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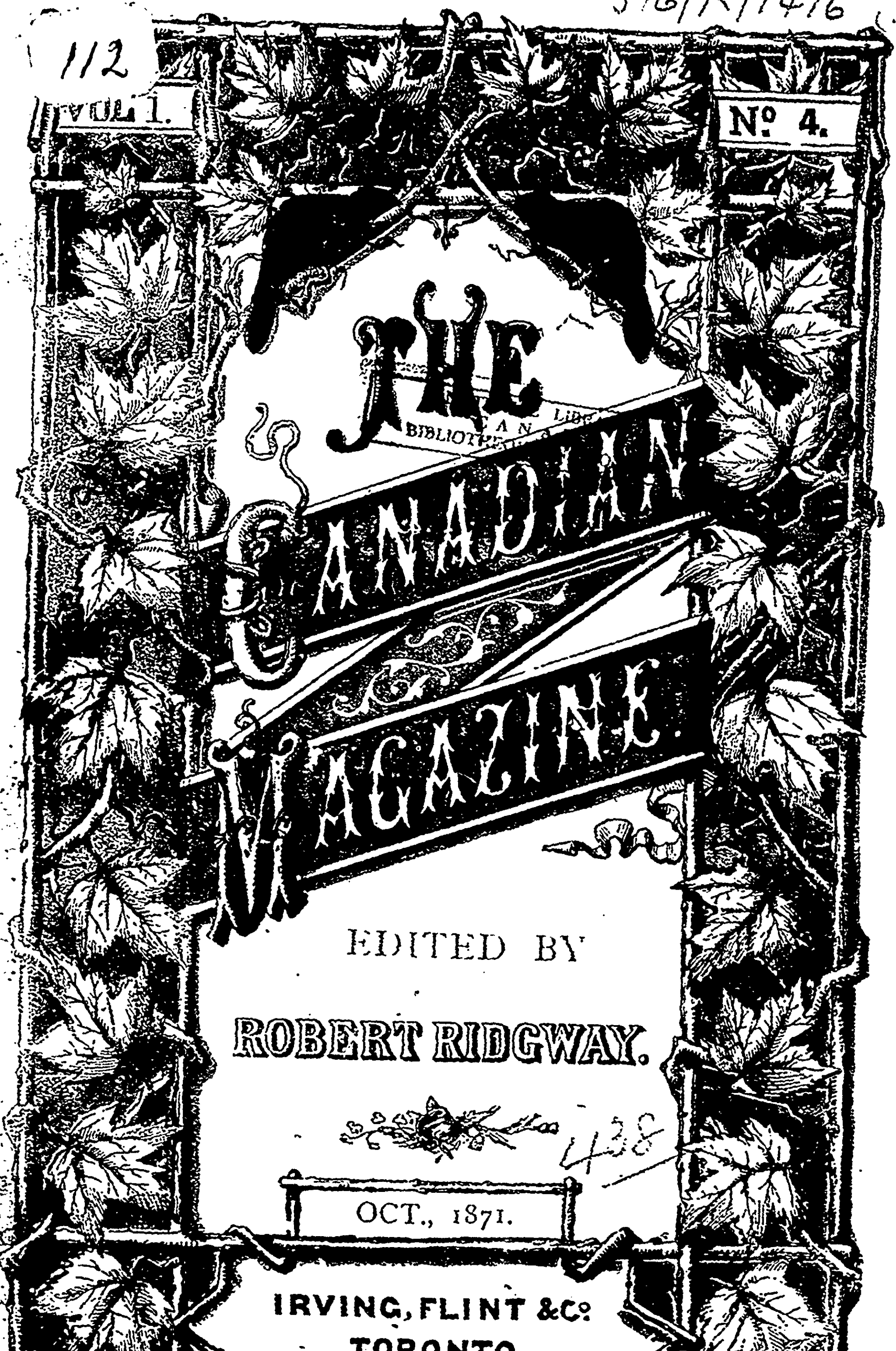

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EDITED BY

ROBERT RIDGWAY.

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1871.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We call attention to the generous notices we have received from the Press; we could print many more than these if our space permitted. We trust the editors and proprietors of our numerous exchanges will continue to sustain and encourage our effort to supply a sound, high-toned, home literature.

It ought to be borne in mind that our Magazine is composed of *original* material and not *re-prints*, and that we are desirous, so far as practicable, to give the preference to home papers, original composition—though not necessarily home subjects—incidents and locations.

To Correspondents.—All manuscript should be addressed to the Editor. All contributions are carefully read and considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned, if return postage is sent.

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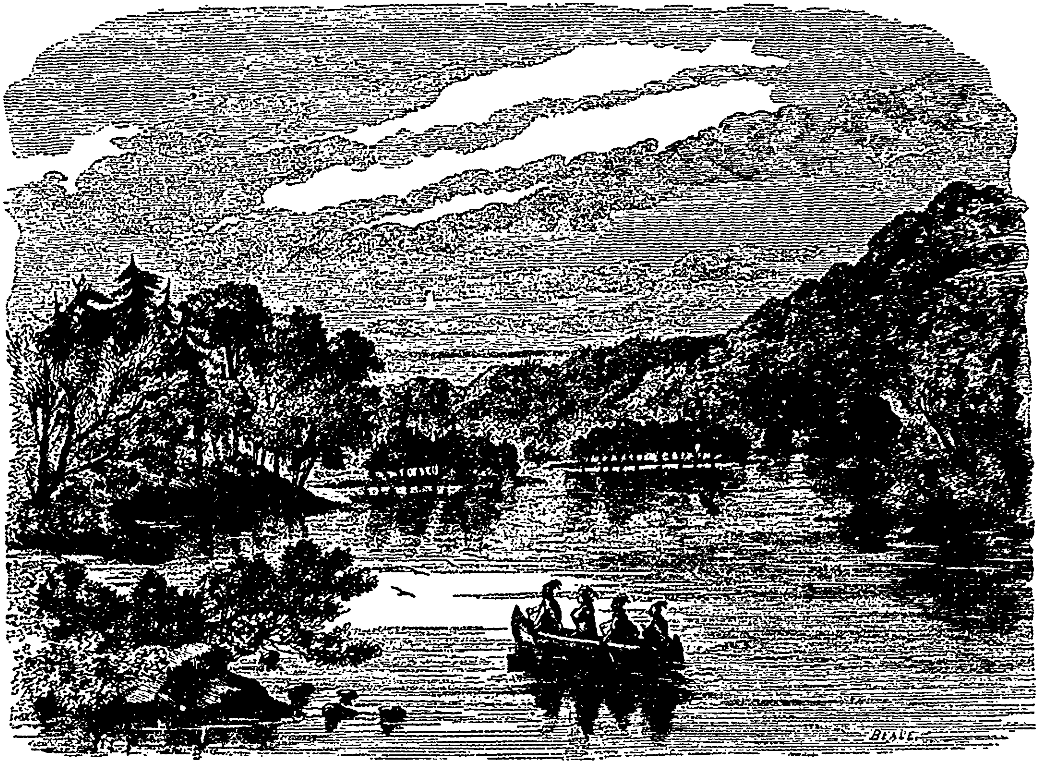

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1871.

ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

An Historical Novel,

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

CHAPTER IV.—Cont.

The untutored savage in his native woods,
O'er dreadful wrong or fancied injury broods,
With silent tread creeps noiseless on his foe,
And with his tomahawk deals a dreadful blow
Or lays with deadly stab his victim low.

Vindictive passions nerve his powerful arm—
No conscience sounds to him a dread alarm;
The scalp-lock from his victim's head he tears,
Proof of his prowess, he the emblem wears
Till home from war-path he the trophy bears.

When the St. Francis Indians made their incursions South, they were very careful not to give offence to the various tribes of the Iroquois, who, although neutral as regarded the colonists, were always on the alert to guard their own interests and territorial rights. Many families among the English Colonists had formed friendships of a personal character among the Indians, owing to living so near to some of their villages; and in cases where a farmer had an influential friend among his dusky neighbors, he could generally rely upon their good will and assistance in case of danger from attack.

The Mohawk chief and his sons had seen the marauders and followed their trail for some distance, and knowing that Bent was somewhere on the frontier, they had gone to the fort to enquire for him. Owing to their intimate relations, Bent had informed the chief what his plans were, so that as soon as the two youngest of his sons came out of the fort and said Bent and White were ready, he with his elder sons started for the forest, immediately after entering which they observed the two Abenaquis, just as they had returned and were preparing to encamp.

The place they had selected for their camp was near to the edge of the woods, where, while removed from the fort, they could see all that was passing.

Curious to know why they had returned here alone, but suspecting the object of their visit, the chief and his sons stealthily crept back through the bushes. Lying perdu, they listened to all that passed between Bent and them, and were convinced that their object was that of scouts.

No sooner were Bent and his companions out of hearing than any doubt upon the subject was removed, for one of the Abenaquis derisively observed that—

"The pale-faces are fools; they are servants to their women and children."

"Yes," said the other; "and they go to the Mingoes for warriors and hunters, and the Mingoes send them *squaws*, and their boys for braves."

This taunting allusion to the chief and his sons evoked a speedy and dreadful answer.

Simultaneously the chief's sons sprang from their concealment and struck down their victims before, in their surprise, they could snatch a weapon for defence. The scalp-locks, reeking and gory, were torn from their heads, while their bodies were still warm and animate with the throbbing life-blood.

Carrying the senseless bodies into a more retired portion of the woods, they coolly stabbed them with their long hunting-knives to make sure work of their vengeance, and then collecting their travelling equipments, resumed their journey as though nothing had happened.

In the meantime the other party had lost no time in waiting; Bent and White had each taken one of the sleeping children to carry, while the little boy between his mother and aunt was helped along as fast as they could go. Bent was so familiar with Indian character—and more especially with that of his friend, the Mohawk chief—that he suspected the cry they had heard was the death signal of one or both of the Abenaquis, and that shortly his friend would overtake them. His conjecture was verified. When they reached the encampment the first to meet them was Gordon, waiting in anxious suspense to know the result of their venture With Bent this was mere pastime—things had worked so as to require no skill or personal bravery—but something more must be done which would require both.

With the earliest light of dawn the party, now formidable, started for the head of Lake George,* a distance of about thirty miles.

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* Lake George was first discovered, among Europeans, by Samuel de Champlain, a native of Brouage, in France, in 1609. It is situated in New York State, between Washington and Warren Counties, but principally in the latter. The Indian name for this lake was Andiatorocte, meaning—THE LAKE SHUTS OR ENDS THERE. The French missionary, Pere Isaac Jogues, while journeying to ratify a treaty with the Iroquois, in 1646, arrived at this lake on the anniversary of St. Sacrament, and so named it. In 1755 Sir William Johnson named it George, in honor of his Majesty King George II. It is justly regarded as the most beautiful sheet of water in the United States. It is 36 miles in

On this journey they met a reinforcement of the Mohawks who had heard of the raid and were come to render assistance, if possible.

A consultation was now held, and it was decided that Gordon with his brother and White should return with the women and children home, while the war party thus gathered should endeavor to intercept and surprise the Abenaquis on their return journey. This was done so effectually, by ambuscade, that more than thirty were killed in the attack, and the whole of their plunder, horses and other property, recovered. It was during this journey of some forty miles, through the forests, in company with the Gordons, that White formed an acquaintance with Miss Florence which ended in their marriage. It was clearly a case of love at first sight, for his first glance at Florence, as she sat outside the fort, was the moment he was smitten with love's dart.

Soon after their marriage they removed to a farm situated on a tributary of the Mohawk river. The house on this farm was a good, substantial log building, with a strong palisade fence, such as the Colonists, on the borders more especially, had to erect, for protection, about their dwellings, and around which the prowling Indian, like some blood-thirsty wolf, would stealthily watch for an opportunity to murder and plunder.

CHAPTER V.

The frontier raids and border wars
Show the dark passions of man's race,
Plain as the seams and ugly scars
Which sometimes mar the human face.

Here the wild Indian's vengeful mood,
Which takes delight in shedding blood;
Or the foul schemes of pale-fac'd brood
Are seen uncurbed as boiling flood.

Thirteen moons had waxed and waned since the events we have narrated had occurred. The grand old maples, Canada's sylvan glory, were indicating that rich, red tint, which, when lit up by the setting sun, gives such a charm to the woods where the maples abound. The day had been close and sultry, for the time of the year, and there were indications that before long a storm would disturb nature's repose. The sharp taps of a wood-pecker were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the woods, as bathed in the golden rays of the setting sun they lay in a dreamy calm.

Upon a narrow promontory overlooking a very small lake were two

---

length and varies from two to three miles in width. The number of islands dotting its surface are reported to be the same in number as the days of the year, 365. But it is not only celebrated for the rich picturesque beauty of its scenery—but the charms of historic incident throw around its wild loveliness an interest highly romantic. Along its shores are the remains of ancient forts of which history gives no record; while the more perfect remains of others can be located in the French and English border wars; and the principal, figure in the later wars of the Revolution—for it was at the head of this lake that Gen. Burgoyne had his depot of provisions for the army before his disastrous march to Saratoga.

men sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree. One of them was Bent; the other was the Chief Okwaho (The Wolf). Lying on the mossy bank, a little below, were two fine young Indians, Karhakoha (The Hawk) and Oteanyea, (The Eagle) the youngest sons of Okwaho by his second wife, Jiteaha (The Bird).

A year, or but little more, had produced a great change in their persons and *personelle.*

With all the active elasticity of youth, there was now great physical developement combined ; and with these personal qualities they had become adepts in those arts of inveigling and trapping which make up the accomplishments of a skilled hunter. Under Bent's tuition they had become clever marksmen, and had often elicited the approbatory "yoo hauh" of their father by some more than usually good shot. They were, it is almost needless to say, the constant attendants upon their father and Bent ; and it would have been difficult to say which of the two was regarded by the young men with the greater veneration.

Out of Bent's private funds both young men were supplied with many little things which excited the envy and admiration of their fellows. Their clothing and weapons were superior to those of their elder brothers, although these were dressed and armed in a manner superior to any other young men in their tribe, unless the sons of the Sachem Soiengarahta, or King Hendrick, their father's near relative.

Of Bent himself we have before spoken, but may now add—that owing to his remarkable skill with a long unwieldy rifle, upon which he placed a very high value, and to which he was in the habit of attributing extraordinary powers, he was often called by the Indians "Big Gun;" but among the Mohawks he was called the Bear (Oghkwari), or my brother (Akyatatckeaha), and as such they had adopted him into their tribe. In person Bent was strongly built; possessing great length of arm and breadth of shoulder; muscular and bony, with no spare flesh to carry; inured to exposure and constant exercise, he was a dangerous man in personal conflict, as many among the Indians had discovered to their cost.

Until some twelve or fifteen months previous he had taken no hostile part against the French, but had persistently remained a neutral spectator of the respective encroachments, contests and border warfare between the English and French Colonists. He had come and gone as it pleased him, without interference from either party. Like many other persons of the time, he possessed very lax notions on the subject of trade and its restrictions, and was in practice a *free trader.*

The extraordinary regulations and monopolies established by the French, and the avarice of many of the Governors, especially in the conduct of the peltry trade, had occasioned numberless disputes with the Colonists. Bent did not trouble himself as to the respective rights of this or that party, or nation, but quietly studied his own, and sold for himself and his friends wherever he could obtain the best terms.

Although he had a considerable amount of land, his relations dwelt upon or near it, and he only occasionally visited them; his inheritance was in the unbroken forests, and his companions were the natural aboriginal owners, the red men, with whom he had entered into brotherhood and alliance offensive and defensive.

In 1748 the Ohio Trading Company was projected; but no sooner did the French Governor, Galissonniere, hear of the movement than he entered a protest by a special messenger sent with a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania, at the same time giving instructions to DeBienville, one of his officers, to take a guard of three hundred men and take possession of all the country west of the Alleghany mountains. This officer was also instructed to negotiate with their Indian allies an arrangement which would exclude all British traders from the Ohio valley, and thus confine the trade in beaver skins and pelts to the French and their Indian allies.

As evidence of priority in possession, plates of lead, on which, by stamping, the arms of France were engraved, were buried at various points, and formal documents were drawn up recording the fact. Further to enforce their claims, the Governor established a chain of forts, by building new ones and strengthening the old ones, such as Detroit, Niagara, Toronto and Ogdensburg, between the Ohio valley and Montreal.

These movements were by no means satisfactory to the English, however they were regarded by the French fur traders. These traders were comprised of the Indians proper, the officials and the *coureurs de bois*. The first and third class naturally disliked every restriction which bound them to trade in a certain channel; and, ignorant as they were in many respects, they were well aware that it was often to their advantage to evade the jurisdiction of the farmers of the revenue at Quebec. As to the second class, the official traders, they were often in league with the *coureurs de bois* for the purpose of evading the exactions of the King's revenue agents.

Bent regarded the matter as a most contemptible interference with the well known ownership of the Six Nations, and the untrammelled freedom of forest life and liberty. Upon this subject he was having a quiet talk with his dusky brother, Okwaho, as they sat on the prostrate tree trunk.

"I'll tell you just how it is," said Bent; "these Frenchers are never satisfied; they want to get all the West, and when they have built their forts and towns, they will want to come East and make the Mohawks into Huron dogs to fetch and carry for them. Okwaho, did not your fathers hunt in the valley of the Ohio long before the French crossed Erie?"

"My brother," said the Chief, "knows the sayings of our wise men, and he knows that when the Six Nations found that the French were liars and broke their treaties, cheated the messengers, and sent our warriors into bondage, we then said to the English, 'we like you better than the French, and if you will do right by us we will trade and hunt with you.' Your people, Oghkwari, and ours have sometimes quarrelled, but they were brothers and agreed again. Your nation are braves, but they are not always wise in the council chamber.'"

"That is spoken like a wise man speaks; you are a great Chief, Okwaho, and know how to talk and how to fight. We have hunted across the Alleghanies and through the western prairies before these boys could handle a bow and arrow, say nothing of anything else, and I suppose we shall do it again, whether the Frenchers like it or not. And as to stopping us, let them try it if they dare. I say, let them try. I have no particular liking for the French, but I have never yet hurt one of them, beyond giving them a *clout* or a shake now and then, like as I served that sneak last moon."

As Bent made allusion to this circumstance, the Chief's countenance somewhat relaxed from that stern gravity in which his features had been fixed; still he was too polite and dignified to laugh outright, although the picture of the French *coureur*, or trapper, raised from his feet in the powerful grasp of Bent, as he shook him, set him down, lectured him in bad French, and, as his anger rose, giving him another shake—and as a *finale* to the last, pitching him into the crotch of a tree some distance over head—was enough to have tried the least risible of muscles.

"But now things are getting beyond all natural endurance, and I guess I shall be trying conclusions in another way with these beggarly hunters and fur agents sent out by DeBienville."

The chief's eyes glistened,—for this was just the conclusion to which he had been urging his friend,—his eyes glistened with that vindictive light which cannot be misunderstood when once seen. "Akyatatekeaha," said the Chief impressively, "I am glad your eyes are now open, let us let these French and Hurons, and Abenaquis and the "bark-eaters" see that we have eyes, and if any of them come sneaking on this side of Andiatoracte, let them feel that our rifles are true shooters, and learn that our knives are sharp."

As the Chief was speaking, a tapping much louder than the common woodpecker makes arrested his attention. Bent looked around in the direction of the sound, and again it came, sharp and distinct.

"The lads see something, I guess," he said, grasping at the same time his heavy rifle which stood leaning against the tree trunk. Okwaho was looking intently along the lake, examing the different points and inlets. He gave a low whistle, and the two sons, who were lying apparently fast asleep, moved round and looked upward.

"Your brothers see something, and have called."

The young fellows seized their rifles and crept away into the bush. Bent and the Chief remained without a movement until the sound was repeated sharper than before.

"Ugh," grunted the Chief, as both he and Bent swung themselves over the tree and crouched behind its shelter.

The lake was triangular in shape; rudely resembling an equilateral having one angle to the south, and Bent and his friends near the north-western angle. While in this position two canoes, each containing six men, emerged from a point near the opposite angle of the lake or in the north-eastern part. The canoes had been launched behind this projecting point which was so situated that Bent and the chief could not see them, although the chief's sons had seen them from the first.

