1820	8.9				
1782	33.2[?]	1821	4.3				
1783	22.5[?]	1822	2.9				
1784	4.4[?]	1823	1.e		1823.2		
1785	18.3	1824	6.7				
1786	60.8	1825	17.4				
1787	92.8						

TABLE III.—TORONTO RAINFALL.

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

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

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

## DECEMBER MUSINGS.

BY MISS EMMA J. M. R.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

TORONTO, December, 1871.

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## A CANADIAN GHOST STORY.

—  
IN TWO CHAPTERS.  
—BY COUNSEL WEGHRIC, Ph. D.  
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## CHAPTER I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

As he was saying this--

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did not he go in?"

"Of course he did."

"Well that's strange!"

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

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

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

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

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

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## CHAPTER II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'But were you not scared.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our readers must judge for themselves.

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## THE RELATIONS OF LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

BY WM. BOYD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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### BOYHOOD'S EVENING.

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

\* \* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \* \*

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

## THE CIVIL LIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ A discenting teacher.	Precher of the Gosple.
Decenting teacher.	Precher of Gospell.
Desenting teacher.	Prashr of the Goseppl.
Minister of Gospell.	Preacher of the Gosper.
Preacher of the Gopel.	Preacher of teacher the
Preacher of the Gosple.	Gospell Bappist.
Preacher of the Gospell.	Preacher of the Gospel.
Precher of the Gospel.	Preicher of the Gospel.
Precher of the Gospell.	Teacher of the Gospell of
Preach of the Gospell.	Jesus Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## THE ROSE OF PEACE.

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

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

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

J. S. W.

Toronto, Dec. 1st. 1871.

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 THE LITTLE WOMAN IN THE DOORWAY.
 

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*The Little Woman in the Doorway.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hamilton, Nov., 1871.

J. R.

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## SKETCHES OF CANADIAN WILD BIRDS.

BY WM. KELLS, North Wallace, Ontario.

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### ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF BIRDS.

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

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

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

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

The second is composed of *Owls*.

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

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

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

The fifth order of Birds is called *Grallatorie*, or Waders. They are divided into five families, namely,\* *Brevipennis*, *Pressirostres*, *Culirostres*, *Longirostres*, and *Macrodytyle*. The Plover, Cranes, Woodcocks, and Snipes, are members of this order.

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

This order is divided into four families, namely, *Brachypterae*, *Loniipennis*, *Fotipalmate*, and *Leamellirostres*. The divers, Gulls, Ducks, and Geese, belong to this order.

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

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

\* Some writers divide the order *Grallatorie* into eight families: adding to the above names *Flamingoe*, (*Phenicopterus*), *Griboles*, and *Vaginals*, or sheath-bills.—Ed.

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

\* The tabulated arrangement given below of the orders and their respective characteristics whether *terrestrial* or *aquatic*, will assist in understanding the subject.—Ed.

First. *Terrestrial* birds, or those whose feet are not made for either swimming or wading orders.)

*Rapaces*, or } Talons very strong, with pointed hooked nails? beak hooked and sharp.  
*Accipitres*. }

FIRST ORDER.—*Accipitres*, or Birds of Prey.

I commence my sketches of Canadian Ornithology with a brief description of those fierce birds, some species of which are found in every region of the earth, over the vast savannas and pathless wilds of America, haunting the burning deserts of Africa, or keeping watch over the wild woods and cultivated fields of Canada.

The birds of prey form a most important section of the class *Aves*, and, following other naturalists, I begin this portion of my sketches with them. These birds are recognised by their hooked beak and talons, powerful weapons with which they immolate other birds and even the weaker quadrupeds and reptiles. They are among birds what the *Carnivora* are among quadrupeds.

They wholly subsist upon the flesh of other birds and animals, fish, insects, and reptiles; some species will eat nothing but what they kill themselves; others will devour the most putrid carrion. The muscles of their thighs and legs indicate the force of their claws. They have all four toes on each foot; three directed forwards and one backwards; the claw of the latter and of the innermost toe are the strongest. All birds of prey have a crooked beak, with its point sharp and curving downwards, and the nostrils are pierced in a membrane that invests its face; and as many of them pursue other birds, their flight is accordingly mostly powerful. The characteristics of these birds are striking. Those found in Canada for the most part dwell remote from human habitations, in the deepest and most unfrequented parts of the forest, on wild mountain summits, lonely isles, and sea-beaten rocks. Some, though they frequent the fields and fallows of the rural districts for the purpose of procuring food, carefully conceal their breeding places from the eye of the hunter, in the tops of lofty trees, where the silence of the wilderness is seldom broken by sound of the human voice. There, rocked by the breeze and hushed by the music of the winds among the leafy boughs of the unexplored forest, or in the crevices of sea-girt rocks, where the hunter dare not climb, they rear their young, unmolested by the prying curiosity of man to see and examine their nest. The love of solitude is a characteristic of all true birds of prey, and seldom more than two of them are seen together. Where the avalanche thunders, as it crashes through the mountain forest, you may find them;—in the silence of the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies they have their homes; but they retire before the sound of the pioneers of civilization, and love not the neighborhood of cities or cultivated fields, except in newly settled districts, where, as if in retaliation for the invasion of their homes, several species of these birds commit great destruction among the poultry of the first settlers. This tendency to

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<i>Passerinae</i> .	} A single toe directed backwards, and three forwards.	} Beak generally pointed, and not vaulted above—Wings	} Toes feeble, and not armed with sharp hooked nails.
<i>Scansoriae</i> .			
<i>Grallatorie</i> .	} Superior mandible arched or vaulted, nares partly covered by a soft, inflated scale; heavy: wings short.	} generally long, and erect.	} sharp hooked nails.
Second.— <i>Aquatic birds</i> , or those whose feet are formed for wading or swimming.			
<i>Grallatorie</i> .	} The tarsus being very long, and the lower part of the leg naked like the tarsus. very long and suited for wading.		
<i>Palmpedes</i> .	} The toes palmate, the legs short and placed far back on the body and so suited for swimming.		

solitude distinguishes them from other families of the feathered race, for many of its tribes delight to form their homes near human dwellings, perching upon and warbling their varied songs among the trees that surround the farm houses and picking their food from the newly sown furrows. What a contrast between the swallow or the robin, which almost enters our dwellings, and the sullen owl inhabiting the deep recesses of the forest or the time-worn hollow of some ancient tree. All birds of prey may not be so exclusive in the love of solitude, but the greater portion of this extensive division dwell in the silence of the ruin and the wilderness. Mankind in general do not feel much sympathy with creatures which thus avoid their society, and not only appear to scorn all communication with them but, when opportunity serves, gratify their carnivorous propensities by destroying those of the feathered race which are content to make their homes around our dwellings. Hence it is that birds of prey are regarded as enemies to be hunted and killed, rather than creatures to be loved and cherished. They have, however, an important office assigned them, for which they are admirably adapted. This order of birds, as I have already stated, are divided into two families,—the first or *diurnal* birds of prey comprises the vultures, eagles, hawks, &c. Of the vultures, I have personally but little knowledge. They are chiefly to be found in more Southern latitudes; and though some of them may visit the shores of the Dominion, they are not strictly speaking Canadian birds. Of the eagles, three species are occasionally seen. The white-headed eagle, the black, and the osprey. To the former of these powerful birds I will now direct the reader's attention.

#### THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

This is the largest bird of prey that visits the inland regions of Ontario; and perhaps the largest to be seen in the whole Dominion. It is but seldom, and then only in its passage to and from the lakes which form the boundaries of Ontario, that this fierce and powerful bird is ever seen in the cultivated interior districts. His advent here is regarded with wonder and admiration by man, and surprise and terror by the lower order of the feathered race. Should the wonder-producing bird alight near the farmer's residence, with perhaps no other design than to rest his weary wings, the backwoodsman may be seen with gun in hand, cautiously approaching the tree where the wanderer is resting, in order to bring down the unwelcome visitor, and gratify the younger members of his family by a close inspection of the powerful bird; while every species of birds, both wild and domestic, uttering their various notes of alarm, seek some place of refuge until the cause of their fears has disappeared. It is only thus in their aerial wanderings, while resting their weary pinions on some high tree, that I ever had a view of any of these majestic birds while alive, but occasionally some of this species is shot, or otherwise captured, while regaling on a dead carcass or attempting by some means to gratify the demands of hunger. Early one morning in the latter end of May, 1866, a fine specimen of the white-headed eagle, measuring six feet across the wings, was brought down by a little boy, who, having got up at daylight, beheld the bird of

mighty wing perched on a high stump, taking a survey of the Maitland river and some fine lambs that were playing on its banks, and upon which he was evidently intending to make a raid. The little fellow returned to the house and procuring a loaded gun took his first shot, killing the Republican emblem at the distance of eighty yards, two grains of shot only having reached his heart. Another of these fierce creatures in the spring of 1867 made a bold but unsuccessful attack upon a flock of domestic ducks which were quietly pursuing their busy avocations on the waters of the Cannacajig, a small river in the township of Peel, and on the banks of which the writer passed his early days. The notes of alarm raised by the ducks on this occasion called forth a young woman from the farm-house, who, on approaching the place, whence the cries proceeded, saw with wonder a large white headed eagle perched upon a stump, and evidently preparing to make another attack on one of the largest of the ducks, which was separated from the flock, and apparently much hurt by the powerful talons of the marauding falcon in his first attempt. In this position the eagle remained until the girl arrived within a few yards of him, and as she said,—“got a fine view of his white head.” The eagle, seeing his chance of dining quietly on the downy swimmer had vanished, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, he rose majestically on the wing and, pirate-like, left for parts unknown. The wanderings of this bird are not confined to the summer season, for there are instances yearly occurring in which solitary individuals of this species are seen pursuing their airy voyage across the country.

The following paragraph from the *Witness* shows that the eagle is also a rare visitor in other parts of the Dominion:—

“Yesterday an immense eagle was brought to this office, which had been shot the day before by Mr. M—, of St. Levi. Mr. M— saw a large bird standing on the banks of the St. John beside the body of a turkey which had been frozen. Hastening to get his gun, which he loaded with No. 3 duck shot, he went towards the strange visitor, which he discovered to be an eagle. The monarch of birds, not apparently much disconcerted, and not caring to permit any one to see it in the undignified employment of eating, stalked majestically away, keeping his eye fixed on Mr. M—’s movements; but that gentleman, as soon as he could get within proper distance, fired, and the bird rose on the wing, but it was evident that it was wounded as the right wing labored heavily. A second shot took effect on the same wing, compelling the bird to alight after flying a short distance further. Getting behind a piece of rising ground nothing was visible but its head, which by a well directed shot was struck, instant death being the result.”

Although this eagle is not often seen in the rural districts, yet it is commonly met with on the Southern shores of Ontario, and probably also rears its young on the rocky, unfrequented coasts of this Province. The tourist who visits Niagara often sees the white-headed eagle hovering over that celebrated waterfall; and there, in company with the vultures, they often flock to prey upon the carcasses of animals brought down by the torrents. In fact this eagle does not reflect much honour on his order, being in some respects

more like a coarse vulture than the traditional high-spirited eagle, as it will readily prey on carrion, and frequently contends with the vultures themselves for their disgusting food.

The white-headed eagle also feeds on fish, but not being fitted by nature for plunging into the water, he is constantly on the lookout to rob the osprey of its prey, as that bird arises from the waters. He will sit for hours watching that feathered fisherman at work, and the moment the latter has seized a fish, off in pursuit darts "the pirate of the air." The chase is often desperate, for the Osprey does not readily abandon its booty; but sweeping in large circles endeavours to keep above the Eagle, which, being unencumbered, soon gets the advantage; upon which the Osprey drops the fish. Then comes the feat of the white-headed Eagle; descending with lightning speed he grasps the fish, before it reaches the water, and bears off the spoil with a scream of triumph.

And yet it is a singular fact that the United States have chosen this very bird for their national symbol. How strange, that a people professing to give freedom to all, and to respect the rights of every nation and people, should have chosen a bird whose well known qualities are at variance with the principles on which every government ought to be founded. Yet it must be confessed that a strange parallel exists between the habits of the white-headed Eagle, and the practice of the leading men of the neighbouring republic. Nor must it be forgotten, that Benjamin Franklin himself saw something unfortunate in the selection of this eagle as the emblem of the United States. That philosopher thus speaks in his own peculiar style:—

"For my part, I wish the bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character, he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labours of the fishing hawk, and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it off to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald Eagle pursues him and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor. Besides, he is a rank coward, the little King Bird not bigger than a sparrow attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem of the brave and generous Cincinnati of America."

The plumes of the Eagle have been highly prized in the days of their barbaric power, by the savage Indians. When in wild freedom they roamed the trackless forest, and their sovereignty to their now lost hunting grounds was undisputed by the white man, then one of their most valued steeds was not deemed too high a price for a few feathers from the tail of the eagle. And at a subsequent period, the settler from more civilized lands, often beheld amid the flash of rifles, and the flames of burning villages, the tall crest of some savage chief ornamented by the plumes of the eagle. Nor was it only in the heat of battle that these feathers were worn by the savage Indian. They were seen at the festive meetings of the tribes, and were attached to the celebrated calumet or pipe of peace, so often smoked by Indian and European as tokens of brotherhood.

