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LILLIAN;

OR,

WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.

A NARRATIVE CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY HISTORY OF CANADA
AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY

CHARLES SHRIMPTON.



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PRELIMINARY.

IN the publication of the work here presented to the reader, the author has been actuated by no selfish purpose. The thought of principal importance in issuing a book for general perusal should be—what will be the probable influence it will exert: is it trashy in its nature, or vicious in its spirit; will it offend or corrupt the moral sense, or to any extent injure the intellect, by debasing it with impure thoughts and demoralizing imagery? Or, on the contrary, is it, in design and execution, adapted, by its portrayal of character, to give a winning beauty to virtue, and to exert a controlling influence for good on the mind of the Reader? Is it, in a word, such a production, that parents can place it in the hands of their children with the conviction that, while they will be interested and informed, they will receive no detriment from its perusal? The author, conscious of his rectitude in this regard, leaves his work to win its way to public favor, rather by its intrinsic character and moral value, than by any pretensions to literary excellence.

7

LILLIAN; OR, WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.

CHAPTER I.

ON one of those stormy nights that can perhaps be experienced only in Lower Canada, when it is impossible to judge with certainty how soon the wind will veer, or from which point of the compass it will next come,—the snow driving with a fury and an impetuosity that may emphatically be termed Canadian, or whirling in every direction in eddies, large and small, according to the size of the obstruction that diverts it or impedes its progress, and in places forming drifts that must be seen to fully realize their magnitude,—while such a storm is raging, we will enter one of those snug and comfortable white-washed cottages in the neighborhood of the Quebec Barracks, in the city of Montreal, as it appeared in the latter part of the last century. But before doing so we will take a cursory glance at its exterior.

A substantial edifice, known as a frame-building, erected with an eye to shelter its occupants from the biting blast of such a night as this, with its tight-fitting doors and window-frames and double sashes, with all the outside joints and interstices well plastered over,

it was well adapted to keep Jack Frost at bay. The building was what might be called a story and a half, with four dormer windows in the high, steep-slanting roof, and four windows below, two on each side of the door. The door was sheltered from the snow by a temporary porch, with outside door. This porch was intended for winter use only, and would be removed in early spring. At some distance, in front of the building, there was a painted picket-fence, which enclosed a nicely laid out flower-garden; but nothing of this could be seen on the night in question, owing to the deep covering of snow. In the rear of the building was a spacious yard, with stable, coach-house, wood-shed, and all other conveniences comporting with respectability. On the front door was a brass knocker, with a neatly engraved door-plate, bearing the name of "Captain Walters,"—these at all times being kept scrupulously clean and bright. The doors and windows, as also the picket-fence, were painted a light green. The whole of the exterior appearance of the place would impress the mind of the beholder that comfort and neatness of no common order reigned within. On entering the cottage, this impression would be increased by the unmistakable evidences that woman's hand and eye, and taste of no ordinary grade, had been at work, not less by the quantity or quality of the articles there presented to view, than by the skill displayed in the arrangement and disposition of shade and color, and in the classification.

We shall not describe the material or color of the nice curtains, the elaborate pattern of the rich Turkey carpet, or the kind of wood of which the varied furniture was made, or the ingenious workmanship and costly

carving of the same. All these things must be judged of from the taste and character of the occupants, as they become more fully developed in our narrative. Suffice it to say, that one of the most important and conspicuous objects, to our taste, was a very neat bookcase of no mean dimensions, and filled to its utmost capacity with a choice and well-selected library. The proprietors must have been no mean linguists, judging from the array of works in the modern as well as the ancient languages there represented; while, from the wide range of subjects embraced in the higher branches of science and literature, they must, in every sense of the word, be well read and highly tutored. In the room on the other side of the entrance hall there was an elegant piano, from one of the most celebrated London makers; and a large assortment of music lay close at hand, on a small table. In the centre of each of the rooms there was the ever-present and essential requisite, in that land of frost and snow, the large, square, Canadian stove, and near by, a large box full of hard maple firewood.