As the canoes rounded the point the men paused and carefully scanned the shores, but appeared to be satified with their scrutiny,for in a short time they resumed their journey south, keeping as near to the shore as the irregularities of the land would permit.

Their distance from Bent and his party was far too great to see any small object easily, yet the habitual caution of these men was such that it would have been next to impossible to detect their presence from any position on the lake.

After watching the canoes for some minutes and seeing that their course was steadily south, Bent gave a signal which was evidently well understood, for in a short time all the six sons of Okwaho were seated behind the tree.

Not one of them spoke a word or manifested the least impatience, as the chief and Bent continued to gaze after the canoes.

At length the chief seemed to have completed some train of thought, for turning suddenly round he rapidly informed his sons, more by gesture than words, what he considered the object of the incursion to be, and who the men were, for pointing over his shoulder, he mentioned French and Abenaquis, indicating four of the first and eight of the second named. He next inquired of Bent what he considered it best to do.

"I think," said Bent, "the lads ought to go over to friend White's place and see if he is home, and apprise them of what they may expect. If he is not in, they must try and see him before he is surprised and perhaps murdered. The rest of us must follow the vermin and see if we cannot pick them off."

"Yoe hauh," said the chief, "Yoe hauh," said the sons.

Then addressing the two youngest, he said, "You hear what Oghkwari tells you; to you is entrusted the difficult business of seeing White before the French and Abenaquis can get there—if he is at home stay and help him until we come, if not find out from his wife where he is and follow quick. Our signal will be three caws."

We have merely attempted the meaning of the chief's speech, for figure and gesture gave its meaning and force.

In a few moments the whole party had disappeared in the mazes of the forest and all was silent; even the occasional tap of the woodpecker had ceased with their departure.

The marauders in the boats passed down to the extreme southern point of the lake, to its outlet, and from there, after carefully concealing their canoes beneath overhanging bushes, they started through the woods to a tributary of the Mohawk. On this creek was a lonely farm house, the residence of White, and from the cautious manner of their approach, it was apparent that this place was one object of their incursion, and that their intention was to take the owners by surprise. From the manner in which they approached, it was evident they did not anticipate any interruption to their attack or any counterplot for their injury. Although they had moved with considerable celerity, they had been anticipated in their stealthy visit by the two young Mohawks, who, finding that White was not at home, had continued their hurried journey to find him.

Karhakoha and Oteanyea (Hawk and Eagle) were barely out of sight when the marauders arrived on the scene. Of course they found the outer gate securely fastened. A fence of eight feet is, however, a poor protection against an active man unless carefully defended inside. In a very short time one of the Frenchmen was over and had removed the fastening from the gate and the whole number entered, with the exception of two who were to act as sentries, and walked straight up to the end of the house.

Their numbers made them bold and careless, perhaps it would be more correct to say that they had an impression that there was no one at home. The door and windows were tried in turn, but all was secure. The Frenchman, who climbed the palisade to open the gate, pointed out the fact that the gate had been secured from the inside, so that if there was no one at home, there must be some other way of leaving and entering the premises than the front gate. This was a matter which it behoved them to examine into; but after a close inspection, no means of exit could be found but the one, or that of climbing the palisade.

While the others were consulting as to the best method of proceeding, the Frenchman, who had scaled the fence, a veritable demon in cunning, discovered that the door of a root-house was partially open.

This root-house was in a corner formed by the house and a one-story kitchen, built as an addition to the house. The entrance was covered over with a luxuriant growth of bramble, and had not been used for a long time; but the ferret-eyed Frenchman discovered it, and concluding from its position that it extended under the kitchen, and might have an internal communication, he descended the steps and pushing open the outer door, entered and felt around for stair or ladder. In one corner of the cellar he found what he expected, and ascending a couple of steps his head came in contact with a trap-door. Pushing against this he found it had no fastening; but as in raising it the door creaked, he lowered it again.

Up to this time no sound had been heard from the interior, but the very silence seemed to be supicious; the creaking startled him, and he concluded it would be safer to have assistance, so as to provide against attack from within. Returning to his companions, he informed them of his discovery, and two of these at once accompanied him.

When Mrs. White fastened the outer gate, she had perhaps an idea that it would deter the Indians from entering, for some time at least, and that assistance would arrive, and so they would be driven off before any harm was done. She was watching from a window, if a six small-paned aperture may be thus designated, and saw the Frenchman get over and let in the others.

What her feelings were at that moment may be imagined by the reader; she was alone in the house! a weak defenceless woman, quite certain that if the lawless men tried to get in, they could do so despite anything she could do to prevent them. And if they got in, what then? But she had hope! this was her only sustaining comfort in dire distress. She had been assured help was at hand; and at any moment it might arrive; at any moment she might hear the crack of a rifle, or the shouts of her deliverers, as they rushed to the attack.

As she stood with fears and hope alternately exercising her mind, with all her faculties aroused to catch the slightest sound, she heard the creaking of the trap-door in the kitchen. How her heart bounded! it seemed to thump in her breast, it flashed upon her mind instantly—" that is the trap."

Her knees shook so violently that she could not move; and for a few moments her limbs felt as though they had lost the power of voluntary motion. By a severe effort of the will she got across the floor; the door into the kitchen was secured, but only by a wooden button, and she knew that if they got into the kitchen that would be no security; so, mustering up her courage, she pulled open the door and looked in, determined to know the worst.

The light in the kitchen was very imperfect, but she was certain that no one was in, unless concealed behind some of the casks and other things kept there. Standing in the kitchen reared against the back wall, beyond the trap-door, were two heavy oak beams, which had been hewn for the construction of a press.

It occurred to her that if she could lay down one or both of these across the trap it would prevent, or, at least, render their entrance by that way much more difficult; so she took hold of one to carry it, but found it altogether beyond her strength to lift it, however she pulled it upright, and was deliberating whether to push it over or not, when, to her dismay, the trap-door lifted, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared, creeping up from below; without reasoning upon the consequences, but acting upon impulse, she precipitated the massive beam forward,—there was a crash followed by a loud yell, a cry of death agony, which sounded through the silent house like a shriek of terror, and made her very blood stagnate with horror, but in the excitement and perturbation of the moment she seized the second beam and pushed it over on the first. She then either sat or fell down in a swoon.

When the young Indians arrived at the farm, Mrs. White was out side the palisade looking after some stray fowl; she saw them come into the clearing from the woods, and, conjecturing who they were, waited until they came nearer so that she could identify them.

When they had delivered their message she was much alarmed, and wanted to blow the horn, but they told her that Bent wanted her to wait till they came. Her instructions to them were to keep down the creek to were there was a *"raising"* going on, but as she did not know whether they would find White at the house or in the bush, they decided it would be better for one to go to the bush and the other to the house, so as to get the men moving all the quicker.

Bounding along at the top of their speed they had very soon apprised White and his neighbors of the position of matters. Some few had brought along their rifles to the raising, but all of them had axes, sharp as good knives. Leaving the oxen, they started to the beseiged house, muttering dire threats of vengeance. The distance was very little more than a mile, so that relief, speedy and overwhelming, was at hand, as Mrs. White had correctly expected.

Before the farmers could arrive, Bent with the Chief and his four elder sons had reached the scene: in fact, had followed as closely as possible, keeping at the same time out of view. Two of the Mohawks went further down the creek than the rest to signal the return of their brothers, rightly judging that would be the direction they would come.

The sun had ceased to throw any shadows, but the shades of night were creeping through the forest from the east to the west. A few crows were winging their lazy flight to their roosting places, sending forth their loud, dissonant caws. One old blackamoor had spied the men lurking in the edge of the woods, and was both curious and clamorous; but very shortly got an answer in three distinct cries away down the creek. Bent was getting impatient, but this sound caught his ear and he and the Chief brightened up.

The old crow, perched upon a dead limb over their heads, scratched his pate with one foot and listened; the cry came again, now nearer, and was at once answered by the Chief; the crow, quite puzzled with these imitations, stretched out his neck and looked down with contempt upon such miserable crow jargon.

Of course Bent had no idea of the great accession to their force which White and the lads were bringing, so that when he saw the reinforcement he became less cautious in his mode of attack. The settlers, with White leading, crept up behind a fence so as to get to the rear of the house. Bent's first movement was to pick off the two Indians at the gate, Hawk and Eagle being his assistants. The Chief and his other sons were stealthily crawling up, meanwhile ready to rush forward when Bent fired.

Resting his rifle upon a lower rail of the fence, he watched for an opportunity; the two sentinels were conversing, the trigger was pulled, and the ball, true in its aim, passed through the bodies of both; they sprang from the ground simultaneously, and fell together with mingled shrieks.

"Two of the vermin done for, or will be soon, I guess," said Bent, deliberately reloading his rifle and at the same time watching his friends, the Mohawks, who had crept up under cover of a low fence, so as to command the entrance, fully expecting that a rush would be made to the assistance of the sentinels; but not a man appeared.

The reason for this will be understood from what had occurred.

Startled by the thundering noise mingled with the horrid yell, the marauders instantly concluded that White, with perhaps some of his neighbors assisting him, had somehow been apprised of their approach and had prepared for their attack. The two French *coureurs* from the root house further alarmed them by reporting that their comrade was totally *tout a' fait*, smashed by some awful, invisible agency; their countenances, fully more than their words, speaking of supernatural, rather than of mysterious power.

The human mind, educated or otherwise, under the influence of superstitious fear, loses all true control of its actions, and in this respect is mad.

The Indian will not contend against mysterious, or what he supposes to be mysterious, powers; like many of the lower animals, he is instantly cowed by some new combination, or form abnormal to his ideas of the natural.

Much in this state of mind were the marauders when they were standing at the end of the log house, perplexed and alarmed.

The crack of Bent's rifle and the death shout of their companions startled them, but in a different manner; those were sounds proceeding from causes with which they were familiar, and they acted accordingly: each man instinctively, and instantly seeking shelter behind something and intently watching the entrance gate. So completely were they occupied in this direction that attack from any other seemed to be lost sight of. In the meantime, however, White and his friends had gained the rear of the enclosure, where, by drawing one or two secret pegs, he could remove one of the palings, and creep through.

As the men silently crept along the end of the barn, the attention of every marauder was in the opposite direction. Bent was the leader, and before he was well aware came full upon an Indian among a pile of lumber; both men started, but White made a savage blow which, although it missed the part intended, almost severed the wretch's thigh, and he fell to the ground, and his head was almost severed by a blow from the man immediately behind White.

This, of course, caused noise enough to attract immediate attention to their rear, and the Indians instantly broke from cover and fled to the front entrance gate. With a tremendous shout the farmers bounded after; one of the Frenchmen and two of the Indians instantly fell beneath the fire of Bent and the seven Mohawks, while others were wounded, the two remaining Frenchmen, both wounded, threw down their weapons and begged for quarter; the three remaining Indians were quickly despatched.

As White returned up the yard to look for Florence, she opened the door to meet him; pale and trembling, almost ghastly in appearance, she fell into his arms. As he carried her to a seat, she pointed to the kitchen, where several of the neighbors hurried and found the *coureur* with his skull fractured, but still breathing. He was taken out from the trap and laid upon the grass in front of the house, where in a short time he died.

The neighbors sat down upon the floor of the rude portico to talk over the affair and decide what must be done with the two prisoners. The general voice seemed to be in favor of sending them to Squire Johnson's for trial. It was now quite dusk, and White wanted to hear what Bent's opinion was.

"Where is Bent?" was the general enquiry.

"I'm here," he said, as he came up to the porch; "what are you wanting?"

"We are wanting to know what we had better do with the prisoners," said White.

"Bury 'em, I suppose," said Bent, evasively.

"But the two who surrendered, we mean."

"Where are they?" said Bent.

"Yes; where are they?" was the general enquiry.

The Frenchmen were missing. During the confusion and darkness, thinking they were not observed, they slipped away, and got into the field, but their scalps were dangling at the belts of Hawk and Eagle.

"Never mind the sneaking vermin," said Bent; "I guess they'll never run through the woods in these parts again, disturbing quiet folks. But how is Mrs. White, after her scare?"

"You see, neighbors," said Bent, continuing his speech, without waiting for an answer, "we could have easily defeated the vagabonds' scheme, and prevented them coming here, but we should not have secured the whole lot, and you might have had them round again without warning."

Mrs. White was aroused from her faint by natural reaction, hastened by hearing the shouts which told her help had arrived. She staggered from where she had fallen to the front door, and, looking out at one of the windows, saw her husband coming up to the house, so she opened the door to meet him.

Thus ended this bloody tragedy, one of many such which occurred in the English settlements both before and after this period. Sometimes entire families were murdered, all moveable valuables carried off, and the house and other buildings burnt.

Many families, harassed and kept in a state of constant alarm by armed predatory bands from the French frontiers, removed farther South. Constant efforts were made by French agents to detach the Iroquois from the English, because their territory lay between the two colonies and served the purpose of a barrier, besides giving the Iroquois occasional opportunities for violating their professed neutrality.

Some months after this tragedy at White's, Mrs. White gave birth to a boy, a fine, healthy, active child, but as he grew up, remarkable for his paleness, especially when excited, and at all times for an inveterate antipathy to the French and their Indian allies. We have in a previous chapter mentioned him as a skilful seaman on board of a "man-of-war," and then as a lieutenant on board Captain Arondale's ship in the naval service of England, and we shall have occasion to mention him again.

(To be Continued.)

OCTOBER MUSINGS.

BY MISS EMMA J. M. R.

The sunset season of the year is come,
October's Autumn's changing hand is seen
Touching the leaves with varied tints of chrome,
But sparing here and there a touch of green.

But few of Summer's flowers are lonely left,
Good bye, bright Summer with thy birds and flowers,
Although we of thy glories are bereft,
Thy richer fruits and bounteous stores are ours.

Season of mists and balmy, bracing air,
Of joyous, full ripe, mellow fruitfulness,
Thy type of beauty is serenely fair,
A glad sobriety with loveliness.

Ye balmy breezes still delay your flight,
Still linger, and with care the leaves caress,
Soon will your mildness change to stormy might
And strip the trees of their resplendent dress.

Toronto, September, 1871.

THE SUN AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM

BY OMICRON.

THIRD PAPER—SUN SPOTS.

In our last paper we attempted to describe the sun as seen through the telescope, and his appearance during solar eclipses; we simply alluded to the facts and offered no explanations. But the thoughtful reader will doubtless ask—"What are the spots which, with the telescope, we see on the sun?" If we cannot answer this question with positive certainty, we will state some facts which bear on the question, draw our own conclusions, and hope the reader will carefully weigh them.

Dr. Wilson, of Scotland, as far back as 1779, made numerous observations on sun spots, and he found that round spots, which had a nucleus in their centre when near the centre of the sun, and which nucleus was surrounded with a penumbra of equal width in that position, changed their appearance as they passed from the centre toward the edge (or, as astronomers call it, the sun's limb). When near the limb, the penumbra became invisible on the side of the spot nearest the sun's centre, and the nucleus, or black centre of the spot, seemed to touch the bright photosphere, or that nearest the centre of the sun. This was regarded as proof that the sun's spots were hollows or cavities, because such an appearance must be presented to an observer situated on the earth, if hollows really exist, provided the black nucleus were situated at the bottom of the cavity.* And another fact seemed to strengthen this view, namely, that spots have been seen as a gap or indentation on the edge of the sun as it has been passing off the disc. A photograph of the same spot was taken by De LaRue, at such an interval as to render the two pictures suitable for combining in the stereoscope, and this spot when viewed in that instrument is said to have appeared as a cavity.

From those facts a theory has been very generally adopted, which was first introduced by Wilson, and perfected by Sir W. Herschel, which may be stated as follows:—

The centre or internal part of the sun is a dark, or, at least, relatively obscure body, surrounded at a distance by an atmosphere, which atmosphere contains a continuous layer of opaque and reflecting clouds. Above this, a second and luminous atmosphere, known as the photosphere, envelopes the sun, covering the first, or non-luminous cloudy stratum;—this photosphere is supposed to be incandescent gas.

Herschel's theory supposes spots to be openings in the gaseous and cloudy envelopes which surround the sun; that, when there is an opening in the photosphere, *only* the dark cloudy stratum is visible, shining by light reflected from the lower side of the photosphere. In such a case we should get a spot of a greyish tint without a nucleus in its centre.

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*A spot is just now entering on the sun's disc presenting such an appearance. August 3rd, 1871.

At other times, there may be an opening in the cloudy stratum as well as the photosphere, and, in that case, we should see the dark body of the sun through this latter opening; and if the opening in the upper stratum is larger than that in the cloudy lower one, we should have a dark nucleus, surrounded by a penumbra, as is the case with most spots. If, however, the opening in the lower cloudy layer should be larger than the opening in the photosphere, we should see the sun's dark body only, and a spot without a penumbra would be the result.

This theory explains the appearances in a tolerably satisfactory manner; but many weighty objections have been urged against it, and it will be necessary for us to examine them.

First.—This theory supposes the sun's photosphere to be gaseous; but the light emitted by the sun does not give bright lines, but a continuous spectrum, which is the spectrum of a solid or liquid, but not of a gas.*

Second.—If spots were cavities, all which show a nucleous must penetrate through the entire photosphere, so as to show the dark body beneath it. In such a case it would be imposible to see the dark body at the bottom of the opening, except when the spot is near the centre, and we could *never* see a very small nucleus without a penumbra near the limb, we might as well expect to see the water in a very deep well, standing at a great distance from it, as to see the bottom or nucleus of a sun spot, *without a penumbra*, when we are not vertically above it. *All* such spots would show a penumbra, being one side of the cavity, as they moved from the centre; and ·we should often see penumbra without nuclei, but never nuclei without penumbra near the sun's limb.

Such however is not the fact, we often see small neuclei, mere points, on all portions of the surface, quite as frequently near the limb as elsewhere. I have often seen such spots myself and they are visible in a fine photograph by Commodore Ashe, which I have at present in my possession.

Third.—If spots were hollows, those which had a nucleus in their *center* when near the suns center, should *always* show the penumbra wider when near the limb on the side nearest the sun's edge than on the opposite side. This is sometimes the case, *but not always.*

In "Researches on Solar Physics," the Kew Observers state that they measured carefully the position of the nucleus with regard to the penumbra of a spot, when in different positions on the sun's disc; and they sum up in the following words: "The whole number of cases observed was 605; excluding therefrom 75 where the penumbra is equal on both sides, there remain 530; of which 456 are for and 74 against the assumption that spots are cavities in the sun."

But the 75 spots in which the penumbra was equal on both sides should not be excluded; they are evidences *against* the cavity theory, for if spots were hollows they *should* be thus equal, and so the case will stand thus. Spots which might have been *cavities, 456; spots* which could not have been, 149.

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*The writer is aware that the experiments of Frankland & Lockyer show that gases may give a continuous spectrum under great pressure; but we have no proof that such a pressure exists on the sun's surface.

This argument may be stated thus:—If spots are cavities the penumbra on the side of a spot towards the sun's center, should always diminish in breadth as the spot nearest the limb. But observation shows that this is not the case. Therefore spots cannot be cavities.

Fourth.—The existence of a dark nucleus of solid matter in the sun's centre is all but impossible. The heat of the photosphere is so great, that any solid body enclosed in it would surely have been rendered incandescent during the thousands of years which have elapsed since the sun's creation. If it has a nucleus it will doubtless glow with white heat. But the nucleus of spots emit no light, we find light from an atmosphere which is above the spots; its spectrum consists of bright lines, but there is no continuous spectrum from the nucleus of the spot as there would doubtless be if it were a solid solar nucleus.

There are other objections to the cavernous theory; but to our mind the foregoing objections are so strong that we are justified in rejecting it altogether.*

If the cavernous theory is not capable of explaining the appearances which sun-spots present, it will be needful for us to examine other theories. We will do this, hoping for better success.

"Galileo regarded the spots as a kind of smoke, as clouds or froth formed on the surface of the sun." The theory of Herschel has of late been so generally adopted, that few have thought Galileo's views worthy of serious attention. Many of our best observers and most logical reasoners are now adopting views very similar to those held by the inventor of the telescope.