The nesting places of this powerful bird, are high rocks and trees near the shores of the sea, or large inland lakes, and the margins of mighty rivers. The peculiar whiteness of the feathers which adorn the head of this bird, has led many to call it the bald eagle, and in some places it is still commonly so called.

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## THE ROSE AND THE PANSY.

BY JOHN BALL.

A rose tree in my garden grows,  
And on it blooms the red, red rose ;  
With perfume sweet it fills the air,  
And bright its hue, its form so fair.  
And by its side a pansy lies,  
A flower like wings of butterflies,  
Of indigo, and white and green,  
Its colours interspersed are seen.  
The sun was shining hot o'erhead,  
When to the rose the pansy said :—  
" Your struggling widespread branches cheat  
Me of the sun's bright rays and heat ;  
So through the night in cold I lie,  
And through the day for warmth I sigh,  
All through your selfish, spiteful ways ;  
But pride, like other things decays ;  
And so will yours, for die you must,  
And, withering, crumble into dust."  
Then quickly answered—stung with pride—  
The rose, who thus began to chide :—  
" How dare you, little puny thing,  
With such impertinence, thus bring  
Against me charges quite untrue,  
And wicked, base, and monstrous too ;  
But so it is the world all o'er ;  
Impertinence is sure to bore  
Its friends, and charge its foes with all  
The crimes that o'er can them befall."  
And thus went on from day to day,  
This grumbling, till at length away  
The summer passed, and winter came  
With hail, and snow, and mist and rain.  
The snow was deep upon the ground ;  
But, covered o'er, the pansy found,  
A shelter from the biting blast,  
Which nipped the rose tree, and at last  
Killed it outright, and left it dead.  
The pansy lifted up her head,  
When spring returned, erect with pride,  
The mid-day sun his glances plied  
Upon it in a streaming tide  
Of glowing heat—it drooped and died.



## OUR ABORIGINES.

BY A NATIVE.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind ;  
 His soul proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk or milky way ;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven ;

And thinks, admitted to that equal sky  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.—POPE.

Our aborigines. Where are they ? is a question often asked, but a hard one to answer. The time is still fresh in the memory of most of our citizens, when in any of our Canadian towns or cities, the original inhabitants of the country, might have been seen wandering in wonderment along the streets, or trying to drive a bargain with some petty dealer equally hard listcd with themselves.

In those days the Indian and his squaw were common and unnoticed passengers on our streets, but at the present time they are a rarity, and regarded with about as much curiosity as Japanese or Chinese : especially, if they are as we see them sometimes, dressed up in their war paint and feathers.

When Jacques Cartier first navigated the noble St. Lawrence and viewed with wonder the rich scenery, and native grandeur of the shores, this Canada of ours, was under the unrestrained dominion of the *Red Man*.

Divided into many tribes, governed by their own chiefs, and led by their own braves, they waged their intestine wars with bitter animosity.

Of simple habits, strong, persevering, determined, and sagacious, the red man was then in the zenith of his power. His sun was then in its meridian, alas, that so soon it should be fated to sink into oblivion.

*Fire-water* was the insidious bane, that proved even mightier than the bayonet of the soldier or the unerring rifle of the frontiersman in accomplishing his destruction.

Could he have copied the virtues of the pale face, without being entrapped with his vices, it might have been well with him, but untutored, vain and arrogant, he fell an easy victim to the gilded bait ; and, shame be it said, that bait in many cases held up by the hands of professing Christians.

Under its accursed influence, the fierce warrior that could look unmoved at death, and triumphantly chant his death song at the stake,

amid the jibings and tortures of his enemies, became enervated and diseased.

The traditional glory of his nation was to him a thing of the past, a thing perhaps that might serve the story teller to amuse his listeners, as they gathered round their cheerful wigwam fires. It could but amuse. No further purpose could it serve, and though perhaps in some breast, some faint flashes of the old time fire might be rekindled, it soon subsided. Ambition once gone—what had they to live for? Nothing.

Driven from their hunting grounds by the encroachments of civilization, decimated by fire-water and the diseases which invariably follow in its train, they have lingered on, gradually becoming fewer in numbers, until at the present time a real *bona fide* Indian is almost as much a curiosity in Canada as in Old England.

It is true that some relics of the ancient tribes are still to be found, as at St. Regis, Caughnawaga, Munceytown, or the Mohawk, but these are so blended with the whites by intermarriage as to be scarcely recognised as Indians.

A great many people imagine that to find a real Indian, such as Cooper describes in his *Pathfinder*, it is necessary to go to the Western prairies, Red River Settlement, or some other equally distant place. Not so, my friends! Clinging to their old traditions and habits, striving against the encroachments of civilization, surrounded by a busy population, and almost in the centre of our Western Peninsula you may yet find a true type of our *Canadian aborigine*.

When, after the Revolutionary war, the Six Nation Indians sought shelter under the British flag, their loyalty and devotion to the Crown during that sanguinary struggle was rewarded by a large grant of land lying along the banks of the Grand River, as well as an annual grant of money to each member of the tribe. Led by that heroic old Chieftain, Joseph Brant (Thayondanega, his Indian name), the noble remnant of that once powerful confederation of tribes, crossed the Grand River at Brantsford (now called Brantford), and proceeding down the river a few miles established themselves in that delightful valley, called after their old home "Mohawk Valley." Here they settled themselves and have remained ever since. Their old Chief, Brant, proved himself as worthy to instruct them in the arts of peace as he had been to lead them in the storm of battle.

It may here be mentioned that this remarkable man was brought up as a protege of Sir William Johnson, and received his education in England. Under his direction churches were built, schools established, and missionaries and teachers induced to settle among them. Brant himself assisted in translating the Scriptures and distributing to his brethren the Word of Life.

These wise measures had the effect of civilizing the greater part of the confederated tribes, but not all. The disappointed ones who could not and would not brook the innovations of civilization, although owing allegiance to the head Chieftain, removed further down the river, and to this day their descendants may be found worshipping the Great Spirit and performing their rites and ceremonies as in the days of their forefathers. By the rest of the confederation

they are called the Pagans, and they accept the distinction rather as a sort of honorary title than one of reproach. With them the *Manitou* is still the *Good Spirit*, him they worship, and to him is still ascribed the glory when fortune favors them. The *Evil Spirit* of olden times still pursues his avocations among them, and still gets the credit if sickness or misfortune overtakes them. The *Medicine Man*, too, flourishes in all his glory, and is as much respected and feared as ever his forefathers were. He heals all manner of diseases, interprets dreams, tells fortunes, gives advice, and makes a good fat living into the bargain.