This hasty glance at the exterior and interior of the dwelling, will give us some crude idea of the standing, the characters, and the tastes of the occupants. Now, on the evening already alluded to, in one of those rooms there sat a female. She had just left her piano, and was about to take up her sewing. On the work-table there stood a beautiful branch candlestick, with four wax candles. It might be seen, at a glance, that she was a person of no ordinary character; in every sense of the word, a true woman. We are not going to describe her eyes, though they were the blackest of the black, steady and penetrating—possessing, at the same

time, an expression of soft and melting tenderness. Nor shall we give a long, glowing word-picture of her hair, though it was of the richest luxuriance, and glossy raven hue, with a slight tendency to curl. Her form was plump and finely rounded; her countenance expressive, and exhibiting high intelligence, calm and placid when at rest, but often lighted up by a most bewitching smile, and then wit and wisdom would hold high revel on her lips, although, at all times, she displayed more than common firmness. Her stature was rather above the medium height, with a nice adjustment of breadth; her step was clean; and, in fact, her every movement manifested refinement and grace. Her voice, manner, countenance, and deportment showed very clearly to the observer that more than an ordinary amount of sorrow had fallen to her lot. Holding her sewing in her hand, as though in a state of hesitancy, casting a momentary and furtive glance towards the window, as though listening for the sound of some expected footfall, then consulting the elegant gold watch that she had just taken from her girdle, she looked, with a steady gaze, at the light of the wax tapers, as though revolving some weighty subject in her mind; and ever and anon a deep-drawn sigh would escape her, which would heave her bosom and give still greater dimensions to her well-developed form.

At length there was the sound of the opening wicket, and the well-known cough—sure notice, and welcome password to the inner citadel of that true woman's heart—and, quick as thought, with an elastic bound, she was at the door, and the bolt withdrawn. Be not afraid, ye loving couple, for it is not our purpose to say one word

about that or any other of your fond greetings ! But she did say—

“ O Robert, I am so glad that you are come ! What a night is this to be out, and you so ill able to bear it ! ”

“ Yes, my Eliza, it is ; but you know that garrison duty must be attended to, let it be foul or fair weather.”

“ Oh, yes, I do know all that ; but I know, also, that you are not so able as you used to be to stand such excessive fatigue, before you were so severely wounded, and your long sickness in consequence.”

“ Well, I do feel a little the worse for wear on that account ; but I trust that time and patience, and the blessing of God seconding your very affectionate nursing, will eventually bring all right again with me.”

“ Oh, I know that you are always so patient, Robert, and not given to complaining, however much you may suffer ; but does not this very severe cold night affect you, and cause your wounds to be more painful ? ”

“ Rather painful, my dear ; but you know that a soldier must with courage live, or must with courage die.”

“ Yes, my dear Robert ; but it is not only that kind of courage that will nerve the arm in the deadly conflict with the foe, or even to do bravely the arduous duties of life, that is necessary, but that more difficult bravery, to take a bold and decided stand on the side of virtue and the cause of God.”

“ Oh, yes ; I feel that every day of my life. I know that it is far easier to brave death at the cannon's mouth, or to encounter the storm and tempest on such a night as this in the performance of our most arduous duties, than to contend with the vain and vicious, or to

bear up against their supercilious laugh or cutting jests ; but if they did it to the green tree, will they not also do it to the dry ?”

“ Yes, my dear Robert, that is true ; and with so bright and so beautiful an example before us, ought we not to bear the cross, as seeing Him who is invisible ?”

“ Certainly, my own Eliza ; and, when seeing Him by the eye of faith, it lightens the burden, because He bears the heaviest portion with us.

“ And although our good name may be evil spoken of, and the cold and piercing blast may rage without, if we have peace of conscience and conjugal love at home, with the smile of Heaven to cheer our hearts, we may then bravely dare and do, and leave all the consequences to God. But now, my dear Eliza, we will join in the evening hymn of praise to Him who has led us by a way that we knew not, and then, by prayer and supplication, commit our way to Him, and crave His fatherly help and guidance for the future.

CHAPTER II.

THE last chapter closed with a portrayal of the calm and peaceful termination of the day in the dwelling of Captain Walters. We will now introduce the reader to a very different scene. It is the officers' mess-room of the same regiment to which Captain Walters belonged.

