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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

FOR

JULY, 1871.

EDITED BY ROBERT RIDGWAY.

Contents :

TORONTO.
IRVING, FLINT & Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

PREFATORY BUSINESS ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Do we want a good CANADIAN MAGAZINE? The answer we have often heard given to the query is—"Yes, we do." Can we maintain a good magazine? That is to say—Is there sufficient *native* and *imported* talent—literary, scientific and artistic ability in the country to furnish material of such a standard as will satisfy the public taste and general education? We are fully persuaded there is. Have we literary and artistic skill among us competent to produce a periodical which will bear comparison with our English and American periodicals? Look at our specimen number, examine it carefully, judge impartially, decide generously, act promptly, subscribe for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and recommend it to your friends and acquaintance. We confidently appeal to the Canadian public for a generous, hearty, universal support. Whatever other periodical literature is taken let the "CANADIAN" be the family magazine, the household companion, the domestic favourite, "Our Canadian Magazine." Place the proprietors by your patronage in such a position that they can afford to employ and properly pay artists and *literati* of every description to illustrate and enrich its pages in such a manner that the magazine will be hailed as a welcome, looked and longed for visitor, and be an ornament alike to the cottage parlour and the ornate drawing-room of the costly mansion. We desire and invite the *honest*, able and earnest co-operation of the talented, the gifted, and the educated of our community, in furnishing articles of such a character as will possess attractions for the general reader. Of this class of literature are *tales, historical and biographical sketches, essays, descriptive pieces*, of local scenery, *incidents and reminiscences* of travel and adventure by land and water, field and flood, papers on scientific experiments and illustrations of art.

We shall not confine ourselves to native talent, but will give such the preference, so far as we feel justified by the paramount interests of our magazine.

To our Poetic Contributors, especially the ladies, we will venture to say—clothe the riches of your imagination in appropriate costume. Meretricious display must always yield the palm to simple beauty. We remember, many years ago, hearing a few short poems, of a pastoral and descriptive character, read. They were productions of a bard unknown to fame, beyond his own immediate neighbourhood. The writer was a poor, labouring man, a hand-

loom weaver. Among the rest of the poems was one descriptive of Spring, in which the flowers received a tribute of admiring homage to their beauty and fragrance. The daisy and buttercup, the primrose and May flower, the blue-bell and fox-glove, with the rest of the wild flowers, were described in simple, touching, truthful language, which thrilled the mind by its natural, unaffected, but forcible beauty, until reader and hearers were affected to tears; the highest and most eloquent tribute which an author and a poet can receive. One remark, however, was made by a listener, which we have not forgotten.—"As you read I could hardly persuade myself that I did not smell the flowers he describes."

To the learned professions—our Canadian preachers and teachers, our lawyers and doctors, the editor specially addresses an invitation for such papers as learned leisure may enable *you* to produce whether of a literary or scientific description.

Many characteristic features of human life come under your observation which if graphically portrayed, would be valuable lessons for the thousands of our readers.

Many of you, especially you who are teachers, pursue *favorite, particular* studies, the results of which it would not be convenient to publish in book form. Send these to our pages and thus enhance their value by a description, it may be—of some geological, oryctological, or conchological rarity—an entomo',—ichthyo',—herpeto',—ornitho',—or mammalogical curiosity. This seems a formidable, and perhaps to some, a ludicrous list of technicalities: it is, however, genuine, but by no means exhaustive.

There are three favorite sciences to which we have not here alluded—astronomy, botany, and chemistry. Upon these subjects short papers, which will be intelligible without wood-cut illustration, will always receive our warmest welcome for the scientific part of our magazine.

These, astronomy, botany and chemistry, are subjects which are of immense practical utility, and of inexhaustible interest;—subjects to which all classes, high and low, rich and poor, have directed their attention with great profit, mentally, at least, and which are now being investigated with remarkable results.

We shall be happy to make special arrangements with anyone desirous of publishing illustrated papers on any of these subjects.

Our scientific friends must, however, remember that the great leading aim and intention of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE is not the development of science, but literature, such as will be generally readable, avoiding the heavy and dry, as one extreme, and the light, frivolous and sensational, as the other.

It is well known that in Canada we have few who have made literature a profession, but the few who have done so, speak well for the subsequent career of our native writers. It is because we have faith in home talent, that we open our pages to encourage the production and growth of a native literature. We intend to supply a standard of first-class journalism from the pens of professional writers, so that our contributors may have a model, and our readers a rich mental treat. With this object in view, we are now corresponding with some of our first-rate authors, and have already

secured a very choice production from the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," To those who have read Miss Mulock's (now Mrs. Craik's) works, it is useless to say anything respecting her abilities as a writer. To those, however, who have not read any of her productions, permit us to say, that we honestly class her descriptions of domestic life and personal character, among the finest to be found in the English language.

The new novel we are now publishing, "Hannah," as she says in her letter to us, "*is on a subject strongly interesting to the Colonies, and on which they and the Mother country differ, viz., Marriage with a deceased wife's sister.*" Another circumstance gives peculiar interest to this novel;—she says, "It will likely be my last, for, at any rate, some years." We may have occasion in a subsequent number to notice the subject upon which this interesting and instructive novel is written, a subject upon which so much has been said and written.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The Proprietors of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE having purchased from Mrs. Craik, her copyright of "Hannah," for the Dominion, hereby notify all persons interested respecting the fact.

The Canadian Serial, "Royalists and Loyalists," is being written specially for our Magazine, and is our exclusive property.

The subscription price for the Magazine is $2 per annum: single numbers, 20 cents.

To advertisers, our Magazine will offer at very moderate charges, a valuable medium.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All contributions are carefully considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage; but the Editor will not be held responsible for any accidental loss.

Every manuscript should bear the *Name* and *Address* of the *Sender*. It should be legibly written—and only on one side of each leaf. Postage on MSS. is only *one cent* per ounce.

All manuscript communications should be addressed to R. RIDGWAY, ESQ., Editor Canadian Magazine, Toronto.

Letters on general business, address, IRVING, FLINT & CO., Publishers and Proprietors CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto.

THE

Canadian Magazine.

Vol I. Toronto, July. No. 1.

ADDRESS ON LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Much has been said and written respecting the false views of human life to be found in some works of fiction. We admit that such is the case, *some* novels throw a halo round even the most disreputable of their characters, and make consummate villains into romantic heroes. Writing of this description is in extensive demand among certain classes,—such as the sickly sentimental, the imperfectly educated and the vicious. Many journals pander to this sensational class by the publication of the most morbid literature. But because some professed artists produce daubs and caricatures, true art must not be condemned. It is quite as true in literary art as in any other, that the great masters copy direct from nature. We remember, some years ago, hearing a long diatribe by a public lecturer, on works of fiction, light and magazine literature, in which he professed to show the evil effects of such reading upon the mind, through creating a distaste for more solid and practical literature. All such reading as novels, he asserted, was mental poison, varied in its power according to the character of the production, but all of which tended to paralyze the thinking powers, because it required no exercise of the judgment. So powerfully convinced was the lecturer of the truth of his statements, that he experimented *in propria persona*, he was in private! a great reader of novels, and if all are poisonous, he sometimes selected such as contained strong doses of the paralyzing virus. Such is the inconsistency of fallen humanity! Our best novels copy direct from actual, daily life; and so far from exaggerating character and facts, we think the reverse will often hold good. If we call to mind the remarkable divorce cases which have been reported in European and American papers during the past twenty years, and the extraordinary revelations which have been elicited during the trials, we shall find facts stranger than fiction, in its ordinary acceptation, while some of the exceptional cases rival the wildest romance. If we turn to the records of crime arising from the love

of money, or of place and power, we find shades of character so dark, that to paint them in a novel, would be, to say the least, hazardous to its success.

As regards attacks upon pure magazine literature, it matters but little; if it give the writers or speakers a certain kind of satisfaction, let them enjoy it, the world will please itself as to what it reads. Public opinion, in the present age, has given its verdict in favor of a cheap, general literature, one which, while it conveys useful instruction, will interest and amuse. Some persons are of opinion that the very best of our novels inculcate erroneous views of the great leading doctrines of religion. Now we could say much on this subject ourselves, were we inclined to do so, but it is encroaching upon ground we do not intend to tread. If novels were written to inculcate any views of doctrinal religion, we should each be inclined to select our own; but our impression is that few persons suffer in this particular.

If, however, a novelist neglects to inculcate the great practical duties of life, if he has no moral in his writings, if *faith*, *hope* and *charity* are not the galaxy of manly, as well as christian virtues, we do not want to read his writings.

But if the writer glosses over crime,—if the seducer is exculpated by specious excuses,—the duellist murderer made a brave, honourable man, or any other of the forms of vice sophistically gilded, we say, away with such books, they are pollution! No such reading can ever be permitted in the pages of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, so long as we occupy the editorial chair, and act as literary censor. But now about our serial tales.

Many people are of opinion that they cannot read a serial tale. They find a difficulty in remembering the several connecting portions of the story. What must we say to such persons? Shall we be rude and call them intellectual funnels? Of course if people read merely to forget, it cannot matter much what they read or how they read it. If we must profit by our reading, we must carefully masticate, that we may properly digest; and by receiving our mental food monthly, our novel as a serial, we shall be following out the natural order of exercise and rest.

There is another advantage arising from receiving our novel in instalments: it prevents a literary surfeit,—it prolongs our enjoyment of the feast. In eating some delicious morsel, how gourmand like we desire to prolong the sensation; or when sipping some nectar-like liquid,—some generous, pleasant wine, we defer its dismissal and wish, as it trickles slowly from the tongue and palate, that we could indefinitely lengthen our swallow, and thus protract our enjoyment. The serial does this: it lengthens the throat so that our epicurean wish can be gratified, and our feast extend throughout the year.

It is surprising how much we can read when it comes to us in the periodical form. How many of us have read Thackeray and Dickens while sipping our coffee at breakfast,—while lingering over a late dinner, or when in slippered feet, with tea and toast for refreshment, the shaded lamp shedding its softened light upon the open page, have amused and entertained the family circle by the

writings of those gifted men. And now a few words respecting the serial which commences in our July number, and which will be continued from month to month, accompanied by full-page illustrations. There will be no patching-up,—no impossible plots and clap-trap surprises. Many of the incidents and statements have been related to the writer by the actors personally, others by their immediate descendents, while others have been obtained by correspondence or from the pages of biography and our standard histories.

Read the serial carefully, and you will find, as it proceeds, that both as regards history and persons, the author is endeavoring, in fictitious dress of course, to give a simple representation of facts, and a true portraiture of individual character. The writer may fail, but he will certainly endeavour to assist in teaching a lesson—a great political lesson—which many are very slow to learn (and none more so than our cousins across the line) that Canadians are Loyal but not *necessarily* Royal. We *respect* the institutions of a free and great people, but we *love* our own.

We are not blind to the failings and imperfections of our rulers when such things appear, nor are we so servile as to fear speaking in a decided manner, when speech is necessary. We have a good and noble Queen,—long may she reign! We have unsurpassed laws, alike in framing and administration. We have the perfection of freedom; freedom with proper and just restraint. Where can we look for more! Certainly not to our neighbours.

Since our United Empire *Loyalists* crossed the borders, at the Revolution, we have sought no connection with the States beyond national interchange and the legitimate relations of commerce and courtesy. We know they have expected and looked for a change in our national feeling, views, and councils, but all in vain. They have tried threats and coercion, and have circulated fictitious reports of general disaffection, and a desire to join their republic. They have lectured upon it in their public assemblies; have preached annexation from their pulpits; have discussed the subject in their Congress of States, and the various Senates and Houses of Representation throughout the country. Their newspapers and other literature ever since 1783, have written upon it, in every form that sense and non-sense could suggest; but we are loyal as ever, true to our convictions of duty, of self interest, of national honour! We have a great mission of our own to accomplish, and we will not be diverted from its execution. The bait may be very tempting to some, but the hook is too manifest to all. We do not bluster nor *filibuster*: we have, hitherto, gone quietly and peaceably about our own business, and this ought to be a guarantee for our future conduct. Our republican neighbours draw invidious comparisons between our exorbitant expenditure and their own economical government; they remind and twit us about our costly, royal establishments, and complacently twirl the moustache of personal vanity as they speak of their own astounding institutions. In this respect, accepting their view of the case, we are an unfortunate people; but despite our alarming position,—our apparent inferiority,—we pay our debts, with dignity, and neither threaten, nor discuss the policy of *repudiation*. They sneer at our aristocracy

and our extreme of *flunkeyism*. They have, in their best journals, designated the noblest of Englishwomen, and a model wife and mother,—a snob, our Queen has been called,—an ill-dressed dowdy. Were names ever worse misapplied? Could journalism more effectually degrade itself? They point, with affected derision, to the foibles and failings of our royal and noble families. Are we not quite as well aware of these things as they? Have we not read the dark pages of history, and watched the progress of modern events? But why all this outcry? Why this reproach of our institutions? We are brethren, why not permit us to go peaceably on our way? Why should there be strife and contumely between us? Are our cousins really anxious for our improvement, or jealous at our progress and prospective future? Will gibes and sneers lead us to sever our connection with our native country? Will they induce us to exchange our aristocratic and noble connections for that snobdyism and genuine snobocracy which the most intelligent observers admit is rife, and of rapid growth among them? Have we not the elements of self-improvement within ourselves? Our three estates serve as a check upon each other. Royalty and loyalty, since the framing of Magna Charta, have had their appropriate work. When that chimera, the Divine right of Kings, emboldened Charles I. to outrage the liberties and rights of his subjects, through an insane desire for absolute power, loyalty could not brook such treatment: "oppression makes the wise man mad." Royal injustice, lawless tribunals, such as the Star Chamber, and High Commission Court, drove the noblest sons of England to seek new homes in the wild forests of America, where men could worship the God of their fathers according to their own sincere convictions of duty, and in such a manner and form as best accorded with their own simple notions of bible truth. They loved Old England dearly! loyal hearts beat in their bosoms, and for their country those bosoms would have shed their blood in defence of the right! Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell were prepared to leave their homes, dear by association, by kindred ties, by mysterious sympathies,—they were on board the ship which was to carry them to New England, but God's providence interposed; there was a great work for them to accomplish at home; loyalty unquenchable, bravery unsurpassed, was recalled to resist tyranny, and raise and fight under the standard of sacred, civil and religious liberty, against royal dictation and oppression; and nobly they did their duty; and in doing this *loyalty* cut off the head of *royalty*.

Canadians are loyal, intensely loyal, in this respect, they surprise many of the immigrants from England, who do not understand our habits of thought and character.

As Canadians, we love the monarchical institution of England, in its limited and pure acceptation. We love our queen because of her estimable character,—because she is a law-abiding, wise, and prudent sovereign.

But we wish it to be understood, that Canadian loyalty is not a blind obedience, and that it will not submit to servile rule and gross injustice. Should royalty ever tread ruthlessly, insolently,

upon the toes of loyalty, there will be stern and decided remonstrance.

The above are the views and teachings of the serial we are publishing, so far as we can gather from its pages. We do not imagine our readers will agree with every historical detail; every writer, however candid, will naturally give expression to his own peculiar views as they have been created and modified by circumstances, and coloured by his surroundings; but we think our Canadian and English readers will generally and heartily endorse the sentiments, feelings and teachings of the writer.

Did you ever visit one of those treasuries of art, a cabinet of rare, old paintings, carvings and sculpture, and wrapt in admiration at the skill and beauty surrounding you, stand gazing until you felt the stirrings of a mysterious influence, a strong, almost uncontrollable desire to attempt something similar? You were then standing upon the very threshold of the temple of art, and inhaling the escaping incense filling the wondrous interior with its inspiration. Possibly in your case, the influence upon your mind was so permanent that you were impelled to try your own skill: you did try, and—and you failed! but you do not regret it! you are not ashamed! It did you good. You enjoyed the pure, ennobling pleasure of that stimulus, while it lasted, and why should it not continue its influence? You enjoyed, moreover, the sublime creations of true genius,—perhaps the conceptions of those pre-eminent masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael; or you revelled in the pure, broad colouring of Titian, where extremes blend imperceptil ly, or in the gorgeous contrasts of Rubens; no matter who the master; you admired, wondered, attempted to imitate, and failed; what then; there is nothing surprising in this,—thousands have failed before you. These masters of art were specially endowed with surprising faculties of form and color, which were still further enlarged and developed by continued, active exercise. The God of nature gifted them, and they went direct to Nature to produce their wonderful imitations.

Have you ever looked at the chiselings of carving and sculpture till you imagined the figures were instinct with life? till you felt that—

> "Marble breathes
> Responsive to the thought and touch of Him
> Whose inspiration waked it into life?"

If you have not felt these promptings, you have yet to enjoy a mental luxury, which thrills the soul with ideal beauty, and gives you longings after the unseen, the spiritual creations of the Divine artist, of which some of the rarely gifted have received faint conceptions, but which they have vainly endeavoured to embody in their works. While contemplating the works of art, has it never occurred to you that the various steps, the mechanical details are all unseen, that *there is no grandeur in art but true art, and true art* conceals art? Nature is true art, for it is the fountain of art, and there you see no crudities, all is beautiful harmony in light, color and sound. Do you want to paint by your pen or pencil, a water-

fall? go and see how nature paints in outline and color, in tint and mass.

If ever you visit Niagara in winter, go down into the depths of that mighty chasm, whose walls reverberate to the everlasting thunder of Niagara's cataract; and as you stand among and upon the ice blocks which bridge the river, and look around, you will see an illustration of majestic nature, of sublimity, of grandeur in light and shadow, form and color. As you look at the glittering water as it rushes over the cliffs above you, repeat with Brainerd:—

> "The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
> When I look upward to thee."

Carefully note the language and scene before you, and, if you are not satisfied, try your own descriptive powers, and candidly compare the two. If you succeed in producing a sketch equal to Brainerd's, we shall be happy in its perusal; if superior, we shall be happier to place it as a literary gem upon the pages of our CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Suppose the sun is descending and nearing the horizon, as you look towards the great fall, your eyes are dazzled by his glorious rays; turn round, and you will see those rays decomposed by the prismatic mist, and reflected in a many-coloured bow, spanning the gulf like a bridge of glory.

You can't paint the bow in the cloud with living colours, but you can note the advancing shadows, the changing play of light in dalliance with cloud and spray, with tree, and rock, and water.

And, as the crepuscular shadows gather, and you ascend the heights with careful, measured step, you may profitably moralize upon the great picture you have been studying, and the lessons to be learnt from its history.

It has been often stated, that in this country we have not the means, the facilities, the surroundings for literary work. To a certain extent, this is true, we have comparatively little material in our history, our public works, our general business, or private life, to supply us, as journalists, with subjects for popular, interesting writing. We have not those old, historical, and picturesque topographical associations and memories,—those ancient mansions and castellated buildings, with their family histories and adventures, to enrich our pages with interesting story; and if we must go to Europe for such subjects, we must either go in person, or we are at once placed at a disadvantage for want of those opportunities for reference to be obtained from local scenery or in *their* public libraries and museums.