The region these Indians inhabit is perhaps the most beautiful in Canada. Wooded hills and fertile valleys greet the eye at every point, while like a serpentine winding through its centre flows the Grand River, which, besides watering and draining it, also provides good fishing grounds for the simple inhabitants. What strikes an observer most is the perfect quiet that inhabits this region. Leaving the busy homes of the surrounding country with its teeming smoke-covered towns and its active, industrious agricultural population, a few miles brings you at once to a region the very reverse of the one you have just left. Unbroken silence reigns; no sound of woodsman's axe or shrill-voiced teamster interrupts the harmony of nature. Nothing is heard save the chirping of squirrels or the caw-caw of some solitary raven as he flies heavily along in search of food. The Indians are, they say, too proud to work; but I fancy the real reason is, they are too lazy. Most of them have small log wigwams, roofed with troughs (made of hollowed trees) and plastered up the sides with clay. The clearing surrounding them rarely exceeds an acre, and is always worked by the squaws, who in addition to this have to cut the firewood, attend to the papoose, and perform all the culinary operations pertaining to the establishment. Her husband is her lord and master. His will is her law, and from his decision there is no appeal.

Theirs is a hard lot. While they toil and drag out a miserable existence, their lazy, good-for-nothing husbands (if not hunting or fishing) lie round and drink and smoke.

Think of this ye fair ladies in our midst, whose glove-clad hands are so fearfully delicate that you could not think of contaminating them with the touch of honest labor, whose delicate sensibilities are so refined that the very idea of personally ministering to the wants of others is positively shocking—yea almost makes you faint. Think of the condition of these dusky skinned daughters of toil, and then ask yourselves which relatively is the most to be admired. But a brighter day is beginning to dawn for the poor Indian. *Education*, that great civilizer of nations, is advancing with rapid strides, mission schools are being established, day schools are in operation, and in all probability the end of the reign of ignorance and superstition is close at hand. With good education and religious training it is impossible that the rising generation can be enshrouded in such darkness as envelops their fathers, and I think that by the time ten or twenty winters have frosted the heads of the elders of the tribes, a Pagan Indian will be a thing unknown in that part of Canada. We

cannot close this short sketch without referring to the convention of tribes held last summer, which proves most conclusively that a new era is beginning to dawn on our red brethren, and that their eyes are being opened to the advantages of civilization. This convention was held ostensibly to settle the division of some money which by litigation had come into possession of the tribes; but the real object seems to have been to petition Parliament to grant to them the same privileges as the whites. They want to have a share in the Government of the country, and to cast their vote as others. They want to be made responsible for the debts they incur, and have the power of buying and selling property. As the law exists at present they have no voice in the Government of the country. They cannot be made to pay any debt they may contract, and they have a certain portion of reservation land allotted to them which they cannot sell, but which is virtually entailed from father to son to the end of the chapter.

Although it may be a fine thing to have a grant of land, be free from taxes and the fear of being sued for debt, to have an annuity from Government, yet they consider that they have been held in leading strings and treated as children long enough, and are anxious to take their rightful place along with their white brethren in helping on the destinies of this great and growing country.

They think it a disgrace that a race that even the whites, although they could conquer, could not subdue; a race that has brought forth such master minds as Osceola, Black Hawk or our own Thayendanegea or Tecumseh, who could form such extensive alliances as to prove a buckler to their friends and a scourge to their enemies.

That such a race as this should still be treated as children, and denied the privilege of exercising the franchise and other kindred rights, which is extended to a race which has always been esteemed their inferiors, the African.

Britain and the Colonial Government have no cause (as have the Government across the border) to reproach themselves with cruelty or bad faith to a race which has always proved itself a staunch friend, but they have yet a step to take, and the demand of our Red brethren to a share in the destinies of the country should not pass unheeded.

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## H A N N A H .

A Nobel.

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

## CHAPTER XI.

The climaxes of life come only occasionally. When borne upon the height of them we think we can endure anything; all beside them seem so small. But when they are over, and we have sunk back into the level of every-day life, it is different. The sword-stroke we hardly felt; the daily pin-pricks drive us wild. It is sure to be so; we cannot help it.

At first Hannah thought she could. After that Sunday morning she and Bernard talked no more together—why should they? Their minds were quite made up that both love and marriage were lawful to them—if attainable. But seeing that an immediate union was impossible, and a separation almost equally so, they spoke of neither again, but tacitly determined to go on living together as before—in no way like lovers—but as like brother and sister as was practicable; both for their own sakes, and for the sake of outward eyes.

This decided, Hannah thought her way would be clear. It was only a question of time, and patient waiting. Any year the Bill might be passed, and their marriage made possible. In the meantime it was no worse than a long engagement; better, perhaps, since they had the daily comfort of one another's society. At least Hannah felt it so, and was cheerful and content. What Bernard felt he did not say—but he was not always content; often very dull, irritable, and desponding. At such times Hannah had great patience with him—the patience which now had the additional strength of knowing that it was to be exercised for life.

It was most needed, she found, after he had been to the Moat-House—whither, according to her wish, he steadily went, and went alone. Had she been his wife—or even openly his betrothed—she might, spite of all she had said, have resented this; but, now, what could she resent? She had no rights to urge. So she submitted. As to what passed on these visits, she asked no questions and he gave no information. She never saw Bernard's people now; except on Sundays, with the distance of a dozen pews between them. Young Mrs. Melville still called—punctiliously and pointedly—leaving her pair of greys standing outside the gate; but she excused herself from asking Hannah to the Grange, because if the girls were there it would be so very awkward.

"And the girls are always there," added she, querulously. "I can't call my house my own—or my husband's either. Hannah, when you marry, you'll be thankful that you've got no sisters."

Hannah smiled. She saw that of the real truth of her position with regard to Mr. Rivers Adeline guessed nothing. It was best so.

As weeks passed another change gradually came. Invitations—the fear of which had sometimes perplexed her; for how should she meet the Moat-House family, even upon neutral ground?—almost totally ceased. Her neighbours left off calling—that is, her grand neighbours; the humbler ones still sought her; but she fancied she read in their eyes a painful curiosity—a still more painful compassion, especially when they met her and Bernard together—a chance which occurred but seldom now. For he, too, seemed to have a nervous dread of being seen with her, and avoided her so much that she would often have thought he had forgotten every word that had passed between them, save for the constant mindfulness, the continual watchful care, which a man never shows except to the one woman he loves best in the world.