Zollner, one of the ablest of European observers, and one of the best writers on solar physics, regards the sun's spots as slag, scum or cloud on the photosphere, and not an opening in it; such too is the opinion of the eminent Italian astronomer, Respighi.

Prof. Donati, Director of the Royal Observatory of Florence, after an interesting review of various facts and theories, including the theory of M. Faye, makes the following statement:—

"It appears to me that neither these nor other grave objections can

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*It may be urged that the spot photograph taken by De La Rue, when viewed with the stereoscope shows the spot as a cavity. But I would wish to remind my readers *that only one spot has been found to present this appearance*, and THAT ONE has been accidently destroyed. Had it existed so as to be more thoroughly tested, it might have aided our enquiry. But we know too little of the instruments with which it was produced, and the manner in which the two pictures were mounted to admit them as evidence under existing circumstances. It is known that if the pictures on a stereoscopic card are changed so that the right one comes under the left eye, the picture is changed in perspective—a globe appears concave, and the inside of a bowl looks like a globe, the remote part of objects is brought forward and VICE VERSA. Thus we can understand how a projection on the sun's surface might appear as a cavity in the stereoscope. And beside, even though the pictures were properly mounted, there might be inversion by the use of an inverting eyepiece at the Telescope, with which the picture was taken, for this often causes hollows *to appear in relief and projecting bodies to appear as* hollows. Therefore the photograph in this case cannot be taken as evidence. See Brewster on the Stereoscope.

be made if it be supposed with Galileo that the spots are clouds in the atmosphere of the sun. I imagine that the solar clouds are agglomerations of dense and opaque matter which are formed in the solar atmosphere, and which afterward descend and proceed with their central part to touch the photosphere, and, so to speak, to *rain down* upon it. That part, or central extension, at which the contact takes place, will show itself as the nucleus, while the parts which remain elevated will show themselves as penumbra."

These views are in accordance with Kirchoff's theory, and are in strict conformity with what the solar spectrum requires, whilst the gaseous and cavity theory is beset with difficulties at every point.

And as Canadians we may refer with honest pride to the fact, that a Canadian Astronomer, Mr. Ashe, of the Quebec Observatory, has been for many years a zealous supporter of this theory; which is now forcing itself into general acceptance. For a long time he had to contend against the cavernous theory almost alone, but the case is now vastly changed, and with such names as Kirchoff, Donati, Respighi, Zollner, and Kirkwood as his associates, *our* astronomer has nothing to fear.

The theory that spots are formed by dark matter on the surface of the photosphere, and clouds hanging above it, explains all the changes seen as the spots are crossing the sun's disc.

As the spot moves from the centre to the edge, or from the edge to the centre, it must undergo such changes as we usually observe ; seen in front the nucleus will, of course, appear to occupy the centre of the penumbra ; but as it travels towards the sun's edge, the portion of the cloud situated between the dark nucleus and the observer's eye, will of course be seen projected upon the nucleus, and be confounded with it ; whilst the other portions of the cloud will be projected on the luminous photosphere, and will be seen as penumbra. If this cloud had the nucleus beneath its centre, we should see less and less of it on the side toward the sun's centre as the spot approached the limb ; and it would seem to become wider and wider, toward the sun's edge, and present,as a rule,just such appearances as those which led Herschel, and the Kew Observers to regard the spots as cavities.

But it enables us also to explain the fact that many spots *do not* present the apparent changes which they must do if spots were hollows. If the penumbra is a cloud suspended above the more dense matter, which, floating on the photosphere, forms the nucleus, any motion in the atmosphere in which it floats would carry the cloud from its previous position,and it might leave the nucleus altogether, a phenomenon which has occasionally been observed.

If this is the true explanation, then, spots being matter lying on the sun's surface, and suspended in its atmosphere thus cutting off its light, as they spread over many thousands of miles of the sun's body, which is a sphere, very large ones will show themselves as notches on the limb, when they arrive at that point. This has been noticed by observers, and it has been quoted as a proof that the spot is a cavity, but it is the necessary result of opaque matter lying on the surface and absorbing or intercepting its light.*

But the question still presents itself, what causes dark matter thus to accumulate on the sun and form spots? Mr. Ashe says: "My own opinion is, that spots are formed by meteor planets falling into the sun." Other causes have been suggested, but no other which I have seen appear to me sufficient to explain all the appearances observed.

Let us look closely at this theory and see what would be the result if a large meteorite did in reality fall on the sun.

We have seen from the evidence of the stereoscope that the sun's photosphere must be either molten matter, or an incandescent solid; and the sun's heat is so great, as we showed in our first paper, that it is scarcely possible it can be solid, but must be molten. Now the specific gravity of the matter composing the sun, is only about one-third of that which composes the earth, and as the maeteorites which fall to the earth's surface have nearly all a greater density than the earth, they must be three or four times as heavy, bulk for bulk, as the matter composing the sun. Now if such a body fell into the sun, it would as certainly sink beneath its surface deep into the molten matter as a ball of lead would do if thrown into a mass of molten iron. *Meteorites if they fall into the sun will sink beneath its surface*; but they will speedily melt, and then the heavy parts will continue to sink, but the lighter matter, composing part of the body, will rise to the surface, and thus form the nucleus of spots;—But some of the matter which enters into the composition of the meteorites, which have been analyzed, is not heavy metallic matter, ; they have been found to contain many minerals which are far more easily converted into gas, and vapours of different kinds, than metals are; this gaseous vapour would rush up around the nucleus forming the clouds which we see as penumbra; and some might rush upward with such velocity as to pass far above the surface, carrying someof the matter of the chromosphere with it, and forming the red flames seen during solar eclipses. The sun's heat would be gradually communicated to the meteoric matter, the nucleus would break up, dissolve, and at last form part of the sun; and such would also be the result in the case of the clouds or penumbra. Thus whilst the theory of cavities fails to account for many of the observed appearances, the meteoric will account for all.

Prof. Kirkwood, whose opinion on this point is second to no man living, published a paper in the American Journal of Science, for April last, in which he suggested the idea, that a meteorite, moving in the orbit of the great comet of 1843, might have caused the great sun spot of that year; and it is but natural for us to conclude, that if this was the cause of that spot, all spots may have a similar origin. The length of my paper suggests that other interesting matters must remain for next month.

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* We ask for the writer's argument the most careful and unprejudiced consideration. We *personally commenced a series of observations on a remarkable* spot which was approaching the western limb, June 21st, 1870, 6.30 a.m. On Saturday morning of the 25th, at 5.30, the spot was on the extremity; at 8 o'clock there was a distinct break in the line of the sun's limb, and the whole appearance was such as stated by the writer. It is difficult to say what important practical results may arise out of a more perfect comprehension of this subject. If Omicron, in conjunction with other scientific men, succeed in *establishing a more than suspected connection between the sun spots, the temperature,* and the rain-fall, we can scarcely estimate the benefits which may result to agriculture and its allied branches.—Ed.

KATE'S ALBUM—"COUSIN GEORGE."

BY MISS H.

CHAPTER II.

The impressive and pleasing tone and cadence which marked George's rendering of his own prettily-conceived verses, effected a very visible change in Annie, whose suppressed sighs and heaving breast bore sad testimony to the intensity of that mental agony which the circumstances of the moment compelled her to endure.

Ever noble and dignified in her *maintien*, she looked the personification of some mythical goddess coursing her fiery chariot along the surface of the winds, directing and controlling the fury and conflict of opposing elements. And yet, at times, her appearance would suggest the fleeting shadow of a *Queen of Beauty*, with a broken sceptre in her hand and a diadem of sorrow on her brow—the symbols of fallen majesty and of a departing power which she could wield so well! As transient lightning bursts in splendour on the gloom of night, so, amid the desolation which marked those lurid features, a tinge of hope and pride would evolve a momentary flash, brightening up and giving life to that dreary waste—*and then*, that flood of light would as suddenly disappear behind the darkness it had so recently illuminated.

The trickling of the lonely tear which, at distant and uncertain intervals, rolled down those marble cheeks, was the only visible sign of animation with which she heard her lover unfold the sublime creations of his mind. Again and again, as line after line fell upon her listening ear, she would seem as if her soul had fled in ecstacy to some ideal paradise, where *purity of heart* and a *holy love* were the imperishable attributes of a felicitous, ever-sweet, and immeasurable eternity! Like a sequestered flower which, unnoticed and forgotten, sheds its drooping leaves at the close of the day, she sat motionless and silent till her cousin repeated with his sweetest accents the gentle whisper—

"Ever—for ever—it is thine to seek;"

And then, drawing closer to him, she heard the words again repeated, as if some ærial sprite, wandering on the wings of *Echo*, had also caught the whispering message, and had hurled it back with a more positive and yet more cheering utterance than before—

"Ever—for ever—it is thine to seek!"

Brighter still, but still motionless and silent, she heard the remaining lines; and then, placing the little love-scroll in her hand, George raised his eyes in earnest solicitude for one responsive glance from that sweet spirit to whom he had been breathing the inspirations of his heart; but *all was motionless and silent still!*

He knelt by her side and took her gently by the hand, which he chafed and pressed with that affection which imparts vitality and restores to life and action the dormant susceptibilities of the heart; but these tokens of his love only served to give her sufficient energy to withdraw her hand and to rise from her chair, as if anxious to retire to her room. Unconscious of the cause of this singular abruptness, he implored her to remain. "No! no! Annie," said he; "you "must not leave me—my darling—my love—*my wife!*"

It was not without perceptible signs of gladness that she heard this long-hoped-for declaration; but she had already chosen her path, and her reply was therefore simple—"Cousin George, I cannot, *cannot*, conceal it from you; I *must* tell you; *I am the betrothed wife of Franz Engelbrecht!*"

It was now George's turn to personate statuary! As if appalled by a salvo of a hundred guns, he stood paralyzed and spell-bound by the shock thus given him from the lips of her in whom all his affections and love were centred. He looked and felt as if that glowing sentence had destined him to live henceforth alone and isolated in the great wilderness of life; and so, turning from her with a despair which appeared like the phantom herald of a bitter future, he sought the door and disappeared.

He had hardly reached the street when Annie tried with tottering foot-steps to gain the couch. She succeeded in doing so, but only to sink down utterly exhausted. Depressed in mind, and broken-hearted, her physical strength gave way, and the cold, cold finger of death seemed to have traced its warning message on every feature! Restoratives were applied; and, after a long and weary interval, she slowly recovered; but—*it was only the flicker of the expiring lamp!* After a short suspense—a quiet and holy calm—her consciousness returned, and then, beckoning to me, she said: "Kate! I shall never "be Franz's wife, nor yet shall I shock the Germans by breaking my "plighted word! My *Thread of Life* is now broken, and I feel that "my poor destiny is being rapidly fulfilled! There—don't fret, love! "I am very happy. Please send for Franz!"

All this was said very calmly and collectedly. Franz was sent for, and he immediately came, accompanied by the family doctor; but all their efforts were fruitless and unavailing—it was *too late!* She had already reached the climax of her sufferings, and in Franz's arms she passed in peace to the portals of the grave!

* * * * * * * *

Kate had not told me the whole of this sad story in a connected and unbroken narrative, but with faltering voice and burning cheeks, and occasionally in tears, which flowed and chased each other in rapid succession. After a short pause, I broke the silence by asking—"Was it not a pity that Annie kept her engagement a secret? Had "it been published in accordance with German fashion, that scene "would probably never have taken place, for, if I understood you "correctly, it was the excitement and contrariety of the circumstances "which caused her death?"

"A pity!" said Kate, quoting my words with apparent astonishment; "a pity that that scene took place? No! a thousand times *no!* "A confession of love, from the man whom woman loves, is the "sweetest music woman's ear ever heard! It was thus that that "darling girl gained the knowledge which alone could soothe the "sense of shame she felt at having loved, and having that love despised—for such was certainly her impression with regard to George. "The scene, as you say, *did* cause her death, for it broke her too "loving, too sensitive heart!"

Vain would have been my endeavors to reason with my little enthusiast, or even to hint at the impropriety which poor Annie had committed in having promised her hand where she could never give her heart. I, therefore, only remarked, interrogatively, "And Cousin George?"

This question had the effect of removing the gloom which had marked our little *tete-a-tete* up to this point.

The cloud of sorrow passed away from her troubled face, and the sun, as it were, shone over the rippling waters—the old arch look came back again, and Kate *was Kate* once more! In reply she told me that George was moved as deeply as shallow unobservant beings *can* be moved, but that when the storm had passed, and Annie's memory was forgotten, he felt it his duty to impart this additional "*experience*" to his lady-friends generally, and to his dear sympathizing Miss Carruthers in particular. To her he wrote of his disappointed love in touching terms, and added a postscript to the effect that he should probably be in her neighborhood very soon, when he would do himself the pleasure of calling on her. He had evidently gone to the right source for sympathy this time, for he received by the return mail a prompt reply in the form of a letter ("on my honor," said Kate, "I don't exaggerate") of *forty-eight pages!*

"What!" I exclaimed; "48 pages! Surely he did not read it all—*all*—every word from beginning to end?"

"Indeed he did!" said Kate; "every word; and no doubt found it very agreeable and pleasant to his feelings, for he read it a second and even a third time!"

Well, (she continued) he shortly afterwards paid her the promised visit; and in the course of conversation she expressed a wish that he would accompany her for a walk during the evening. To this proposal he, of course, assented in the most gallant manner; and so, evening came, and off they started.

Whilst strolling along, she had so many comforting things to say to him that the time passed very quickly. Once or twice, indeed, he reminded her that it was growing late, but somehow she had still some new thing to tell him, or "*just another*" important point on which she had forgotten to comfort him; and so they continued in this way, walking and gossipping, until it was past 9 o'clock (of an autumn evening, too!), when Miss Carruthers suddenly became aware of the fact that she had most imprudently permitted her sympathy to carry her so entirely away as to make her forgetful of the strict decorum and discipline of that unsympathizing establishment of which she was one of the privileged pillars. Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion—how much more so the principal Governess of that far-famed Seminary!

George was very sorry, indeed, at having been the innocent cause of this breach of collegiate etiquette, and he tried to allay her fears, not, however, without impressing upon her that he had already reminded her of the approaching darkness! This little impeachment was met by the remark that she was "quite aware—but that, unfortunately, her feelings carried her away." George then suggested several plans by which she might get out of the difficulty; but to every one of them she urged some objection either real or imaginery. At length, after deep thought, she said she could see *one way only* by which to avert embarrassment. It was, she said, very painful to her to have to propose such a remedy; but still, as it was the only appropriate and becoming expedient she could devise, she had no alternative but to ask him whether he would permit her to tell the Lady-Principal (in case enquiry was made) that *they were engaged.*

George was wholly unprepared for any daring ruse of this kind; but, under all the circumstances, he felt powerless to act with decision; and so he just managed, after his own peculiar fashion, to say in a hesitating, argumentative manner, "*But you know we are not engaged!*" to which Miss Carruthers replied—"Oh, of course not; but then, you know, there's no other way of getting out of the dilemma—and so, my dear young friend, you must really come to my rescue this once!"

Now George was naturally a very good-natured fellow, and although his conscience would not ordinarily permit him to assert a falsehood, yet he felt that Miss Carruther's indiscretion, was brought about by her kind sympathy for *him,* and so he replied, "well you may say whatever you *please*; only remember we are *not* engaged you know!"

Miss Carruthers did not, it appears, make any special rejoinder to this last proviso, and so they jogged on silently till they reached the Seminary—George was inclined to be a little sulky, but feeling how poor Miss Carruther's hand trembled on his arm, soft pity entered his heart, and at parting he told her, and not unkindly, that he should be very anxious to hear in the morning how she had emerged from the difficulty.

Next morning she was at George's hotel before 8 o'clock! In a flood of tears she related all that had occurred—that she was in a dreadful dilemma—*that the Lady Principal had evidently discredited* her story, and had mockingly asked her why she did not wear her betrothal ring—and that the object of this unseasonable visit was to solicit his protection and aid.

George really felt for her! He saw at once the embarrassing position; but he also saw *the insuperable difficulties* which it presented. *Could* she suggest anything? "Oh yes," she replied;" "if you would but give me a ring—just to show her—of course it will have no signification,—you can call it a token of friendship, or anything else you please;" and then the poor dear creature sobbed and moaned so piteously that George was fain to rush off, buy the ring, and present it to her. He did so; and thus Miss Carruthers, having "accomplished the object of her mission," she took a sweeter leave than she had ever done on any previous occasion.

"When George afterwards related the story to me," said Kate, "I "asked him quietly if he *really* thought the matter would end there.

"His reply was in the affirmative, because when he gave her the en-
"gagement ring he had told her very distinctly that the present was
"a most anomalous one, inasmuch as no kind of engagement existed
"between them; 'besides you know, Kate,' said he, 'she is old enough
"to be my mother'—to all of which I answered that I should never-
"theless not be at all surprised at finding myself congratulating her
"as *Mrs. George S—s* before three months had passed over!"

"My prediction," Kate continued, "was fulfilled *before* I had expected
"it! *Before that day month* I received cards from 'Mr. and Mrs. S—s
"*nee* Carruthers!' How she managed the finishing strokes in
"this interesting game I do not know, as I never displayed the slightest
"curiosity in the matter, nor did George ever—But here they come!
"—they are actually at the door!"

Kate had hardly finished speaking when they were announced.

* * * * * *

I had almost laid down my pen and left the story where Kate had broken off, but I cannot resist the temptation to record my acknowledgement of the immense amusement, and I trust *instruction*, I derived that evening whilst observing the strategy and tactics displayed by Mrs. S. in the care and managemement of her young husband. The consummate ability she evinced in *patting* him and *petting* him, in *letting him go* and *holding him* fast, in *obeying* him and *swaying* him (all at her pleasure) was really beyond praise. In recognition of that lady's high merits, and in gratitude for the entertainments she afforded me, I will only add that if she could be induced to open a preparatory establishment for ladies about to commit matrimony, her prospectus would, if written with especial reference to "past experience," most assuredly be a "drawing" one.

[LEAFLET FROM AN ALBUM.]

"THE ROSE-BUDS OF LOVE."

BY. J. S. W.

"No fire from earth or heav'n above
"Enchants the soul so much as love;
"Love's strongest, sweetest, purest stems
"Lie near the source of spotless gems,
"In hearts which brave the cloudy day
"Ere sorrow wastes those stems away!

"Kindness waters every root
"Ere peace and plenty show their fruit;
"Each petal bursts with festive mirth
"Long, long before we see its birth;
"It's blossoms deck the good and wise—
"No selfish emblem near it lies—
——"Go! gather chaplets ere it dies"

THE CIVIL LIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

Value for value pay,
Some work and others play,
All have in turn their day,
All stations have their say,
All travel their own way,
In pomp and grand array
Kings rule and hold their sway.
Tyrants some will obey,
Trust not an arm of clay,
Changes have come and may,
Time tries and brings decay,
God is our strength and stay.

Royal dotations and pensions are no longer in favour ; they have not been in favour for many years ;—but they have been tolerated as a kind of unavoidable evil—a sort of social burden which could not be dispensed with.