It must not, however, be inferred that we have nothing to work upon,—the heavens above, and the earth beneath and around us, are rich in subjects for thought. Wherever man is to be found, there will be something to interest us,—his peculiarities of character and habit,—his virtues and vices,—his sympathies and repugnances; loves and hatreds; joys and sorrows; hopes and fears; beliefs and unbeliefs; victories and defeats; triumphs and reverses; man at his best, and man at his worst. But to treat these subjects effectively, requires much patient study and prac-

tice, even with those who possess large natural gifts adapted to such work. There is much meaning in Pope's well-known line, in his Essay on Criticism :—

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance."

But even this dictate must be received in a qualified sense; for it is a well known fact that some of the most clever and popular works of our celebrated authors, have been their first productions. This, however, by no means implies that both severe study and long practice are not required for successful writing; for the first productions of an author are usually the result of unremitting, long-continued study. We think it could be shown that Waverly and Pickwick cost their respective authors far more labour than many of their subsequent productions.

It has occasionally happened that emboldened by the success of a first effort, and confident in the strength of acquired reputation, an author has become careless, and published works much inferior to the first. This may account for much of that verbiage to be found in the pages of some of our most popular writers. But time, which tries all things, infallibly brings the stern, uncompromising verdict of condemnation upon all that is trite and commonplace. That which costs nothing, will be valued at the same rate. If you sit down to write for the public just as you would write to a friend upon ordinary business, depend upon it you will have few readers. It is just as true in literature as in commerce, that we must give *intrinsic value* to pass our paper.

Literary merit is an essential article, and nothing will long serve as a substitute. No matter what your social position, family pedigree, money power, scholastic titles, or profession may be, if you do not possess when writing, that

Genius, talent, skill,
However it is known,
Or call it what you will,
Its power we feel and own.

All honor to immortal, heaven-born, heaven-inspired genius! no matter where it is found.

It may direct the horny hand of the labouring man, after his daily toil; for the humblest cottage has oft been its home.

Samuel Drew frequently made the sole leather upon which he was working, supply the place of desk, portfolio, and paper; but then he had brain, intellectual power, and so he penned, and men read his metaphysical treatise upon the immateriality and immortality of the soul. If you feel within you the stirrings of peculiar, mental gifts, neglect them not; encourage their development; cultivate them by practice; and do not be discouraged if you are, at the first, misunderstood and slighted. Our most experienced editors are not only fallible, but often have been influenced by pecuniary considerations, to reject manuscript, which, subsequently, has brought fame and profit to its writer.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

BY COUNSEL WEGHRIC.

The affair to which we refer, under the above heading, was one of those local triumphs which never reached the pages of State or National history. It was, however, one of those little advantages gained by the Confederate authorities, which encouraged them in the prosecution of the Rebellion, for such we must now call it, and led them ultimately to that disastrous war which has stamped its impress for many years upon the country and its inhabitants. Many of our readers will remember the taking of Fort Sumpter by Beauregard, and the astounding effect it produced upon the Southern States. Such rejoicings, such interchanges of congratulation, such boasting! None were louder in their boasting than Governor J———, who announced to all the world, at all interested, that every square foot of his State was "Sacred soil," which could not, under any circumstances, tolerate the dictatorial tread of Yankee footsteps, or the domination of the Federal government. Unfortunately, however, for this public manifesto, the "Stars and Stripes" were quietly waving over a small arsenal or fort in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and before the eyes of the magnate who had issued this important announcement. This circumstance was, of course, at once pointed out, and he magnanimously resolved that this blot upon their escutcheon should be wiped out; the miserable "rag" of Yankeedom should be lowered, and the foreigners sent home.

The arsenal in question was situated upon a hill about a mile and a half from the town, and was garrisoned by a few United States soldiers, under the command of a lieutenant. More singular still, this very garrison, of some forty or fifty soldiers, had been sent, in answer to an earnest petition of the town authorities, to act as a protection against an apprehended rising of the "niggers" about a year before. This insurrection among the negroes had not occurred, but in place of it, a rising among their masters; and so far from the garrison being wanted now,as a protection,the trouble was, how they could most speedily rid themselves of it. The fear now was, that the blacks and the "Yanks" would unite and make common cause together. It was plain something must be done, and done speedily! Had any one been bold enough to hint that their own violence would precipitate the emancipation of their slaves, he would probably have been regarded as either a lunatic,or a very dangerous citizen, and treated accordingly.

The Governor said something should be done,and done speedily; so he invested Colonel Puffpouch with plenary powers to raise a

sufficient force of armed men to capture the arsenal. Col. Puffpouch was one of the Governor's staff, and of course there were good reasons for such preference being given. In the first place, he was a personal friend of the Governor, and he was a resident of the town, particularly interested in wiping away this indignity. He was a lawyer and a politician. He had been a member of the Federal Congress up to the time of President Lincoln's accession, when, it was said, he withdrew from that body with an impress of air and mien that made, so some thought at the time, the Northern members feel decidedly humble and exceedingly "cheap." He had obtained his title of Colonel by certain little jobs, not executed by the sword, and consequently he knew as much and as little as the majority of such militia, paper officers; in fact he was an illustration of the singular rule which seemed to obtain, that fitness for position was in an inverse ratio to rank; in other words the higher the title the less was known.

As to courage, that was unquestioned by any one who believed his personal record; in fact he claimed that he feared neither man nor "devil." The secret of his appointment was a personal claim for services rendered, and a consequent right to the honor of leading his brave constituency to battle.

The appointment to this special work inflated him to an alarming degree. Everyone who had the privilege, or could safely venture to look at him, might see that he was laden with great events. He so far unbent from his self-contained secrecy, as to inform the civic authorities of the important work intrusted to him, and some little respecting the manner in which he intended to carry it into execution.

The news flew like fire in flax, the whole town appeared simultaneously to possess the intelligence, and strange was the excitement. Our hero, cool and calculating, looked down upon the storm he had raised with much complacency, proud as a wizard magician, confident in the potency of his spells. In the common order of things, men become heroes through the force of events in which they have led. In this case, however, he was a hero in anticipation of events.

He stalked among the vulgar populace as a man by himself: and among his fellow citizens with a mind so apparently pre-occupied that few cared to disturb such cogitations by a salute. While travelling in the States, we were told that the Colonel's aspect and deportment actually surprised, and for a time deceived, his own wife, who was a remarkably shrewd, matter of fact kind of woman. She weighed appearances very carefully, collected antecedents, and came to the strange conclusion, that the whole affair was a "humbug," and a proof of the saying that 'one fool often makes many,' but that she was not going to be imposed on by such assumption. He could not make a fool of her. "Look here, Mr. Puff," said the irreverent spouse, "no Coloncling me, if you please, you see I am wide awake, and it wont answer 'no how' Mr. Puff." So the Colonel had to collapse. In the meantime, the flag continued to wave over the arsenal in utter and proud defiance of braggardism, bluster and fustian. The Colonel was trying negotiation, but with

little prospect of success: he sent message after message, but whether stipulative or seductive, commanding or entreating, pacific or threatening, all were alike unproductive, so far as concession and surrender were concerned. The lieutenant was calm, provokingly polite, stubbornly indifferent. He obeyed orders, but not those of the furious Governor, nor of the redoubtable Colonel.

The authority he recognized was that of the Federal government; and to show his utter disdain of self-constituted command, he lowered the flag and replaced it with one much larger, accompanying this daring feat with the loud beating of drums, the shriek of fifes, and all the grand display of a salute of seven guns. Some volunteer in attendance upon the Colonel, saw them in the act of lowering the smaller flag,—he rubbed his eyes, yes it is coming down, he rushed into the office crying, "Down comes the flag, they surrender." Colonel Puffpouch heard the shout, and ran to the window just in time to see it disappear. He marched out into the anteroom, where his clerk was questioning the subaltern, "So," said he, rubbing his hands, "The 'rag' is down at last, the fellow has thought better of the matter." The cry was taken up "the rag is down," and all the town turned out to see and satisfy themselves. Out marched Colonel Puffpouch, and, as he stepped leisurely along, the overjoyed citizens gave him an ovation of congratulatory shouts, which the Colonel, to do him justice, received with great and becoming equanimity.

The garrison were expected to appear shortly. All were on the *qui vive*, but lo! instead of a surrender, instead of a dejected humbled lieutenant, at the head of his men, coming in sight, up slowly, but surely, goes another flag, larger, more conspicuous than the former; the wind opens out its volumnious folds, and the stars and stripes float in serene grandeur on the breeze. Then a puff of smoke is seen, bang! another puff, bang! and the rolling thunder of seven reports ran reverberating among the surrounding hills. The Colonel was highly indignant, he was disgusted with the fellow's impudence; of course some one was behind the scenes, giving him his instructions; no matter, they must be taught better, every one knew how patiently he had borne with the man's obstinacy. Now, now! another plan must be tried without delay. We must appeal to the patriotism of our young men. "Citizens, I appeal to you in this emergency, to rally round me, and *vi et armis* we will drive these hirelings from our soil." The speech was received with shouts of applause, immense enthusiasm prevailed; the volunteers flocked in from the country, in fact the excitement became so intense, that the Colonel's friends prevailed upon him to limit his call for volunteers to the county, or the whole State would rise and eat *up* and *out* the whole town.

As it was, some fifteen hundred men were selected and organized. Such drilling, such swearing! such eating, drinking, smoking and chewing, we leave these details to the imagination of our readers. Such terrible preparations could not possibly escape the notice of the lieutenant; he quietly but vigilantly kept watch upon all their movements. One of his men, dressed for the purpose, occasionally went down at night to obtain all necessary informa-

tion as to their state of preparation, their discipline, their equipment, and numbers. His reports used to convulse the whole garrison, and rendered them completely fearless as to the result of the impending contest.

But everything must have a termination ; the drilling and organization, with the accoutrement of the troops, was at length considered complete, and Colonel Puffpouch marshalled and reviewed his magnificent brigade preparatory to the assault. The dress and equipment of so large a number of volunteers, would necessarily involve great discrepancy of style, colour and quality, in the absence of a uniform government supply. The Colonel, despite his ignorance of military matters, was staggered by the unique and motley display : the troops were literally of all arms, but fowling pieces were by far the most numerous.

The captain of one company created a terrific sensation, and no little envy, by appearing in a full dress uniform of some former period, probably that of Queen Ann, for many of the volunteers carried muskets of her reign. He displayed his sword with great awe-inspiring effect, for no one could doubt it had been in active service.

It must be confessed, however, that his company were by no means creditable to so puissant a leader, their weapons, such at least as carried such things were more varied than their clothing. Birmingham cast iron shot guns were the choice weapons. In the rear of the line came the artillery, drawn by mules, with of course, negro drivers. The guns were three in number, of the old iron construction, and evidently were representatives of some broken-down, effete museum of ancient curiosities. Rusty as exposure could make them, without limber chests or caissons : the ammunition was carried in rude carts drawn by mules, driven by screaming negro boys, who, together with their elders, with the cannon, kept up the most hideous clamour of directing, urging,but more correctly, confusing cries to the animals under their charge. Some few gentlemen joined as volunteers on their " own hook," without any special department.

We were informed by an eye witness of the affair,who was acting in the double capacity of spy and reporter, that he saw one old planter, who had got for his body guard a number of negroes whose teeth chattered, and knees trembled at the awful " muss" in which they were most unwillingly involved by their volunteer master. Among them they carried powder flasks, shot, pouches, and other portions of the shooting outfit of their master's sporting days. One had a rifle, another carried a double-barrelled fowling-piece, while a third bore his master's favourite, single-barrelled " Manton."

" Now, Sam," said the master, "You must take great care of that gun, or it may go off and shoot you or somebody else."

" No fear of dat, massa, nothink in him."

"Why, how are we to shoot you Yankee rascals without anything in the gun?"

"Dunno Sar."

" Well, look here, we must put something in it."

The gun was examined and found to be empty. Just at this

crisis the column commenced its march, and the master hurried their movements by some pretty "tall profanity. A measure of fine shot was put into the gun in place of powder, which when wadded carefully down, was covered with a charge of buckshot; the double-barrelled gun was treated to a similar dose, and the party resumed their march, as the rifle was pronounced *comme il faut.*

We have stated previously that the distance of the arsenal from the town was only about one and a half miles. The Colonel with his staff, rode in front, and when they reached the foot of the hill, he called a halt. Here, conscious that an important crisis in his own and his country's history, was at hand, he concluded to address the troops before they entered into action. With a port which Cæsar and Bonaparte never equalled, he rode along the front,—his presence unconsciously electrifying all beholders, and in turns producing admiration and awe, as he thus addressed them;—

"Soldiers! the eyes of our countrymen are upon you; as I look around I see that martial ardour which bespeaks victory for your arms. You are aware the commandant of the arsenal has sent us a notification, that if we persist in storming the place that he will not hesitate to bombard the town. It is useless to conceal from you the fact that he has the power to do this unless we make short work in our attack. Our motto must be "we conquer or die," and each man must be prepared to do his duty." Just at this part of his speech, when many hearts were failing, and many knees were weak, a gun from the arsenal was fired as a signal, when lo! drill and discipline were forgotten, many fell flat upon their faces, others satisfied they were not killed took to their heels and fled incontinently. The Bucephalus upon which Colonel Puffpouch was mounted possessed that steadiness of nerve, and gravity of demeanour, which often result from age and experience, so that instead of running away, like some of the rest, he merely took advantage of a sudden relaxation of the rein to commence grazing. Some of the cavalry lost complete control of their horses, and ran so far from the field, that they did not consider it worth while returning to the scene of slaughter. No sooner was the gun fired than a regular "stampede" from the town commenced, indeed previous to the firing of the gun the greater part of the women and children had left to get beyond the range of such dire missiles.

While matters were in this dreadful state of suspense, the Colonel saw a messenger from the arsenal coming down with a white flag. Both Puffpouch and his men were at once reanimated; the ranks were dressed, order restored, and the remains of the army waited in grim and ominous silence to hear the message. The commandant desired a conference with Colonel Puffpouch, with permission to inspect the forces brought against him, so that if the odds were such as to forbid an attempt at holding out, and would justify his surrender, he must do so upon such terms as could be mutually agreed upon. After a pretence at consultation the proposal was assented to, and the lieutenant with one or two subalterns, soon after appeared. As the lieutenant walked along the

front, his eye took in at once, the whole affair. With difficulty he maintained a gravity befitting the time and circumstances, but when he came to the "Capting" with the antiquarian dress, he found sudden occasion for his pocket handkerchief, but convulsions are involuntary even when they are facial; smothering as best he could his cachinnatory spasms, he questioned the "Capting" as to why they, his company, were armed in such a manner.

"Bird guns and small shot are not the right things," said the lieutenant, "to bring against an arsenal."

"Oh! as to that," said the "Captain," "it makes but little difference; we shall fight at close quarters, or not at all, and make short work of it."

Turning to Colonel Puffpouch, the lieutenant remarked that their numbers were formidable, but beyond that he could see no cause for apprehension."

"Numbers," said the Colonel, "numbers, why this is merely a sham, a feint, a demonstration, our army is our reserve; we have numbers sufficent to eat you up without cooking."

"I must admit that you have numbers sufficient to do all you say, under certain conditions, but you have no equipment or discipline, besides I suspect you are without ammunition."

This was said by the lieutenant with a somewhat wry face, for just at the moment, he saw the planter in a towering rage with his body guard, he had just discovered that one of the powder flasks was filled with small shot, and as he suspected, the late charges were from that identical flask. His servants protested, obtested, while he investigated, contested, detested, stormed and swore, threatend and vowed summary and unmitigated vengeance for such unpardonable stupidity!

"Ammunition" said the Colonel, loftily at the same time surveying the squabbling group with supreme, surperlative, supereminent, indifference, "we have loads of ammunition; but what do we want with ammunition? if it must come to the bitter end, we shall, though most unwillingly, resort to extreme measures: we shall use the bayonet sir; and mind! you will have no excuse for such an unnecessary loss of human life!"

The lieutenant was profoundly affected by the solemn and pathetic tone of this peroration.

"Colonel," he said, "I admire your bravery, your considerate benevolence, your horror of needless bloodshed, and moved by these considerations, I cannot resist any longer, I must surrender; but I must have honorable terms it would not redound to your credit to be severe."

"My dear fellow," broke in the overjoyed Colonel "I will do anything you desire; I have no personal object to serve: I will give you the best conditions, see you safely embarked and bid you God speed from the South, which will very soon be too hot to hold any but our own people."

The lieutenant returned to the arsenal to make preparation for his departure. This movement was at once misunderstood, for upon the departure of the lieutenant Colonel Puffpouch fell into profound musings respecting the probable effect upon the public

mind this military achievement would produce. The Governor would probably be inclined to favour his succession !

Leaving the Colonel to his ambitious meditations, we will note what was passing elsewhere. Noticing the parting of the Colonel and lieutenant, and totally misunderstanding the result, a volunteer rode off in hot haste to inform the mayor of what he supposed to be the termination of the interview and the probable bloody tragedy next to ensue. Colonel Puffpouch, as he understood the matter, had refused all terms but an unconditional surrender ; or he would storm the arsenal and show no quarter ; and that he was now impatiently waiting a final answer, before he commenced the deadly assault. From the Mayor downward this intelligence created intense excitement and alarm ; the news was carried to the fugitives from the town, and there the effect was astounding, women, and children from sympathy, screamed, some fainted all were terrified. Perhaps we ought to have said with one solitary exception ; but this exception was peculiar. We have previously mentioned that Mrs. Puffpouch, was sadly wanting in marital respect. She had formed certain opinions to which she had to the Colonel given free expression, now she felt it her duty in this emergency to use her sound, common sense.

" Where," she inquired from the messenger, " did you say Colonel Puffpouch was when you came away ?"

" He was riding slowly along the front looking very serious, and very impatient."

" That is sufficient, friends, if the Colonel is in front I am quite sure we may go too, at least we may go home."

" But," said the timorous, unsuspecting ladies, " we are not like Colonel Puffpouch, who cares for neither shot nor shell, and and would no doubt prefer that we should all remain in a place of safety, till the carnage is over."

" Depend upon it ladies," said Mrs. Col. Puffpouch, " that all the danger is past, that there will be no slaughter unless among the cattle. I am well acquainted with the Colonel, and I can assure you that he has quite as much discretion as valour, that rashness, where personal danger is concerned, is no part of his character, and will never lead him into peril, and for my own part I am so completely at ease, that I shall not feel easy until I get back home."

The most faint hearted and despairing gathered courage from her looks and movement, the hysterical wept tears of joy, and altogether Mrs. Col. Puffpouch became quite as popular among the refugee population, as the Colonel was among the braver and more gallant portion of the community. The lieutenant marched out with fife and drum ; his forty five men, all told, with all the honors of war. The Colonel was magnanimous, he raised his hat to the lieutenant, as he passed, and waved him a graceful adieu. The arsenal was at once occupied amid tremendous shouting, the hated flag of domination, was lowered, the ramparts manned, and each piece of ordinance inspected and found to be everywhere in good order except at the vent, which was spiked. Here was a disappointment for the fire loving, fire eating volunteers.

But this could not repress their triumphant, jubilant feelings; and if not permitted to express their exuberant joy in a salvo of artillery, they must substitute a general and miscellaneous discharge of all kinds of small arms.

That night was memorable in the history of the county if not the country. There was a general illumination of the town; bonfires blazed, squibs fizzed, crackers exploded, rockets soared, children shouted, and men roared.