Yet sometimes, even having so much, made the weak heart crave for a little—a very little more; just a word or two of love; an evening now and then of their old frank intercourse—so safe and free; but neither ever came. Bernard seemed to make it a point of honour that whatever people chose to say, they should be given no data upon which to come to the smallest conclusion. Within, as without the house, all the world might have heard every word he said to Miss Thelluson.

Whatever suspicion was whispered about the village, it rose to no open scandal. Everybody came to church as usual, and no one applied to Mr. River's bishop to restrain him from preaching because he retained as his housekeeper a lady whom the law persisted in regarding as his sister. But the contradiction was, that in spite of her being counted his "sister," people did talk, and would talk; and, of course, the sharpest lash of their tongue fell, not upon the man, but upon the woman.

Slowly, slowly, Hannah became aware that every servant in the house, every family in the parish, kept an eye upon her, observing, condemning, sympathizing, defending—all by turns—but never leaving her alone. till she felt like the poor camel in the desert, whose dying gaze sees in the horizon that faint black line, coming nearer and nearer—the vultures which are to pick her bones. She would have gone frantic sometimes—brave woman as she was—in the utter impossibility of fighting against the intangible wrong, had it not been for the child.

Rosie became not only her darling, but her friend. She had now almost no other companion, and wanted none. All grown-up people seemed worldly and shallow, dull and cold, compared to the pure little soul, fresh out of heaven—which heaven itself had sent to comfort her. As Rosie's English increased they two held long conversations together—very monosyllabic certainly, and upon the simplest of topics—"how-wows," "gee-gees," and so on—yet quite comprehensible, and equally interesting to both. For is not a growing soul the most interesting and lovely, as well as most solemn sight, in all this world? Hannah sometimes stood in awe and wonder at the intelligence of the little woman, not yet three years old.

They two understood each other perfectly, and loved one another as even real mother and child do not always love. For never in all her little life had Rosie heard a harsher word than, "Oh, Rosie—Tannie so sorry!" which sufficed to melt her at once into the most contrite tears. Pure contrition—with no fear of punishment—for she had never been punished. To her innocent, happy heart, no harmless joy had ever been denied, no promise ever broken. She knew that, and rested in her little ark of love as content and safe as a nautilus in its shell, swimming over the troubled waters of poor Tannie's lot like a visible angel of consolation.

Day by day that lot was growing more hard to bear, until at last chance brought it to a climax.

One forenoon, just before Mr. Rivers was going out, there drove up to the House on the Hill a pretty pony carriage and pair of greys, and out of it stepped a little, bright, active, pretty woman—the Countess of Dunsmore.

"I knew I should surprise you," cried she, kissing Hannah on both cheeks, and telling her how well she was looking; which she was, in the sudden pleasure of the meeting. "But I wanted to surprise you. We are visiting at Highwood Park, Mr. Rivers, and I met your sisters there at dinner, you know, and promised to come and see them; but of course I came to see Miss Thelluson first. Well, my dear, and how are you? And how is your pet Rosie?"

The little Rosie answered for herself, being so greatly attracted by Lady Dunsmore's ermine tails, and, perhaps, by her sweet motherly face, that she made friends with her immediately. But Hannah was nervous—agitated. She knew exactly the expression of that quick dark eye, which saw everything, and saw through everything, whether or not the lady mentioned the result of that observation.

Bernard, too, was a little constrained. He knew Lady Dunsmore slightly, and evidently was not aware that Hannah knew her so well; for Hannah was not apt to boast of her friends, especially when they happened to have titles. Yet the sight of her warmed her heart, and she had hundreds of questions to ask about her old pupils, and endless reminiscences of her old life with them—so peaceful and contented. Yet would she have had it back, rather than the life now? No!—unhesitatingly no!

She felt this, when, having put the blithe little countess in her carriage, Bernard returned. He walked heavily down the garden, in deep thought.

"A charming person, Lady Dunsmore; and a warm, steady friend of yours, Hannah."

"Yes, she was always kind to me."

"Kinder than others have been since," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "Would you like to go and pay her the long visit she asks for?"

"No."

"And what shall you do about that invitation she brought you, to go with my sisters and dine at Highwood Lodge?"

"What can I do, except not go? To explain is impossible."

"Yes."—After a moment's thought Mr. Rivers went on—"Hannah, may I say a word? Evidently my people may have been quite silent

to Lady Dunsmore about you ; she expected to meet you at the Moat House. They perhaps are sorry, and would be glad of an opportunity to atone. May I speak to them !

“ Stop a minute. What would you say ? For I will have nothing said that would humiliate me.”

Bernard looked tenderly at the flushed face. “ My love, any man humiliates himself who for a moment allows the woman he has chosen to be lightly esteemed. Be satisfied, I shall keep up your dignity as if it were my own ; for it is my own.”

“ Thank you.” But there was only pride—no sweetness in the words. They made him turn back at once.

“ Oh, Hannah, how long is this state of things to last ? How can we bear it if it lasts very long !”

She replied nothing,

“ Sometimes I ask myself, why should we bear it ? when our consciences are satisfied, when the merest legal form stands between us and our happiness. You do not feel the suspense as I do, I see that ; but do you know it sometimes almost drives me mad that I cannot marry you ?

His agitation was so extreme that Hannah was frightened, both for his sake and lest any servant should come in and find them thus. Oh, the misery of that false life they led ! oh the humiliation of concealment !

“ Why should all the world be happy but me ? Why should that foolish old Morecomb—but I forget, I never told you he is going to be married. I tell you nothing ; I never have a chance of an hour’s quiet talk with you.”

“ Why not ? It would make me much happier.”

Those pure, sad, beseeching eyes—he turned away from them ; he could not bear them.

“ Don’t ask me. I dare not. If I saw much of you I would not answer for myself. I might”—he laughed—“ I might even horrify you by asking you to go abroad and get married, as old Mr. Melville did. But I will not ; no, I will not. And if I would, you would not consent ?

“ No.”

“ I was sure of it. One might as well attempt to move the monument as Hannah Thelluson after she had once said No.”

His manner was so rough, so reckless, that it pained her almost more than anything she had yet experienced. Was their forced unnatural kind of life injuring him ? And if so, ought it to continue ? And if it must be ended, was not she the one to do it ?

“ Bernard,” she said, “ will you come home to-night ?”—for it was now not the rule but the rare exception, his staying up with her of evenings—“ then we will have one of our old talks together, and perhaps we may settle something ; or feel, when we look them calmly in the face, that things are not as dreadful as they seem. Now go. Hark ! there is Rosie calling over the staircase for papa.”