The band of the regiment, under the able leadership of the German bandmaster, had just closed their exercises for the evening, as usual, with the national air of "God save the King." The officers had just partaken of a sumptuous repast, which term it is intended shall convey a more than ordinary significance; for each of the gentlemen composing that company may be supposed to occupy a high position as to his capacity, judging from the quality and quantity of the viands placed before them, and the amount of culinary skill expended in their preparation. And any defect or deficiency as to either, or in the manipulation of the French cook, would have been detected by the veriest tyro present; and then, judging from the antecedents of the parties, could any flaw have been detected, they were not the men to allow it to pass unnoticed, or, however innocent the man or trifling the cause, to suffer any fault or deficiency to pass unproved; nor did they, under any circumstance, use the most gentle or refined language. For these gentlemen (we had almost said these men, but perhaps that term might be considered discourteous

on our part, which it is our wish to avoid ; we know, however, that there is often a wide difference between the term, as well as the real character of "man" and "gentleman," but it is not our purpose to discuss here that question, or to canvass on which side of the scale preponderates real worth, but simply to notice the supposed antecedents of these gentlemen), descended from the ranks of the old aristocratic families of England. They had, of course, been deeply imbued with the exalted notions of class privileges held at the date to which we are now alluding. They had been, from earliest infancy, held aloof from contact with what they were pleased to call the lower orders.

As a general thing, they traced the line of their ancestry to the companions in arms of William, the Conqueror of England ; hence it was presumed that a purer blood flowed in their veins than in the veins of the common people ; while, as a privileged class, they held a monopoly in the few leading seats of learning then in the land, which had the tendency to still more widen the chasm above alluded to. They had also, from time far back in the history of the nation, laid special claim, as a not to be disputed right, to all places of trust and emolument both in Church and State ; all tending to the result of an oppressive and extravagant government and a bigoted and an intolerant Church, while the masses of the people were neglected, ignorant, and immoral.

Then we may naturally suppose that these gentlemen would not be much improved in their morals when relieved of the very slight restraints that may have held them while under the parental roof, and of the

loose curb that restrained their rampant passions while under tutors, they having now become, in a great measure, the arbiters of their own actions. And when we consider that the younger part had been successively thrown into the company of those already schooled by thorough culture among these fashionable rakes, and the aptness also of the young to copy from those older than themselves, especially in the darker shades of character—their pertness and wish to shine—it is not difficult to conceive of their ability to contribute their share in supplying fuel to this seething cauldron of fashionable vice.

From a necessarily hasty and general view of the company now before us, as they appear in the officers' mess-room, and from general appearances, we judged that they were a goodly and noble-looking company. We will, however, be more special and personal in our survey and remarks, and endeavor with an impartial judgment to portray the personal appearance of a few, and to sketch their moral character ; for that, after all, is our main object and aim.

Of course, the highest in point of office must claim our first regard, and for other reasons than merely being the highest in office. He appeared to be the oldest, and had no doubt been a dashing fellow in his time. The Colonel bore all the marks of being a man of the world and a highly polished gentleman, easy and affable in his manners among his compeers, and, at will, could throw just enough of hauteur into his bearing to bespeak at all times due deference and respect from all the officers in the regiment under his command ; but he held in supreme contempt any and every person who in

any way attempted to question the dignity or the respectability of his office. He was tall in stature, noble in his figure and general carriage; with an eye large, clear, dark in color, and penetrating; a prominent Roman nose; a deeply bronzed countenance, with all the indications of having seen much and severe service. But there had been other influences at work, that had most seriously affected that fine and noble frame, than had been encountered in the service of his country. He had been a valetudinarian—his fine constitution had been emaciated by his vices far more than by the hard professional service that he had seen; and, to use a significant expression, he was indeed a patched-up man. Gambling and wine were the deities at whose shrine he had been a most devout worshipper; and withal he had been no inattentive votary at the more material, but perhaps not less enervating, *cuisine* delicacies. Now he was tormented with gout, together with a legion of other diseases, that caused him to totter on in the imbecility of a premature old age; notwithstanding which, the fires of former dissipation still smouldered within him, and the smirking frivolities which would but ill become even the boy not out of his teens, subjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all true admirers of manly virtue.