But the most sublime scene was the finale, when the civic, and other authorities presented to Colonel Puffpouch an address, which to call flattering would be simply absurd. Then came the Colonel's speech addressed to his trooops and a vast concourse of citizens. As this speech was reported and published, with emendations and corrections by the Editor of the "Bamboozle Gazette," we will give a kind of summary, premising, however; that in so doing we lose the *curiosa felicitas*, the beauty and finish of the original!

"Soldiers and Citizens, we have reason to be proud and jubilant over the victory we have this day won. An enemy was upon our soil; an enemy proud and confident in his strength; an enemy insolent in his secure position; where is the enemy now? Compelled by the mere show of our determination, without a blow being struck, without a cannon being fired, without blood being shed, not a single man wounded or killed, the enemy vanquished, crestfallen, humbled, has been sent from our State. No cruelty dishonours our name, no barbaric vengeance accompanied our victory. Our name and fame stand unsullied by one single act. This day will be named in our almanac as the one upon which the arsenal was taken without a single casuality; Our joy is not marred by grief for fallen valour, in the person of our friends. For my own part, I am now willing to retire, from public life, unless my country shall again demand my services; but if they should be required I shall not refuse! Soldiers! let this day's triumph be yours; be yours the honour, the fame, the glory, and finally,—let yours be the reward!"

Let the reader compare this brilliant magniloquent, grandiloquent effort with the feeble utterances of Scipio and Hannibal to *their* soldiers! *Vide et crede.*

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

A SUMMER MUSING.

When stretched upon the sweet green grass I lie,
And hear the wind among the rustling leaves,
And look up to the azure, glorious sky,
Till of its calm, bright peace my heart receives,

The grasses whisper to the bending corn,
The keen-voiced cricket gossips to the bee;
And, darting through the sparkling dews of morn,
The oriole answers to the robin's glee.

'Mid all the merry carols of the birds,
The sweet, soft sounds of insect stir below,
A mournful undertone, too vague for words,
Comes troubling the still peace with haunting woe.

The stately swans go circling up the lake,
Beneath them fairer swans serenely move—
Pushed by their snowy breasts the ripples break
Among the lilies, murm'ring low of love.

It seems all Nature hath an answering speech;
The tiniest fly that floats is not alone:
Somewhere there swims in air a mate for each
Humming its music in harmonious tone.

Then why, my heart, this undertone of doubt?
Shall bird and insect find completed life,
And thou alone, of all the world left out,
Still question with the universe at strife?

O lonely heart, set thine own chords in tune!
With discord's heart, divinest music jars;
Then learn the secret of Love's charming rune,
And join the anthem of the morning stars.

For thee shall all creation have a voice,
And flowers, and birds, and angels round the Throne,
With thee shall in sweet chorus sing "Rejoice!
The heart that loveth, never is alone."

HANNAH:

A Novel.

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

"Nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But those whom the truth wad indite."—Burns.

CHAPTER I.

"A Strange, sad kind of letter," said Miss Thelluson to herself, as she refolded and replaced it in its envelope: she had a habit of always putting things back into their right places. "I suppose I ought to answer it at once. And yet——"

She stopped; leant her elbow on the table, her head upon her hand, and pressed down her eyelids. They were wet eyelids—though she was not exactly weeping—and tired eyes; for it was late at night, and she had had a hard day's work, of teaching first, and private study, in order to teach, afterwards; since, not being a brilliantly clever woman, it cost her some pains to keep up to the level of accomplishments required of a first-class governess in a "high" family.

"High" though it was, an earl's indeed—and though the little Ladies Mary, Georgiana, and Blanche, now safely asleep in their beds, were good, pleasant children, and very fond of their governess—still, as she sat in that homely-furnished, dimly-lighted sitting-room, Hannah Thelluson looked a lonely kind of woman; not one of those likely to make many friends, or keep up a large correspondence. This letter, which seemed to affect her a good deal, was the only one which she had received for days past, and the servants had forgotten to bring it up until they brought her supper: it did not matter, being only for the governess. Miss Thelluson was scarcely sorry: it was best read when she was alone. For it was from her brother-in-law, the husband of her lately-dead sister.

"Poor Rosa!" she sighed, as her eyes fell on the big, upright, rather peculiar handwriting which she had scarcely seen since the time when she used to bring in Rosa's daily love-letters—"and poor Mr. Rivers, too!"

She had never learned to call him anything but Mr. Rivers; for the marriage, which had all come about when Rosa was on a visit, had been a sudden, frantic love-match, between a rich young man and a lovely penniless girl; and during their brief bright

year of wedded happiness, the elder sister had seen almost nothing of them, beyond a formal three-days' visit. But even that had been enough to make Hannah not regret that her duties had stood in the way of her pleasures, and caused her to feel by instinct that a grave governess-sister was not likely to advance young Mrs. Rivers' dignity in the eyes of Lady Rivers and the people at the Moat-House, who had looked very coldly on the marriage. And when fate suddenly broke the tie, leaving Mr. Rivers a sorrowing widower with a little month-old daughter, instead of the longed-for son and heir, Hannah bitterly felt that whosoever might grieve after poor Rosa, it would not be her husband's family.

They merely communicated to her the fact of the death, which, like the birth, had taken place abroad; and except a brief answer from the grandmother to a letter she wrote, inquiring after the baby, she had heard no more. She could not leave her duties; she had to sit still and suffer—silently, as working women must, and patiently, as women learn to suffer who have been, to use that most pathetic of phrases, "acquainted with grief." She had put forward no claim either for sympathy or consideration to her brother-in-law or his relatives, and believed that henceforth the slight intercourse she ever had with them was probably ended. Therefore she was a good deal surprised to receive this letter, which entreated of her the very last thing she would have expected—that she would assume a sister's place towards Mr. Rivers, and come and take charge of his household, and especially of her little motherless niece.

"How strange!" she kept thinking. "How can he want me when he has sisters of his own?" But then she remembered that the Misses Rivers were young and lively women, very much out in society, and probably not inclined to burthen themselves with the care of a widower's dreary house and a widower's forlorn infant, even for the sake of their own flesh-and-blood brother. So he came for help to his wife's sister—who, though almost a stranger to himself, could not but feel, he said, the strong tie of blood which bound her to his child. He pleaded, for this child's sake, that she would come.

Hannah could not help feeling pleased and touched. It was a sort of compliment which, coming to her, a lonely woman, and from a person of whom she knew so little, was rather pleasant than not. She tried to recall all she had ever noticed of her brother-in-law—not very much; except that, though he was young, handsome, and rather excitable, there seemed a simplicity and affectionateness about him which she had rather liked. Still, in their slight intercourse, the only thing the sister had ever cared to find out was that he loved Rosa and Rosa loved him. Satisfied of these two facts, she had left the young people to their happiness, and gone back to her own quiet life; which would have been a dreary life, had she herself been a less self-dependent and unexacting woman.

And now the happiness, which she might have envied had she seen more of it, was over and done. Bright, beautiful Rosa had lain six months in her grave; and here was Rosa's husband asking the solitary sister to fulfil towards him and his child all the duties

of a near and dear relative. For he addressed her as "my dear sister;" and in his letter, which was impulsive, fragmentary, and evidently in earnest, he seemed to fling himself upon her pity and help, as if he had no one else to appeal to.

"I have been reading over again the letters you used to send weekly to my poor Rosa," he wrote; "it is these which have induced me to make this request: for they convince me that you must be a good woman—a woman fitted to give help and consolation to such a forlorn creature as I am. How forlorn you little know! A man who has had a wife and lost her, is the wretchedest creature on earth—infinitely more wretched than one who has never known that blessing. Every day, ever hour, I miss my darling. Continually I hear, in a sort of ghostly way, her step about the house, her voice outside in the garden; till sometimes, in the excessive loneliness, I am actually frightened—not of her, but of myself—lest I should be going mad. Men do go mad with grief sometimes, especially husbands who have lost their wives. I have read several such cases in the newspapers lately: my eye seems to light upon them, and my mind to retain them, with a horrible pertinacity. But why trouble you with these personalities? No more."

And then he began to describe his baby; saying she was a dear little thing, but that he did not understand her. She seemed to be always crying, and nobody could manage her, though he saw a different woman almost every time he came into the nursery.

When she first read this passage Hannah had started up, her always pale face hot and warm. The weak point in her nature—rather a pathetic weakness in one whom some people called, and she herself firmly believed to be, a born old maid—was her love of children. Her heart had yearned oftentimes over Rosa's motherless babe, but she felt that she could not interfere with the grandmother and father. Now the picture of it—transferred from nurse to nurse, neglected or ignored—smote her with a sort of self-reproach, as if her pride or her shyness, or both, had led her weakly to desert her own flesh and blood—her sister's child.

"I ought to have gone and seen it—seen what they were doing with it. I have as much right to it as any one of them all. Poor little baby! Rosa's very own baby!"

The tears which came so rarely and painfully to her eyes, came now; and they did her good. It seemed to open and warm her heart even to think of that little baby.

Gradually her thoughts took shape and purpose. Though she seldom meditated much upon herself, still Miss Thelluson had not lived thirty years in this troublesome world without knowing her own character pretty well. She was quite aware of one great want in her nature—the need to be a mother to somebody or something. It came out even towards the large white cat that lived in the school-room, and loved the governess better than any creature in the house. It had helped her to manage many a difficult pupil, and stood her in good stead with her little Ladies Dacre, who, before she came, had been rather disagreeable and unmanageable children. Now they were very good, and loved her with all their aris-

tocratic little hearts—as warm as other hearts, though perhaps more suppressed. She loved them also; but it was rather a sad kind of affection, as she knew it could only be temporary. They would drift away from her, and marry earls and dukes; and she would be no more to them than "our old governess." It was nearly the same with other little folks of her own rank—the children of her friends or schoolfellows—who generally called her Aunt Hannah, and were very fond of her whilst she was with them: but, of course, soon forgot her when she was away. All natural—quite natural; yet it sometimes seemed rather sad.

Now here was a child to whom she had an actual right of blood. Whether or not the Rivers family had liked Rosa, or herself, they could not abolish the fact that she was the child's aunt; and, if the father desired it, its natural guardian. The first impulse of strangeness and shrinking passed away, and as she read over again Mr. Rivers's letter, and began clearly to comprehend what he wished, there grew up a longing, indescribable, after that duty which was set before her in such a sudden and unexpected way; yet which, the more she thought about it, seemed the more distinct and plain.

She dried her eyes, and, late as it was, prepared to answer the letter, knowing she would not have leisure to do it next morning before post time. Besides, she wished to "sleep upon it," as people say; and then read it over again in the calm light of day: Hannah Thelluson being one of those people who dislike doing things in a hurry, but who, having once put their hand to the plough, never look back.

She was fully aware that if she acceded to her brother-in-law's request she must not look back; however difficult the position might be, it would be still more difficult to quit it and return to her old calling as a governess. And that provision for her old age, which she was year by year slowly accumulating,—with the pathetic prudence of a woman who knows well that only her own labour stands between her and the workhouse,—that too must be given up. For Mr. Rivers would, of course, offer her no salary; and, if he did, how could she possibly accept it? Was she not coming to his house as a sister, with all the honours and some few of the bondages of that relationship? Her common sense told her that. pleasant as in some measure her duties might be, they entailed considerable sacrifices as well. But women like her, though they dislike taking a leap in the dark, will often take a most difficult and dangerous one with their eyes open, fully counting the cost.

"Yes. I will venture it," she said, after a long pause of thought. "The risk cannot be much.—and it is only my own, after all."

So she sat down to write her letter.

While she does so, let us look at her,—the solitary governess whom few ever looked at now.

Miss Thelluson could not have been handsome, even in her first youth, which was past now. Her face was long and thin; her eyes deep-set, though they were sweet eyes in themselves, grave and tender, and of a soft grey. Her hair was of no particular colour,—in fact, she had no special attraction of any kind, except a well-proportioned figure, which in motion had a willowy grace, that

some tall women—not all—possess. And her smile was very winning, though slightly sad, as if fate had meant her to be a bright-natured woman, but had changed its mind, and left her so long without happiness that she had at last learnt to do without it. In this, as in most other things—external as well as internal—she was utterly unlike her sister Rosa. A certain family tone in their voices was the only resemblance that was likely in any way to give the widower pain.

It was strange to write to him,—"My dear brother,"—she who never had a brother—but she thought she ought to do it, and so she did it; trying hard to feel as an affectionate sister should towards a sorely-afflicted brother, unto whom she was bound to show every possible tenderness. Yet it was difficult, for she was a reserved woman, who took a long time to know anybody.

"And I really know almost nothing of him," she thought. "No blood relationship—no tie of old association; and yet one is expected to treat a strange man as one's brother, just because one's sister has gone through the marriage ceremony with him. If I had seen more of Mr. Rivers,—if I had lived actually in the house with him—— But, no; that would not have done it; nothing would have produced what did not really exist. I can only hope the right sisterly feeling will come in time, and I must get on as well as I can till it does come."

So she pondered, and wrote a letter; short, indeed, but as affectionate as she could conscientiously make it; suggesting plainly that one of his own sisters would be a much better house-keeper for him than herself; but that, if he really wished for her, she would come. And she signed herself, after a considerable struggle,—for the word, which she had thought she should never say or write more, cost her a gush of tears,—"Your faithful sister, Hannah Thelluson."

It was fully one in the morning before the letter was done, and she had to be up at six, as usual. But she slept between whiles soundly, not perplexing herself about the future. Hers was an essentially peaceful nature when she had done a thing, and done it for the best, she usually let it alone, and did not "worry" about it any more. That weak, restless disposition, which, the moment a thing is done begins to wish it undone, was happily not hers. It had been Rosa's, even in the midst of her bright, pleasant, loved and loving life; which, perhaps, accounted for the elder sister's habits being markedly the contrary.

Yet, when her mind was made up, and she put her letter into the post-bag, it was not without a certain doubt, almost a fear, whether she had done rightly—no, rightly she had little doubt of,—but wisely, as regarded herself. Then came her usual consolatory thought—"It can only harm myself." Still she felt it was a serious change, and many times during the day her thoughts wandered painfully from her duties in the school-room to her brother-in-law and his child.

Nobody noticed her preoccupation, for it was one of the essential and familiar facts of the governess's life that she might be sick or sorry, troubled or glad, without anybody's observing it.

Not that she ever met with the least unkindness, indeed her position in this family was a very happy one; she had everything her own way, and was treated by the countess with that stately consideration which so perfectly well-bred a woman could not fail to show to the meanest member of her household. But, necessarily, Miss Thelluson's life was one of complete isolation; so that but for her pupils, their naughtinesses and goodnesses, she would have ceased to recognise herself as one of the great human brotherhood, and felt like a solitary nomad, of no use and no pleasure to anybody. A sensation which, morbid and foolish as it may be, is not rare to women who are neither old nor young—who, on the verge of middle age, find themselves without kith or kin, husband or child, and are forced continually to remember that the kindest of friends love them only with a tender benevolence, as adjuncts, but not essentials, of happiness. They are useful to many—necessary to none; and the sooner they recognise this, the better.

As Miss Thelluson kissed the little Ladies Dacre in their beds—where, somewhat in defiance of the grand nurse, she insisted upon going to them every night—the thought of that helpless baby, her own baby—for was not Rosa's child her very flesh and blood?—came across her in a flash of sunshiny delight, that warmed her heart through and through. She began to plan and to dream, until at the end of that solitary evening walk through the park, which she seldom missed,—it was sad and soothing after the cares of the day,—she began to fancy she had not half appreciated Mr. Rivers's proposal, or responded to it half warmly enough; and to fear, with an almost ridiculous apprehension, that he might change his mind, or that something might happen to prevent the scheme from being carried out. And she waited with a nervous anxiety, for which she laughed at herself, the return post by which she had requested him to write his final decision.

It came in six lines:—

"I shall expect you, as soon as you can make it practicable. You will be like her lost mother to my poor little girl: and, as for me, my wife's sister shall be to me exactly as my own."

Hannah wondered a little how much his own sisters were to him; whether it was the close, affectionate bond—so free yet so strong—which had always been her unknown ideal of fraternal love, or the careless tie, less of sympathy than of habit and familiarity, such as she often saw it in the world—for she had seen a good deal of the world, more or less since she had been a governess. Also, just a little, she wondered whether, with the best intentions, it was possible to create an artificial bond where the real one did not exist, and how soon she should learn to feel at ease with Mr. Rivers, as much as if he had been her born brother.

But these speculations were idle; time would decide all things. Her only present thought need be that the die was cast; there was no drawing back now. She had, as speedily as possible, to arrange her own affairs; and first to give "warning"—as servants say—to Lady Dunsmore.

This was not exactly a pleasant task, for the countess and her governess had always got on together remarkably well: the one

lady recognising calmly, and without either false pride or false shame, that though a lady, she was also a governess—a paid servant, discharging her duties like the rest; the other lady receiving and appreciating those services as a lady should. Therefore, nothing was lost, and much gained on both sides. Miss Thelluson had been two years in the family, and it seemed tacitly understood that she was to remain until the young ladies' education was finished. Thus suddenly to desert her post looked almost like ingratitude—a vice abhorrent in all shapes to Hannah Thelluson.

It was with a hesitating step, and a heart beating much faster than its wont—this poor heart, strangely stilled down now from its youthful impulsiveness—that she knocked at the door of the morning-room where her pupils' mother, young and beautiful, happy and beloved, spent the forenoon in the elegant employments that she called duties, and which befitted her lot in life—a lot as different from that of her governess as it is possible to conceive. The two women were wide apart as the poles—in character, circumstances, destiny: yet both being good women, they had a respect, and even liking for one another. Hannah admired the countess excessively, and Lady Dunsmore always had for her governess a smile as pleasant as that she bestowed on the best "society."

"Good-morning, Miss Thelluson! Pray sit down. I hope nothing is amiss in the school-room? Mary seems working more diligently of late. Georgy and Blanche are not more troublesome to you than usual?"

"Indeed, I have no fault to find with either Lady Blanche or Lady Georgina, and Lady Mary is as good a girl as she can be," returned Hannah warmly, half amused at herself for noticing what a week ago she would have accepted as too natural a fact to be observed at all,—that it never occurred to her pupils' mamma to suppose she could have any interest beyond Lady Mary, Lady Georgina, and Lady Blanche. That their governess should have a separate existence of her own, or any personal affairs to communicate, seemed quite impossible. "Have you ten minutes to throw away, Lady Dunsmore?" continued she. "May I have a word with you about myself and my own concerns?"

"Certainly; nothing could give me greater pleasure;" and then with that sweet, courteous grace she had—it might be only outside good-breeding, and yet, as it never failed her, and all outside things do fail sometimes, I think it must rather have been from her kindly heart—the countess settled herself to listen. But first she cast a slight sidelong glance of observation and inquiry. Was it possible that Miss Thelluson was going to be married?

But no love story was indicated by the grave, quiet, dignified manner of the governess,

"You are aware, I think," she said, "that my only sister died six months ago."

"Ah, I was sorry to hear it! Was she married?"

"Yes."

"Of course! I remember now. She died at her confinement, and the dear little baby also?"