He had a real fatherly heart now ; this young man, from whom, in the full flush of youth, life’s best blessing, a wife’s love, was first taken, and then tantalizingly denied. He snatched at the joys still



left to him, and clasping the little girl in his arms, pressed his hot forehead upon Rosie's breast.

But all that day his words and tones rang warningly through Hannah's heart. This could not last—it was against human nature. So much, yet so little as they were to one another. They *must* be more—or less. Should she leave him; for a time perhaps? or should she go quite away? She knew not what to do. Nor what to say, when he should come home to her to-night, and appeal to her with the innocent half-childlike expression his face sometimes wore, for comfort, counsel. How could she give either? She needed both herself.

And when their formal dinner was over, and they sat together in their pleasant drawing-room, with the yellow twilight glimmering outside—for summer was coming back again, the third summer since Rosa died—life seemed to Hannah so hard, so hard!

She gave him his tea almost in silence, and then he proposed a stroll in the garden, up and down the front walk, which was in full view of the house. Into the sheltered green alley—the “lovers' walk”—these two poor lovers never went; never dared to go.

But such happiness as they could get they took, and Hannah had risen to fetch her shawl, when they saw entering the gate the last apparition they expected to see—Lady Rivers. For months she had not crossed their threshold. But then—Hannah would have been more than mortal not to have remembered this—it had been crossed that morning by the Countess of Dunsmore.

Lady Rivers was by no means a stupid woman. Her faculty for discovering which way the wind blew and trimming her sails accordingly, amounted to absolute genius. Not being thin-skinned herself she never looked for that weakness in others; so had under all circumstances the most enviable coolness and self-possession. The graceful air with which she entered by the French window, kissed Bernard in motherly greeting, and shook hands with Miss Thelluson as if she had seen her only the day before, was most inimitable.

“How comfortable you look here! it is quite a pleasure to see you. May I ask for a cup of tea? your tea always used to be so good, Miss Thelluson. And you had a visit from Lady Dunsmore? So had we afterwards. What a charming person she is; and a great friend of yours, I understand.”

Hannah assented.

“I must congratulate you; for a lady, especially a single lady, is always judged by her choice of friends.”

“I did not choose Lady Dunsmore for my friend; I was her governess.”

“Indeed! Anyhow, she has evidently a great regard for you. By-the-bye, does she know anything of the—the little uncomfortable-ness between us lately, which, as I came to say to-night, is, I trust, entirely a thing of the past. Don't speak, Bernard. In fact this visit is not meant for you. I came over to tell Miss Thelluson of something which—as Mr. Morecomb was the cause of difference between her and me” (Hannah opened her eyes)—“will, I trust, heal it. He is engaged to be married to my eldest daughter.”

Hannah offered the customary good wishes.

"It is indeed a most suitable marriage, and we are quite pleased at it. So now, my dear, let bygones be bygones. Will you come with Bernard to meet Lady Dunsmore at dinner on Friday?"

Never was there a more composed putting of the saddle upon the wrong horse, ignoring everything that it was advisable to ignore, for the sake of convenience. And many a woman, prudent and worldly-wise, would have accepted it as such. But, unfortunately, Hannah was not a prudent woman. Against certain meannesses her spirit revolted with a fierceness that slipped all self-control.

She glanced towards Bernard, but his eyes were turned away; he had the moody, uncomfortable look of a man dragged unwillingly into women's wars. Thrown back upon herself, alone, quite alone, pride whispered that she must act as if she were alone, as if his love were all a dream, and she once more the solitary, independent Hannah Thelluson, who, forlorn as she was, had always been able till now to hold her own, had never yet experienced an insult or submitted tamely to an injury. She would not now.

"I thank you, Lady Rivers, for the trouble you have taken, but it will be quite impossible for me to accept your invitation."

Lady Rivers looked amazed. That any concession she made should not be joyfully received, that any invitation to the Moat-House should not be accepted with avidity; the thing was ridiculous. She paused a moment as if doubting she had heard aright, and then appealed to Bernard.

"Pray assure Miss Thelluson that she need not hesitate. I have watched her narrowly of late, and have quite got over any little prejudices I might have had. I and the girls will be delighted to see her. Do persuade her to come with you."

"Excuse me, but I always leave Miss Thelluson to decide for herself."

The cold voice, the indifferent manner, though she knew both were advisable and inevitable, smote Hannah to the core. That bitter position of love and no love, ties and no ties, seemed to degrade her almost as if she had been really the vile thing that some people thought her.

"Mr. Rivers is right," she said. "I must decide for myself. You wished my visits to you to cease; I acquiesced; it will not be so easy to resume them. As Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law and housekeeper I shall always be happy to see you in his house, but I fear you must excuse my coming to yours. Let us dismiss the subject. Shall I offer you a cup of tea?"

Her manner, gentle as it was, implied a resolution strong enough to surprise even Bernard. For Lady Rivers, she coloured, even beneath her delicate rouge—but she was too prudent to take offence.

"Thank you. Your tea, as I said, is always excellent; and perhaps when we have more attractions to offer you, we may yet see you at the Moat-House. In the meantime, I hope, Bernard, that Miss Thelluson's absence will not necessitate yours."

And she looked hard at him, determined to find how he felt in the matter, and to penetrate, if possible, the exact relations between the two.

It was a critical moment. Most men, even the best of them, are, morally, very great cowards, and Bernard was no exception to the rule. Besides, Hannah was not his wife, or his betrothed—she had not even called herself his friend : she had given him no rights over her—asked no protection from him. What could he do or say ? Irresolute, he looked from one to the other—excessively uncomfortable—when Hannah came to the rescue.

“Of course my brother-in-law will go without me : we are quite independent in our proceedings. And he will explain to Lady Dunsmore—the utmost it is necessary to explain, as I never talk of my private affairs to anybody—that I do not pay many visits ; I had rather stay at home with my little girl. That will be perfectly true,” she added, her lips slightly quivering. “I prefer Rosie’s company to anybody’s. She loves me.”

Bernard started up, and then, fearful of having committed himself, sat down again. Lady Rivers, though evidently vexed, was equal to the situation, and met it with a dignified indifference.

“Pray, please yourself, Miss Thelluson ; no doubt you act upon your own good reasons. You are, I always understood, a lady who never changes her mind ; but if you should do so, we shall be glad to see you.” And then she passed over the matter, as too trivial to bear further discussion, and conversed in the most amiable manner for another half-hour. Finally, with a benign “Good evening, Miss Thelluson ; I am sure Lady Dunsmore will be much disappointed at not seeing you,” she terminated the visit, as if it had been any ordinary call.