Forty years ago there were muttered grumblings ; at intervals came loud and angry discussions, with rude, ill-concerted attempts at revolution by levellers, blanketteers and chartists ; but never till of late, has there been so general and persistent an outcry against any increase to—what in England is called—the Civil List. When a boy, we often heard these subjects discussed, and in rhythmic measure we have given the veritable sayings used by the people, and the popular orators among them.* The very recent agitation against the dowry of the Princess Louise, and the opposition arrayed against the proposed provision for Prince Arthur, are in themselves extremely significant of a revolution in public sentiment. Many persons recklessly assert that the populace have no mind of their own—that they are led by impulse under the direction of designing demagogues. To a certain extent this is true of the past, and also of the present English people. We can see it exemplified in History in the examples of Sacheverell, Lord George, Gordon, O'Connell, O'Connor, and others. But it is useless and incorrect to assert that the people *en masse* have no mind of their own, but follow as they are led. The intelligent observer of public opinion —(which is mind impressed by certain leading ideas)—and the progress of events arising out of or produced by that public opinion, cannot doubt that there is a public mind, and that instead of being led blindly by popular oratory, the great leading facts impressed upon the public mind have been the incentives to the oratory, which, encouraged by the people, has risen to distinction. Before discussing this subject at greater length, it may be as well to enquire what is meant by the expression Civil List. We have the Army and Navy Lists, and some of the most conspicuous names on these have, or have had a distinguished place on the Civil-List. Such, for instance, as Schomberg, Marlborough and Wellington, who, for distinguished millitary services, were pensioned in perpetuity by a grateful nation. All who know anything of Royalty (in practice) are aware that its courtly magnificence, and too often extravagance, cannot be supported without large supplies. In early times the revenue of the King arose from rents, feudal exactions, and monopolies of all kinds. This subject, to be properly understood, requires an intimate acquaintance with English History from the time of the Normans. Almost the whole of our English Monarchs have been hampered and tramelled in their finances. Previous to the time of William III., the King's revenue included the Privy Purse and Army and Navy expenses. For instance, in the reign of Charles II. the first Parliament granted, £1,200,000 about $6,000,000, as the ordinary revenue of the Crown which included personal, household, and private salaries, and the public defence. And this revenue, we are informed, was to be derived from excise and custom duties, post office, crown lands, the tax called hearth money—which was two shillings for every house—and a few other sources.

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*It will be seen at a glance that they are mere truisms, but, as they were employed, they exercised an immense influence upon the minds of the people. It has often been remarked that James II. was sung and whistled from his throne, by that doggrel ballad, called from its burden Lillibulero, which, being sung and whistled everywhere, set the nation, more especially the army, in a flame against James and his Irish troops. And it has often been the case that apparently insignificant things have been productive of tremendous results.

The Plantagenets did not disdain to embark in commerce—in an irregular sort of way—hence one of them, Edward III., was called by his royal brother of France, "The Royal Wool Merchant."

Henry VII. was an exceptional monarch;—he managed by the most extraordinary exactions to levy money so as to fill his coffers to overflowing; and his grand-daughter, Queen Elizabeth, was in like manner independent of her Parliament, owing principally to her parsimonious economy of the revenue she obtained from patents and monopolies. Of the Stuarts who succeeded, it is difficult to give a description. Profuse in gifts for display, they appear to have been the very personations of meanness; and the reigns of James, Charles I. and II., were illustrations of royal bankruptcy. By insisting upon "Divine right to the throne," and practising the doctrine that "the King cannot do wrong," they alienated many of their personal friends, and disgusted the very best and ablest of their subjects. It is not until we come to the reign of William III. that we find the institution of the *Civil List*, by which the reigning monarch is provided a revenue for life. Warned and instructed by the experience of the late reigns, the Parliament began by voting that £1,200,000 should be the annual revenue for the maintenance of the King's government, including the public expenditure. Immediately after this, a war, which continued for eight years, commenced, and, of course, entailed a much greater expenditure; but during these eight years, among other encroachments upon the power of the crown, was the arrangement of the Civil List, which settled upon the King £680,000 ($3,400,000), while the remaining expenses for the Army and Navy were disbursed by the Commons. Here we have the actual origin of the Civil List, properly so called, but which time and circumstances have further modified. During the reigns of George I., II. and III., the Civil List became burdened with debt.

On the accession of George IV. the Civil List was fixed at £850,000, estimated as follows :—His Majesty's Privy Purse, £60,000 ; Lord Chancellor, Judges, Speaker of the House of Commons, £32,956 ; Ambassadors, Ministers, Consuls, &c., £226,950 ; Royal Household, £209,000 ; Salaries in Public Departments, £140,700 ; Pensions, £95,000 ; Salaries to Officers of State, £41,306 ; Chancellor of the Exchequer and Commissioners of the Treasury, £13,822 ; Miscellaneous payments, £26,000. On the accession of William IV. we have a still further change, by which the proper expenses of the Crown were to be separated from all other charges. The success of this motion led to the resignation of the Duke of Wellington and his ministry in 1830. Formerly the judges held their commissions from the King, dependant upon his life and good pleasure; and it was the practice of the Stuarts to dismiss judges who manifested a disposition to maintain the integrity of the law, independent of the political schemes and convenience of government. In order to maintain the proper dignity and independence of the judges in the Superior Courts, it is enacted by the Statute 13, William III., c. 2, that their commissions shall be made, (not as formerly, *durante bene placito*, but) *quamdiu bene se gesserint.* In the first year of the reign of George III., it was enacted (1 Geo. III., c. 23,) that the commissions of the judges should remain in force notwithstanding the demise of the Crown (which was formerly held immediately to vacate their seats).

No judge can now be dismissed from office unless upon an address of both Houses of Parliament; and "this important provision we owe," says Mr. Hallam, "to the Act of Settlement; not as ignorance and adulation have perpetually asserted, to George III." In the Act of Settlement we see another determined effort to restrict Royal prerogative; for, from this period, the salaries of the judges have been independent of the Civil List, which, as it now stands, includes the expenses of the Royal household, private expenses, salaries to officers of State, secret service money, pensions, and other bounties; and it has seldom happened that the disbursements have not exceeded the appropriations. We now come to the Civil List of Queen Victoria, which was fixed by the 1 Vict., c. II., sect. III., at £385,000, ($1,925,000) to be paid yearly out of the Consolidated Fund, and appropriated as follows :—Her Majesty's Privy Purse, £160,000 ; Salaries of Her Majesty's Household and Retired Allowances, £131,260 ; Expenses of Her Majesty's Household, £172,500 ; Royal Bounty and Special Services, £13,200 ; Pensions, £1,200 ; Miscellaneous, £8,040. By Schedule V. of that Act, pensions to be granted in one year are limited to £1,200 ; and a list of all such pensions must be laid annually before Parliament.

(*To be Continued.*)

AN OCTOBER SONG.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hazy, dreamy, mild October,
  Rich in foliage, tints and dyes—
Colors, positive and sober,
  Fancy please and charm our eyes.

See the trees in autumn toilet—
  Purple, orange, yellow, brown,
Leaf-spray, tassel, fringe and aglet
  Deck the forest monarch's crown.

Oak and beech, majestic standing,
  Spruce, chlorophyl, in bright green,
Contrasts marked and commanding
  Variegating the rich scene.

Ash so graceful, silver birches,
  Maples lovely, elms so grand,
Lombard poplars, balsams, larches,
  Ornament and deck the land.

What a glowing landscape stretches,
  Graceful in its varying lines;
Fields festucine, woods in reaches,
  Willows, hemlocks, lindens, pines.

Hickory trees and chestnuts pendent,
  Wall and butter-nut abound;
Hazels with their boughs downbent,
  Nuts in plenty strew the ground.

What profusion—what enjoyment!
  Grain and fruits our garners fill;
Let it be our glad employment,
  God to thank with right good-will.

Toronto, September 21st, 1871.

EASTERN OFFICIAL LIFE.

BY RAMSAWMY SIVAJEE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER III.

This is a serious chapter ![*]

" It is not in the nature of things," observes an accomplished and distinguished writer of the last century, " that any given *Bissextile* should be the progenitor *(i. e.,* first cause) of a series, or any portion of a series, of *quadrinomials."*

However true this may be in the abstract, it must be admitted that the conditions of the proposition are somewhat vague. The language is not happily chosen, nor are the terms employed sufficiently precise to admit of a train of reasoning *a priori.* It certainly offers a wide field for speculative discussion ; but as it is not the object of this paper to investigate the various theories which have from time to time been based upon it, I shall only remark that the year in which I underwent my baptismal immersion in the waters of an Indian monsoon *just happened* to be the *fourth year after leap-year !* (Singular ! wasn't it ?)

In giving publicity to this fact, I desire that I may not be misunderstood as espousing the doctrines or principles of any one of those *quadrinomial theories,* nor do I waive the privilege of discussing the general question at some indefinite future period, whenever it may suit my convenience to do so. It will, I think, be readily conceded that I have an unquestionable *right* to adopt this course.

Meteorological science has established the fact that the mountain-ranges of Southern India are the recipients of an incessant rain-fall, of more or less severity during the monsoon months of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th years after leap-year. The mean average down-pour is fixed at about 144 inches—an inordinate supply of washing material which, unhappily, renders the hill stations in those latitudes uninhabitable for at least *four* months out of the twelve!

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[*] It is a rather singular coincidence that the THIRD chapter of each of our great standard works is similarly serious, and opposed to conceptions of frivolity ! It is not easy to account for this literary phenomenon; but that such is the FACT is beyond all doubt. "To see is to believe," as Lord MACAULAY justly observes; and so the reader is at liberty to satisfy his curiosity on this point by a personal examination of the magnificent library in the MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES at MUSKOKA, where every *facility* will be afforded him for that purpose.

In the case of " curious" people located in the remoter backwoods, or in the valley of the * * * the secretary will be "only too happy" to make the desired search, on being furnished with the nominal fee of one hundred dollars. [I may just hint that, as I am not authorized to make this semi-official statement known, it is recommended that—to prevent delay and disappointment—applications of this sort should be limited, if possible, to ONE IN EACH WEEK. All letters addressed to " The Secretary " will be SURE to " find him."]

From observations registered, (and confirmed by painful personal experience) the heat of the *plains*, during the same period, is all but intolerable to Europeans. The table-land of the *Deccan*, however, is exempt from those *hot winds* and *dust-storms* which do homage to the lowlands of *Bengal*, *The Punjaub*, *Scinde*, and other parts of India.* Hence, when the *Monsoon* sets in, the slopes of the *Western Ghauts* are deserted for the more agreeable and salubrious stations of the *Deccan.*

Again; the climate of the sea-board is so pleasant and invigorating between the months of October and February, that the Deccan is then, in turn, deserted for *Madras*, from whence also a similar exodus commences about the first of March for the cooler breezes of the *Hills*—and so on *da capo!*

The "*social year*" is thus divided into *three* "seasons," viz.: The *Hill* "Season," (March to May) The *Deccan Monsoon* "Season," (June to September) and the *Madras* "Season" (October to February).†

It will be perceived that these "seasons" are regulated in strict conformity to the variations of climate; and, as the latter are generally similar to those of *Bombay*, the "seasons" in that presidency are concurrent with those of *Madras*. In *Bengal*, however, there is no intermediate line of temperature (as the *Deccan*) between the Hills and the Plains. The result is that the *Hill* "season" in that part of India does not terminate until the 1st of October; but the *Calcutta* "season" is just the same as in the chief towns of the sister presidencies.

The commencement and close of a season depends, in a great measure, on the time of arrival and departure of the high officers of government, as it is their presence, and that of their wives and families, which constitute the nucleus and centre of fashion.

These officials being either "administrative" swells or heads of Departments, it is necessary, in view to the despatch of public business, that they should be accompanied on the "*round tour*" by small office establishments. The total expense incurred on every occasion of movement is, of course, recouped from the public revenues; a most convenient arrangement, and highly satisfactory to all concerned, inasmuch as it is never marred by unseemly parliamentary debates.

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*These "luxuries" are much esteemed and highly vaunted by certain gentlemen who, being bound to "Hobson's choice," have no alternative but to spend the "baking season" on the plains. A hot wind, they say, is "most providential," as, by the aid of well-watered "Khuskus Tatties" (grass screens) placed over the doors and windows, a delightful current of cool air sweeps through every part of the house. No less welcome visitors are those famous sanitary officers, the dust-storms, which, we are told, come towering down with a velocity of 20 miles an hour, like a vast and mighty whirlwind, gathering within its irresistible vortex endless specimens of bees, wasps, mosquitoes, sand-flies, beetles, decomposed animal remains, and other putrid matter, all of which are most considerately carried to the sea-board and carefully deposited in the Indian Ocean! [Charming, certainly! But R. S. cannot, and never could, entertain any "kind regards" for those favored localities—no! not even for the sake of "Joseph!"]

†I should explain here that the so-called "FISCAL" year of Canadian commerce has no parallel in the East. This is, of course, attributable to the very small quantity of OZONE which the atmosphere contains. [I am quite aware, and fully admit, that this opinion is opposed to that of the distinguished naturalist Cuvier, who holds that the circumstance is due, partly to the want of a convenient decimal coinage, and partly to the retrogresive tendencies of Indian-backwoods' civilization, "which," he says, "is at least a month or two behind that of the maritime districts of Lower Canada." It is obvious, however, that this reasoning is altogether untenable.—R. S.]

Let us now assume that the Madras season has closed, and that we have handed over our pretty little house—with its abominable roof—to the care of one of the housekeepers during our absence. For the better security of the furniture and other miscellaneous "traps," we take the precaution to close the venetians, and to bolt and lock every window and door on the premises. The exclusion of air under this arrangement is a decided drawback; but it is compensated for in the certain knowledge that slippery turbaned thieves are also excluded most effectually.*

The journey to the hills requires a little forethought—a little planning—a rough programme of each day's performances, with a *sketch* showing the route, and the places and duration of halts, &c., &c. It also involves any number of discussions and "brow-beatings," in order to guard against numerous attempts at extortion, a *few* of which are sometimes abortive, and *fail*, while the *greater number* are invariably well-conceived, and (of course) SUCCEED !

Having sent on our horses in charge of the other two grooms, and despatched a proportion of the servants with the baggage-carts, *we* are accompanied by the butler only, who takes his seat on the "box" of the phaeton beside the gharee-wallah (coach-man), and is thus "available" whenever the "kicking process" is called into requisition *en route*. Moreover, being conversant with the *patois* of the districts, we can utilize him as an interpreter on all occasions of dispute or difficulty—and these may be regarded as *legion !*

Everything goes on smoothly till we reach the Traveller's Bungalow (rest-house†) at the foot of the *Ghaut*, (*i. e.*, the ascent or passage to the hills); and *then* commences our *real* difficulties—*then* we gird up our loins and prepare for battle !

Having despatched the Gharreewallah with the horses over night, so as to reach the top of the Ghaut at least 12 hours before our arrival there, we engage the services of some 20 or 30 coolies, who are provided with drag-ropes wherewith to haul the phæton and its occupants up the Ghaut. This is absolutely necessary on account of the dangerous character of the road, which, being cut out of the side of the mountain, is tortuous and abounds with sharp and ugly curves, and, being unprotected by either fence or parapet wall, presents an awful picture on that side which lies next the *khud* (the precipice).

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*The reader will perceive that all Government servants must, whilst on the "tour," rent two houses; while married men, unaccompanied by their wives, must also maintain two separate establishments.

†These Traveller's Bungalows (sometimes called "Dawk Bungalows") are erected and furnished at the expense of Government, and are farmed out to native khansamahs (butlers), or to experienced khitmutghars (cooks), who provide their guests with a meal at about three hours' notice, according to a scale of charges which are fixed with due regard to the "pri e current" of the locality. In the more remote districts, bread is an exceptional delicacy—beef and mutton simply unknown—stale eggs, suspicious-looking biscuits, and the toughest of fowls being the only "procurable commodities !"

At that season of the year, too, the road is crowded—sometimes blocked up—with strings of elephants, camels, and other beasts of burden, laden with the baggage of the *burra sahibs* (great lords) who have preceded them. The noise and tumult of the drivers, and the wild and barbarous jargon which roll in reverberating echoes through the valleys and ravines below, have the effect of frightening horses into a "bolt," the inevitable consequences of which are too self-evident to require description. Hence the necessity for coolies as a substitute for horses !"

All necessary preliminaries arranged, we retire for the night, and at dawn on the following morning (being first fortified with a cup of coffee and a mouldy biscuit) we "light up," take our seats, "yoke on" the coolies, and *then*—"*chalow* (off) *you beggars !*"

Now the fun commences ! with a wild hurroo these sable denizens of the mofussil break into a jog trot and away they go in full swing, in and out of ruts, careless and indifferent as to the course of the vehicle or the comfort of its living freight. Bounding along, and bumping over innumerable stones, the sensation can only be equalled by the pleasures of a journey along the sleepers of the *Grand Trunk of Canada.* In this respect the civilization of the west is (as Cuvier says) perhaps a month or two in advance of the patriarchs of the East; but I hold that the pleasures *de facto* of a trip up those primitive ghauts are at least *equal* to anything on that celebrated line :—

And so 'twill be, when we are gone !
  Those wheels will shake—those cars go on !
While other coolies yet untaught,
  Will drag that carriage up the Ghaut* !

The upward journey is by no means monotonous, for the gentlemen whose necks are affectionately attached to the Drag ropes occasionally burst forth into loud and discordant streams, rasping away at a verse or two of some Hindoo or Mohammedan Ballad teeming with historical traditions of the olden time. Each individual is guided by his own ideas of rhythm, time, and cadence, and "chaws up" or prolongs at pleasure, any note which he thinks he can "*squash*" or sustain with exceptional force or beauty. The "Shakes" and "grace notes" especially are such gems of artistic excellence, that R. S. has seen the astounding effects thereof on migratory monkies who, "holding on" to a branch of a tree with *one* hand, scratch their heads (excuse me) with the *other*, in rapturous delight and astonishment at the soul of music and the voice of song !

Arrived at the top of the Ghaut, we find our Gharee-wallah and his 'team' awaiting us ; and, after paying the coolies their stipulated wages, we "put in" the horses, and proceed to our destination.

To convey to the reader anything like a correct idea of this mountain retreat, let him imagine the summit of a lofty range 7,000 feet above the sea, on which there is a plateau of some five square miles, from which several "spurs" diverge, each of the latter being from a quarter to half a mile in width. Imagine these spurs and plateaus with endless ranges of smaller hills extending as far as the eye can reach, to be one continuous primeval forest, giving shelter to the tiger, bear, sheeta, wolf, hyena, fox, jackall, antelope, monkey, &c., &c.

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*This should be sung to the air of "Those Engine Bells" ! It is a sweet adaptation of Homer's immortal eulogy on the "car of Juggernaut, "which the classical reader will, of course, perceive at a glance. [These little poetical titbits are very nice when introduced with a good effect, as in the above instance.—R. S.]

Picture the tops of a hundred pretty white chimnies peeping "here and there" out of the foliage of the trees, and you will then realize ideally the *locale* of the magnificent homesteads in which a few select Europeans enjoy the most delicious mountain breezes at a temperature seldom higher than 65° in the shade!

In this charming spot the woodman's axe never dishonours the majesty of the forest, except when the desecration is necessary for the purpose of a new habitation; but even then, the extent of "clearing" is no more than is actually required for the site of the house, outhouses, lawn, and carriage-drive. Every bungalow thus stands in the centre of its own little demesne or park (varying from 20 to 200 acres) which being cleared of all superfluous underwood affords a delightful resort for out-door amusements during the day—a very important consideration in a country like India! *

The whole of the public roads are shaded by the lofty forest trees of the various private grounds through which they run; and the topmost branches, on both sides, uniting in the centre, form a continuous arch or bower of evergreens through which the rays of the sun seldom if ever penetrate!

The daily means of occupation consist of visiting sketching, picnics, archery, croquet, tiger-shooting, bear-hunting, pig-sticking, riding, driving and pedestrian excursions in quest of scenery, and topographical curiosities. The evenings are devoted to balls and dinner-parties, amateur concerts and private theatricals.

It would be difficult to describe the happiness and repose which a three months residence on these lovely hills confers on the priviledged few who can enjoy even so short a retirement from the bustle and worry of business. Here all is quiet harmony, and peace. The tiniest rivulets with the wild-flowers growing on their banks, whisper *silent* solace to the soul, cheering the mind, and recruiting the physical powers for still greater energies! The crystal brooks which run their ceaseless course to the edge of the cliffs, and there pour the tribute of their waters from crag to crag, into the laps of the prouder streams running afar in the deep, deep vallies below, are but *one* of the thousand glories which the rising sun reveals to man as he wanders among the sequestered glades of that exquisite scenery. And then how beautful is

"Morn amid the mountains
"Lovely solitude!
"Gushing streams and fountains
Murmuring "God is good!"

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*The mode of clearing wild land is somewhat similar to that pursued in Canada; but with this important difference—that as coolie labour is cheap (12 to 18 cents per diem) all stumps are extracted by manual labour, and the soil thoroughly cleaned before it is deemed fit for occupation—whether for building purposes or for agriculture!