The next to be presented, in the order of rank, is the major. This gentleman was a kind of nondescript: had a large, full face, with an unmeaning expression, blotched all over, the natural result of vicious indulgence; a remarkably wide mouth, and large, protruding lips; with a tongue far too big even for his capacious mouth, so that, when he spoke, it gave a kind of abrupt and uneven blurt to his expression. To add still more to

the ludicrous, he was at all times a loud, vociferous talker, even on the most trivial subject, if any thing that he ever spoke of could be dignified by that term ; for, in general, his conversation was shallow and trifling in the extreme, and, to use a well-known expression, uttered as though he had plums in his mouth : to which might be added, for aught we know to the contrary, a quantity of thick, sticky fluid in his throat, so that his voice resembled a sound between a mumble and a gurgle. He had a large, ungainly person, surmounting a pair of feet that appeared to have been fastened to the wrong owner ; and even that but lately, as he had not yet arrived at a just appreciation of their use for straightforward locomotion. Nor did it only appear that these feet had been misapplied as to person : there seems to have been another grand mistake, for they were not an exact pair by a very long way. But, notwithstanding all these peculiarities, he was evidently a general favorite among the whole of the officers and men of the regiment, although each paid his attentions to him from different and widely divergent motives. One thing was certain, that he was one of the best-tempered men, inoffensive, and of an amiable disposition. The keen, pointed witticism, the plain, coarse, rude joke, might be flung at him ; his person or manners might be ridiculed and burlesqued : still he was always ready with as hearty a laugh as the most hilarious or joyous and fun-loving spirit present. He was also very wealthy ; and who ever yet lost the chance of flattering a rich fool, where any thing might be made out of him by the operation ? He had been the spoiled child of his mother, and in his youthful days had spent most of his time in company of

the ladies. At the time of which we are writing, he seldom lost an opportunity of attending their social parties; or of accompanying them, or rather they accompanying him, in their rides to view the grand and picturesque scenery in the neighborhood of Montreal,—all of which were at his expense. Most of his lady acquaintances knew just what kind of a smile would reach his kind and tender heart; and, in their strolls past the few stores that were then to be found in St. Paul street or Notre Dame street, they knew that it was necessary only to admire that beautiful love of a silk dress, or that very handsome hat or bonnet, in a half-careless, *nonchalant* way, to draw upon his purse, as well as to reach his heart. And so great was his infatuation with the ladies, that, if all the kings of Christendom had made the most urgent demands for his presence, there would not have been one short moment necessary to induce him to decide in their favor. It was certain, however, that the king's service was never known to suffer much from his absence, and equally so that the same was never much benefited by his presence. The inquiry might justly be made, What on earth brought him at all into the British army? Why, the same cause that, from time to time, has brought others. It was, perhaps, first of all, his own wish or whim; and he being thought, by his powerful friends, and especially his wealthy and titled mother, too great a fool for the church, he was, by a well-conceived but private understanding, foisted upon the army. Through the influence of his friends at headquarters he had been, from time to time, promoted over the heads of the really talented and meritorious, but who had no friend at "court." Now

that he was in the highway of promotion, from these and such-like causes, he could not fail to be borne onward from rank to rank, without the least thought or effort of his own, until he attained the elevated position of general, although many doubted his ever making a Marlborough.

Not the least remarkable of the members of this mess-room company was Captain Andrews, a gentleman of very few words. His eyes looked unutterable things—keen, penetrating, and searching, as though capable of reading one through and through. At the first approach of any person, there appeared to be a kind of slow, calculating process going on in his own mind, as though taking the full mental and moral measure of the man for his ulterior use and benefit, and which, by his own mental culture, he seemed well calculated to accomplish. And when he had apparently finished the process in his own mind, he seemed to exercise great caution and wariness, like the stealthy approaches of a cat. Aiming to gain your good opinion, and firmly secure your confidence, with oily words, and soft insinuating manners, a stranger to him would be led to suppose that he was a man of undoubted probity. In any and all cases of difficulty he seemed to be perfectly at home; for, with native shrewdness and sagacity, he would at once take in the length and breadth of the subject brought before him, and give his advice as though prompted by inspiration,—the inspiration being proportionably quickened where it was likely to bring grist to his own mill. His own personal interests seemed to be the grand moving impulse of his entire nature; he appeared to be completely absorbed in self. His whole