Hannah was not surprised ; it was the fashion of the Rivers family not to see anything they did not wish to see : the only thing that vexed her was about Bernard. He had said nothing—absolutely nothing—except telling her, when he took his hat to accompany his step-mother home, that he would be back immediately. Was he displeased with her ? Did he think she had acted ill ? Had she done so ? Was it her duty to submit to everything for his sake ? Surely not. He had no right to expect it. Was it because she loved him that she felt so bitterly angry with him ?

Yet, when, sooner than she had expected, he returned, and threw himself into his chair, pale and dejected, like a man tied and bound by fate, who sees no way to free himself—the anger melted, the pity revived. He too suffered—they suffered alike—why should they reproach one another ?

“So, you have had your way, Hannah.” Yes, there was reproach in the tone. “Are you quite sure you were right in what you have done ?”

“Quite sure ;—at least, that unless I were some other than myself, I could not have done differently.”

And then they sat, silent, in stiff coldness, until the last ray of amber twilight had faded out of the room. What a pretty room it was—just the place to be happy in—for friends or lovers, or husband and wife, to sit and dream together in the quiet gloaming, which all happy people love—which is so dreadful to the restless or the miserable.

"We should have rung for lights," cried Bernard, pulling violently at the bell. "You know how I hate the dark."

And when lights came, they saw one another's faces—his burning crimson, her's pale and in tears.

"Oh, Hannah, Hannah, how miserable we are! As I said, if this goes on much longer, how shall we bear it?"

"I do not know." Then, steeling herself against both anger and pain, "Bernard," she said, "what did you wish me to do? Your family have no claim upon me, nor I upon them. We are, as things stand, mere strangers. Are they to throw me off and pick me up again, when and how they choose? Am I to submit to it?"

"I did not ask you."

"No, but you looked it. You would have liked me to go to the Moat-House."

"Yes. I wish you to be friends with them. I want them to love you."

"They do not love me—they only receive me on sufferance, and I will go nowhere on sufferance. I can live alone. I want no society; but where I do go I want to be loved, I want to be respected. Oh, Bernard!" and she looked piteously in his face, "sometimes I am tempted to say with you,—if this lasts long, how shall I ever bear it?"

"How shall I bear it? It is harder for me than you."

"Perhaps. But you forget it was your doing, not mine."

And then both drew back, appalled at the sharpness of their words—at the bitterness of these mutual recriminations.

Bernard held out his hand. "Forgive me. You are right. It was I who brought all this trouble upon you, and now I have not strength to meet it—either for you or for myself. I am so miserable that it makes me wicked. Something must be done. What shall it be?"

"What indeed?"

"Hannah, decide. Don't look at me in that dead silence. Speak out, for I can bear it no longer. Shall we part? Or—will you marry me at once?"

He could hardly have known what he was saying, or else, in his despair, anything seemed possible to him. Not to her. She was very gentle. She did not even draw away her hands which he had grasped: she scarcely seemed to recognise the insult he was unwittingly offering her. She only answered, sorrowfully, yet without the slightest indecision, "We will part."

Three little words—but they brought Bernard to his senses immediately. He fell on his knees before her, and passionately begged her forgiveness.

"But you do not know what I suffer. Inwardly, outwardly—life is one long torment. At the Moat-House I have no peace. They talk at me—and at you; they try every means of worming out my secret from me. But they shall not. I will hide it at all costs. People may guess what they like—but we are safe so long as they know nothing. God help me! I talk as if we were committing a deadly sin, when my love of you is the best thing—the only good thing in me."

He looked up at Hannah, and ground his teeth. "It is an accursed law," he said. "A law made only for fools, or sinners; and yet it may suffice to blast both our lives."

"No," Hannah answered, "nothing could do that—except ourselves."

"A commonplace truth!" and Bernard laughed bitterly.

"It is God's truth, though; His right and wrong are much simpler than man's."

"What is right and what is wrong? for I am growing so mad I hardly know. Show me—preach to me—I used to tell you you could preach better than the clergyman. Only love me, Hannah—if there is any love in that pale, pure face of yours. Sometimes I think there is none."

"None—oh, Bernard, none?"

For a minute she stooped over him; for a minute he felt that she had not a stone for a heart. And then the strong, firm, righteous will of the woman who, however deeply loving, could die, but would not do wrong, forced itself upon him, lulling passion itself into a temporary calm. He leant his head against her; he sobbed upon her arm like a child; and she soothed him almost as if he had been a child.

"Listen to me," she said. "We must endure—there is no help for it. It is a cruel, unjust law, but it is the law, and while it exists we cannot break it. I could not twist my conscience in any possible way so as to persuade myself to break it. No form of marriage could ever make me legally your wife."

"Not in England. Out of England it could."

"But then—as soon as we came back to England, what should I be? And if, in the years to come—Oh Bernard, it is impossible, impossible."

She said no more than that—how could she? But she felt it so intensely that, had it been necessary, she would have smothered down all natural shame, and said out to him—as solemnly as if it had been a vow before God—her determination never, for any personal happiness of her own, to entail upon innocent children the curse of a tainted name.

"I understand," Bernard replied humbly. "Forgive me; I ought never to have said a word about our marrying. It must not be. I must go on my way alone to the end."

"Not quite alone—oh, not quite alone."

But, as if more afraid of her tenderness than of her coldness, Bernard rose, and began walking about the room.

"You must decide—as I said: for my own judgment altogether fails me. We cannot go on living as we do; some change must be thought of; but I cannot tell what it should be."

"Why need it be?" said Hannah timidly. "Can we not continue as we are?"

"No." A fierce, abrupt, undeniable No.

"Then—I had better go away." He looked so terrified that she hastily added, "Only for a time, of course—till the bitterness between you and your people softens—till we can see our way a little.

It must be made plain to us some day ; I believe it always is to those who have innocent hearts."

And as she sat, her hands folded on her lap, pale and sad as she looked, there was such a sweet composure in her aspect, that Bernard stopped and gazed--gazed till the peace was reflected on his own.

"You are a saint, and I am--only a man. A very wretched man sometimes. Think for me--tell me what I ought to do."

Hannah paused a little, and then suggested that he should, for a few weeks or so, part with Rosie and herself, and let them go, as Lady Dunsmore had earnestly wished, to pay her a visit in London.

"Did she say so?" said Bernard, with sensitive fear. "Do you think she said it with any meaning--that she had any idea concerning us?"

"You need not be afraid even if she had," was the rather proud answer. Alas! how quick they were growing to take offence, even at one another. Yes, it was best to part. "I mean," Hannah added, "that, even if she guessed anything, it would not signify. I shall confess nothing; and I have often heard her say that a secret accidentally discovered ought to be held just as if it had never been discovered at all. Be satisfied--neither Lady Dunsmore nor I shall betray you, even to one another."