"No," returned Hannah shortly, and then was vexed at herself for being so foolishly sensitive. What possible impression could Rosa's sad story have made, beyond the passing moment, on this beautiful and brilliant woman, whose interests were so wide, who had such myriads of acquaintances and friends? To expect from her more than mere kindliness, the polite kindliness which her manner showed, as evidently annoyed at her own mistake, she cudgelled her memory to recall the circumstances, was exacting from Lady Dunsmore too much, more than human nature was capable of. Hannah recognised this, and saved herself and the countess by plunging at once *in medias res*. "No; the baby happily did not die. It is alive still, and my brother-in-law wishes me to come and take charge of it, and of his household."

"Permanently?"

"I hope so."

"Then you come to tell me that you wish to relinquish your position here. Oh, Miss Thelluson, I am so sorry! At the commencement of the season, too. How shall I ever find time to get a new governess?"

The countess's regret was unmistakable, though it took the personal tone which perhaps was not unnatural in one for whom the wheels of life had always turned so smoothly, that when there was the least jar she looked quite surprised.

"I am very sorry, too, on many accounts," said Miss Thelluson. "I love my pupils dearly. I should liked to have remained until they grew up, to have dressed Lady Mary for her first drawing-room, as she always said I must, and watched how people admired Lady Blanche's beauty and Lady Georgina's magnificent voice. They are three dear little girls," continued the governess, not unmoved, for she loved and was proud of her pupils. "My heart is sore to leave them. But this baby, my poor little niece, is my own flesh and blood."

"Of course! Pray do not imagine I blame you, or think you have used me ill," said the countess gently. "You are only doing what is natural under the circumstances, and I shall easily replace you—I mean I shall easily find another governess; it will be more difficult to get a second Miss Thelluson."

"Miss Thelluson acknowledged, but did not attempt to deny, the delicate compliment. She knew she had done her duty, and that under many difficulties—far more than the countess suspected. For hapless countesses, who are the centre of brilliant societies, have only too few hours to spend in their nurseries and schoolrooms; and these three little ladies owed much, more than their mother guessed, to their governess. It had sometimes been a comfort to Miss Thelluson in her dull life to hope that the seed she sowed might spring up again years hence in the hearts of these young aristocrats, who would have so much in their power for good or for evil. She had tried her best to make them really "noble" women, and it was pleasant to have her labour appreciated.

"And how soon do you wish to go?" asked Lady Dunsmore, rather lugubriously, for she had had endless changes of governesses

before Miss Thelluson's time, and she foresaw the same thing over again—or worse.

"Do not say I 'wish' to go. But my brother-in-law requires me much, he says, and would like to have me as soon as you could spare me. Not a day sooner, though, than you find convenient. I could not bear that. You have been so kind; I have been so happy here."

"As I trust you will be everywhere," replied Lady Dunsmore cordially. "Your brother's home—I forget exactly where it is."

"Easterham. He is the Reverend Bernard Rivers, the vicar there."

"Son to Sir Austin Rivers, of Easterham Moat-House, who married one of the Protheroes?"

"I really don't know Lady Rivers's antecedents—I never can remember pedigrees," replied Hannah, smiling. "But his father is certainly Sir Austin, and they live at the Moat-House."

"Then I know all about them. Why did you not tell me before? I must have met your brother-in-law. He is the eldest—no, I am forgetting again—the second son, but takes the place of the eldest, who is of weak intellect, is he not?"

"I believe so, unfortunately. He has epileptic fits."

"And is not likely to marry. All the better for the clergyman. I am sure I have seen him—a tall, bearded, handsome young man."

"Rosa used to think him handsome. As to his youth, I fancy he was about five years her senior. That would make him just my age; but men are quite young still at thirty."

"Women, too, I hope," said the countess, smiling with a pleasant consciousness that if Debrett had not betrayed it, no one would ever have imagined that she was herself fully that age. Then, as if struck with a sudden thought, she eyed Miss Thelluson keenly—one of those acute, penetrating looks of hers, a mixture of the shrewd woman of the world with the single-minded, warm-hearted woman that she undoubtedly was, also.

"I am going to take a great liberty with you, Miss Thelluson," she continued after a pause; "but I am a candid person—may I say a few candid words?"

"Certainly. And I should thank you for saying them."

"Well, then, you are still a young woman."

"Oh, no; not young."

The countess put out her pretty hand with imperative gesture, and repeated—

"Yes; a young unmarried woman, and I am a matron and a mother. May I ask, have you well considered in every point of view the step you are about to take?"

"I think I have. That there are many difficulties, I know; and I am prepared for them."

"What sort of difficulties?"

Hannah hesitated; but the frank, kind eyes seemed to compel an answer. She was so unused to sympathy that when it did come she could not resist it—

"First—I know I may speak confidentially, Lady Dunsmore—first, there is the Moat-House. The Rivers family did not quite

like my poor Rosa; at least they wished their son to have married higher. They may not like me either, and they may naturally feel offended at his choosing his wife's sister to live with him, instead of one of his own."

"He had better have chosen one of his own."

"I think so too, and I told him this; but he makes no answer, and, therefore, I conclude he has good reasons for not wishing it, and for wishing me instead. Then I shall hold a most responsible position in his household, have much parish work to do, as much as if I were the clergyman's wife."

"He should take a wife as soon as he can."

Hannah winced a moment, "It is only six months since her death; and yet—and yet——Yes! I feel with you that the sooner he takes a wife the better; his need of help, he tells me, is very great; but in the meantime I must help him all I can."

"I am sure you will; you are made to help people," said the countess cordially. "But none of these are the difficulties I was foreseeing."

"About my poor little niece, perhaps? You think an old maid cannot bring up a baby, or manage a house, with a man at the head of it—men being so peculiar? But Rosa always said her husband was the sweetest temper in the world."

"He looked so. Not gifted with over-much strength, either mentally or bodily; but of a wonderfully amiable and affectionate nature. At least, so he struck me in the few times I saw him. I only wish I had seen more of him, that I now might judge better."

"On my account?" said Hannah, half-amused, half-pleased at the unexpected kindliness.

The countess took her hand. "Will you forgive me? Will you believe that I speak purely out of my interest in you, and my conviction that though you may be a much better woman than I, I am a wiser woman than you—at least, in worldly wisdom. Are you aware, my dear Miss Thelluson, that this is the only country in the world in which a lady of your age and position could take the step you are contemplating?"

"Why not?—what possible reason——"

"I am sorry I have put the idea into your head, since it evidently has never come there. No! I am not sorry. Whatever you do ought to be done with your eyes open. Has it never occurred to you that your brother-in-law is really no brother, no blood relation at all to you; and that in every country, except England, a man may marry his wife's sister?"

Hannah drew back; a faint colour rose in her cheek; but it soon died out. The idea of her marrying anybody seemed so supremely, ridiculously impossible—of her marrying Rosa's husband painfully so.

"It certainly did not occur to me," she answered gently, "and if it had, it would have made no difference in my decision. Such marriages being unlawful here, of course he is simply my brother, and nothing more,"

"He is not your brother," persisted Lady Dunsmore. "No force of law can make him so, or make you feel as if he were.

And, I assure you, I who have gone about the world much more than you have, that I have seen many sad instances in which——"

But the expression of distress, and even of revulsion, on the governess's face made the other lady pause.

"Well, well," she said; "you must have thought the matter well over, and it is after all, purely your own affair."

"It is my own affair," replied Hannah, still gently, but in a way that would have closed the subject, had not the countess, with her infinite tact and good breeding, dismissed it at once herself, and began consulting with Miss Thelluson on the best way of replacing her, and the quickest, that she might the sooner be free "to go to that poor little baby."

"And remember," she added, "that on this point you need have no qualms. My old nurse used to say that any sensible woman, with a heart in her bosom, could manage a baby."

Hannah smiled, and her happy feeling returned, so that she was able to listen with interest, and even amusement, to a vivid description which the clever countess gave of baby's grandmother and aunts, whom she had met in London that season.

"All Easterham is *terra incognita* to me, Lady Dunsmore; but I shall try not to be afraid of anything or anybody, and to do my best, whatever happens—a very commonplace sentiment; but, you see, I was always a commonplace person," added Hannah, smiling.

"In which case you would never have found it out," replied the countess, who had hitherto had few opportunities of any long talk with her governess, on other topics than the children. Now, having both an aptitude and a love for the study of character, she found herself interested unawares in that grave, still, refined-looking woman, who, though perhaps, as she said, a little commonplace when in repose, was, when she talked, capable of so much and such varied expression, both of feature and gesture—for there is a language of motion quite as plain as the language of form, and of the two perhaps it is the most attractive.

She said to herself, this brilliant little lady, who had seen so much of life—of aristocratic life especially, and of the terrible human passions that seethe and boil under the smooth surface of elegant idleness—she said to herself, "That face has a story in it."

Yes, Miss Thelluson had had her story, early told and quickly ended; but it had coloured her whole life, for all that.

She had no brothers; but she had an orphan cousin, of whom she was very fond. As childish playfellows, the two always said they would marry one another, which everybody laughed at as an excellent joke, until it grew into earnest. Then Hannah's father, an eminent physician, interfered. There was consumption in the family, and the young man had already shown ominous symptoms of it. His marrying anybody was unwise; his marrying a first cousin absolute insanity. Dr. Thelluson, much as he blamed himself for allowing the young people every chance of falling in love, when it was most imprudent for them to marry, was yet too good a man frantically to shut the stable-door after the steed was stolen, and to overstrain parental authority to cruelty. He did not forbid

the marriage, but he remonstrated against it, both as a father and a physician, in the strongest manner, and worked so much upon Hannah's feelings, that she consented to be separated from her cousin for three years, until she came of age. Her reason told her that was no unfair test of so youthful an attachment. Her father's secret hope was that the test might fail, the affection wear away, and the union which, though sanctioned by law and custom, he believed nature totally disapproved of, might never come about.

It never did. Long before the three years were ended, young Thellusson died at Madeira of the family disease. Hannah restored her betrothal ring to her finger, saying calmly, "I am married now," and seemed to bear her sorrow quietly enough at first. But the quietness grew into a stupor of despair, ending in that state of mind almost akin to madness, in which one dwells hopelessly and agonizingly upon what might have been; for some people were cruel enough to hint that a wife's care might have lengthened her lover's life, and that his grief for Hannah's loss accelerated his fatal disease. Many a time when her father looked at her he almost wished he had let the hapless cousins marry—running all risks for themselves and their possible children. But all his life the physician had held the doctrine that hereditary taint, physical or moral, constitutes a stronger hindrance to marriage than any social bar. He had acted according to his faith, and he was not shaken from it because he had so keenly suffered for it.

After a time Hannah's sorrow wore itself out, or was blotted out by others following—her father's death, and the dispersion of the family. There was no mother living; but there were three sisters at first, then two, then only one,—her quiet, solitary self. For her great grief had left upon her an ineffaceable impression—not exactly of melancholy, but of exceeding quietness and settled loneliness of heart. She said to herself, "I never can suffer more than I have suffered;" and thenceforward all vicissitudes of fate became level to her—at least, she thought so then.

Such was her story. It had never been very public, and nobody ever talked of it or knew it now. Lady Dunsmore had not the least idea of it, or she would not have ended their conversation as she did.

"Good-bye now, and remember you have my best wishes—ay, even if you marry your brother-in-law It is not nearly so bad as marrying your cousin. But I beg your pardon; my tongue runs away with me. All I mean to say, seriously, is that, my husband being one of those who uphold the bill for legalising such marriages, I am well up on the subject, and we both earnestly hope they will be legalised in time."

"Whether or not, it cannot concern me," said Miss Thellusson gently.

"The remedying of a wrong concerns everybody a little—at least I think so. How society can forbid a man's marrying his wife's sister, who is no blood relation at all, and yet allow him to marry his cousin—a proceeding generally unwise, and sometimes absolutely wicked—I cannot imagine. But forgive me again; I speak earnestly, for I feel earnestly."

"I am sure of it," said Miss Thelluson.

She was a little paler than usual, but that was all; and when she had parted, quite affectionately, from her pupils' mother, she went and sat in her own little room as quiet as ever, except that she once or twice turned round on her third finger its familiar ring, the great red carbuncle, like a drop of blood, which had belonged to her cousin Arthur.

"What a fancy of the countess's, to call me 'young,' and suggest my marrying!" thought she, with a faint, sad smile. "No, I shall never marry anybody; and therefore it is kind of Heaven thus to make a home for me, and, above all, to send me a child. A child of my very own almost; for she will never remember any mother but me. How I wish she might call me mother! However, that would not do, perhaps I must be content with 'auntie.' But I shall have her all to myself, nevertheless, and perhaps Mr. Rivers may marry again, and then I would ask him to give her up wholly to me. Only to think, me with a child!—a little thing trotting after me and laughing in my face—a big girl growing up beside me, a grown-up daughter to comfort my old age—oh, what a happy woman I should be!"

So pondered she—this lonely governess, this "old maid," whose love dreams were long ago vanished; and began unawares to let the fact slip behind her and look forward to the future; to build and freight with new hopes that tiny ship—she that had never thought to put to sea again—to set her empty heart, with all its capacity of loving, upon what? A baby six months old!

CHAPTER II.

A house on a hill. It has its advantages and its disadvantages. It is hard to climb to, and harder to descend from. Everywhere round about you may see from it; but then everybody round about can see you. It is like the city set on a hill, it cannot be hid. Its light shines far: but then the blacker is its darkness. However, one need not carry out the metaphor, which speaks for itself.

Hannah Thelluson's ideal of a house had always been a house on a hill. She had a curious dislike to living, either physically or morally upon low ground. She wanted plenty of breathing-room: space around her and over her: freedom to look abroad on the earth and up to the sky. And, though her nature was neither ambitious nor overbearing, she experienced even yet a childish delight in getting to the top of things, in surmounting and looking down upon difficulties, and in feeling that there was nothing beyond her,—nothing unconquered between herself and the sky. At least, that is the nearest description of a sentiment that was quite indescribable, and yet as real as intangible fancies often are.

Therefore it had given her a certain sensation of pleasure to hear that Mr. Rivers had removed from his house in the village, the associations of which he found it impossible to bear, to another, on the top of Easterham Hill, or Down, as it was generally called,

being a high open space, breezy and bright. On it he was building a few cottages—a cottage convalescent hospital he meant it to be—in memory of his late wife.

"I had planned a marble monument," he wrote to Hannah, "a recumbent figure of herself, life-size, with two angels watching at head and foot. But I found this would cost nearly as much as the cottage, and it struck me that Rosa would have liked something that was not only a memorial of the dead, but a blessing to the living."

Hannah agreed with him, and that little circumstance gave her a favourable impression of her brother-in-law. She was also touched by the minute arrangements he made for her journey, a rather long one, and her reception at its end. Some of his plans failed—he was not able to meet her himself, being sent for suddenly to the Moat-House—but the thoughtful kindness remained, and Miss Thelluson was grateful.

She wound slowly up the hill in her brother-in-law's comfortable carriage, and descended at his door, the door of a much grander house than she expected—till she remembered that since Rosa's death Mr. Rivers's income had been doubled by succeeding to the fortune of a maternal uncle. With him, wealth accumulated upon wealth, as it seems to do with some people; perhaps, alas! as a balance-weight against happiness.

Miss Thelluson asked herself this question, in a sad kind of way, when she entered the handsome modern house—very modern it seemed to her, who had been living in old castles these three years, and very luxurious too. She wondered much whether she should feel at home here; able to be happy herself, or make the widower happy—the forlorn man, who had every blessing in life except the crowning one of all, a good wife: the "gift that cometh from the Lord." Was this worse or better for him? He had had it, and it had been taken away. Hannah thought, with a compassion for the living that almost lessened her grief for the dead, how desolate he must often feel, sitting down to his solitary meals, wandering through his empty garden—Rosa had so loved a garden—and back again to his silent room. How he must miss his wife at every step, in everything about him. A loss sharper even than that one—the sharpness of which she knew so well. But then, she and Arthur had never been married.

"I must try and help him as much as I can—my poor brother-in-law!" thought she to herself as she came into the dreary house; all the more dreary because it was such a handsome house; and then she thought no more either of it or its master. For did it not contain what was infinitely more interesting to her—the baby?

Some people will smile at what I am going to say: and yet it is truth,—a truth always solemn, sometimes rather sad likewise. There are women in whom mother-love is less an instinct or an affection than an actual passion—as strong as, sometimes even stronger than, the passion of love itself; to whom the mere thought of little hands and little feet—especially "*my* little hands, *my* little feet," in that fond appropriation with which one poet-mother puts

it—gives a thrill of ecstasy as keen as any love dreams. This, whether or not they have children of their own; often, poor women! when they are lonely old maids. And such an one was Hannah Thelluson.

As she entered the house (I feel the confession is more pathetic than ridiculous) she actually trembled with the delight of thinking that in a minute more she would have her little niece in her arms; and her first question was, "Where is the baby?"

Apparently a question quite unexpected from any visitor in this house; for the footman, much surprised, passed it to the butler, and the butler circulated it somewhere in the inferior regions: whence presently there appeared a slatternly female servant.

"I am Miss Thelluson, baby's aunt. I want to see my little niece."

Upon this the slatternly girl led the way up a steep stair to the nursery. It was a long, low, gloomy room, which struck chilly on entering, even in full summer, for its only window looked north-east, and was shaded by an over-hanging tree. It had in perfection the close nursery atmosphere of the old school, whose chiefest horror seemed to be fresh air. Sunless, smothery, dull, and cold, it was the last place in the world for any young life to grow up in. It cast a weight even upon the grown woman, who loved light and air, and would never, either physically or mentally, willingly walk in gloom.

Miss Thelluson contemplated sadly that small pale effigy of a child, which lay in the little crib, with the last evening light slanting across it through a carelessly-drawn curtain. It lay, not in the lovely attitudes that sleeping children often assume, but flat upon its back, its arms stretched out cruciform, and its tiny feet extended straight out, almost like a dead child. There was neither *roundness nor colouring in the face, and very little beauty.* Only a certain pathetic peace, not unlike the peace of death.

"Don't touch her," whispered Miss Thelluson, as the nurse was proceeding roughly to take up her charge. "Never disturb a sleeping child. I will wait till to-morrow."

And she stood and looked at it—this sole relic of poor Rosa; this tiny creature, which was all that was left of the Thelluson race, notable and honourable in its day, though long dwindled down into poverty and obscurity.

As she looked, there came into Hannah's heart that something—mothers say they feel it at the instant when God makes them living mothers of a living babe; and perhaps He puts it into the hearts of other women, not mothers at all, in solemn, exceptional cases, and for holy ends—that passionate instinct of protection, tenderness, patience, self-denial; of giving everything and expecting nothing back, which constitutes the true ideal of maternity. She did not lift the child; she would not allow herself even to kiss its little curled-up fingers, for fear of waking it, but she consecrated herself to it from that moment,—as only women and mothers can, and do.

Nurse, who disliked her authority being set aside, approached again. "Never mind touching it, miss; we often do. It only cries a bit, and goes off to sleep again."

But Hannah held her arm. "No, no!" she said, rather sharply; "I will not have the child disturbed. I can wait. It is *my* child."

And she sat down on the rocking-chair by the crib-side with the air of one who knew her own rights, and was determined to have them. All her nervous doubt of herself, her hesitation and timidity, vanished together; the sight before her seemed to make her strong;—strong as the weakest creatures are when the maternal instinct comes into them. At the moment, and for ever henceforth, Hannah felt that she could have fought like any wild beast for the sake of that little helpless babe.