Towards the close of the season the *S. W. Monsoon* gives indications of its approach in stupendous globes of mist and cloud, rolling along the mountain tops, swallowing up the loftiest peaks, and throwing a mantle of darkness over the boundless forest. And now follows one of those terrific thunder-storms which seem to shake the very foundations of those lonely and secluded hills. It is *then* that the awful grandeur of the scenery is lit up in a series of dissolving views more sublime than any the eye of man ever beheld, and infinitely more vast than the mind of man is capable of conceiving—a succession of new worlds, as it were, each in itself complete in all the material combinations of a distinct creation ! * * *

* * The *Monsoon* being now about to set in, we prepare for another change of scene, but not of temperature ; for the *Deccan* at that time puts on its coolest, richest, and gayest dress in becoming fields and and velvet pastures. Here again we have a repitition of the comfort but not of the sweet repose, which distinguishes "the season" at the Hills. A more extensive community and a greater range of friends and acquaintances bring us once more into a world of excitement, which only terminates when the month of October warns us that Madras Society is again awaiting us at the close of the cycle, to welcome us with open arms and with the warm hospitality of an old and generous friend !

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Such, reader, is a faint—and *only* a faint—description *of a few* of the amenites of official life in that far-off land, so little known to the people of other continents !

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HANNAH.

A Novel.

By Mrs. CRAIK, (Miss Mulock), Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER VII.

No harm had befallen baby. Hannah, flying up-stairs on terror-winged feet, that carried her she hardly knew how, found her treasure all safe, lying fast asleep, as warm and soft as a little bird in its nest, in the quiet nursery.

Grace was not there, and yet it was certainly Grace's voice she had heard. What could have happened? The uneasy fear that some time or other something uncomfortable might turn up concerning Jem Dixon was seldom long absent from Hannah's mind, though it was not strong enough to take away the comfort she had in her intelligent and faithful nurse.

Of course the whole household, as well as every household at Easterham, knew Grace's story. In such a small community concealment was impossible, even had Miss Thelluson wished it, which she did not. She had a great horror of secrets, and besides she felt that in this painful matter perfect openness was the safest course. Therefore, both to her servants and her neighbours, she had never hesitated to mention the thing, telling the plain story, accepting it as an inevitable misfortune, and then protecting Grace to the utmost by her influence—the influence which any lady can use, both with equals and inferiors, when she is, like Hannah, quite firm in her own mind, and equally fearless in expressing it. Whatever people said behind her back, before Hannah's face nobody breathed a word against the poor nurse, who cowered gratefully under the shelter of her mistress's kindness, and kept out of other people's way as much as possible.

In her class broken hearts are rare; working women have not time to die of grief. But though Grace said little or nothing, often when she sat sewing, with Rosie playing at her feet, Hannah watched with pity the poor sad face, and thought of the blighted life which nothing could ever restore. For, as had been said, Grace, brought up as little maid to the Miss Melvilles, had caught from them a higher tone of feeling and a purer morality, in great things and small, than, alas! is usually found among servants; and she suffered accordingly. Her shame, if shame it could be called, seemed to gnaw into her very heart. So did her separation from the children. How far she grieved for their father could not be guessed; she never named him, and, Hannah was certain, saw and heard nothing of him. But that scream, and a slight confusion which was audible down-stairs, convinced her that something—probably the vague something she always feared—had happened; James Dixon had re-appeared.

She went down-stairs and found it so. In the servants' hall, the centre of an excited group—some frightened at him, some making game of him—stood a little, ugly-looking man, half-drunk, but not too drunk to be incapable of taking care of himself, or knowing quite well what he was about. He held Grace tight round the waist with one hand, and brandished a kitchen carving-knife with the other, daring everybody to come near him;—which nobody did, until Mr. Rivers walked quietly up and took the knife out of his hand.

"James Dixon, what business have you in my house at this time of night?"

"I want my missis. I'm come to fetch my missis," stammered the man drunkenly, still keeping hold of Grace in spite of her violent struggles to get free.

"*She* isn't his missis," cried some one from behind. "Please, sir, he married my cousin, Ann Bridges, only two months ago. He's always a-marrying somebody."

"But I don't like Ann Bridges now I've got her. She's for ever rating at me and beating the children; and I'm a fond father, as doesn't like to see his little 'uns ill-used," added Jem, growing maudlin. "So I'd rather get rid of Ann and take Grace back again."

When he spoke of the children, Grace had given a great sob; but now, when he turned to her his red, drunken face and wanted to kiss her, she shrank from him in disgust, and making one struggle wrenched herself free, and darted over to Mr. Rivers.

"Oh, please save me! I don't want to go back to him. I can't, sir, you know." And then she appealed despairingly to her mistress. "Did you hear what she said? That woman beats the children; I knew she would; and yet I can't go back. Miss Thelluson, you don't think I ought to go back?"

"Certainly not," said Hannah, and then her brother-in-law first noticed her presence.

"Pray go away," he whispered, "this is not a place for you. See, the man is drunk."

"I do not mind,' she answered. "Just look at poor Grace; we must save her from him."

For Jem had again caught the young woman in his arms, where she lay, half fainting, not resisting at all, evidently frightened to death.

"This cannot be endured," said Mr. Rivers angrily. "Dixon, be off with you! Webb, Jacob, take him between you and see him clear out of the gate.

Butler and footman advanced, but their task was not easy. Dixon was a wiry little fellow, sharp as a ferret, even in his cups. He wriggled out of the men's grasp immediately, and tried again to snatch at the kitchen-knife.

"Hands off, mates; I'll go fast enough. It isn't much a fellow gets in this house. Grace wouldn't give me a drop o' beer. I'll be off, Mr. Rivers; but I'll not stir a step without my wife, that's the young woman there. I married her in church, same as I did t'other woman, and I like her the best o' the two; so do the little ones. I promised them I'd fetch her back. You'll come, Grace, won't you? and I'll be so kind to you."

"Oh, Jem, Jem!" sobbed poor Grace, melted by the coaxing tone; but still she tried to get away, and cried imploringly to her master to release her from Dixon's hold. Mr. Rivers grew angry.

"Let the woman go, I say. You have not the smallest claim upon her, no more than she upon you. If she chooses to stay here she shall. Begone, before I set the police on you!"

"Do it if you dare, sir," said Dixon, setting his back against the door. "I'll not stir a step without Grace; she's a pretty girl, and a nice girl, and I married her in church, too. I found a parson to do it, though you wouldn't."

"Your marriage is worth nothing; I told you so at the time. It was against the law, and the law does not recognise it. She is not your wife, and so, very rightly, she refuses to go back to you, and I, as magistrate, will protect her in this refusal. Let her go." And Mr. Rivers, following words by action, again shook off the fellow's grasp and left the young woman free. "Now, Grace, get away upstairs, and let us put an end to this nonsense."

For, in spite of their respect for their master, the other servants seemed rather amused than not at this spectacle of a gentleman arguing with a drunken man for the possession of his wife; or, perhaps, some of them having as confused notions of the marriage laws as James Dixon, had thought Jem was rather hardly used, and ought to get Grace if he wanted. John the butler, an old servant, even ventured to hint this, and that it was a pity to meddle between man and wife.

"Did I not say plainly that she is not his wife?" cried Mr. Rivers in much displeasure. "A man cannot marry his wife's sister. I am master here, and out of my house she shall not stir against her will. Grace, go up stairs immediately with Miss Thelluson."

Then Dixon's lingering civility and respect for the clergy quite left him. He squared up at Mr. Rivers in drunken rage.

"You're a nice parson, you are. Mind your own business and I'll mind mine. Your own hands bean't so very clean, I reckon. Some folk 'ud say mine were the cleanest o' the two."

"What do you mean, you scoundrel? Speak out, or I'll take you by the neck and shake you like a rat."

For Mr. Rivers was a young man, and his passions were up; and Dixon looked so very like a rat, with his glittering, hungry eyes, and a creeping way he had till he showed his teeth and sprung upon you. Hannah wondered how on earth poor, pretty Grace could ever have been persuaded to marry him. But no doubt it was like so many marriages, the mere result of circumstances, and for the sake of the children. "If ever I could marry that man, it would be for the sake of his children," said once a very good woman; and though men are probably too vain to believe it, many another good woman may have felt the same.

"What do I mean, sir?" said Dixon, with a laugh. "oh, you knows well enough what I mean, and so do your servants there, and so does all Easterham. There bean't much to choose betwixt you and me, Mr. Rivers, if all tales be true."

"What tales?" said Bernard slowly, turning white, though he still held his ground and deliberately faced the man. For all his servants were facing him, and on more than one countenance was a horrid kind of smile, the smile with which, in these modern days, when the old feudal reverence seems so mournfully wearing off, the kitchen often views the iniquities of the parlour. "What tales?"

"Of course it isn't true, sir—or else it doesn't matter—gentlefolks may do anything they likes. But people do say, Mr. Rivers, that you and I row in the same boat: only I was honest enough to marry my wife's sister, and you—wasn't. That's all."

It was enough. Brief as the accusation was put, there was no mistaking it, or Dixon's meaning in it. Either Mr. Rivers had not believed the man's insolence would go so far, or was unaware of the extent to which the scandal had grown, but he stood, for the moment, perfectly paralized. He neither looked to one side nor the other—to Hannah, who had scarcely taken it in, or to the servants who had taken it in only too plainly. Twice he opened his lips to speak, and twice his voice failed At last he said, in a voice so hollow and so unlike his own that everybody started—

"It is a lie! I declare, before God and all now present, that what this man says against me, is a foul, damnable lie!"

He uttered the ugly words as strongly and solemnly as he was accustomed to read such out of the Bible in his pulpit at church. They sent a thrill through every listener, and sobered even the drunken man. But Jem soon saw his advantage, and took it.

"Lie or not, sir, it looks just the same, and folks believe it all the same. When a poor man takes a young woman into his house, and either marries her or wants to, what an awful row you kick up about it! But when a gentleman does it—oh, dear! it's quite another thing!"

Mr. Rivers almost ground his teeth together, but still no words came except the repetition of those four, "It is a lie!"

"Well, if it is, sir, it looks uncommon queer, anyhow. For a young lady and a young gentleman to live together, and be a-going out and a-coming home together; and when we meets 'em, as I did a bit ago, not exactly a-going straight home, but a-walking and a-whispering together in the dark—'twas them, shure, for the lady had got a red hood on, and she's got it on still."

Hannah put up her hand to her head. Until this moment, confused and bewildered, and full of pity for unfortunate Grace, she had scarcely understood the scandal in regard to herself. Now she did. Plain as light—or, rather, black as darkness—she saw all that she was accused of, all that she had innocently laid herself open to, and from which she must at once defend herself. How?

It was horrible! To stand there and hear her good name taken away before her own servants, and with her brother-in-law close by! She cast a wild appealing look to him, as if he could protect her; but he took no notice—scarcely seemed to see her. Grace only—poor, miserable Grace—stole up and caught her hand.

"It *is* a lie, miss—and Jem knows it! You mustn't mind what he says."

And then another of the women servants—an under-housemaid to whom she had been specially kind—ran across to her, beginning to cry. Oh, the humiliation of those tears!

Somebody must speak. This dreadful scene must end.

"Sister Hannah," said Mr. Rivers, at length recovering himself, and speaking in his natural manner, but with grave and pointed respect, "will you oblige me by taking Grace up-stairs? Webb and Jacob remove this fellow from my house immediately; or else, as I said, we must fetch the police."

Mr. Rivers had great influence when he chose to exercise it, especially with his inferiors. His extraordinary sweet temper, his tender considerations for other people's feelings, his habit of putting himself in their place—the lowest and most degraded of them, and judging them mercifully, as the purest-hearted always do judge—these things stood him in good stead both in his household and his parish. Besides and when a mild man once gets thoroughly angry, people know he means it, and are frightened accordingly.

Either Dixon felt some slight remorse, or dreaded the police, but he suffered himself to be conveyed quietly outside, and the gate locked upon him, without making more ado than a few harmless pullings of the garden bell. These at last subsided, and the household became quiet.

Quiet, after such a scene! As if it were possible! Retiring was a mere form. The servants sat up till midnight, gossiping gloriously over the kitchen fire. Hannah heard them where she, too, sat, wide awake, in the dreadful silence and solitude of her own room.

She had gone up-stairs with Grace, as bidden; and they had separated, without exchanging a word, at the nursery door. For the first time in her life Hannah went to bed without taking one watchful, comforting look, one kiss of her sleeping darling. She went to bed in a mechanical, stunned way; for though it was still quite early, she never thought of rejoining her brother-in-law. She heard him moving up and down the house for an hour or more, even after that cruel clamour of tongues in the kitchen was silent; but to meet him again that night never struck her as a possibility. What help, what comfort, could he be to her?—he who was joined with her in this infamous slander? Henceforth, instead of coming to him for protection, she must avoid him as she would the plague.

"Oh, what have I done, and how have I erred, that all this misery should fall upon me?" moaned poor Hannah, as bit by bit she realized her position—the misinterpetration that might be put upon her daily conduct, even as upon to-night's walk across the hill. Perhaps what Dixon said was true—that all Easterham was watching her and speaking evil of her? Was this the meaning of Lady River's dark hints—of the eager desire to get her married to Mr. Morecamb—of the falling-off of late in social civilities—a certain polite coldness in houses where her visits used to be welcomed—a gradual cessation of lady visitors at the House on the Hill? As all the facts came back upon her mind, fitting into one another, as unpleasant facts do, when one once fancies one has got the key to them, Hannah groaned aloud, feeling as if she could lay her down and die. It had all come so suddenly. She had gone on her way in happy unconsciousness. Yes! now she recognised with mingled wonder and—was it terror also?—how very happy she had been. There seemed nothing left for her but to lay her down and die.

Everybody knows the story of the servant lamenting his master's dying innocent, to whom the master said, "Would you have me die guilty?" Nevertheless, it is hard to die, even when innocent. No bitterer hour ever came to Hannah, or was likely to come, than that first hour after a bad man's wicked words had forced from Mr. Rivers the declaration—which, in itself, and in his ever feeling it incumbent upon himself to make it, was disgrace enough—"It is a lie!"

Of course it was; and any friend who really knew them both would be sure of that. But what of the world at large—the careless world, that judges from hearsay—the evil world, which is always so quick to discover, so ready to gloat over, anything wrong? And there must be something wrong, some false position, some oversight in conduct, some unfortunate cancatenation of circumstances to make such a lie possible.

"Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Most true; but the calumny is rarely altogether baseless—some careless, passing hand may have smutched the snow, or the ice may have let itself be carried too near the fire. Hannah remembered now, wondering she could have forgotton it so long, Lady Dunsmore's warning: "He is not your brother; it is only a social fiction that makes him so." And if Bernard Rivers and she were not brother and sister, if there was no tie of blood between them, nothing that, if he had not been Rosa's husband first, would have prevented their marrying—why, then, she ought not to have gone and lived with him. The chain of argument seemed so plain, that in thinking it out Hannah suddenly begun to tremble—nay, she actually shuddered; but, strange contradiction! it was not altogether a shudder of pain.

Fictions, social and otherwise, may have their day, when both the simple and the cunning accept them. But it is not a day which lasts for ever. By-and-by they tumble down, like all other shams; and the poor heart who had dwelt in them is cast out, bare and shelterless to face the bitter truth as best it may.

Hannah's was the most innocent heart possible—strangely so for a woman who had lived, not ignorantly, in the world for thirty years. Whatever mistake she had fallen into—under whatever delusion she had wrapped herself—it was all done as unknowingly, as foolishly, as if she had been a seven years' old child. But that did not hinder her from suffering like a woman—a woman who, after a long dream of peace, wakes up to find she has been sleeping on a precipice.

That pleasant fiction which had been torn down by the rough hands of James Dixon, opened her eyes to its corresponding truth, that nature herself sets bounds to the association of men and women—certainly of young men and young women—and that, save under very exceptional circumstances, all pseudo-relationships are a mistake. Two people, who are neither akin by blood nor bound in wedlock, can seldom, almost never, live together in close and affectionate friendship without this friendship growing to be something less or something more. The thing is abnormal, and against nature; and nature avenges herself by asserting her rights and exacting her punishments.

The law says to people in such positions—to brothers and sisters-in-law especially—"You shall not *marry*." But it cannot say, "You shall not love." It cannot prevent the gradual growth of that fond, intimate affection which is the surest basis of married happiness. Suppose—Hannah put the question to herself with frightened conscience—suppose, instead of that tender friendship which undoubtedly existed between them, she and Bernard had really fallen in love with one another?

That he was very fond of her, in a sort of a way,she never doubted. That she was fond of him—yes, that also was true. She could not help it. He was so good; he made her so happy. Many a man is deeply attached to a woman—wife or sister—whom he yet entirely fails in making happy. He thinks too much of himself, too little of her. But Bernard was a different kind of man. That sweet sunshininess of nature, that generous self-forgetfulness, that constant protecting tenderness—more demonstrative in deeds than words—qualities so rare in men, and so precious when found, were his to perfection. He was not brilliantly clever; and he had many little faults; rashnesses, bursts of wrath, sudden, childish, fantastic humors, followed by pathetic contrition; but he was intensely lovable. Hannah had told him truly when she said—oh, how hot she grew when she recalled it!—"that it was a blessing to live with him," for everbody whom he lived with he contrived to make happy.

"Oh, we have been so happy together," Rosa had sighed, almost with her last breath. And Rosa's sister, in the bitter pang which seemed like death—for it must surely result in a parting as complete—could have said the same.

Yes, of course she must go away. There seemed to her at first no other alternative. She must quit the House on the Hill the very next day. This, not alone for her own sake. It was, as Bernard had once said, truly a house on a hill, exposed to every comment,a beacon and example to every eye. No cloud of suspicion must be suffered to rest upon it—not for a day, an hour. She would run away at once.

And yet, was that the act of innocence—did it look like innocence? Was it not much more like the impulse of cowardly guilt? And if she did run, could she take Rosie with her?

Then, poor Hannah at once fell prone, crushed by a weight of misery greater than she could bear. To go away and leave her child behind! All Easterham might be howling at her, but she could never do that. Life without Rosie—the old, blank, sunless, childless, life—she could not endure it. It would kill her at once. Better a thousand times stay here, strong in her innocence, and let Easterham do and say its worst. For she had done no wrong, and, come what would, she had been happy. This sense of happiness, never stronger than a few hours ago, when she and Bernard were taking together that innocent-guilty walk, and finding out more than ever the deep, true harmony of soul, which, in spite of their great differences of character, existed between them, seemed to wrap her up, close and warm, her only shelter against the bitter outside blast.

What would her brother-in-law say? She could not act for herself alone; the position was as cruel for him as for her. She must think of him too, and wait for his opinion, whatever it might be. And then she became conscious how completely she had learned to look to Bernard's opinion, to lean upon his judgment, to consult his tastes, to make him, in short, for these many months, what no man who is neither her relative nor her lover ought to be to any woman—the one primary object of her life.

Utterly bewildered, half-frightened and unable to come to the slightest conclusion, Hannah, after lying awake half the night, fell heavily asleep, nor wakened till the sound of little feet in her room, and the shrill, joyous cry—as sweet as the song of a lark springing up into the morning air over a clover field—"Tannie, Tannie! Wake up, Tannie!" dispersed in a moment all the cloudy despairs of the night.

Tennyson knew human nature well when he made the rejected lover say,—

> "My latest rival brings thee rest:
> Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast."

That is, they press out every image unholy, or painful, or despairing. Such cannot long exist in any heart that is filled with a child. Hannah had sometimes read in novels of women who were mothers falling in love, and with other men than their own husbands; kissing their babes in their innocent cradles, and then flying from lawful homes to homes unlawful. All these stories seemed to her then very dreadful, very tragical, but not quite impossible. Now, since she had had Rosie, they almost did seem impossible. How a woman once blessed with a child could ever think of any man alive she could not comprehend.

Hannah had not held her little niece beside her for five minutes—feasting her eyes on the loving, merry face, and playing all the funny little games which Rosie and Tannie were so grand at when together—before all the agony of last night became as unreal as last night's dreams. This was the real thing—the young life entrusted to her care—the young soul growing up under the shelter of her love. She rose and dressed for breakfast, feeling that with the child in her arms she could face the whole world.