And for a moment Hannah thought with comfort that this good woman was her friend--had grown more and more such, as absence discovered to both their mutual worth. It would be a relief after the long strain to rest upon this genial feminine companionship--this warm and kindly heart.

"She will treat me like a friend too--not like her old governess, if you are uneasy about that. Or, if you like it better, I shall be received less as poor Hannah Thelluson than as Mr. River's sister-in-law and Rosie's aunt. I am to go about with her everywhere--she made me quite understand that. A strange, changed life for me; but my life is all so strange."

And Hannah sighed. She felt as if she had let her oars go, and were drifted about involuntarily, she knew not whither, hardly caring whether she should ever touch land; and if she did, whether it would be as a living woman, or a creature so broken down and battered that she could neither enjoy nor suffer any more? Who could tell? Fate must decide.

Mr. Rivers listened to her silently, but full of thought--thoughts which, perhaps, she could not have followed had she tried. He was a very good man, but he was also a man of the world; he would not have been a Rivers else. He saw at once the advantage of Lady Dunsmore's countenance--not merely because she happened to be a marquis's daughter and an earl's wife, but because in any society she was the sort of person whose friendship was valued and valuable. Was it human nature, or only masculine nature, that, dearly as he loved Hannah, Bernard unconsciously prized her the more because she was prized by such a woman as the Countess of Dunsmore?

"Go, then," he said. "I will not hinder you. Pay your visit you will be happy; and it will in many ways be a good thing." Then with a nervous eagerness that, in spite of her reason, pained Hannah acutely--"When does she want you? How soon can you start?"

Any day, since you are so glad to get rid of me."

"Oh, Hannah!"

They stood side by side, these two lovers, between whom was a barrier slight and invisible as glass, yet as impossible to be broken through without sore danger and pain. They could not break it; they dared not.

"Things are hard for us—very hard," said Bernard, almost in a groan. "We shall be better apart—at least for a time. I meant to have gone away myself to-morrow; but if you will go instead——"

"I cannot to-morrow. I will as soon as I can."

"Thank you."

She did not sob, though her throat was choking; she only prayed. Dimly she understood what he was suffering; but she knew he suffered very much. She knew, too, that however strangely it came out,—in bitterness, anger, neglect, still the love was there, burning with the intensity of a smothered fire—all the more for being suppressed. The strength which one, at least, of them must have, she inly cried to heaven for—and gained.

"Good-bye," she said; "for we shall not talk thus together again. It is better not."

"I know it is. But you love me: I need not doubt that?"

"Yes, I love you," she whispered. "Whatever happens, remember that; and oh! keep me in your heart till death."

"I will," he said; and snatching her close, held her there, tight and fast. For one minute only; then letting her go, he bade her once more "Good night and good-bye," and went away.

Three days after, Miss Tholluson, the child, and the nurse started for London together, Mr. Rivers himself seeing them off from the railway.

Rosie was in an ecstasy of delight—to be "going in a puff-puff with Tannie" being to the little maid the crown of all human felicity. She kept pulling at her papa's hand, and telling him over and over again of her bliss; and every time he stopped and listened, but scarcely answered a word. Grace, too, looked glad to go. Easterham, with James Dixon still hovering about, was a cruel place for her to live in. Hannah only looked grave and pale; but she smiled whenever her little girl smiled; and to the one or two persons who spoke to her at the railway station, where, of course, they were known to everybody, she spoke also in her usual gentle way.

Only when Mr. Rivers kissed Rose, saying, "Papa will miss his little girl," and then turning, shook hands with her silently, Hannah grew deadly pale for a minute. That was all. The train moved off, and she saw him walking back, solitary, to his empty house.

Life has many anguishes; but perhaps the sharpest of all is an anguish of which nobody knows.

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Depart,	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.00
Arrive,	11.00	1.15	5.30	9.20

W. K. MUIR, General Superintendent.

*Northern Railway.*

	A.M.	P.M.
Depart,	7.45	3.45
Arrive,	11.10	8.20

Trains leave Brock Street Station 15 minutes later.

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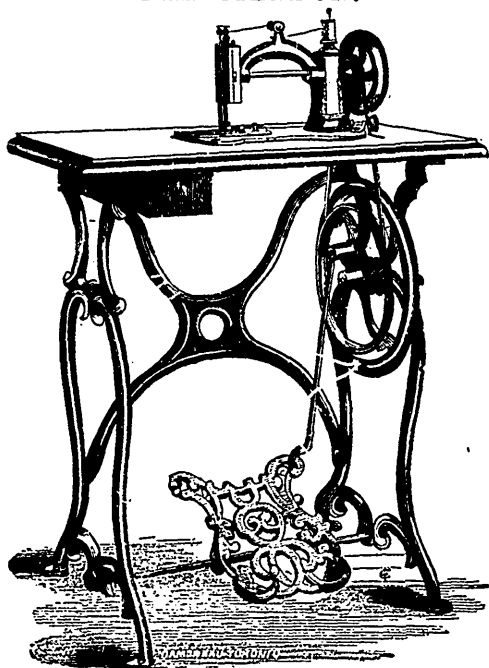
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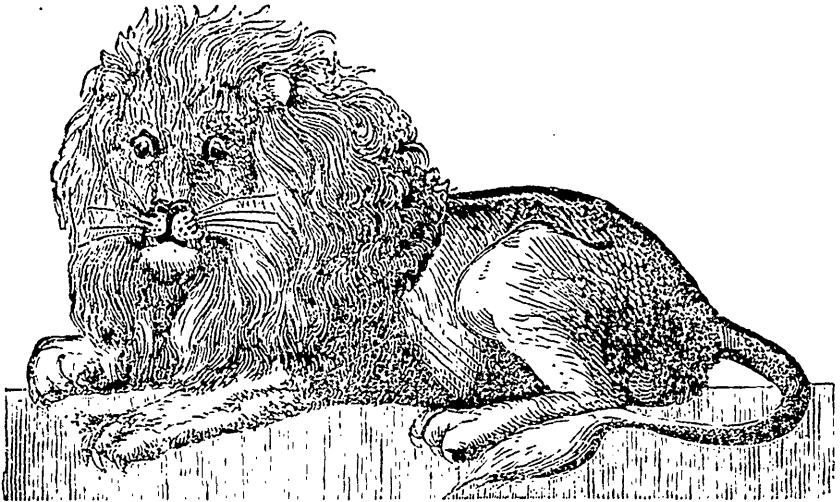
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