She sat a long while beside it; long enough to take in pretty clearly the aspect of things around her. Though she was an old maid, or considered herself so, she had had a good deal of experience of family life in the various nurseries of friends and employers; upon which her strong common sense and quick observation had made many internal comments. She detected at once here that mournful lack of the mother's eye and hand; the mother's care and delight in making all things orderly and beautiful for the opening intelligence of her darling. It was quite enough to look around the room to feel sure that the little sleeper before her was nobody's darling. Cared for, of course, up to a certain extent, in a stupid, mechanical way; but there was nobody to take up, with full heart, the burthen of motherhood, and do the utmost for the little human being, who, physiologists say, bears in body and soul, the impress of its first two years of life with it to the grave.

"And this duty falls to me; God has given it to me," said Hannah Thelluson to herself. And without a moment's questioning, or nsidering how far the labour might outweigh the reward, or i ' whether the reward would ever come at all, she added, so. inly, "Thank God!"

"I shall be here again before bed-time," said she aloud to the nurse, as she rose.

"You can't miss," returned the woman, evidently bent on resistance; "I always goes to bed early, and I locks my nursery-door after I've gone to bed."

"That will not do," said Miss Thelluson. "I am baby's aunt, as you know, and her father has given her into my charge. The nursery must never be locked against me, day or night. Where is the key?" She took it out of the door and put it into her pocket, the nurse looking too utterly astonished to say a word. "I shall be back here again punctually at half-past nine."

"My first battle!" she thought, sighing, as she went away to her own room. She was not fond of battles; still, she could fight—when there was something worth fighting for; and even her first half-hour in the widower's household was sufficient to show her that the mistress of it would require to have eyes like Argus, and a heart as firm as a rock. This was natural; like everything else, quite natural: but it was not the less hard, and it did not make her home-coming to the house on the hill more cheerful.

It was a new house comparatively, and everything about it was new. Nothing could be more different from the old-fashioned stateliness in which she had lived at Lord Dunsmore's. But then

And she stood and looked at it—this sole relic of poor Rosa.

there she was a stranger; this was home. She glanced through the house in passing, and tried to admire it, for it was her brother-in-law's own property, only lately bought. Not that he liked it—he had told her mournfully, that he neither liked nor disliked anything much now—but it was the most suitable house he could find.

She went out into the garden, and wept out a heartful of tears in the last gleam of the twilight, then she came back and dressed for the seven o'clock dinner, for which the maid—who appeared at the door, saying she had been specially ordered to attend on Miss Thellusson—told her Mr. Rivers was sure to return.

"The first time master ever has returned, miss, to a regular late dinner, since the poor mistress died."

This, too, was a trial. As Hannah descended, attired with her usual neatness, but in the thorough middle-aged costume that she had already assumed, there flashed across her a vision of poor Rosa, the last time, though they little knew it was the last, that she ran into her sister's room just before dinner; all in white, her round rosy arms and neck gleaming under the thin muslin, so happy herself, and brightening all around her with her loving, lovesome ways. And now, a mile distant, Rosa slept under the daisies. How did her husband endure the thought!

With one great sob Hannah smothered down these remembrances. They would make the approaching meeting more than painful—intolerable. She felt as if the first minute she looked into her brother-in-law's face and grasped his hand, both would assuredly break down, *although over both had grown the outside composure* of a six-months' old sorrow.

He himself seemed in dread of a "scene," and watchful to avoid it, for instead of meeting her in the drawing-room, she found him waiting for her at the stair-foot, under the safe shelter of all the servants' eyes.

"I am late," he said; "I must apologise."

Then they shook hands. Mr. Rivers's hand was trembling, and very cold, but that was all. He said nothing more, and led her at once into the dining-room.

In such circumstances, how dreadful sometimes are little things—the little things that unconsciously crop up, stinging like poisoned arrows. There was one—Hannah recalled it long afterwards, and so did others—dwelling malignly upon the innocent, publicly-uttered kindly words.

The table had been laid for two persons, master and mistress, and the butler held for Miss Thellusson the mistress's chair. Struck with a sudden pang, she hesitated—glanced towards Mr. Rivers.

"Take it," he said, in a smothered kind of voice; "it is your place now. I hope you will keep it always."

So she sat down, in Rosa's seat; with Rosa's husband opposite. How terrible for him to see another face in the room of that dear, lovely one, over which the coffin-lid had closed! it was her duty, and she went through it; but she felt all dinner-time as if sitting upon thorns.

During the safe formalities of the meal, she had leisure to take some observation of her brother-in-law. He was greatly altered.

There had passed over him that great blow—the first grief of a lifetime; and it had struck him down as a man of naturally buoyant temperament usually is struck by any severe shock—sinking under it utterly. Even as sometimes those whom in full health disease has smitten, die quicker than those who have been long inured to to sickness and suffering.

His sister-in-law observed him compassionately but sharply; more sharply than she had ever done before. The marriage having been all settled without her, she had not to criticise but to accept him as Rosa's choice, and had actually only seen him twice—on the wedding-day, and the one brief visit afterwards. She had noticed him little, until now. But now, when they were to live together as brother and sister: when he expected her to be his friend and companion, daily and hourly; to soothe him and sympathise with him, put up with all his moods and humours, consult him on all domestic matters, and in short, stand to him in the closest relation that any woman can stand to any man, unless she is his mother or his wife, the case was altered. It behoved her to find out, as speedily as possible, what sort of man Mr. Rivers was.

He had a handsome face, and yet—this "yet" is not so unfair as it seems—it was likewise a good face; full of feeling and expression. A little feminine, perhaps—he was like his mother, the first Lady Rivers, who had been a very beautiful woman; and once Hannah had thought it boyishly bright—too bright to interest her much, but it was not so now. The sunshine had all gone out of it, yet it had not attained the composed dignity of grief. Irritable, restless, gloomy, morbid, he seemed in that condition into which a naturally good-tempered man is prone to fall, when some great shock has overset his balance, and made him the exact opposite of what he once was—hating everything and everybody about him, and himself most of all.

Hannah sighed as she listened, though trying not to listen to his fault-finding with the servants, sometimes *sotto voce*, sometimes barely restrained by his lingering sense of right from breaking out into actual anger—he who was, Rosa used to assert, the sweetest-tempered man, the most perfect gentleman, in all the world. Yet even his crossness was pathetic—like the naughtiness of a sick child, who does not know what is the matter with him. Hannah felt so sorry for him! She longed to make excuse for those domestic delinquencies and tell him she would soon put all right; as she knew she could, having been her father's housekeeper ever since she was a girl of sixteen.

She was bold enough faintly to hint this, when they got into the drawing-room, where some trivial neglect had annoyed him excessively, much more than it deserved; and she offered to rectify it.

"Will you really? Will you take all these common household cares upon yourself?"

"It is a woman's business; and I like it."

"So *she* used to say. She used constantly to be longing for you, and telling me how comfortable everything was when her sister was housekeeper at home. She—she——"

It was the first time the desolate man had ventured off the safe

track of common-place conversation, and though he only spoke of Rosa as "she,"—it seemed impossible to him to call her by her name —the mere reference to his dead wife was more than he could bear. All the flood-gates of his grief burst open.

"Isn't this a change!—a terrible, terrible change!" he cried, looking up to Hannah with anguish in his eyes. A child's anguish could not have been more appealing, more utterly undisguised. And sitting down, he covered his face with his hands, and wept—also like a child.

Hannah wept too, but not with such a passionate abandonment; it was against her nature, woman though she was. Her own long-past sorrow, which, she fancied, most resembled his, and had first drawn her to him with a strange sympathy, had been a grief totally silent. From the day of Arthur's death she never mentioned her cousin's name. Consolation she had never asked or received from any human being — this sort of affliction could not be comforted. Therefore she scarcely understood, at first, how Bernard Rivers, when the seal was once broken, poured out the whole story of his loss in a continuous stream. For an hour or more he sat beside her, talking of Rosa's illness and death, and all he had suffered; then going over and over again, with a morbid intensity, his brief, happy married life; apparently finding in this overflow of heart the utmost relief, and even alleviation.

Hannah listened, somewhat surprised, but still she listened. The man and the woman were as unlike as they well could be; yet, thus thrown together—bound together, as it were by the link of a common grief, their very dissimilarity, and the necessity it involved of each making allowances for, and striving heartily not to misjudge the other, produced a certain mutual interest, which made even their first sad evening not quite so sad as it might have been.

After a while, Hannah tried to lure Mr. Rivers, out of his absorbing and pitiably self-absorbed grief into a few practical matters; for she was anxious to get as clear an idea as she could of her own duties in the household and the parish: her duties only; her position, and her rights—if she had any—would, she knew, fall into their fitting places by-and-by.

"Yes, I have a large income," said Mr. Rivers, sighing; "far too large for me and that poor little baby. She would have enjoyed it, and spent it wisely and well. You shall spend it instead. You shall have as much money as you want, weekly or monthly; just as she had. Oh, how clever she was! how she used to bring me her books to reckon over, and make such fun out of them, and fall into such pretty despair if they were the least bit wrong. My own Rosa! My merry, happy wife!—yes, I know I made her happy! She told me so,—almost her last words."

"Thank God for that!"

"I do."

Hannah tried to put into the heart-stricken man the belief—essentially a woman's—that a perfect love, even when lost, is still an eternal possession—a pain so scared that its deep peace often grows into absolute content. But he did not seem to understand this at

all. His present loss—the continually aching want—the daily craving for love and help and sympathy—these were all he felt, and felt with a keenness indescribable. How could the one ever be filled up and the other supplied?

Hannah could not tell. She grew frightened at the responsibility she had undertaken. A kind of hopelessness came over her; she almost wished herself safe back again in the quiet school-room with her little ladies there. There, at least, she knew all her duties, and could fulfil them; here they already seemed so complicated that how she could first get them clear, and then perform them, was more than she knew. However, it was not her way to meet evils beforehand, or to try and put more than the day's work into the day. She was old enough to have ceased to struggle after the impossible.

So she sat watching, with a pity almost motherly, the desolate man, with whom, it seemed, for a time, at least, her lot was cast; inwardly praying that she might have strength to do her duty by him, and secretly hoping that it might not be for long, that his grief, by its very wildness, might wear itself out, and the second marriage, which Lady Dunsmore had prognosticated as the best thing which could happen to him, might gradually come about.

"Rosa would have wished it—even Rosa," the sister thought, choking down a not unnatural pang, "could she see him as I see him now."

It was a relief to catch an excuse for a few minutes' absence—she took out her watch, and told her brother-in-law it was time to go up to the nursery.

"Nurse does not like it—I see that; but still I must go. Every night before I sleep I must take my latest peep at baby.

"Ah, that reminds me—I have never asked you what you think of baby. I don't know how it is—I fear you will think me very wicked," added the widower, sighing, "but I cannot take the interest I ought to take in that poor child. I suppose men don't care for babies—not at first,—and then her birth cost me so much.

"It was God's will things should be thus," answered Hannah gravely. "It should not make you dislike your child—Rosa's child."

"God forbid!—only that I cannot feel as I ought to feel towards the poor little thing."

"You will in time." And Hannah tried to draw a picture such as might touch any father's heart—of his wee girl toddling after him; his big girl taking his hand, and beginning to ask him questions; his sweet grown-up girl becoming his housekeeper, companion and friend.

Mr. Rivers only shook his head. "Ah, but that is a long time to wait. I want a friend and companion now. How am I ever to get through these long, lonely years!"

"God will help you," said Hannah solemnly, and then felt half ashamed, remembering she was preaching to a clergyman. But he was a man, too, with all a man's weaknesses, every one of which she was sure to find out ere long, even already she had found out a good many. Evidently he was of a warm, impulsive, affectionate nature, sure to lay upon her all his burthens. She would have the

usual lot of sisters, to share most of the cares and responsibilities of a wife, without a wife's blessing or a wife's love.

"I must go now. Good-night," she said.

"Good-night? Nay, surely you are coming back to me again? You *don't* know what a relief it has been to talk to you. You cannot tell how terrible to me are these long, lonely evenings."

A moan, to Hannah incomprehensible. For her solitude had no terror—had never had. In early youth she would sit and dream for hours of the future—a future which never came, Now she had done with dreaming; the present sufficed her—and the past. She liked thinking of her dear ones living, her still dearer ones dead, and found in their peaceful, unseen companionship all she required. Never was there a person less dependent on outward society. And yet when she had it she rather enjoyed it—only she never craved after it, nor was it any necessity of her existence. On such women, who themselves can stand alone, others always come and lean—men especially.

As Miss Thelluson quitted him, Mr. Rivers looked after her with those restless, miserable eyes of his, from which the light of happiness seemed fled for ever.

"Pray come back soon," he said imploringly. "I do so hate my own company."

"Poor man! How sad it would be if we women felt the same!' thought Hannah. And she, who understood, and could endure, not only solitude but sorrow, took some comfort to herself;—a little more, also, in the hope of imparting comfort.

A child asleep! Painters draw it; poets sing about it: yet the root of its mystery remains a mystery still. About it seem to float the secrets of earth and heaven—life and death: whence we come, and whither we go: what God does with and in us, and what he expects us to do for ourselves. It is as if, while we gaze, we could catch drifting past us a few threads of that wonderful web—which, in its entirety, He holds solely in His own hands.

Hannah Thelluson looked on this sleeper of six months old with a feeling of not merely tenderness, but, awe. She listened to the soft breathing—which might have to draw its last sigh—who knows? perhaps eighty years hence, when she and all her generation were dead, buried, and forgotten. The solemnity of the charge she had undertaken came upon her tenfold. She stood in the empty nursery, apparently left deserted for two hours, for the fire was out, and the candle flickered in its socket. Strange shadows came and went; among them one might almost imagine human shapes—perhaps the dead mother gliding in to look at her lonely child. Even as in some old ballad about a cruel stepmother—

> "The nicht was lang and the bairnies grat,
> Their mither she under the mools heard that.
>
> "She washed the tane and buskit her fair,
> She kamed and plaited the tither's hair;"

and then reproached the new wife, saying—the words came vividly back upon Hannah's mind—

"I left ye candles and groff wax-light—
My bairnies sleep i' the mirk o' night.

"I left ye mony braw bolsters blae—
My bairnies ligg i' the bare strae."

A notion pathetic in its very extravagance. To Hannah Thelluson it scarcely seemed wonderful that any mother should rise up from "under the mools," and come thus to the rescue of her children.

"Oh, if this baby's father ever brings home a strange woman to be unkind to her, what shall I do? Anything, I think, however desperate. Rosa, my poor Rosa, you may rest in peace! God do so to me, and more also, as the Bible says, if ever I forsake your child."

While she spoke, half aloud, there was a tap at the door.

"Come in, nurse." but it was not the nurse; it was the father.

"I could not rest I thought I would come too. They never let me look at baby-"

"Look then. Isn't she sweet? See how her little fingers curl round her papa's hand already."

Mr. Rivers bent over the crib—not unmoved. "My poor little girl! Do you think, Aunt Hannah, that she will ever be fond of me?"

"I am sure she will."

"Then I shall be so fond of her."

Hannah smiled at the deduction. It was not her notion of loving—especially of loving a child. She had had enough to do with children to feel keenly the truth that, mostly, one has to give all and expect nothing—at least, for many years. But it was useless to say this, or to put any higher ideal of paternal affection into the young father's head. He was so completely a young man still, she said to herself; and felt almost old enough, and experienced enough, to be his mother.

Nevertheless, Mr. Rivers seemed much affected by the sight of his child, evidently rather a rare occurence.

"I think she is growing prettier," he said "Anyhow, she looks very peaceful and sweet. I should like to take her and cuddle her, only she would wake and scream."

"I am afraid she would," said Hannah, smiling. "You had better go away. See, there comes nurse." Who entered, in somewhat indignant astonishment, at finding not only Miss Thelluson but Mr. Rivers, intruding on her domains. Whereupon the latter, with true masculine cowardice, disappeared at once. But when Aunt Hannah—who accepted gladly the welcome name—rejoined him in the drawing room, she found him pacing to and fro with agitated steps.

"Come in, sister, my good sister. Tell me you don't think me such a brute as I have been saying of myself I am. Else why should that woman have thought it so extraordinary—my coming to look at my own child? But I do not mean to be a brute. I am only a miserable man, indifferent to everything in this mortal world. Tell me, shall I ever get out of this wretched state of mind? Shall I ever be able to endure my life again?"

What could Hannah say ? or would there be any good in saying it ? Can the experience of one heart teach another ? or must each find out the lesson for itself ? I fear so. Should she—as with the strange want of reticence which men sometimes exhibit much more than we women, he poured forth the anguish of his life—open to him that long hidden and now healed, though never-forgotten, woe of hers? But no! she could not. It was too sacred. All she found possible was gently to lead him back to their old subject of talk—common-place, practical things—the daily interests and duties by which, as a clergyman, he was necessarily surrounded and out of which he might take some comfort. She was sure he might if he chose ; she told him so.

" Oh no," he said bitterly. " Comfort is vain. I am a broken-down man. I shall never be of any good to anybody ! But you will take care of my house and my child. Do just as you fancy. Have everything your own way."

" In one thing I should like to have at once my own way," said she, rushing desperately upon a subject which she had been resolving on all the evening. " I want to change rooms with baby."

" Why ? Is not yours comfortable? Those horrid servants of mine ! I desired them to give you the pleasantest room in the house."

" So it is ; and for that very reason baby ought to have it. A delicate child like her should live in sunshine, physically and morally, all day long. The nursery only catches the sun for an hour in the day."

" How can you tell, when you have not been twelve hours in the house ?"

She touched the tiny compass which hung at her watch chain.

" What a capital idea ! What a very sensible woman you must be." And Mr. Rivers smiled—for the first tme that evening. Miss Thelluson smiled too.

" What would become of a governess if she were not sensible ? Then I may have my own way ?"

" Of course ! Only—what shall I say to grandmamma ? She chose the nursery, and was quite content with it."

" Grandmamma is probably one of the old school, to whom light and air were quite unnecessary luxuries—say, rather annoyances."

" Yet the old school brought up their children to be as healthy as ours."

" Because they were probably stronger than ours : we have to pay for the errors of a prior generation ; or else the strong ones only lived, the weakly ones were killed off pretty fast. But I beg your pardon. You set me on my hobby—a governess's hobby—the bringing-up of the new generation. Besides, you know the proverb about the perfectness of old bachelors' wives and old maids' children."

" You are not like an old maid, and still less like a governess." He meant this for a compliment, but it was not accepted as such.

" Nevertheless, I am both," answered Miss Thelluson gravely; " nor am I ashamed of it either."

"Certainly not; there is nothing to be ashamed of," said Mr. Rivers, colouring. He could not bear in the smallest degree to hurt people's feelings, and had painfully sensitive feelings of his own. Then came an awkward pause, after which conversation flagged to a considerable degree.