Ay, her brother-in-law included; though this was a hard thing. She would not have been a woman not to have found it hard. And if he decided that she must stay—that, strong in her innocence, they must treat Dixon's malicious insolence as mere insolence, no more, and make no change whatever in their way of life—still, how doubly difficult that life would be! To meet day after day at table and fireside; to endure, not in cheerful ignorance, but painful consciousness, the stare of all suspicious eyes, especially of their own household, who had heard them so wickedly accused, and seen—they must have seen!—how deep the wound had gone. It would be dreadful—almost unbearable.

And then—with regard to their two selves!

Bernard was—Hannah knew it, felt it—one of the purest-hearted of men. Living in the house with him was like living with a woman; nay, not all women had his delicacy of feeling. Frank and familiar as his manner was—or had been till lately—he never was free with her—never caressed her! nothing but the ordinary shake of the hand had ever passed between them, even though he was her brother-in-law. Hannah liked this reserve; she was not used to kissing; as people in large familes are, as the Moat-House girls were; it had rather surprised her to see the way they hung about the young Mr. Melville. But, even though in their daily conduct to one another, private and public, she and Bernard could never be impeached, still the horrible possibility of being watched—watched and suspected—and that both knew it was so, was enough to make the relations between them so painful, that she hardly knew how she could bear it.

Even this morning her foot lingered on the stair, and that bright breakfast-room, with its pleasant morning greeting, seemed a sort of purgatory that she would have escaped if she could.

She did escape it, for it was empty of everybody but Webb, the butler, whom she saw hovering about; near, suspiciously near, to an open note, or rather a scrap of paper, left on the table, open—was it intentionally open?—for anybody's perusal?

"Master has just gone off to the railway in the dog-cart, Miss Thellusson. He left me this bit of paper, with an apology to you; saying he was in a great hurry, and hadn't time to write more, or he would miss the London train."

"He has gone to London!" said Hannah, with a great sense of relief, as well as pain.

"Yes, miss, I think *so*; but the note says——"

Then Webb *had* gratified his curiosity by reading the paper.

Anybody might have read it, certainly. It might have been printed in the *Times* newspaper, or declaimed by the Easterham town-crier for the benefit of the small public at the market-place. And yet Hannah's eyes read it eagerly, and her heart beat as she did so in a way that no sight of Bernard's familiar handwriting had ever made it beat before.

"DEAR SISTER HANNAH,

"I am away to town to visit a sick friend, and am obliged to start very early. I hope to be back by Sunday, but do not expect me till you see me. Give papa's love to little Rosie, and believe me,

"Your affectionate brother,

"BERNARD RIVERS.

"Perhaps you will kindly call at the Moat-House to-day, and tell them I am gone?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Hannah's first feeling on discovering her brother-in-law's absence was intense relief. Then, as she sat over the solitary breakfast-table there came unto her an uneasiness akin to fear. He had done exactly what she *had* not done; what, in spite of her first instinctive wish, she had decided was unwise and cowardly to do—he had run away. From what? From the scandal? But since it was all false, and they innocent, what did it matter? Could they not live it down? Dreadful as things had appeared in the long watches of the night, in that clear light of morning, and with the touch of her darling's arms still lingering about her neck, Hannah felt that she could live it down. Perhaps he could not, perhaps he was afraid—and a cold shiver crept over her—a conviction that he was afraid.

In the sick friend she did not quite believe. She knew all Bernards affairs—knew that he had an old college companion ill in London, it was no friend close enough to take him suddenly and compulsorily from all his duties—he who so hated going from home. Yes, he must have gone on her account, and in consequence of what happened last night. Her first impulse of relief and gratitude sank into another sort of feeling. He had certainly run away, leaving her to fight the battle alone. That is, if he meant them to fight it out. If not, if he wished her to leave him, in his absence he would perhaps take the opportunity of telling her so.

For not yet—not even yet—did that other solution of the difficulty suggest itself to Hannah's mind. Had she looked at the sweet, grave face reflected in the mirror opposite, had she heard the patient, tender voice which answered Rosie's infantile exactions—for she had gone and fetched the child, as usual, after breakfast—the truth would at once have occurred to her—concerning any other woman. But it did not concerning herself; or only in that form—a rather sad, but perfectly safe one—not her brother-in-law was growing fond of her, but that she was growing fond of him; fond enough to make his marriage or any other catastrophe which should part them, not so indifferent to her as it once had been.

But still this was only affection. Hannah had never had a brother, her nearest approach to the tie having been her cousin Arthur, who from his extreme gentleness and delicacy of health was less like a brother than a sister—ay, even after he changed into a lover. Now, when not one spark of passion, only sacred tenderness, was mixed up with the thought of him, his memory was less that of a man than an angel. In truth, only since she had lived with Mr. Rivers had Hannah found out what it was to associate with a real man, at once strong and tender, who put a woman in her right place at once by conscientiously taking his own with regard to her, and being to her at once a shelter and a shield.

Poor Hannah! she had grown so accustomed now to be taken care of, that she felt if fate thrust her out into the bitter world again, she should be as helpless as one of those little fledglings about whom, in the intervals of her meditations, she was telling Rosie a pathetic story. And when Rosie said, "Poor 'ittle dicky-birds!" and looked quite sad, then, seeing Aunt Hannah looked sad too—alas! not about "dicky-birds!"—burst into the sympathetic sobbing of her innocent age, Aunt Hannah's heart felt like to break.

It would have broken many a time that day, but for the blessed necessity of keeping a bright face before the child. Ay, even though sometimes there occurred to her, with a refined self-torture, the thought of what she should do if Mr. Rivers sent her away without Rosie. But she did not seriously fear this—he could not be capable of such cruelty. If he were—why, Aunt Hannah was quite capable of—something else which he might not exactly like, and which perhaps the unpleasant English law might call child-stealing. And she remembered a story, a true story, of an aunt who had once travelled from England to America, and there fairly kidnapped from some wicked relations her dead sister's child; pretended to take it out for a walk, and fled over snow and through forests, travelling by night and hiding by day, till she caught the New York steamer, and sailed, safe and triumphant, for English shores.

"As I would sail, for Australia or America, any day; if he drives me to it. Oh, Rosie! you little know what a desperate woman Tannie could be made!"

And Rosie laughed in her face, and stroked it, and said, "Good Tannie, pretty Tannie!" till the demon sank down, and the pure angel that always seems to look out of baby-eyes comforted Hannah in spite of herself. No one can be altogether wretched, for long together, who has the charge of a healthy, happy, loving little child.

Sunday came, but Mr. Rivers did not return; sending as substitute in his pulpit an old college chum, who reported that he had left London for Cambridge, and was staying there in his old college; at which Lady Rivers expressed herself *much* pleased.

"He shuts himself up far too much at home, which would be natural enough if he had a wife; but for a man in Bernard's circumstances is perfectly ridiculous. I hope he will now see his mistake, and correct it."

Hannah answered nothing. She knew she was being talked at, as was the habit at the Moat-House. Her only protection was not to seem to hear. She had, as he desired, taken Bernard's message to his family, even showing the letter, and another letter she got from him respecting Mr. Hewlett the clergyman, also evidently meant to be shown. Indeed, he wrote almost daily to her; about some parish business or other, for Hannah had become to him like her lost sister—his "curate in petticoats." But every letter was the briefest, most matter-of-fact possible, beginning "My dear sister," and ending "your affectionate brother." Did he do this intentionally, or make the epistles public intentionally? She rather thought so. A wise, kind precaution; and yet there is something painful and aggravating in any friendship which requires precaution.

Day after day Hannah delivered her brother-in-law's messages and transacted his business, speaking and looking as calmly as if she were his mere *locum tenens*, his faithful "curate," as if her throat were not choking and her hands trembling; with that horrible lie of Dixon's ever present to her mind. She tried to find out whether it had ever reached other's minds, whether there was any difference in the way people glanced at her or addressed her; but beyond a certain carelessness, with which she was usually treated at the Moat-House when Mr. Rivers was not present, and a slight coldness in other houses, which might or might not have been her own morbid fancy, she discovered nothing.

The clergyman sent by Bernard being of no imposing personality, or high worldly standing, but only just a poor "coach" at Cambridge, was not invited to stay at the Moat-House; so Miss Thelluson had to entertain him herself till Monday. It was an easy task enough; he was very meek, very quiet, and very full of admiration of Mr. Rivers, concerning whose college life he told Hannah stories without end. She listened with an interest strangely warm and tender. For the tales were all to his credit, and proved him to have been then as now—a man who, even as a young man, was neither afraid of being good nor ashamed of being amiable. They made her almost forgive herself for another fact which had alarmed and startled her—that she missed him so much.

People of Hannah's character, accustomed of sad necessity to stand alone, until self-dependent solitude becomes second nature, do not often "miss" other people. They like their friends well enough, are glad to meet and sorry to part; but still no ordinary parting brings with it that intense sense of loss of which Hannah was painfully conscious now her brother-in-law was away. She had thought the child was company enough, and so Rosie was, in daylight hours; the little imperious darling who ruled Aunt Hannah with a rod of iron, except when Aunt Hannah thought it for the child's good to govern her, when she turned the tables with a firm gentleness that Rosie never disobeyed. But after Rosie had gone to bed, the blank silence which seemed to fall upon the house was indescribable.

Oh, the lonely tea-table!—for she had abolished seven o'clock dinners; oh, how empty the drawing-room, with its ghostly shadows and strange noises! The happy home felt as dreary as Bernard must have found it after poor Rosa died. In the long hours of evening solitude, Hannah's thoughts, beaten back by the never-ceasing business of the day, returned in battalions, attacking her on every weak side, often from totally opposite sides, so that she retired worsted to her inner-self—the little secret chambers which her soul had dwelt in ever since she was a child! Yet even there was no peace now. Bernard had let himself into her heart, with that wonderful key of sympathy which he so well knew how to use, and even into her deepest and most sacred self she was entirely her own no more. Continually she wanted him—to talk to, to argue with, to laugh with, nay, even to laugh at sometimes. She missed him everywhere, in everything, with the bitter want of those who, having lived together many months, come inevitably, as was before said, either to dislike one another excessively, or—that other alternative which is sometimes the most fatal of the two—to love one another. Such love has a depth of passion to which common feelings can no more be compared than the rolling of a noisy brook to the solemn flow of a silent river, which bears life or death in its waveless but inexorable tide.

Ay, it was life or death. Call affection by what name you will, when it becomes all-absorbing it can, in the case of persons not akin by blood, lead but to one result, the love whose right end is marriage. When Hannah, as her brother-in-law's continued absence gave her more time for solitary reflection than she had had for many months, came face to face with the plain fact, how close they had grown, and how necessary they were to one another, she began, startled, to ask herself, if this so-called sisterly-feeling were really sisterly? What if it were not? What if she had deceived herself, and that sweet, sad, morning dream which she had thought protected her from all other dreams of love and marriage, had been, after all, only a dream, and this the reality? Or would it have grown into such, had she and Bernard met as perfect strangers, free to fall in love and marry as strangers do?

"Suppose we had—suppose such a thing had been possible," thought she. And then came a second thought. Why was it impossible? Who made it so—God or man?

Hannah had hitherto never fairly considered the matter, not even when Grace's misery brought it home. With her natural dislike to what she called "walking through muddy water," she had avoided it as one does avoid any needlessly unpleasant thing. Now, when she felt herself turning hot and cold at every new idea which entered her mind, and beginning to think of her brother-in-law—not at all as she was wont to think, the question came startingly—was she right or wrong in so doing? For she was one of those women after the type of Jeanie in "Auld Robin Grey," to whom the mere fact—

> "I daurna think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin,"

was the beginning and end of everything.

But was it a sin? Could she find anything in the bible to prove it such? She took down a "Concordance," and searched out all the texts which bore upon the subject, but found none, except that prohibition adduced once by Mrs.Dixon—"Thou shalt not take a wife to her sister *in her lifetime*"—of which the straightforward, natural interpretation was that, consequently, it might be done after her death. And the corresponding Jewish custom of a man being not merely permitted, but required, to marry his brother's widow, seemed to point exactly the other way, Morally and religiously speaking, what was right in one case could hardly be wrong in another.

Right or wrong. That, as Mr. Rivers had more than once half satirically told her, was, in all things, the sole question in Hannah's mind. As for the social and legal point—lawful marriage—that, she knew, was impossible; Bernard had said so himself. But was the love which hoped for marriage—absolute *love*, as distinguished from mere affection—also a sin? If it should spring up in her heart—of his she never thought—should she have to smother it down as a wicked thing?

That was her terror, and that alone. The rest, and whatever it must result in, was mere misery; and Hannah was not afraid of misery, only of sin. Yet, when day after day Bernard's absence lengthened, and except these constant business letters she had no personal tidings whatever from him, there grew in her mind a kind of fear. The house felt so empty without him, that she sometimes caught herself wondering how he managed without her—who brought him his hat and gloves, and arranged his daily memoranda—for, like most other excellent men, he was a little disorderly, and very dependent upon the women about him. Who would take care of him and see that he had the food he liked, and the warm wraps he required? All these thoughts came continually back upon Hannah, in a piteously human, tender shape, quite different from that dream-love, that sainted remembrance of her lost Arthur. *He* was not a man, like Bernard, helpless even while helpful, requiring one woman's whole thought and care— he was an angel among the angels.

That power which every good man has to turn all his female ministrants into slaves, by being himself the very opposite of a tyrant; who can win from all household hearts the most loyal devotion, because exacting none—this, the best prerogative and truest test of real manhood, was Bernard's in a very great degree. It was, as Hannah had once innocently told him, a blessing to live with him, he made other people's lives so bright. She had no idea how dark the house could feel till he was gone—till, day after day slipping by, and he not returning, it settled itself for the time into a house without a master, a solar system without a sun.

When she recognised this, the sense of her fast coming fate darkened down upon Hannah. She was not a young girl, to go on deceiving herself to the end; nay, hers was the kind of nature that cannot deceive itself if it would. During the first week of Bernard's absence she would have almost gone wild sometimes, but for the strong conviction—like poor Grace's, alas!—that she had done nothing wrong, and the feeling still stronger, that she could always bear anything which only harmed herself.

Then she had the child. In all that dreadful time, which afterwards she looked back upon as a sort of nightmare, she kept Rosie always beside her. Looking in her darling's face—the little fragile flower which had blossomed into strength under her care, the piece of white paper upon which any careless hand might have scribbled anything to remain indelible through life—then Aunt Hannah took heart even in her misery. She *could* have done no wrong, since, whatever happened to herself, she had saved, by coming to Easterham, the child.

On the second Saturday of Mr. Rivers's absence, Hannah was sitting on the floor with Rosie in the drawing room between the lights. It had been a long, wet, winter day, and had begun with a perplexing visit from the churchwarden, wanting to know if the vicar had come home, and, if not, what must be done for Sunday. Hannah had had no letter, and could not tell; could only suggest that a neighbouring clergyman might probably have to be sent for, and arrange who it should be. And the vexed look of the old churchwarden—a respectable farmer—a certain wonder he showed at his principal's long absence—"so very unlike our parson"—together with a slight incivility to herself, which Hannah, so fearfully observant now, fancied she detected in his manner, made her restless and unhappy for hours after. Not till she had Rosie beside her, and drank of the divine lethe-cup which infant hands always bring, did the painful impression subside. Now in the peace of firelight within, and a last amber gleam of rainy sunset without, she and Rosie had the world all to themselves; tiny fingers curled tightly round hers, with the sweet, imperative "Tannie come here!" and a little blue and white fairy held out its mushroom-like frock, with "Rosie dance, Tannie sing!" And Tannie did sing with a clearness and cheerfulness long foreign to her voice; yet she had had a sweet voice when she was a girl. When this, her daily business of delight, came, the tempting spirits, half angel, half demon, which had begun to play at hide-and-seek through the empty chambers of poor Hannah's heart, fled away, exorcised by that magic spell which heaven gives to every house that owns a child.

She was sitting there going through "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," "Banbury Cross," the history of the young gentleman who "put in his thumbs and pulled out the plumbs," with other noble nursery traditions, all sung to tunes composed on the spot, in that sweet, clear soprano which always made Rosie put up her small fingers with a mysterious "Hark! Tannie's singing!" when a ring came to the door-bell.

Hannah's heart almost stopped beating. Should she fly? Then there was a familiar voice in the hall, and Rosie shrieked out in an ecstasy "Papa come! papa come!" Should she hide? Or should she stay, with the child beside her, a barrier against evil eyes and tongues without, and miserable thoughts within? Yes, that was the best thing, and Hannah did it.

Mr. Rivers came in; and, shaking hands with his sister-in-law, took his little girl in his arms. Rosie clung to him in an ecstacy of delight. She, too, had not forgotten papa.

"I thought she would forget," he said. Baby memories are short enough."

"But Rosie is not a baby; and papa has only been away eleven days."

Eleven days!—then he would know she had counted them. As soon as the words were uttered, Hannah could have bitten her tongue out with shame.

But no; he did not seem to notice then, or anything but his little girl. He set Rosie on his lap, and began playing with her, but fitfully and absently. He looked cold, pale, ill. At last he said, in a pathetic kind of a way—

"Hannah, I wish you would give me a glass of wine. I am so tired."

And the eyes which were lifted up to hers for a minute, had in them a world of weariness and sadness. They drove out of Hannah's mind all thoughts of how and why she and he had parted, and what might happen now they met, and threw her back into the old domestic relationship between them. She took out her keys, got him food and drink, and watched him take both, and revive after them, with almost her old pleasure. Nay, she scarcely missed the old affectionate "Thank you, Hannah, you are so good,"—which never came.

Presently, when Rosie, growing too restless for him, was dismissed with the customary "Do take her, Aunt Hannah, nobody can manage her but you," Hannah carried the little one to bed, and so disappeared, not a word or look having been exchanged between them except about the child. Still, as she left him sitting in his arm chair by his own fire-side, which he said he found so "cosie," she, like little Rosie, was conscious of but one feeling—gladness that papa was come home.

At dinner, too, how the whole table looked bright, now that the master's place was no longer vacant! Hanah resumed hers; and, in spite of the servant's haunting eyes and greedy ears, on the watch for every look and word that passed betwen these two innocent sinners, there was a certain peace and content in going back to the old ways once more.

When they were left alone together, over desert, Mr. Rivers looked round the cheerful room, saying, half to himself, "How comfortable it is to be at home!" and then smiled across the table to her, as if saying mutely what he had said in words a hundred times, that it was she who made his home so comfortable. And Hannah smiled in return, forgetting everything except the pleasentness of having him back again—the pure delight and rest in one another's society, which is at the root of all true friendship, all deep love. They did not talk much, indeed talking seemed dangerous; but they sat a long time in their opposite seats as they had sat day after day for so many months, trying to think, feel and speak the same as heretofore.

But it was in vain. In this, as in all false positions, the light once admitted could never again be hidden from; the door once opened could never be shut.

Mr. Rivers proposed going to the drawing room at once. "I want to talk to you; and here the servants might be coming in."

Hannah Blushed violently, and then hated herself for doing so. Why should she be afraid of the servants coming in? Why tremble because he "wanted to talk to her?" such a common occurrence,—a bit of their every-day life; which went on, and must go on, externally, just the same as before.

So she arose and they went into the drawing room.

It was the prettiest room in the house; full of everything that man of taste and refinement could desire, in order to make—and it does help to make—a home happy. Yet the master of it looked round with infinite sadness in his eyes, as if it gave him no pleasure, as if he hardly saw it.

"Hannah," he said at last, when they had gone through the form of tea, and she had taken her work—another empty form, for her hands shook so she could hardly thread her needles—"Hannah, I had better not put off my business with you—my message to you, rather. You must understand I fulfil it simply as a matter of duty. I hope you will not be offended?"

"I offended?"

"You ought not to be, I think, in any case. No lady should take offence because an honest man presumes to love her. But I may as well speak out plainly. My friend Morecomb——"

"Oh, is it that matter again? I thought I was to hear no more of it."

"You never would have done from me, but circumstances have altered a little, and I have been overborne by the opinion of others."

"What others?"

"Lady Rivers" (Hannah started angrily.) "To her, wisely or foolishly Morecomb has appealed; and, by her advice, has again written to me. They both put it to me that it is my duty, as your brother-in-law, once more to lay the matter before you, and beg you to reconsider your decision. His letter—which I do not offer to show you, for he might not like it, and, besides, there are things said in it to myself which none but a very old friend would venture to say—his letter is thoroughly straightforward, manly, and generous. It makes me think, for the first time, that he is almost worthy of you. In it he says—may I repeat to you what he says?"

Hannah bent her head.

"That his conviction of your worth and his attachment to yourself is such, that if you will only allow him to love you he shall be satisfied, and trust to time for the rest. He intreats you to marry him at once, and let him take you from Easterham, and place you in the position which, as his wife, you would of course have, and which he knows—we all know—you would so worthily fill."

Bernard had said all this like a person speaking by rote, repeating carefully and literally all that he had before planned to say, and afraid of committing himself by the alteration of a word. Now he paused, and waited for an answer.

It came not.

"He desires me to tell you that, besides the rectory, he has a good private income; that his two daughters are both married; and that, in case of his death, you will be well provided for. It is a pleasant parish and a charming house. You would have a peaceful home, away, and yet not very far away, from Easterham. You might see Rosie every week——"

Here Hannah turned slowly round, and for the first time Bernard saw her face.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What have I done? I meant no harm—Morecomb meant no harm."

"No," she answered, in a hard, dry tone. "He meant—I quite understand it, you see, and, since I understand it, why should I not speak of it?—he meant to stop the mouths of Easterham by marrying me, and taking me away from your house. He is exceedingly kind—and you also."

"I?—oh, Hannah!—I?"

"Why distress yourself? Do I not say you are exceedingly kind?"

But she seemed hardly to know what she was saying. Her horrible, humiliating position between her brother-in-law and her brother-in-law's friend, the one having unwillingly affixed the stain upon her name, which the other was generously trying to remove, burst upon her with an agony untold.

"Why did I ever come here? Why were you so cruel as to ask me to come here? I came in all innocence. I knew nothing. You, a man, ought to have known."

He turned deadly pale.

"You mean to say I ought to have known that, although the law considers you my sister, you are not my sister, and our living together as we do would expose us to remarks such as James Dixon made the other night. Most true; I ought to have known. Was that all? or did you mean anything more than that?"

"Nothing more. Is not that enough? Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful for an innocent woman to have to bear!"

And her self-control quite gone, Hannah rocked herself to and fro; in such a passion of grief as she had never let any one witness in her since she was a child. For, indeed, woman as she was she felt weak as a child.

But the man was weaker still. Once—twice, he made a movement as if he would dart across the hearth to where he sat; but restrained himself, and remained motionless in his seat—attempting no consolation. What consolation could he give? It was he himself who had brought this slander upon her—how cruel and how widespread it was he by this time knew, even better than she.

"Hannah," he said, after a little, "we are neither of us young people, to take fright at shadows. Let us speak openly together, as if we were two strangers, viewing the case of two other strangers, placed in the same relation together as ourselves."

"Speak? how can I speak? I am utterly helpless, and you know it. Lady Rivers knows it too; and so, doubtless, does Mr. Morecomb. Perhaps, after all, I should be wisest to accept his generous offer, and marry him."

Bernard started, and then composed himself into the same formal manner with which he had conducted the whole conversation.

"Yes in a worldly point of view, it would be wise; I, speaking as your brother-in-law, am bound to tell you so. I wish to do my duty by you; I have no right to allow my own or my child's interest to stand in the way of your happiness." He paused. "I wish you to be happpy—God knows I do!" He paused again. "Then—what answer am I to give to Morecomb? Am I to tell him to come here and speak for himself?"

"No!" Hannah burst out vehemently. "No—a thousand times no! My heart is my own, and he has not got it. If I were a beggar starving in the streets, or a poor wretch whom everybody pointed the finger at—as perhaps they do—I would not marry Mr. Morecomb."

A strange light came into Bernard's eyes.

"That's Hannah! There speaks my good, true Hannah! I thought she had gone away, and some other woman come in her place. Forgive me! I did my duty; but oh! it was hard! I am so glad, so glad!"

He spoke with his old affectionate, boyish impulsiveness; he was still exceedingly boyish in some things, and perhaps Hannah liked him the better for it—who knows? Even now a faint smile passed over her lips.

"You ought to have known me better. You ought to have been sure that I would not marry any man without loving him. And I told you long ago that I did not love Mr. Merecomb."

"You did; but people sometimes change their minds. And love comes we know not how. It begins, just a little seed as it were—and grows, and grows, till all of a sudden we find it a full-grown plant, and we cannot root it up however we try.

He spoke dreamily, and as if he had forgotten all about Mr. Morecomb, then sat down, and began gazing into the fire with that dull apathetic look so familiar to Hannah during the early time of her residence there, when she knew him little, and cared for him less; when, if any one had told her there would come to her such a day as this day, when every word of the sentence he had just uttered would fall on her heart like a drop of burning lead, she would have pronounced it impossible—ridiculously impossible. Yet she was true then—true now—to herself and to all others; perfectly candid and sincere. But would the world ever believe it? Does the world, so ready to find out double or interested motives, ever believe in conscientious turncoats, righteous renegades? Yet there are such things.

After a while Mr. Rivers suddenly aroused himself.

"I am thinking of other matters, and forgetting my friend. I had better put the good man out of his pain by telling him the truth at once, had I not, Hannah?"

"Certainly."

"Your decision is quite irrevocable?"

"Quite."

"Then we need say no more. I will write the letter at once."

But that seemed not so easily done as said. After half an hour or more he came back with it unfinished in his hand.

"I hardly know how to say what you wish me to say. A mere blank No, without any reasons given. Are there none which could make the blow fall lighter? Remember, the man loves you, Hannah, and love is a precious thing."

"I know it is, when one has love to give back; but I have none. Not an atom."

"Why not? I beg your pardon—I ought not to ask—I have not the slightest right to ask. Still, as I have sometimes thought, a woman seldom lives thirty years without—without some sort of attachment?"

Hannah became much agitated. Rosa, then, had kept sisterly faith, even towards her own husband. Mr. Rivers evidently knew nothing about Arthur; had been all along quite unaware of that sad but sacred story, which Hannah thought sheltered her just as much as widow's weeds might have done.

She hesitated, and then, in her misery, she clung to the past as a kind of refuge from the present.

"I thought you knew it," she answered very slowly and quickly; "I thought Rosa had told you. If it will lessen his pain, you may tell Mr. Morecomb that once I was engaged to be married to a cousin of mine. He was ill: they sent him away to Madeira, and there he died."

"He—I did not quite hear." For, indeed, Hannah's words were all but inaudable.

"He died!"

She had said it out now, and Bernard knew the whole. Those two silent ghosts of his dead wife and her own dead lover, seemed to come and stand near them in the quiet room. Was it with looks of sorrow or anger?—if the dead can feel either. Arthur—Rosa—in their lives both so loving, unselfish and dear. Was it of them that the living needed to be afraid?

Mr. Rivers seemed not afraid, only exceedingly and painfully surprised.

"I had no idea of such a thing, or I would never have urged Mr. Morecomb's plea. And yet tell me, Hannah, is this lost love the only cause of your refusing him? Was this what you referred to when you once said to me, or implied, that you would never marry anybody? Is all your heart, your warm, true, womanly heart, buried in your cousin's grave?"

There may be circumstances in which people are justified in telling a noble lie; but Hannah was not the woman to do it. Not though it would at once have placed her beyond the reach of misconstruction, saved her from all others, and from herself—encompassed her henceforward with a permanent shield. Though one little "Yes" would have accomplished all this, she could not say it, for she felt it would have been a lie—a lie to heaven and to her own soul. She looked down on the floor, and answered deliberately—"No!"

But the effort took all her strength, and when it was over she rose up totteringly, and tried to feel her way to the door. Mr. Rivers opened it, not making the least effort to detain her.

"Good-night!" she said, as she passed him. He, without even an offered hand, said "Good-night," too; and so they parted.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

The rebellion of the thirteen British American colonies, in 1776, which terminated in their independence as the United States, was attended with many incidents of great hardship, not so much to the rebels—for they succeeded—as to those who, true in their allegiance to Great Britain, would not take up arms in rebellion. These incidents have mostly been forgotten, or handed down to us in a more or less uncertain form. Until lately, but few of the hardships endured by the Royalists have been recorded. American literature teems with highly coloured accounts of the sufferings, bravery and valour of the fathers of the rebellion; but the Loyalists—who were driven away from their homes, in a destitute condition, into the northern wilderness, and who had to struggle for years to obtain the very necessaries of life—had neither time nor means to record the facts attending their expatriation. Real estate was, with speedy procedure, confiscated, and personal property ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed, containing often valuable papers and documents, whereby individuals were left without evidence of their claims, or entire neutrality. Sometimes, during the precarious travelling, when fleeing from persecution towards Canada or the frontier forts, most important papers were lost. The result was that, at the close of the war, when a chance presented itself—a chance, however, always uncertain—to regain former possessions, all documentary evidence was gone. If the rightful owner returned and claimed his property, he usually found no end of difficulty to establish his rights in the sight of those who had been his persecutors or his betrayers, and who had been benefitted by the confiscation of his goods. Again, the refugee often, in extreme want, and with a family depending upon his exertions for the means of life, found it impossible to travel the many miles of trackless wilderness that separated him from his old home, so that he was unable to prefer his claims until it was too late. Further; it was the same stern realities of his changed life which prevented a record being made of his grievous wrongs, the total loss of all his worldly possessions, and the terrible trials and privations attendant upon bush life. Such, in brief, were the circumstances of the U. E. Loyalist settlers of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. By way of illustration, we produce the facts connected with one who thus suffered and became a settler in Canada. They may not possess the romance of a love story, but they will not be found devoid of interest, especially to the young Canadian who cherishes the memory of a noble band who laid the foundation of our loved Dominion. The facts are taken from documents now in the possession of the writer, and owned by a descendant of the person of whom he writes—

At the breaking out of the rebellion there was living upon the east shore of Lake Champlain, a German landholder by the name of Jonathan Echart. The manner in which this native of Germany came in possession of his property we learn by several documents. The first of these begins as follows: "George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," *and so forth.* It then proceeds to state that "three certain tracts of land situate, lying, and being in the County of Albany, within our Province of New York, on the East side of Lake Champlain, consisting of lots number fifty-four, seventy-three and seventy-four," each of which is accurately described, shall be "granted to" our loving subjects, George Myers, late of Sixtieth Regiment, John Smith, of our said Sixtieth Regiment, and Richard Thompson, late of our Fortieth Regiment of Foot, being disbanded, non-commissioned officers, having served in North America during the late war." (That is the war which terminated in the conquest of Canada.) To this patent deed is affixed the "great seal of the said Province," the size of which certainly entitles it to be called *great.* The *Witness* "Our trusty and well-beloved Cadwallader Colden, Esquire, our Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of our Province of New York and the Territories depending thereon in America." It is dated "at our Fort, in our City of New York," on the 7th October, 1765.

The second document is an indenture made on the 22nd Oct., 1766, by which the land is conveyed by Myers, Smith and Thompson to Augustus VanCortlandt, of the City of New York, "in consideration of the sum of sixty pounds, lawful money of New York." On the 18th Oct., 1769, the property was conveyed by Mr. VanCortlandt to

"Jonathan E——t, late of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Canada, Trader." The next document informs us about Mr. Echart's religion. It is dated, "New York Supreme Court, 18th October, 1769." "Present—The Honourable David Jones, Esq., Second Justice."

"Jonathan E——t, of the City of New York, Trader, a member of the German Lutheran Church, of the Augustin confession, in the same city, produced in Court a certificate of his having received the Sacrament on the first day of October, instant, and having resided in the Province for the space of seven years and upwards, was thereupon naturalized in open court by taking and subscribing the oaths, and repeating and subscribing the Declaration, according to the directions of the Act of Parliament of the 13 George the Second, in that case made and provided."

Mr. J. E——t came into possession also of a dwelling-house, which was accomplished on this wise. On the 26th March, 1769, "I, James Hockett, sometime commissary of artillery at Crown Point, having, at my own proper cost, and at considerable expense, erected a small dwelling-house, with an out-house, at the distance of about fifty yards north-west of the gate of the fortress of Crown Point; and having thought proper to dispose of the same for the sum of fourteen pounds ten shillings, did dispose of the same to Mr. Joseph Russell, Armourer." Annexed to the paper declaring this sale is found the following:—

"This is to certify that so far as concerns me, as commanding officer, I hereby give my consent and approbation to Mr. Joseph Russell's purchase of the right of the within-mentioned house from Mr. James Hockett, as witness my hand at Crown Point, this 20th of February, 1777,—Gavin Cochrane, Captain 60th, commanding at Crown Point." The house was subsequently purchased by Mr. E——t.

The situation of the land is made plain by a map; and a memorandum upon its back, dated 10th Oct., 1774, which says, "Bought of Augustus VanCortlandt, Esq., six hundred acres of land, situated on the east side of Lake Champlain, 28 miles from Crown Point. I went to see the place, which pleased me so well that I spent neither expense nor trouble to make a great improvement." We have now learned in what way Mr. E——, became a naturalized citizen of the colony of New York, and owner of a valuable piece of land, upon which was a house, not far away from one of the principal forts, where had been enacted some of the most important events connected with the war between New England and New France. We have also learned that he spared no money in making improvements. But evil days were coming upon the German settler; nay, even while he was making these improvements the enemy was at work. It may not be generally known that before the Declaration of Independence, as well as during the rebellion, there were banded together lawless men (probably the scum of disbanded colonial regiments who had served during the French war) under different names, such as the "Sons of Liberty," who took the liberty of pillaging, under the cover of night, defenceless women and old married men; and the "Green Mountain Boys," a vile set of cut-throats.

In a petition to the Lieut.-Governor, Allured Clark, dated at Quebec, 1792, Mr. E——, says that, while living upon his property near Crown Point, he "met with great difficulties in the year 1773 from a certain set of people called Green Mountain Boys, from whom he met with cruel treatment in consequence of not joining them; that he petitioned his Excellency, Governor Iryon, of New York, for redress; and that in the interim the unhappy revolution in America began, when your petitioner, for his attachment to the British Government, was soon obliged to leave his property and retire to the Garrison, then occupied by His Majesty's troops at Crown Point, which, the year following, was taken by the Americans, and he with the garrison made prisoners; and he remained a prisoner at his own house, on parole, until the return of the army from Saratoga in 1777, since which time he resided in Canada. That, after the peace, he relied on the article of being reinstated, or of being permitted to dispose of his property, to do which application was made, but refused. The memorialist made application in 1786 to His Majesty's commissioners, then in Canada, for redress, but was told it was too late to apply. The property at this time was worth £800.

Additional light is thrown upon the subject by a letter dated Shelburn, (Crown Point) April 17, 1778, and written by a former neighbour of Mr. E——'s, one Moses Peirson. After referring to some private matters, he goes on to say that the Vermonters had passed an Act which limited the time to the first of July during which claimants could take steps to regain land. From this letter, it appears that not only the property owned by Echart, but the lands of several others had been taken possession of by some one under pretended titles. It appears, moreover, that E——'s lands were not confiscated. The writer, Mr. Peirson, expresses his fears that Mr. E—— will not receive the letter in time to take the necessary steps. Such may have been the case, as no record is left of any effort having been made at this time to regain the land. Or, it may be that he was afraid to return to the country, for the mobs, even after the close of the war, would maltreat any "tory" who might return to his native land, or the land of adoption. Numerous instances are recorded of gross cruelty, by the successful rebels, against former neighbours who had fought for the loyal cause, or refused to fight against it. Although the struggle had ended for years, a spirit of deadly and ungenerous antagonism displayed itself. This, no doubt, conduced to sway the judges in the mock trials, which were permitted in some of the States, ostensibly to decide whether persons accused of having taken part with the British Government had forfeited their rights or not.

Judging from the documents in possession of the writer, the descendants have even yet a legal right to the land referred to, upon which we understand is a large town. All along the frontier are the descendants of those who possessed themselves of lands which rightly belonged to the U. E. Loyalists; and it was these same descendants who gave food and comfort and every encouragement to the Fenians when they attempted to gain a footing in Canada.

DEAD! AND BURIED WAS AT SEA.

[An Elegy.]

By Ernest A. DeLatre.

'Tis years ago
Since that strange letter came—I thought it said
That he was dead—
Dead—and buried was at sea;
But, as I read
The words, it seemed to me
That they were but dim phantoms, born of dread,
So full of woe.

And I still live—
Have lived, and waited, as the days went by,
In dull amaze—
As those who vainly grope,
Lost in a haze—
Seeking for strength to cope
With such a weary weight of misery;
And thus the days
To months and years have grown,
Through all their weary length full thickly sown
With many a moan;
But yet, the strength to face this woe, these years,
Tho' watered with countless tears,
Have failed to give.

Each day
I think with groans
And secret tears
Of his loved features
And comely form,
Through all these years,
Of slimy creatures,
Of wind and storm
The prey.

O ye
Whose dead are sleeping—
So calmly sleeping—
'Neath willow weeping,
Beneath the flowers,
Where herds are lowing
And breezes blowing,
And brooklets flowing
Through summer hours,
Ye from such frettings—

Such hopeless frettings,
Groans and regrettings—
Are free.

O, tell me, winds that sweep
The pathless desert of the ocean o'er,
Whose track, the white waves foam forevermore,
In what deep secret cave, on what far shore
My brother lies asleep?

Must I 'mid Indian isles
Of his loved form some trace or remnant seek,
Or search the Arctic seas, so cold and bleak,
Where summer never smiles?

O, cold, remorseless waves,
That have so long my brother had in keeping,
How long will you your human crop be reaping
And multiplying graves?

Had'st thou forgot the past—
The years that we have cherished one another—
That thou couldst die and leave me, oh, my brother,
In loneliness at last?

Could no ray pierce the gloom
That girt thee round—no ray from mem'ry's store,
Bringing to mind our boyhood days of yore,
Thy lonely brother on a foreign shore,
That thou could'st die and leave me to deplore
The night that shrouds thy fate forevermore,
The silence of the tomb?

Oh, brother! can it be
That thou, my only friend, so lov'd and dear,
Hast gone alone to that land, dim and drear,
Beyond the grave—that land of hope and fear,
Land of the silent dead—and left me here
To mourn still more and more, from year to year,
With ceaseless grief for thee?

No, no—it cannot be—
This weary waiting
With hope abating
For word of him, from year to year,
While hairs are paling
And health is failing
Will be repaid: he will appear;
Such night of sorrow
Must have a morrow,
His glad return must now be near;
These days so weary,
This silence dreary,

Will soon be past. * * * I think I hear
Upon the ground,
And all around,
The olden sound
Of his loved footsteps coming.

* * * * * *

Ah me! 'twas but the humming
Of some poor wand'ring bee;
Ah, woe is me,
'Twas but a daylight phantasy;
The days of yore
Will come no more,
No, never, never, nevermore
To me.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

HINTS TO PLAYERS.

BY A NATIVE.

In my last article I endeavored to point out the origin and rise of Lacrosse; and now that it has become our National Game, and is so deservedly popular among our young men, and so much admired by lovers of athletic sports, a few hints as to how the game should be played may not be out of place.

The writer has no wish to be considered an egotist, and the following notes (the result of observations during five seasons' constant and hard practice) will, he trusts, be judged kindly by old players, and be of some value to those who are yet novices in the game.

First, then: Who should play Lacrosse, and what should be his qualifications? We unhesitatingly answer, that the young man who intends to be a successful Lacrosse player should have a sound constitution.

There are plenty of young men that ought never to begin to play Lacrosse; their constitution is too weak for such vigorous exercise, and the result is that it does them positive harm.

People, judging from specimens like these, pronounce the game too violent, and altogether unsuited for young men of intellect and refinement,—while the truth is, the specimens they take would never, under any circumstances, be fit to engage in any game harder than "Croquet," or "Hunt the slipper."

It may be taken for granted, however, that any young man of ordinary constitution *can* play Lacrosse, and find in it at once an exhilarating and healthy pastime.