Hannah began to think, what in the wide world should she do if she and her brother-in-law had thus to sit opposite to one another, evening after evening, through the long winter's nights, thrown exclusively upon each other's society, bound to be mutually agreeable, or, at any rate, not disagreeable, yet lacking the freedom that exists between husband and wife, or brother or sister who have grown up together, and been used to one another all their lives. It was a position equally difficult and anomalous. She wished she had known Mr. Rivers more intimately during Rosa's lifetime; yet that would have availed her little, for even that intimacy would necessarily have been limited. A reticent woman never, under any circumstances, cares to be very familiar with another woman's husband, even though he be the husband of her own sister. She may like him sincerely, he may be to her a most true affectionate friend, but to have his constant exclusive society, day after day and evening after evening, she would either find extremely irksome—or, if she did not—God help her! Even under the most innocent circumstances such an attraction would be a sad—nay, a fatal thing, to both parties. People talk about open jealousies; but the secret heart-burnings that arise from misunderstood, half-misunderstood, or wholly false positions between men and women, are much worse. It is the unuttered sorrows, the unadmitted, and impossible-to-be-avenged wrongs, which cause the sharpest pangs of existence.

Not that Miss Thelluson thought about these things; indeed, she was too much perplexed and bewildered by her new position to think much about anything beyond the moment, but she felt sufficiently awkward and uncomfortable to make her seize eagerly upon any convenient topic of conversation.

"Are they all well at the Moat-House? I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing some of your family to-morrow?"

"If—if you will take the trouble of calling there. I must apologise"—and he looked more apologetic than seemed even necessary—"I believe Lady Rivers ought to call upon you; but she is growing old now You must make allowance."

His was a tell-tale face. Hannah guessed at once that she would have a difficult part to play between her brother-in-law and his family. But she cared not. She seemed not to care much for anything or anybody now—except that little baby up stairs.

"One always makes allowance for old people," answered she gently.

"And for young people, too," continued Mr. Rivers, with some anxiety, "My sisters are so gay—so careless-hearted—thoughtless, if you will."

Hannah smiled. "I think I shall have too busy a life to be

likely to see much of your sisters. And, I promise you, I will, as you 'say 'make allowance,'—except in one thing." And there came a sudden flash into the deep-set gray eyes, which made Mr. Rivers start, and doubt if his sister-in-law was such a very quiet woman after all. "They must not interfere with me in my bringing-up of my sister's child There, I fear, they might find me a little—difficult."

"No ; you will have no difficulty there," said he hasitily. "In truth my people live too much a life of society to trouble themselves about domestic concerns, especially babies. They scarcely ever see Rosie : and when they do they always moan over her—say what a pity it is she wasn't a boy, and that she is so delicate she will never be reared. But please God, they may be mistaken."

"They shall," said Hannah, between her teeth : feeling that, if she could so bargain with Providence, she would gladly exchange ten or twenty years of her own pale life for that little life just beginning, the destiny of which none could foresee.

Mr. Rivers went on talking. It seemed such a relief to him to talk.

"Of course, my father and they all would have liked a boy best. My eldest brother, you are aware—well, poor fellow, he grows worse instead of better. None of us ever see him now. I shall be the last of my name A name which has descended in an unbroken line, they say, for centuries. We are supposed to have been De la Riviere, and to have come over with William the Conqueror. Not that I care much for this sort of thing." And yet he looked as if he did, a little ; and, standing by his fire-side, tall and handsome with his regular Norman features, and well-knit Norman frame, he was not an unworthy representative of a race which must have had sufficient elements of greatness, physical and moral, to be able to keep itself out of obscurity all these centuries. "I am rather Wiggish myself; but Sir Austin is a Tory of the old school, and has certain crotchets about keeping up the family. Things are just a little hard for my father."

"What is hard ? I beg your pardon—I am afraid I was not paying much attention to what you said just then. I thought." Hannah laughed and blushed a little, "I thought I heard the baby."

Mr, Rivers laughed too. "The baby will be Aunt Hannah's idol, I see that. Don't spoil her, that is all. Grandmamma is always warning me that she must not be spoiled." Then seeing the same ominous flash in Miss Thelluson's eye, he added, "Nay, nay ; you shall have Rosie all to your self, never fear. I am only too thankful to have you here. I hope you will make yourself happy. Preserve for me my fragile little flower, my only child, and I shall bless you all my days."

Hannah silently extended her hand : her brother-in-law grasped it warmly. Tears stood in both their eyes, but still, the worst of this meeting was over. They had reached the point when they could talk calmy of ordinary things, and consult over the mother-

less child, who was now first object to both. And though, whether the widower felt it or not, Hannah still felt poor Rosa's continual presence, as it were: heard her merry voice in pauses of conversation; saw the shadow of her dainty little form standing by her husband's side,—these remembrances she knew were morbid, and not to be encouraged. They would fade, and they ought to fade, gradually and painlessly, in the busy anxieties of real life. Which of us, in dying, would wish it to be otherwise? Would we choose to be to our beloved a perpetually aching grief, or a tender, holy memory? I think, the latter. Hannah, who knew somethi g about sorrow, thought so too.

"Good-night," she said, rising not regretfully the instant the clock struck ten. "I am an early bird night and morning. Shall you object to that? No house goes well, unless the mistress is early in the morning."

The moment she had said the word she would have given anything to unsay it. That sweet, dead mistress, who used to come fluttering down-stairs like a white bird, with a face fresh as a rose,—would the time ever come when her husband had forgotten her?

Not now, at any rate. "Yes," he answered with evident pain; "Yes; you are the mistress here now. I put you exactly in her place,—to manage everything as she did. She would wish it so. Oh, if we only had her back again!—just for one week, one day! But she never will come back any more!"

He turned away; the forlorn man whom God had smitten with the heaviest sorrow, the sharpest loss, that a man can know. What consolation could Hannah offer him? None except the feeble one that, in some measure, she could understand his grief; because over her love too the grave had closed. For a moment she thought she would say that; but her lips, when she opened them, seemed paralysed. Not yet, at any rate,—not yet. Not till she knew him better, and, perhaps he her.

So she only took his hand, and again said "Good-night;" adding softly, "God bless you and yours!"

"He has blessed us, in sending Aunt Hannah to take care of us."

So that first evening, which she had looked forward to with no small dread, was over and done.

But long after Hannah had retired, she heard her brother-in-law walking about the house, with restless persistency, opening and shutting door after door then ascending to his own room with weary steps, and locking himself in—not to sleep, for he had told her that he often lay awake till dawn. She did not sleep either; her thoughts were too busy, and the change in her monotonous life too sudden and complete for any thing like repose.

She sat at her window and looked out. It was a goodly night, and the moon made everything bright as day. All along the hill-top was a clear view, but the valley below was filled with mist, under which its features, whether beautiful or not, were utterly indistinguishable. That great white sea of vapour looked as mysterious as the to-morrow into which she could not penetrate; the

new life, full of new duties and ties, now opening before her just when she thought all was ended. It interested her a little. She wondered vaguely how things would turn out, just as she wondered how the valley, hid under that misty sea, would look at six o'clock next morning. But soon her mind went back, as it always did in the moonlight, to her own silent past—her own people, her father, her mother, sisters, all dead and buried—to her lost Arthur with whom life too was quite done. He seemed to be saying to her, not near, for he had been dead so long that even his memory had grown phantom-like and far away, but whispering from some distant sphere, words she had read somewhere the other day—

> "Oh maid most dear, I am not here,
> I have no place, no part:
> No dwelling more on sea or shore—
> But only in thy heart"

"In my heart! in my heart!" she repeated to herself, and thought how impossible it was that any living love could ever have supplanted—ever could supplant—the dead.

A JULY SONG.

BY EMMA J. M. R.

At early morn the song,
The hum, the stir, among
The insect tribes was rife
With life and strife.

Now July's noontide beams
Pour down in blistering streams;
The busy sounds are mute
Of man and brute.

Now swooning Nature sleeps;
The babbling brook slow creeps;
The cricket's voice is dumb,
No chirp or hum.

As afternoon descends,
The tired siesta ends,
And road, and field, and plain
Show life again.

TORONTO, June 5th, 1871.

PICTURES OF THE LAKE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The mirror of the lake,
How its placid polished face
Reflects, with truth and grace,
The earth, the sky,
The low, the high,
This mirror of the lake.

The ripple on the lake,
How it flashes back the light,
How it changes to the sight,
What hues it gives,
How short it lives,
The ripple on the lake.

The wave upon the lake,
How it swells and rushes on
As the shore it breaks upon.
How high its wash,
How strong its dash,
The wave upon the lake.

The storm upon the lake,
How it booms upon the ear,
How it sounds afar, then near,
How loud its roar
On rock-bound shore,
The storm upon the lake.

TORONTO, May 30th, 1871.

TRAVELLING ON THE RHINE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Translated from the French.

Since my boyhood I have always derived extreme delight from travelling on foot, for in many of my pedestrian trips I have met with adventures which have left a pleasing impression behind.

The other day, about half-past five in the morning, after having given orders for my luggage to be transported to Bingen, I left Lorch, and took a boat to convey me to the other side of the river. If you should ever be here, do the same. The Roman and Gothic ruins of the right bank are much more interesting to the traveller than the slate-roofed houses of the left. At six I was seated, after a somewhat difficult ascent, upon the summit of a heap of extinguished lava, which overlooks Furstemburg Castle, and the valley of Diebach. After viewing this old castle, which in 1321, 1632, and 1689, was the seat of European struggles, I descended. I left the village and was walking joyously along, when I met three painters, with whom I exchanged a friendly "good day." Every time that I see three young men travelling on foot, whose shining eyeballs reflect the fairy-land of the future, I cannot prevent myself from wishing that their chimeras may be realized, and from thinking of the three brothers, Cadenet, Luynes and Brandes, who, two hundred years ago, set out one beautiful morning for the court of Henry IV., having amongst them only one mantle, which each wore in turn. Fifteen years afterwards, under Louis XIII., one of them became Duke of Chaulnes; the second, Constable of France; and the third, Duke of Luxembourg! Dream on, then, young men —persevere!

Travelling by threes seems to be the fashion upon the borders of the Rhine, for I had scarcely reached Neiderheimbach, when I met three more walking together.

They were evidently students of some of those noble universities which tend so much to civilize Germany. They wore classic caps, had long hair, tight frock-coats, sticks in their hands, pipes in their mouths, and, like painters, wallets on their backs. They appeared to be conversing with warmth, and were apparently going to Bacharach, In passing, one of them cried out, on saluting me,— "*Dic nobis domine, in qua parte corporis animam veteres locant philosophi?*"

I returned the salutation, and replied, "*In corde Plato, in sanguine Empedocles, inter duo supercilia Lucretius.*"

The three young men smiled, and the eldest shouted—

"*Vivat Gallia regina!*" I replied, "*Vivat Germania mater!*"
We then saluted each other, and passed on.

Above Neiderheimbach is the sombre forest of Sann, where, hid among trees, are two fortresses in ruins; the one, that of Heimburg, a Roman castle: the other, Sonneck, once the abode of brigands. The Emperor Rodolph demolished Sonneck in 1212; time has since crumbled Heimburg. A ruin still more awe-striking is hidden among the mountains,—it is called Falkenburg.

I had, as I have already stated, left the village behind me. An ardent sun was above, but the fresh breeze from the river cooled the air around. To my right, between two rocks, was the narrow entry of a charming ravine, abounding with shadows. Swarms of little birds were chirping joyously, and in love chasing each other amongst the thick leaves: a streamlet, swollen by the rains, dashed, torrent-like, over the herbage, frightened the insects, and, when falling from stone to stone, formed little cascades among the pebbles. I discovered along this stream, in the darkness which the trees shed around, a road, that a thousand wild flowers—the water-lily, the amaranth, the everlasting, the iris—hide from the profane and deck for the poet. You are aware that there are moments when I almost believe in the intelligence of inanimate things; it appeared to me as if I heard a thousand voices exclaim. "Where goest thou? Seekest thou places untrodden by human foot, but where Divinity has left its trace? Thou wishest thy soul to commune with solitude; thou wishest light and shadow, murmurings and peace, changes and serenity: thou wishest the place where the Word is heard in silence, where thou seest life on the surface and eternity at the bottom: thou lovest the desert; thou hatest not man; thou seekest the greensward, the moss, the humid leaves, tall branches, birds which warble, running waters, perfume mingling with the air. Well, enter; this is thy way." It required no consideration. I entered the ravine. To tell you all that I did there, or rather, what solitude did for me—how the wasps buzzed round the violets, how the wings of birds rustled among the leaves —that which startled in the moss, that which chirped in the nest, the soft and indistinct sound of vegetation, the beauty of the bull-fly, the activity of the bee, the patience of the spider, the opening of flowers, the lamentations, the distant cries, the struggling of insect with insect, the exhalations of the rocks, which, sighingly, reached the ear—the rays of Heaven, which pierced through the trees,—the drops of water that fell, like tears, from flowers—the half revelations which came from the calm, harmonious, slow, and continued labour of all those creatures and of all those things which are more in connection with God than with man;—to tell you all that, my friend would be to express the ineffable, to show the invisible, to paint infinity! What did I do there? I no longer know. As in the ravine of Saint Goarshaasen, I wandered, ruminated: and, in adoring, prayed! What was I thinking of? Do not ask me.

There are moments, you are aware, when our thoughts float as drowned in a thousand confused ideas.

I at last reached—I do not know how—the summit of a very

high hill, covered with short broom. In all my excursions upon the banks of the Rhine, I saw nothing so beautiful. As far as the eye could reach were prairies, waters, and magic forests resembling bunches of green feathers. It was one of those places where we imagine we see the tail of that magnificent peacock which we call Nature.

Behind the hill on which I was seated, on the summit of a mount covered with fir and chesnut trees, I perceived a sombre ruin, a colossal heap of brown basalt, in the form of a citadel. What castle was it? I could not tell, for I did not know where I was. To examine a ruin at hand is my *mania*; therefore, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, I was wandering through it, searching, foraging, and turning over huge stones, with the hope of finding an inscription which would throw some light upon this venerable ruin.

On leaving the lower chamber, the corner of a stone, one end buried in the rubbish, struck my view. I immediately stooped, and with my hands and feet cleared everything away, under the impression of finding upon it the name of this mysterious ruin. On this large block of stone the figure of a man, clothed in armour, but without a head, was sculptured: and under his feet were the following lines:—

"Vox tacet periit lux.
Nox rit et rit umbra vir caret in tumba qvo caret effigies."

I was still in ignorance. This castle was an enigma. I had sought for words; I had found them: that is, an inscription without a date—an epitaph without a name—a statue without a head. While buried in reflection, a distinct sound of voices reached me. I listened. It was a quick dialogue, a few words only of which I could distinguish mid the shouts of laughter and of joy. These were, "*Fall of the mountain—Subterranean passage—Very bad foot-path.*" On rising from the tombstone, I beheld three young girls, clothed in white, with fair faces, smiling cheeks, and bright blue eyes, Nothing could be more magical, more charming, for a *revenir*, so situated, than this apparition. It would have been pardonable for a poet to have taken them for angels, or saints of Heaven; I must affirm that, to me, they were only three English girls.

It suddenly crossed my mind that by profiting by these angels, I might find without farther trouble, the name of the castle. They spoke English; therefore, I concluded they belonged to that country. To give me countenance, I opened my portfolio, called to my aid the little English of which I was master, then began to look into the ravine, murmuring to myself, "Beautiful view! very fine! very pretty waterfall!" &c., &c.

The young girls, surprised at my sudden appearance, began, while stifling their laughs, to whisper to each other. They looked charming, but were evidently laughing at me. I summoned up

courage, advanced a few steps towards the blooming group, which remained stationary, and saluting with my most gracious air, the eldest of the three, uttered, "What, if you please, is the name of this castle?"

The sweet girl smiled, looked at her two companions, and, slightly blushing, replied in French, "I believe, sir, it is called Falkenburg. At least, a French gentleman who is now speaking with my father in the Grand Tower, said so. If you will take the trouble to go round that way, Sir, you will meet them." These words, so much to the point, and spoken with a pure French accent, sufficed to convince me of my mistake; but the charming creature took the trouble of adding,—"We are not English, Sir; we are French; and you are from France."

"How do you know, Miss," I replied, "that I am a Frenchman?"

"By your English," the youngest replied. The eldest sister looked at her with an air of severity,—that is, if beauty, grace, youth, innocence and joy, can have a severe air. For my part, I burst into a fit of laughter.

"But, young ladies," I said, "you, yourselves were speaking English a few minutes ago."

"It was only for amusement," the youngest replied. "For exercise," said the other, chidingly.

This flat and motherly rectification was lost upon the young girl, who ran gaily to the tomb-stone, raising slightly her gown, on account of the stones, and displaying the prettiest foot imaginable. "Oh!" she cried, "come and see this. It is a statue—is has no head—it is a man!"

The other two joined their sister; and a minute afterwards all three were upon the tomb, the sun reflecting their handsome profiles upon the granite spectre. A few minutes ago, I was asking myself the names of the young girls; and I cannot tell you what I felt when seeing thus together, those two mysteries, the one full of horror, the other full of charms.

By listening to their soft whisperings, I discovered the name of the second. She was the prettiest—a true princess for fairy tales. Her long eyelashes half hid the bright apple of her eye, that the pure light penetrated. She was between her younger and her eldest sister, as *pudeur* between *naïveté* and grace, bearing a faint resemblance to both. She looked at me twice, but spoke not; she was the only one of the three whose voice I had not heard, and the only one whose name I knew. At one time her younger sister said to her, "Look, Stella!" I at no former period so well understood all that is limpid, luminous, and charming in that name. The youngest made these reflections in an audible voice: "Poor man! they have cut his head off. It was then the time when they took off the heads of men!" Then she exclaimed, "Oh! here's the epitaph. It is Latin: '*Vox tacuit periit lux.*' It is difficult to read. I should like to know what it says." "Let us go for father," the eldest said; "he will explain it to us." Therefore, all three bounded away like fawns. They did not even deign to ask me; and I was somewhat humbled on thinking that my English had given them a bad opinion of my Latin. I took a pencil and

wrote beneath the inscription the following translation of the distïch :—

Dans la nuit la voix se tue
L'ombre eteignit le flambleau.
Ce qui manque a la statue
Manque a l'homme en son tombeau.

Just as I was finishing the last line, I heard the young girls shouting, "This way, father—this way!" I made my escape, however, before they appeared. Did they see the explanation that I had left them? I do not know. I hastened to a different part of the ruin, and saw them no more. Neither did I hear anything further of the mysterious decapitated chevalier. Sad destiny! What crime had that miserable man committed? Man had bereft him of life; Providence had added to that forgetfulness. His statue was deprived of a head; his name is lost to legends; and his history is no longer in the memory of man! His tombstone, also, will soon disappear. Some vine-dressers of Sonneck, or of Ruppertsberg, will take it and trample upon the mutilated skeleton that it perhaps still covers, break the stone in two, and make a seat of it, on which peasants will sit, old women knit, and children play. In our days, both in Germany and France, ruins are of utility; with old palaces new huts are constructed. But, my friend, allow me to return to Falkenburg. It is enough for me, in this nest of legends, to speak of this old tower still erect and proud, though its interior be dilapidated. If you do not know the adventures that transpired here—the legends that abound respecting this place—a recital of a few of them may amuse you. One in particular, that of Gantram and Liba, starts fresh in my memory. It was upon this bridge that Gantram and Liba met two men carrying a coffin; and on this stair that Liba threw herself into her lover's arms, saying, smilingly,—"A coffin! No, it is the nuptial bed that you have seen!" It was in this court, at present filled with hemlock, in flower, that Gantram, when conducting his bride to the altar, saw—to him alone visible—a man clothed in black, and a woman with a veil over her face, walking before him. It was in this Roman chapel, now crumbling, where living lizards now creep upon those that are sculptured, that, when Gantram was putting the wedding-ring upon the taper finger of his bride, he suddenly felt the cold grasp of an unknown hand—it was that of the maiden of the castle, who, while she combed her hair, had sung, the night long, near an open and empty grave.