During the five years that I have been acquainted with the game, I have known over *two hundred* young men, in Toronto alone, who were members of clubs, and practised regularly, and out of this number I cannot recal one single instance of real injury or ill-health resulting from it. Several cases have been pointed out to me, but upon rigid investigation, it has always been proved that the disease commenced after they had quitted playing, or originated from some other cause not at all connected with it.

A Lacrosse player, if he would excel, must of necessity be a *sober*, temperate man. He must not only abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors, but he must be temperate in all things else. His living must be so regulated as to give him strength without obesity,—his habits so regulated as to leave him cool and clear-headed.

A young man that cannot control his appetite and passions, will never make a successful Lacrossist. One night of intemperance or debauch may undo weeks of careful, steady training. He must also be able to control his temper. If he accidentally gets a knock, take it in good part and not try to bluster or retaliate. Nothing looks so bad on the field as hot, angry words; and, as a general rule, *they* are not noted either for politeness or elegance ot language. Let each player remember,—

"Who misses, or who wins the prize
Go lose or conquer, as you can,
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

A good lacrosse player may, or may not, be a swift runner; as a rule swift runners do not make the best players. In my experience I can safely say, I never knew a *crack* runner who made a *crack* player. Whether they have too much confidence in their own fleetness, or are unwilling to devote the time and labor necessary to be a proficient, I cannot say—whichever it is, the result is generally the same,—they are not a success.

Of course, I do not mean to decry the advantage of rapid running in a player over one who does not possess an average amount of speed. If the two can handle the ball equally well, the best runner has an immense advantage.

But what I wish to state is, do not trust to your running—it is played out, to use a common expression. It looks very pretty to see a player scour along the edge of the field, taking the ball along with him, but the end is generally a failure; he cannot once in a thousand times send it through the flags, and generally he loses it to one of his opponents; a long throw from the opposite side, occupying only a few moments, sends it back again to where he brought it from, and finds him out of his place, and the man whom he should check, free to act as he pleases.

The first thing that a player requires is a good crosse to play with. A great many beginners at the start buy worthless, clumsy sticks; thinking, of course, that they are good enough to learn with. This is a mistake; if any one requires a good stick, it is a beginner. Naturally they are unable to do anything like play with it, and soon become disgusted with the game, while the fact is that even a crack player would cut but a sorry figure if compelled to use the same kind of a crosse.

After securing a good crosse, the first thing to learn is *picking up*. This is the most important thing in the whole game, and also, I am sorry to say, one of the most neglected, even by players on first and second twelves. If a player has thoroughly mastered picking up and can do it with certainty when going at his swiftest speed, he possesses a great advantage over one who cannot pick up unless he is allowed time to do so. Such a player, even if not closely checked, generally finds that by the time he succeeds in getting it on his crosse, his opponent comes down with a whack and knocks it off again; the result is generally a ground scuffle for the ball, which does not look well and is certainly not lacrosse.

If players would pay more attention to picking up rapidly, and with certainty in any position the ball may be in, half the scuffling and rough play would be done away with. A great many good players, when running for the ball in practice, have a habit of slacking their speed, instead of accelerating it, when in the act of picking up. This they should never do: they get into a habit of it, and when in a match they come to be pitted against one who is as quick as themselves, they find that on account of this failing they are compelled to play second fiddle.

When a player has thoroughly mastered picking up, the next thing to practice is *throwing* and *catching*. The kinds of throwing necessary to learn and practice are as various as the positions of the men on the field.

Defence men should always practise long throwing. A long throw judiciously given, has often changed the aspect of a hardly contested game in an instant, by carrying the ball right down on the enemy's flags.

Defence men should be able to throw quickly and surely. They should not run any further than is necessary to secure a good safe throw. If they leave their place for a run down the field, they should get back again as soon as possible. When a defence man leaves his place, the next man out should close in and take it until he returns. Defence men should never leave their places for good, without first getting some one to supply for them. As a general rule they should always stay in the vicinity of their own flags; but of course their exact position can only be regulated by those of the opposing home men, their entire duty being to check them and keep them from throwing on the flags.

All fielders should be able make long throws surely and quickly; in addition to this they should be well up in *short pitching* and *catching*. This is a very effective way of playing, if properly done; if all the fielders are used to it. the ball is certain to be taken down on the enemy's flags. If fielders, however, are not sure of their play in this way, their safest plan is to throw on the flags.

While speaking of fielders, I would like to impress upon them the desirability of their checking, as closely as possible, the men playing against them. When the opposite side has the ball, stick close to your man, and don't let him wander off by himself.

When your own side gets it, get as far away from your check as you can, so as to allow your men to play to you; if he is as sharp as he ought to be, he will see that you don't have any little game by yourself. Fielders should never make a habit of roaming about from one end of the field to the other, although they are as it were the skirmishers of the twelve, yet they should be careful not to get bunched together nor leave any part of the field unprotected.

All long throws on the flags should be thrown high, so as to clear the crosses of all fielders and drop down among the defence men. This precludes the possibility of the ball being stopped before it gets to the flags, and often gives the home men a chance to send it through by a judicious swipe.

The *Home Men* having only to make short throws, with them quickness and precision is the desideratum. The old under-hand method of throwing is now almost out of date, home men being so closely checked as to find it almost impossible to throw in that way. The kinds that are now most in vogue, are the over-shot, from the shoulder, and the under throw from the reverse side.

These are favorites on account of their quickness and precision—perhaps the most formidable of them is the *over-shot*. It is very puzzling to the gaol-keeper, as he cannot possibly tell where they are going to strike. They go so swiftly, that the eye has no time to fix their direction before they are past you.

The advantage of the reverse under-shot is, that it can be put in practice when the player is running at full speed, although not so swift, nor so liable to hop or skip as the over-shot: yet its quickness and precision render it quite a favorite with home men, and one of the most formidable shots that the goal-keeper has to encounter.

Home men should always stay in the vicinity of the enemy's flags. The fault of a great many otherwise good home men is that they will persistently wander down the field in order to get the ball. This is injudicious; as, if a player get the ball down the field, he is generally winded before he can get it within throwing distance of the flags. One of the home men should always remain as close to the flag as he can get, as oftentimes a ball is dropped inside of point and remains there untouched for a few moments before any one can reach it, and he may have a chance of *swiping* it through. Home men should never neglect an opportunity of throwing on the flags. I have often seen games won by persistent, resolute throwing, and as often seen the home men lose their chance of getting a game by trying to get into a better position for throwing.

The *goal-keeper* should be a picked man. It is an erroneous impression that the goal-keeper is the poorest man in the twelve, or that any one is good enough for a goal-keeper. It is true that he does not need to be a really scientific player, but he has need of a greater amount of nerve and quickness of eye than any man in the whole twelve. The ball that the fielder may dodge or carelessly evade must be *stopped* by the goal-keeper, else the game is lost to his side; and the blame, or the *onus* of it rests upon the head of the unfortunate goal-keeper, whose nerves made him care more for his feelings than for the disgrace of losing the game.

The goal-keeper should always endeavour to keep as cool and collected as possible, and be ready to take advantage of any circumstance, however trivial, that may help his own side. He should have special practice before a match. In ordinary play, the number of balls thrown at the flags is very small, and the experience he thus gets is quite insufficient to fit him for duty in a hardly contested match. The goal-keeper should not make a habit of leaving his flags and running down the field with the ball.

That he should leave his flags sometimes is admissible, but only in case of absolute necessity, and to relieve the defence when very hard pressed. He should be able to make a good long throw; and this, more than running or dodging, should be his object when he secures the ball.

The *goal* should never, in a closely-contested match, be left unprotected; when the goal-keeper leaves, the next man out should take his place and remain there until he returns. To all goal-keepers who think that they are throwing away their time in keeping goal, I would say,—strive to perfect yourself in your duties, and I am certain that the twelve would as soon loose any other man as your own self.

Dodging should only be attempted when a player has thoroughly mastered the rudiments of Lacrosse.

It looks very pretty, and is sometimes very effective, but, as a general rule, the less of it the better.

Players that dodge too much are generally those who are anxious to show what they can do as individuals; their idea seems to be not so much to get the game for their side as to gain applause for themselves.

To the home men dodging is a necessity—their energies are all directed to a given point, the enemies goal, and brilliant playing is with them a nonentity, if it brings them no nearer, or gives them no chance of putting the ball through the flags.

To the fielders and the defence men it is an accomplishment very handy to know, but one that can be done without better than any other part of the game. The defence men, especially, should be very careful of dodging too much; if closely checked they are almost sure to lose it, and, if they do, it leaves their own goal in imminent danger.

Checking is much more essential in a good player than dodging. If a player has the reputation of being a quick hard check, even the best of dodgers will be wary of how they try to pass them.

In checking, three particulars are essential—quickness, persistency, and energy.

What you do, do at once, as if you meant it. When you strike, strike hard and with certainty. When you go to check an opponent, don't get discouraged and leave him if he happens to give you the slip at first—stick to him, and, if you do not succeed in regaining the ball, you will give him but a small chance of performing any fancy touches with it.

Try and get up a reputation for hard, persistent checking, and you will become a terror to your opponents and invaluable to your own side.

It is not uncommon to find a successful dodger, when persistently followed and closely checked, lose the ball through sheer nervousness, or, if he succeed in getting a throw, the direction may be so altered as to make it almost useless to his side.

Rough checking should always be avoided. Nothing tends to harm the game more than rough and injudicious checking. If you cannot get the ball without maiming your opponent, rather let him keep it. *Keep your temper.*

If you are accidentally struck, don't retaliate; it only makes matters worse, and is sure to end in a row.

The perfection of checking is to do so without cutting your opponent.

Never rush at a dodger, as if you were going to annihilate him; if he is at all cool, or up to his business, your rush only gives him an advantage over you.

The safest and surest way is to wait his attack, and see what his intentions are; if he tries to throw the ball over your head and get it on the other side of you, check him with your body—this will bring you between him and the ball, and give you the first chance to get it.

In any carried dodge, where the ball does not leave the dodger's stick, the checker ought to check with one hand only. The surest way is to make a feint stroke; and then, when your opponent makes his sweep from right to left, or left to right, you can come down on him so vigorously as to make him drop the ball.

Never be afraid to close in on a player attempting to throw. The best throws are often spoiled by a quick vigorous attack on the part of the checker.

Do not be in too much of a hurry to reinforce a comrade if he has only one opponent to contend with; if you leave your own man you give him a good chance to give the ball safely to one of his own side.

Training a twelve, in the true sense of the word, is altogether unadvisable. Every one of the twelve should avoid all excesses of living, get plenty of sleep, and exercise their legs enough to give them a fair share of wind. They should all attend practice regularly, and play together as a twelve for some weeks before any important match. To be efficient, a twelve ought thoroughly to understand one another's play. They ought to have the fullest confidence in one another, and be able to tell, when one of their side gets the ball, what he is likely to do with it, and regulate their positions accordingly.

Players should never try to individualize themselves either by any peculiarity of dress or their persistent dodging.

Nothing looks worse than to see a player dress differently to his companions, in order that spectators may be able to distinguish him. If he has not, and cannot afford to buy, a regulation dress for himself, he should endeavour to borrow one. Never try and individualize yourself in your play. If you find that you are checked, rather throw the ball to one of your side, who may be uncovered, than attempt to dodge. Don't, if you are a fielder, make yourself conspicuous by attempting to force your way into the flags and get the game yourself. Sink self and play to your men; if your side wins the game it does not matter a button who puts the ball through the flags; your club gets the honor, and that ought to be enough for you. If any player thinks more of his reputation in this respect than that of his club, he is a source of weakness rather than of strength, and the sooner they get rid of him the better.

Never make a practice of *bragging* what you can or will do. It is very often the case that those who talk the loudest do the least; their actions belie their words; and, if they get beaten, they are sure to become the laughing-stock of their opponents.

Always uphold order and good feeling in the club to which you belong. Nothing weakens a club so much as jealousy or ill-feeling among its members. If any kind of a quarrel occurs while at practice, settle it before you leave the field. These things are never so easily settled as just after they happen.

If your club happens to be unsuccessful, don't get discouraged and threaten to leave it; stick to the ship, and by constant and vigorous practice you may win back lost laurels and turn the tables once more on your opponents. Always remember,—

"That no endeavour is in vain—
The reward is in the doing;
And the prize the vanquished win
Is the pleasure of pursuing."

BABY!

BY MRS. E. RYALL.

Oh, Mother, nurse it tenderly,
As its spirit glides away,—
Away from this world of sorrow,
To realms of endless day.

Look at it, Mother, lovingly,
Whisper again a prayer;
Unclasp its soft hand gently;
Smooth back its bright fair hair.

Aye, Mother, press it closely,
Still closer to thy breast;
And kiss its sweet lips lightly,
Ere it be laid to rest.

Thou'lt weep for thy baby, Mother;
Thou'lt miss him from thy breast;
Thou'lt miss him at morn and noonday,
And at thy nightly rest.

But, Mother, calm be thy sorrow,
Christ hath taken thy joy;
Think of him now as thine angel,—
Ever thine Angel Boy!

Christ will heal thy spirit, Mother,
And give thee peace at last,—
Will give thee back thine Angel Boy,
When *night* to *day* has past.

TORONTO, Aug. 12th, 1871.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT US BY THE PRESS.—

The Express, Toronto.—We recommend it to the good will of our readers.

The Daily Telegraph, Toronto.—It is truly Canadian in tone and therefore we wish it every success.

The Leader, Toronto.—It makes a good bid for general support, and if it continues as it has begun, will well deserve it.

Daily News, Montreal.—It is a verdict to its originators, and deserving of all support. Its articles are ably written showing capability and talent in its management.

Church Herald, Toronto.—We may truly say that pains have not been spared to obtain worthy contributors.

Hamilton Spectator.—The literary contents are good. There is no good reason why Canadians should have to go abroad for their literature.

Hamilton Times.—We have no hesitation in recommending it to the patronage of the reading public.

Christian Guardian, Toronto.—It shows a good deal of enterprise on the part of the Publishers that they have secured the copyright of a new story by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The Magazine has made a good start and we wish it success.

Christian Journal, Toronto.—We call upon our readers to render all the assistance they can to the Proprietors by subscribing for the Magazine.

Canadian Baptist, Toronto.—It seems interesting, healthful, and well conducted.

Daily British Whig, Kingston.—This home production improves. It is well got up.

London Advertiser.—The contributions in prose and poetry are very good, and we have strong hopes that the Canadian Magazine will creditably fill a vacant niche in our literature. We wish Editor and Publishers success.

London Evening Herald and Prototype.—The Magazine is one we can heartily recommend to the patronage of a Canadian public.

Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal.—A periodical of this kind fills a gap in the literature of the country. We believe Canada possesses sufficient native talent to carry on a work of this kind, and further, sufficient native appreciation to support it, and we therefore hopefully offer to the Publishers of the Magazine, our best wishes for the success of their venture.

The Canadian Sporting Times, Toronto.—Its contents are interesting and high-toned. It is well worth the subscription price of $2.00 per year.

South Simcoe News, Bradford.—Full of good substantial reading.

Port Hope Times.—It is ably edited.

Northern Light, Orillia.—Neatly printed, well edited, and contains a large amont of reading matter.

Volunteer Review, Ottawa.—We earnestly recommend it to our readers.

Waterford Express.—Among its contributors are experienced writers, famed, both in the old world and in the new.

Goderich Star.—We hope to see this Magazine supported by the public, in preference to the many foreign works of no greater merit, that are monthly sold amongst us

Fergus Express.—Nicely got up, likely to have a large circulation, and to be a permanent institution.

Parkhill Gazette.—It gives every promise of being first-class.

St. Catharines Free Press.—Its contents are varied and of a high order of merit. If home efforts in this department were favoured with half the patronage now lavished on the multitudinous crude and half digested periodicals from the other side, the result would soon be apparent in a healthy and fruitful growth of Canadian writings.

St. Catharines Daily Times.—It is gratifying to find that this new Monthly is making such a rapid advance in public favour.

Halton Herald. Independently of the fact of this being a Canadian Magazine, its literary excellence should entitle it to the patronage of all.

What is said about us by the Press.

The Advertising World, Cobourg. It is full of interesting matter.

Weekly Ontario, Belleville. We hope to see the Canadian Magazine prosper, and become a fixed feature in our national literature.

Bruce Reporter. Its literary matter, and tasteful "get up" entitle this Magazine to a first place among Canadian Serials.

Belleville Intelligencer. The character and style of its articles give evidence of ability and good management.

New Era, Clinton. It aims at supplying a want that many have felt in Ontario, viz., a literary Magazine that will draw forth and give permanence to the literary talent of the country.

York Herald, Richmond Hill. The Editorial department shows marked ability.

Woodstock Review. -It is a very creditable monthly, and will no doubt succeed in fastening itself firmly in the favor of the intelligent reader.

Canadian Scotsman, Toronto. Its articles are ably written, and show great capability in its management.

St. Mary's Vidette. - We recognise in the Canadian Magazine that talent in composition, careful editing, and beauty of typography, which will secure for it a high place in the estimation of the public, and win extensive patronage.

Markham Economist. - It can be read profitably by all classes, and has a very large claim on Canadians, whether they are such by birth or adoption.

Uxbridge Journal. Canada can and ought to support such an enterprise, and we can assure our readers that the Canadian Magazine is worthy of support.

Cornwall Gazette. The literary part is very good.

Sarnia Observer. The Canadian Magazine, while, strictly speaking, a literary serial, aims to be Canadian in the tone of its literature, and on this account ought to be fostered by all Canadians who desire the advancement of their country in this respect.

Meaford Monitor. The Canadian promises well.

Stratford Beacon. It has secured the contributions of those who have made a world-wide reputation, including a first-class novel by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

The Argus, Oakville. The Magazine is worthy the unqualified support of the Canadian public.

Petroleum Advertiser. The literary contents are very good. There is no good reason why Canadians should have to go abroad for their literature.

Ingersoll Chronicle. All the articles are original, the contributors being among the most eminent writers of the day. The Magazine certainly deserves a liberal support.

Mount Forest Examiner. We commend it to the good will of the public.

The Abstainer, Halifax. It promises to be a good Magazine.

The above are a few of the many flattering notices the Canadian Magazine has received from the Press of Canada.

C. F. DAMOREAU,

Designer & Engraver on Wood,

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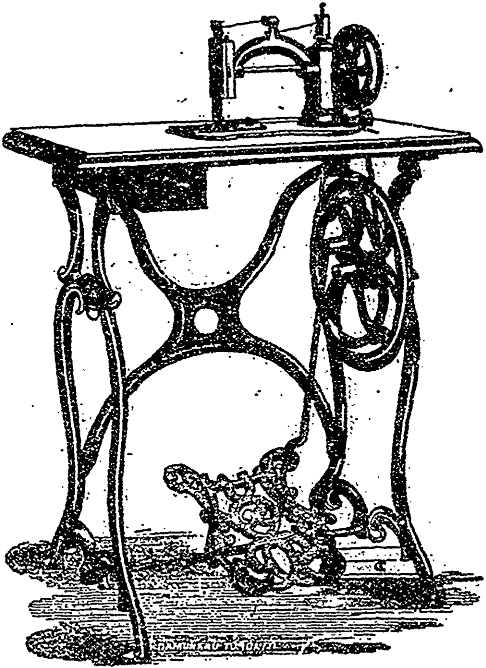

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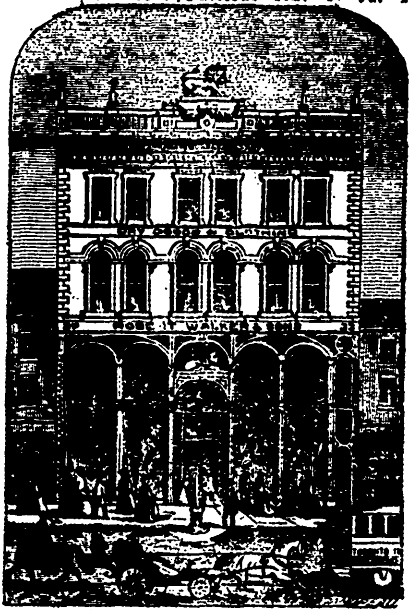

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