I remained several hours in these ruins—a thousand ideas crowded upon me. *Spiritus loci!* My next letter may contain them. Hunger also came; but, thanks to the French deer that a fair *voyageuse* whom I met, spoke to me about, I was enabled to reach a village on the borders of the Rhine, which is, I believe, called Trecktlingshausen—the ancient Trajani Castrum.

All that is here in the shape of *auberge* is a *taverne a biere;* and all that I found for dinner was a tough leg of mutton, which a student, who was smoking his pipe at the door, tried to dissuade me from eating, by saying that a hungry Englishman, who had

been an hour before me, had tried to masticate it, but had left off in disgust. I did not reply haughtily, as Marshal de Crequi did before the fortress of Gayi—"What Barberousse cannot take, Karbegrise will take;" but I ate of the leg of mutton.

I set out as the sun was declining, and soon left the Gothic chapel of St. Clement behind me. My road lay along the base of several mountains, on the summits of which were situated three castles—Reichenstein, Rheinstein (both of which were demolished by Rodolph of Hapsburg, and rebuilt by Count Palatine, and Vaugtsberg inhabited in 1348 by Kuno of Falkenstein, and repaired by Prince Frederick of Prussia). My thoughts turned upon a ruin that I knew lay between the place where I was and Bingen—a strange, unsightly ruin, which, between the conflux of the Nahue and the Rhine, stands erect in the middle of the river.

I remember from childhood a picture that some German servant had hung above my bed: it represented an old, isolated, dilapidated tower, surrounded with water; the heavens above it were dark, and covered with heavy clouds. In the evenings, after having offered up my prayers to God, and before reposing, I looked attentively at the picture. In the dead of the night I saw it in my dreams, and then it was terrible. The tower became enormous, the lightning flashed from the clouds, the waters roared, the wind whistled among the mountains, and seemed every moment as if about to pluck them from their base. One day I asked the servant the name of the tower, and she replied, making the sign of the cross upon her forehead,—"Mausethurm." Afterwards she told me the following story:—

At one time, there lived at Mayence a cruel archbishop named Hatto—a miserly priest—who, she said, was "readier to open his hand to bless than to bestow in charity." That one bad harvest he purchased all the corn, in order to sell it again at a high price: money was the sole desire of this wicked priest. That at length famine became so great that the peasants in the village of the Rhine were dying of hunger—that the people assembled in the town of Mayence, weeping and demanding bread—and that the archbishop refused to give them any. The starving people did not disperse, but surrounded the palace, uttering frightful groans. Hatto, annoyed by the cries of starvation, caused his archers to seize the men and women, old and young, and to shut them up in a granary, to which he set fire. "It was," added the old woman, "a spectacle that might have caused the stones to weep." Hatto did nothing but laugh, and as the wretched sufferers screamed in agony, and were expiring in the flames, he exclaimed—

"Do you hear the squeaking of the rats?"

The next day the fatal granary was in ashes, and there were no longer any inhabitants in Mayence. The town seemed dead and deserted; when suddenly a swarm of rats sprang—like the worms in the ulcers of Assuérus—from the ashes of the granary, coming from under the ground, appearing in every crevice, swarming the streets, the citadel, the palace, the caves, the chambers, and the alcoves. It was a scourge, an affliction, a hideous *fourmillement*. Hatto, in despair, quitted Mayence, and fled to the plains, but the rats fol-

lowed him ; he shut himself up in Bingen, which was surrounded with walls, but the rats gained access by creeping under them. Then the dispairing bishop caused a tower to be erected in the middle of the Rhine, and took refuge in it ; the rats swam over, climed up the tower, gnawed the doors and windows, the walls and ceilings, and, at last, reaching the palace, where the miserable archbishop was hidden, devoured him. At present the malediction of Heaven and of man is upon this tower, which is called Mausethurm. It is deserted—it is crumbling into ruins in the middle of the stream ; and sometimes at night a strange red vapour is seen issuing from it resembling the smoke of a furnace :—it is the soul of Hatto, which hovers round the place. There is one thing remarkable. History, occasionally, is immoral ; but legends are always moral, and tend to virtue, In history the powerful prosper, tyrants reign, the wicked conduct themselves with propriety, and monsters do well; a Sylla is transformed into an honourable man : a Louis the Eleventh and other such die in their beds. In tales Hell is always visible. There is not a fault that has not its punishment—not a crime, which leads not to inquietude—no wicked men but those who become wretched. Man, who is the inventor of fiction, feels that he has no right to make statements and leave to vague supposition their consequences : for he is groping in darkness—is sure of nothing : he requires instruction and counsel, and dares not relate events without drawing immediate conclusions. God, who is the originator of history, shows what he chooses, and knows the rest.

Mausethurm is a convenient word, for we may find in it what ever we desire. There are individuals who believe themselves capable of judging of every thing, who chase poesy from every thing, and who say, as the man did to the nightingale—" Stupid beast ! won't you cease to make that noise." These people affirm that the word Mausethurm is derived from *maus* or *mauth*, which signifies " *custom-house* ; that in the tenth century, before the bed of the river was enlarged, the Rhine had only one passage and that the authorities of Bingen levied, by means of this tower, a duty upon all vessels that passed. For these *grave* thinkers these wise-acres the cursed tower was a *douane*, and Hatto was a custom-house officer.

According to the old women, with whom I freely associated, Mausethurm is derived from *maus* or *mus*, which signifies a *rat*. The pretended custom-house is the Rat Tower, and its toll-keeper a spectre.

After all these two opinions may be reconciled. It is not altogether improbable, that towards the sixteenth and seventeenth century, after Luther, after Erasmus, several burgomasters of nerve made use of the tower of Hatto for a custom-house. Why not ? Rome made a custom-house of the temple of Antonius, the *dogana*. What Rome did to History, Bingen might well do to Legend.

In that case *Mauth* might be right, and *Mause* not be wrong. Let that be as it may, one thing is certain—that since the old servant told me the story of Hatto, Mausethurm has always been one of the familiar visions of my mind. You are aware that there

are no men without their phantoms,as there are none without their whims.

Night is the time of dreams : at one time a ray of light appears, then a flame of fire ; and, according to the reflection, the same dream may be a celestial glory, or an apparition of hell.

I must admit that the Rat Tower, in the middle of its agitated waters, never appeared to me but with a horrible aspect. Also—shall I avow it ?—when chance,by whose fantasy I was led,brought me to the banks of the Rhine,the first thought that struck me was,not that I should see the dome of Mayence, or the Cathedral of Cologne or the Poalz, but that I should see the Rat Tower.

Judge, then, of my feelings, poor believing poet and infatuated antiquary that I am! Twilight slowly succeeded day ; the hills became sombre ; the trees dark ; and a few stars twinkled in the heavens. I walked on, my eyes fixed on obscurity: I felt that I was approaching Mausethurm, and that in a few minutes that redoubtable ruin, which to me had, up to this day, been only a dream, was about to become a reality.

I came to a turning in the road,and suddenly stopped. At my feet was the Rhine,running rapidly and murmuring among the bushes ; to my right and left, mountains, or rather huge, dark heaps, whose summits were lost in a sky in which a star was scarcely to be seen ; at the base, for the horizon, an immense curtain of darkness ; in the middle of the flood, in the distance, stood a large black tower, of a strange form, from which a singular red light issued, resembling the vapour of a furnace, casting a glare upon the surrounding mountains, showing a mournful-looking ruin on the left bank, and reflecting itself fantastically on the waters. There was no human voice to be heard ; no, not even the chirping of a bird. All was solitude—a fearful and sad silence, troubled only by the monotonous murmurings of the Rhine.

My eyes were fixed upon Mausethurm. I could not imagine it more frightful than it appeared. All was there—night, clouds, mountains; the quivering of the reeds ; the noise of the flood, full of secret horror, like the roaring of hydras under water; the sad and faint blasts of wind ; the shadows, abandonment, isolation ; all, even to the vapour of the furnace upon the tower—the soul of Hatto!

An idea crossed my mind, perhaps the most simple, but which at that moment produced a giddiness in my head. I wished at that hour, without waiting till next day, or till day-light, to go to the ruin. The apparition was before my eyes ; the night was dark ; the phantom of the archbishop was upon the tower. It was the time to visit Mausethurm.

But how could I do it ? where could I find a boat in such a place ? To swim across the Rhine would be to evince rather too great a taste for spectres. Moreover, had I imagined myself a good swimmer, and been fool enough for such an act, the redoubtable gulf of Bingerloch, which formerly swallowed up boats as sea-dogs swallow herrings, and which is at this identical spot, would have effectually deterred me. I was somewhat embarrassed. Continuing my way towards the ruin, I remembered that the tink-

ling of the silver bell and the spectres of the dungeon of Velmich did not prevent the peasants from propping the vine and exploring the ruins; I concluded that near a gulf, where fish necessarily abound, I should probably meet with the cabin of some fisherman. When vine-dressers brave Falkenstein and his Mouse, fishermen might well dare Hatto and his Rats.

I was not deceived. I continued, however, walking for some time before I met anything; but at length reached a point of the bank where the Nahue joins the Rhine. I began to give up all hopes of meeting a waterman, but, on descending towards some osiers, I descried a boat of a strange construction, in which a man, enveloped in a covering, was sleeping. I went into the boat, awoke the man, and pointed to the tower; but he did not understand me. I then showed him one of the large Saxon crowns, which are of the value of six francs each; he understood me immediately; and a few minutes afterwards, without exchanging a word, we, spectre-like, were gliding towards Mausethurm.

When in the middle of the flood, it seemed to me as if the tower diminished in size, instead of increasing.

It was the Rhine which made it appear less. As I had taken the boat at a place which was higher up than Mausethurm, we descended the river, advancing rapidly. My eyes were fixed upon the tower, from the summit of which the vague light was still issuing, and which, at each stroke of the oar, I saw distinctly increasing. Suddenly I felt the bark sinking under me, as if we were in a whirlpool, and the jerk caused my stick to roll at my feet. I looked at my companion, who, returning my gaze with a sinister smile, which, seen by the supernatural light of Mausethurm, had something frightful in it, said "Bingerloch." We were upon the gulf. The boat turned. The man rose, seized the anchor with one hand and a chord with the other, plunged the former into the surge, leaped on the gunwale, and began to walk upon it. This manœuvre was accomplished with admirable dexterity and marvellous *sang-froid*. We landed. I raised my eyes. A short distance from where I stood, on a little island not observable from the land, was Mausethurm, an enormous, formidable castle, dilapidated and in fragments, as if gnawed by the frightful rats of the legend.

The faint light that I observed was a red flame which shed rays along the mountains, giving to every crevice the appearance of the mouth of an enormous lantern. It also seemed to me as if I heard in that fatal edifice a strange continued noise—a sort of gnawing sound.

I looked at the waterman, told him to wait my return, and walked towards the ruin.

It was truly the Tower of Hatto—the place of rats. Mausethurm was before my eyes, and I was about to enter. In directing my steps towards a low door in the *facade*, through which the wind from the river was whistling, I was startled by some black living creature, which ran rapidly by my feet. It appeared to me to be a huge rat running towards the reeds. On reaching the door, I ventured to look into the room, from which the strange gnawing

sound and the extraordinary glare of light still came. I will tell you what I saw :—

In an angle opposite the door were two men, with their backs turned to me. One was in a stooping posture, and the other seated upon a kind of iron vice, which a person of discernment might have taken for an instrument of torture. Their feet and arms were naked, their clothes tattered, and each wore a leathern apron. One was old—his grey hair testified it; the other was young—I saw his fair locks, which, from the reflection of a large lighted furnace in the opposite angle, appeared red. The old man wore, like the Guelphs, his cowl inclined to the right; and the young one, like the Gibelins, had his upon the left side. But they were neither Gibelins nor Guelphs, demons nor spectres. Two blacksmiths were before me. The light—the soul of Hatto, changed by Hell into a living flame—was the fire and smoke of the chimney ! the gnawing sound, the sound of files !

The two blacksmiths were worthy individuals. They showed me the ruins; pointed out the place in which Hatto had taken shelter; and then lent me a lantern, with which I ranged through the whole of the little island.

After having examined the ruin, I left Mausethurm. My waterman was fast asleep, but was no sooner roused than we proceeded forthwith to cross the Rhine, when I again heard the noise of the two blacksmiths.

Half an hour afterwards I arrived at Bingen ; was very hungry, supped : after which, although fatigued, although the inhabitants were asleep in their beds, I explored the Klopp, an old castle in ruins which overlooks Bingen, where I witnessed a spectacle worthy of closing a day on which I saw so many things, with so many ideas crossing my mind.

ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

An Historical Novel.

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

"I can tell you a tale, Sir, that will both interest and affect you; that will sometimes make you laugh, and perhaps cry too;—but bless you, Sir, it's only like life itself, everywhere; it's made up of lights and shadows, the world over. My tale is about Royalists and Loyalists, just as you like to call them, for they are not always the same; sometimes there is a wide difference between them."

THE OLD FARMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE JUMPING MATCH.

It was after sunset of a summer's day, towards the end of last century, that a pedestrian stranger entered the village of Dingledale in Cheshire. The foot traveller was a man of massive, powerful frame, great breadth of shoulder and depth of chest. His build was such that, although six feet in height, from a cursory glance, few persons would have thought so. His dress, which bore marks of travel over dusty roads, bespoke nautical service; his trousers were wide and flowing from the hip; he wore a rough, loose jacket, and a cloth cap, the latter indicating the undress of a naval lieutenant, or at least a travelling modification.

The evening was very fine, and as might be expected, the young men and boys were out in large numbers on the village green, playing at the various games then common, or exercising themselves in such gymnastics as leaping, running or wrestling. The maidens nearer to the houses skirting the common, were also enjoying themselves at such feminine pastimes as suited their respective facies. The old men, and in many cases women also, were sitting at their doors smoking and chatting, quietly enjoying the scene which reminded them of former days. These were the elders, the grandfathers and grandmothers of the village. The middle-aged men were chiefly collected in groups, discussing the news of the day, and talking over those startling events which were agitating both Europe and America.

While things were progressing in this way, the general attention of old and young was attracted by loud shouts and angry altercation among a number of young men who had been jumping.

The excitement was so great and continuous, that the other players ceased their games and ran to the scene of dispute. These were soon followed by a number of the men, who were anxious lest their

own sons might be engaged in the brawl, and at the same time, desirous to interpose the authority of age to prevent the quarrel ending in a fight, a by no means unusual, though very unsatisfactory mode of adjusting differences of opinion. The cause of the uproar was a dispute respecting a leap which had just been made; one party asserting that the jumper had not fairly footed the mark, the other just as stoutly contending he had. The competitors had both obtained a local celebrity in this exercise, which was much practised. The younger jumper had been gradually gaining upon the other, who was several years his senior; but at length they were so nearly matched that no one could decide which was the better, sometimes one and then the other taking the lead. This circumstance had created a strong feeling of rivalry between the two young men; the elder naturally desiring to maintain his superiority, or rather, to regain it; and the younger equally desirous to outstrip his formidable competitor. Another circumstance, however, had tended to embitter this harmless competition, this was the discovery that they were rivals for the good graces of Sarah Bently, the reputed beauty of the village, if not of the whole parish. It was generally understood that Sarah was a little inclined to flirting, and was keeping both in suspense as to a decided preference. The old folks, especially her father, very much preferred the younger man, and had positively forbidden the elder's coming to the house. Both the young men belonged to the middle class of workers, and were in comfortable, but still, comparatively, humble circumstances; the one being a hatter, and the other a carpenter, though the latter lived with his mother upon the farm, and assisted the family during his spare hours. One of the old men, who had gone to see what there was amiss, suggested that the best mode of ending the dispute would be to have the scores effaced, or better still, select another place, and each to make one or more jumps. The elder, who was the hatter, and who had made the disputed jump, objected to this mode of settling the difficulty. "He had," he said, "made a fair jump, there were the markings as plain as any thing need be, and what could he do more, if he jumped all night: if Ronald thought he could do it, why not try, and if he could not, why not acknowledge at once, that he was beaten." Just then some one called out, "Make way, here comes the young 'Squire,' let him decide the matter." The crowd at once opened for this important individual, who rode rapidly upon a fine black horse, and who, as he reined up in the closing circle, was greeted with an amount of deference, which, towards one of his age, was almost painful to witness, and yet when the circumstances are understood and considered, not at all surprising. The young "Squire," as he was called, was about twenty-one years of age, rather tall and well-looking: he had been petted and spoiled by his mother, who was a weak-minded woman, but proud as *Lucifer*, of her family pedigree, and who had, accordingly, educated her son to regard their tenantry, and in fact every one else, in subordinate positions, as little better than serfs, whose homage was his birth-right, even where there was no vassalage.

Wytcher Hall, the birth-place of the young squire, was one of

those large irregularly-built mansions to be found in various parts of England. Houses in which you may lose yourself, and yet with all this room, often exceedingly uncomfortable except in the modernized and improved portions. The low, dark rooms, heavy, gloomy-looking furniture, black oaken stairs, leading to unexplored localities; closets dark as erebus; and long passages terminating nowhere in particular, unless in a blank wall. Occasionally you may enter a chamber by crossing a lower portion of roof, leaded over, and out of this you open to a stair, which ascends to a turret: or descending, you land in a *terra incognita*, the rooms tapestried with numberless cobwebs hanging in thick festoons,—an earthy, decaying smell pervades the atmosphere, which feels heavy, and chills the body,—an oppressive breathing soon follows, and you are glad to find a broken casement where you can get a mouthful of fresh air. Your guide informs you that this part of the hall has been shut up for many years, but cannot say exactly how long.

In a small parlor you notice a dark stain, and you are informed in a whisper, that here was enacted a dreadful tragedy, and that occasionally a man in full dress armour, has been seen looking from the windows, or heard with heavy tread, pacing the floors. The wainscotted walls echo your footsteps, and you are in momentary expectation that some one of the panels will slide back in its frame and discover this ghostly warrior with stern countenance, beckoning you to follow him into subterraneous or unknown apartments, to reveal some fearful mystery which has for years prevented his repose.

You become nervous, and, under the pretext that your curiosity is fully gratified, you hurry your leisurely guide to return to a healthier atmosphere and better light. Your guide, who is something of a wag, in a dull way, wonders whether you would not like to see the vaults, where it is said two knights were nearly starved to death by getting accidentally shut in and forgotten; you shudder, and feel a stifling sensation, and dropping the man his shilling, hurry along to freedom and daylight, feeling thankful that although you bear the name of your father, (because it is considered disreputable, and often inconvenient in law, if through accident or informality you have to bear your mother's) you have no historical namesake,—an ancestor, compelled by mysterious influences to wander among deserted rooms, along dreary corridors, up and down cold, desolate stairways, dressed in heavy armour, and probably very rusty at that, with no friendly armourer to remove the heavy covering; you shudder at the thought, and as you emerge into the light of day, you try to shake yourself free from oppressive, melancholy reflections,—the incubus of superstition. Wytcher Hall, or as the old people called it, "Heal Wytcher," was a Saxon mansion, but Lady Wytcher was of Norman descent, and very partial to everything which reminded her of the fact. A great part of the furniture had at different periods, come from the continent or been made by workmen in the Norman style. Much of this furniture was in excellent condition, covered with a heavy coating of wax, which shone like fine varnish;

but a great deal of it was worm-eaten and totally worthless for anything but show. It had probably been purchased, or taken during the wars, and some of it dated as far back as the early part of the fourteenth century, during the reigns of the three Edwards. Lady Wytcher professed an ability to trace her descent to a companion of Rollo the Norman, named Dalreg, the left-handed, and a model scambler he must have been, according to the traditions of the family, for his first act on landing in France was to carry off the daughter of a French noble. But acts such as these must be judged of by the *period* and *person*.

At that time, and long after, 'might was the only right' acknowledged, and what in the baron would pass as romance, would have been perilous to the franklin, and death to the vassal or ceorl; as to the 'villains,' and serfs proper, they were property: and this continued, gradually improving, to the Tudor period, when true English history may be said to commence. At the very commencement of the reign of Stephen, the Barons obtained the privilege of hunting in their own forests, and of building new castles on their estates; and there can be little doubt that the old and deserted portion of Wytcher Hall was built at that time. During the Norman period, the houses of the higher classes were of the rudest description, strength and safety, rather than comfort, were the chief requisites, and generally the roofs were of thatch, but this was not invariably the case.

Wytcher Hall was covered with the heaviest description of slate, and of so hard a texture from long exposure, that it resembled flint, in fact such was its composition, a mixture of free stone and silex. The walls, indeed the whole structure was of the most massive and gloomy description. Lady Wytcher was fully persuaded that it was for a short time occupied by King John, as a royal residence, a very questionable honour to say the least; but then she was a firm believer in divine right, hereditary prerogative class distinctions, and the inherent qualities of blood. A son trained by such a mother, and with such notions daily instilled into his mind, and gradually becoming a part of his daily experience, must naturally possess strong perceptive faculties, and a well-balanced judgment, if he is not supercilious in his demeanour, and perhaps worse, to those inferior in social position or dependent upon him. And yet this Squire Wytcher was liked by a certain class, and was in some respects popular among the tenantry on the estate. Fond of out-door exercise, especially equestrian, he might be seen summer and winter, when at home, taking long rides through the country; and it was when returning from one of these that his attention was attracted by the crowd, and unusual excitement upon the village green, and as he professed to take a strong interest in all their affairs, and in this lay the secret of his popularity among the villagers, he rode up to see what the noise and stir was about.

"What's the matter now, Sertum?" enquired the Squire, casting a cursory glance, and seeing how the matter stood. The question was given in a tone which indicated a certain kind of familiarity

and patronage not easy to explain, but which the crowd around were quick enough to observe and appreciate.

Encouraged by the Squire's manner, Sertum, who had made the disputed jump, related in a rather confident manner, his version of the dispute, or more properly, attempted to relate, for the Squire catching his meaning before the prosy narration could unwind its length, said;—

"You think Ronald ought to show that he can leap as far, and not you repeat the jump just to humour him and his *set*. What do you say, lads, are you quite satisfied that Sertum jumped fairly, and as far as the marks?"

The Squire's evident partiality caused very prompt testimony in Sertum's favor. In fact it was quite singular to see the effect this partiality had upon the memories of the respective individuals concerned. Those who had supported Sertum, were jubilant; others who had tried to act impartially, suddenly discovered sound reasons for decision in Sertum's favour, and even those who had been loudest in Ronald's favour, began either to waver in their testimony, or slunk away in the crowd, fearing to opposo so awful an authority as the young Squire, so that Ronald seemed in a fair way of being deserted altogether,and of course was proportionably discouraged by the turn things had taken.

At this crisis, however, an ally appeared in the field who created a sensation decidedly startling to the spirit of submission and cringing servility, which could sacrifice truth to curry favour, regardless of the outraged feelings of one of their own class.

"This is a miserable spiritless way of settling the dispute villagers," said a gruff powerful voice.

The person who gave expression to this independent opinion was the pedestrain stranger, who seeing the crowd had joined it almost unnoticed, in the excitement of the occasion, but was now honored by the staring curiosity of all present. The squire unaccustomed to such contempt of his presence and opinion almost lost his balance in the saddle, with the start occasioned by the sudden interruption, together with the authoritative tone and manner of the stranger, who without noticing the astonishment of the gaping crowd, turned to Ronald and said;—

"Have you any objection to jump against that young fellow," pointing to Sertum.

"None at all," answered Ronald, "and with fair play I can beat him too."

"Good," said the stranger, "we'll have fair play and no favour, those are the terms and no other," and turning to Sertum, who stood in wild amazement at the man's coolness, he held up between his forefinger and thumb a crown piece,and said;—

"Look here young fellow,if you or any of your friends or backers are inclined to make a venture on a crown, just say the word and I back this young man, you call Ronald against you; and if you do not like the terms, offer your own or just own up for once that you dare not and be done with it."

Sertum looked at the stranger from head to foot as though expecting to discover some peculiarity of construction, and then

glanced at the squire, as much as to say, ' what are your instructions for I'm afraid of this man '? The Squire understood the cowed, enquiring glance, and at once responded.

" You do nothing of the sort Sertum; there is no occasion to contest the matter again at the present, my award is sufficient, at least we dont want the opinion of vagabonds, and blacklegs rambling about the country."

The powerful black horse on which the Squire was seated, snorted an endorsement to his master's dictate, and shewed great impatience at the delay. The stranger seemed to notice and value the horse much more than its rider, for after looking at the two for a short time, he quietly observed in answer to the Squire's insulting remarks,—

" That is merely *your* opinion, young man, and as your horse is beginning to chafe, you had better let him carry you home, while we will try to do without you."

" Who are you?" said the Squire, boiling over with indignation at such familiar language from a stranger in plain, almost shabby attire. " Who are you, to be young manning me, and interfering in matters with which you have no concern. I have a good mind to horsewhip you.

The young Squire showed unmistakeable signs of a desire to suit his action to his assertion.

" I have no doubt," said the stranger, " that were you but as able as you are willing, you would do so: but you will consider the matter over very carefully before you experiment in that way, for I can assure you that I am not the person to submit to insolence quietly: and as to personal violence, boys must be very careful, and men cautious, how they act."

The Squire had carefully examined the stranger's build and appearance, during his speech, and seemed to think the advice given was worth considering, for after making a few enquiries as to what, or who, the man was, and finding that no one could give him any information, he rode slowly away, followed by his minion Sertum.

CHAPTER II.

PLOTTING.

After riding some distance, the Squire said, "So you don't know yon fellow."

"No, Sir," said Sertum, " I never saw him before, and I don't think anybody knows him hereabout."

Curious,said the Squire,in a soliloquizing manner; "very curious, I have an idea I have met him in some place before, can it be the same, of course its the same. I remember the varlet now, the very same, a bold unceremonious, cool headed fellow.'

Sertum was walking beside the Squire's horse, and concluding the conversation was for him said,—

" So you know the man yourself Sir."

" No," said the Squire, " I don't know him."

" Oh," said Sertum, " I thought from your remarks that you had seen him before."

"Well yes. I have, so I imagine," said the Squire, "and if it be as I think, the same, a most insolent, diabolical scoundrel he is."

"He ought to be taught better manners, Sir," said Sertum, "he should be taught better than to treat a gentleman in the way he has treated you, and if your honor has no objection, Dick Sands and *me* could teach him a lesson to night, that is if he's stopping here."

The Squire rode slowly along apparently musing upon the proposition but without returning any answer. At length soon after they had entered the park, the Squire suddenly reined up.

"Sertum," he said,and his voice fell to a much lower and impassioned tone, "You must give yonder villain a lesson he will not forget for a while, but mind now that my name does not get mixed up in the business."

"Depend on me, Sir," said Sertum, as he bowed a parting salute and disappeared among the trees.

The young Squire allowed the reins to fall upon the neck of his steed, and rode along absorbed in thought. The young man as naturally he would, felt angry, humiliated. This was the first public rebuff he had ever received, he had not received many of any kind, and this coming from, as he thought, a low fellow, some kind of travelling vagabond,he was proportionably mortified at the whole circumstances. What will the villagers think and say? there is no telling who will hear of the affair. Such was the soliloquy, or such were the thoughts which occupied his mind as he rode along.

In the meantime Sertum by crossing the park in a direct line emerged near the stables where he found, as he expected the hostler and Dick the coachman, Dick had been brought up in the house and regarded himself as one of the family.

"Has the young Squire returned yet?" inquired Sertum.

"No," said Dick, "what for."

"Oh, nothing particular, but I thought I'd just run up and tell you how he'd been insulted and see whether we are to let the fellow, who did it, off quietly."

"The Squire insulted, said Dick, his nostrils dilating "just let me know who durst do it and I'll fix his flint for him never fear. The Squire insulted! and on his own estates, and among his own tenants, that's going it. I wonder whether we are to have a *revolution* like the French have had, and the King and Queen and our Noblemen murdered in cold blood. But let's hear the particulars."

Sertum narrated the circumstances, carefully exaggerating those points he thought most likely to excite Dick's indignation, and in this respect he succeeded quite beyond his expectation.

"If I'd been there," said Sands, "I'd a gone at him."

"I dont know about that," said Sertum, "he's no trifle of a fellow to go at, besides it strikes me, he's something of a *Nob*. But even supposing I'd been able to give him a drubbing. I dont think that was the best time or place to do it, when so many were by to see what passed."

"But he shall have one or I'll be busy," said Dick.

Just then the sound of a horse's hoofs in the paved yard attracted their attention and they went out to meet the Squire.

"Well Sertum you got here before me; I suppose you could

not rest, until you'd told Dick about your jumping match. You must tell him about yond saucy braggart that interfered when everything was settled."

"I was just telling them Sir, when you came into the court."

"Ah! well, go in and get some refreshment and you can talk over matters there."

As soon as the Squire had left the Village Green, the villagers began to disperse, most of them, as they sauntered away, "taking stock" of the stranger who formed the chief subject of conversation. Many and various were the surmises respecting him. What or who could he be? The prevailing notion, and the favoured one, was that he was some great man travelling in disguise, and so he would not care about offending the Squire.

"Happen," suggested one village sage, "he's a Duke or a Lord, and so yo' *seen* he does n't care for *nobody*. I should n't be no ways surprised if he were followed by a lot of his men on horseback in grand style: depend on't he's no common fellow."

"Ai," said another, "I'm pretty *weel* satisfied on that point, for did yo' no' notice what a watch he had, my! *but it wor a topper* an' no mistake: it were solid! *gowd*."

"It *were* a good job anyhow." said another that th' young Squire did not strike him, for if he had there *were* no telling what might have been the consequences."

"I think," said one original, "I can tell you one consequence that would have been pretty sure to have followed.—the Squire would have been pulled off his horse before he'd used his whip twice and as to the rest we'll say nothing about it."

The subject of these conjectures stood watching the various groups as they stood gesticulating or walking away to their respective homes.

The round red moon was just showing her full disk over the hills and the balmy zephyrs scarcely rustled the leaves of the tall white poplars, which skirted the common. It was one of those calm lovely evenings, which invites and inclines the lover of beautiful nature to linger like the twilight, apparently unwilling to resign those beauties to darkness and concealment.

While the stranger stood gazing around him, Ronald, who had been talking to some of his companions, advanced up to him and said,—

"Are you going to stop in the village all night Sir."

As the stranger made no answer he laid his hand on his arm. The man visibly started but politely enquired what Ronald was wanting.

"I was enquiring," said Ronald "whether you intended staying in the village to night or are thinking of going further."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I am just deliberating about the matter, and I think I will take some little refreshment at the inn yonder, and then resume my journey; the night is so remarkably fine that it will be pleasant walking."

"If you have no objection, Sir," said Ronald, "I would like you to come with me, I don't live very far off. In what direction are you travelling?"

"I want to go as far as Chester, to-night," said the stranger.

"Oh, it won't be any out of your way, then," said Ronald, "and

as soon as we have had supper, I can show you a field-path that will cut off quite a piece of the journey."

"I am agreeable," said the stranger. So without further ceremony the two started: as they were going along, the stranger observed,—

"I suppose this is your native place."

"No, Sir," said Ronald; "I was born in Pennsylvania."

"Why you are a young *Loyalist*: what age are you?"

"About nineteen, Sir."

"And your height is?"

"I am about six feet four inches without my shoes."

"Well," said the stranger, "you will be a very fine, muscular young man in a year or two more, if nothing happens unfavorable. What business do you follow?"

"I am a carpenter by trade, Sir, but I help our folks on the farm. My brother and my two sisters, and sometimes my mother, work at weaving, and so I have to attend to the cattle. We have a small freehold here, that has belonged to my mother's family a great many years. My brother Joseph is one of the best young men in the country, but he is rather delicate."

"And your father."

"My father is dead, Sir; he died when I was about fifteen; they say I take after him, but I guess it will be a good while before my shoulders are as broad as his were; but I am quite as tall.

"I suppose your father would take part in the American War?"

"Yes, Sir, he was one of the first volunteers from our part of the country; he joined General Howe at New York, and I've often heard him say, that if General Howe had been allowed his own way, he'd have snuffed out the rebellion soon after the taking of New York."

"I have no doubt about that," said the stranger, "but, we never have had any war more thoroughly mismanaged,—I ought to say botched, than the American. *Divided counsels at home*, indecision, and misplaced sympathy for rebels, because they were our own countrymen by descent, were the real causes of our repeated defeats, and the triumph of rebellion. Of course we had other wars to divide our energies and tax our strength, for, besides our colonies, our war against France with her confederates, Spain and Holland, we had to keep a sharp look-out for the *Armed Neutrality*, which means, simply, that Russia, Sweden and Denmark were watching for an opportunity to attack us at any unguarded point."

"I've often heard my father talk about these things," said Ronald, "more especially about the cowardly action of the French in offering assistance, and aiding the rebels to throw of their allegiance to the British crown."

"Well they've suffered for it, but it's hard to say whether they will profit by it or not."

"Yes." said Ronald, "they've suffered, but who can sympathize? 'My father said "he never could forgive Louis XVI. for his treachery; but he signed his own death-warrant, and very likely that of the ancient monarchy of France, as he found to his own cost. My father was a great stickler for the Hanoverian succession, and used to say, 'I was born under the Georges, and I'll live under their rule."

"Ah!" said the stranger, "he was a *Royalist!* I hear, true blue, good metal with the right ring about it. He did not believe in republican government, *in getting all you can, by any means, and giving nothing in exchange.** He wanted respect for vested rights, established institutions, royal rule, for a noble aristocracy, and an equally noble *landed gentry* of good descent, old families that have been in quiet, unquestioned possession of their estates for generations. Well, well, I honour your father's memory, and should have been glad to make his acquaintance; I hope his sons will do him credit. I think you will. I hope so. I entertain the same sentiments as your father did, and I am prepared to fight for them too. There are many good loyal hearts who do not see things in the same light that I do, but they are *loyal*, and will fight for the unity of the Empire, just as bravely as Cromwell fought for constituted law against the aggression of royal power in his day."

"Yes," said Ronald, "I know that is so, for my brother is as true and loyal in his feelings and principles, as my father was, but he cannot see things just as my father did. He heartily despises American brag, and always says, 'that American patriotism is simply a question of dollars. The Americans, as a people, remind me of a bad pie. The crust may be generous, but inside, rapacity and greed are painfully predominant.' But here we are at the house, Sir, this is our cottage."

---

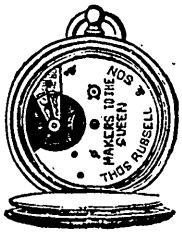
* Like Thomas Hancock and other merchants of Boston, who made themselves rich by smuggling.

Some of these merchants smuggled whole cargoes outright; while others paid the king's duty on a part, gave "hush money" to the under-officers of the customs, and run the balance. Hancock's plan was to put his tea in molasses hogsheads, and thus RUN it, that is, import it without payment of duties.

These merchants of Boston had dealings with Spain and her colonies, France, Portugal, Holland, the Canaries, and even with Guinea and Madagascar.

The contraband trade with these countries was enormous, and there can be little doubt that the real cause of revolt among these men was, the determination of the British Government to put a stop to their illicit traffic. Boston was the port most interested, and here, at one time, twelve ships of war, mounting no fewer than two hundred and sixty guns, were assembled for revenue service on the Atlantic coast. One-fourth of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were bred to trade, or to the command of ships, engaged in illicit commerce. (We have quoted freely but carefully, from Sabine's historical essay, to which we would refer the interested reader.) What a farce presents itself to the thoughtful reader of that famed insurgent document, the Declaration of Independence in Congress, 4th July, 1776. John Hancock's name, written in large half-text, stands the first, and very fittingly, for he "was, at the time, respondent in the Admiralty Court, in suits of the Crown, to recover nearly half a million of dollars as penalties alleged to have been incurred for violations of the Statute book." These men asserting "equal, certain, inherent and inalienable rights, &c.," is a striking illustration of human inconsistency and moral perversion. Our first thought when reading that document, in the light of known historical facts, was, that it should be interlined over the erasure following *are*, and would then consistently read,—"inalienable rights, that among these are,"—that he should smuggle who has the cunning, and he should pay who hasn't; for many of these signers had been violating in the most shameless manner, the laws of the parent government which had protected their commercial interests, and defended their country. We see, in the present generation, the same far-seeing, keen-dealing characteristics, the same easy, adaptable consciences possessed by the old Boston traders. In fact, these traits of character are an inheritance from their forefathers, like any other hereditary peculiarity.

Yankee *cuteness*, illustrated by wooden nutmegs and bass-wood hams, has recently developed its grasping avarice in the piracy of our fisheries, in greedily accepting compensation for the St. Alban's raid, but persistently ignoring our juster claim, and much larger, for loss by Fenian invasion,—openly organized, if not encouraged. In the present crisis, how carefully should Canadian statesmen examine the terms and bearings of the present treaty, and not permit our sacred rights to be infringed, our inalienable property to be bartered, without full and just equivalents, to an *unscrupulous, unreciprocal, grasping nation*, who, if they succeed in driving a hard bargain, will chuckle into a broad national grin over the *famous trade* with the Joint High Commission.



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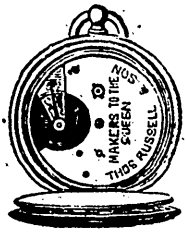

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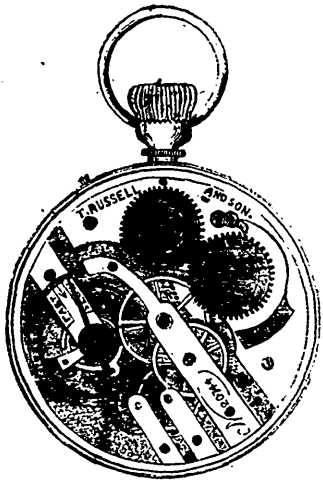

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