manhood presented something of the qualities of the magnet, in its mysterious workings of positive and negative poles, as there was, indeed, an irresistible law that urged his whole being in the direction where gold was to be gained. And he was repelled as powerfully from the opposite direction, where there was the least probability of a draw upon his purse. There was no soft spot in his heart that was ever known to yield to the plaint of the suffering child of want. He was of rather a tall, thin, wiry frame; harsh features, sunken cheeks, and very deep-set eyes, and large, overhanging eyebrows; of a yellowish, jaundiced-like complexion; head inclined a little forward when walking, or, rather, his forward movement was between a walk and a creep, as though he was always on the lookout for something that he feared to meet. He had something of the cast of the Jew in his character, being always on hand where there was a needy borrower who had ample security to tender; and the amount of interest that he would demand was never regulated by any considerations suggested by conscience.

Lieutenant Broughton was a man of quite an opposite character to that of Captain Andrews. This man was utterly reckless of person, property, and character; his disposition was at once vengeful and cruel, with apparently no more feeling than the nether millstone—utterly regardless of all evil consequences that might follow either to himself or to others from his outrageous conduct. He was almost always in difficulties with his brother officers, the subalterns, or private men in his company, or with some of the civilians with whom he might have any dealings. Although he had many

wealthy relatives, who held high office under government, and a very rich father, who allowed him a handsome sum over and above his pay, yet, from his spendthrift conduct, he was almost always without cash in his pocket or at his command. His position as an officer in the British army gave him at once character and influence in the community, and with any of the tradespeople wherever the regiment might be stationed ; but their confidence was pretty sure to be abused by his reckless purchases, and then in his equal recklessness in fulfilling his promises to pay—and very many were his victims. In this way, poor but honest hard-working mechanics, it might be with small capital but large families, were often irretrievably involved. He would purchase a valuable carriage or a set of harness, which he would use for a short time, and then, when deteriorated perhaps more than half their value, for some frivolous pretext he would return them to the maker without any recompense ; so derelict was he to all moral principle. His haughty and imperious manners to those with whom he came in contact, plainly told how deeply he was impressed with the consciousness of his own greatness, and that the whole world was bound to render him the most abject obedience ; while, at the same time, he was a complete sycophant to his superiors. With a frame tall and full, he was a fine commanding person ; and his face was handsome, of which it might be seen he was not a little vain. He had the voice of a lion, and a kind of dare-devil spirit to correspond. Woe be to the poor unhappy being who came within the lash of his ire !

Lieutenant Darlington was one of the youngest mem-

bers of the mess-room, and quite a curiosity in his way : of rather a small figure, his nose large and sharp-pointed, face thin and long, without a single good feature in his countenance. His head was far too large, in proportion to the size of his body, and placed upon a pair of shoulders whose outlines presented no very strong claims to beauty. His arms were too long, and dangling : at the ends of these were a pair of clumsy hands, awkward in the extreme, and jerking in all their motions. His legs, what there was of them, were too close at the knees and far too wide apart at the feet, to be any thing like graceful in their movements ; while the toes were outward bound. He would have been a very useful companion in the fields at early morning, when the dew was heavy on the grass, for the great breadth that would be swept over by his wide-set feet would clear the grass of the dew, so that one might follow him in the same path with comparatively dry boots. He was most fastidious as to the placing and appearance of his frowsy red hair, and the cut of his scarcely perceptible whiskers. His boots always of the most jet-black polish ; his clothes of the latest cut and of the extremest fashion ; his French hat placed in the most jaunty way upon his head ; furnished with gold-headed cane, and eye-glass stuck fast over one of his little twinkling gray eyes, and held there by the contraction of the upper and lower muscles of the face ;—thus fully decked and trimmed, he issued forth as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox. Redolent with choice odors, he was like Milton's angel, who shook his plumes and filled the circuit wide with rich perfume. It was clear to the dullest perception that he considered himself a perfect

lady-killer, and supposed himself to be the observed of all observers. Indeed so he was, and he comported himself accordingly. And it was quite amusing to observe the way in which he would wink and smirk at the females as he passed them in the street, the boldness and the effrontery with which he would peer under their bonnets, and the pert yet unmeaning remarks that he would pass upon them to his companion. But he was an officer in the service of his Britannic Majesty, and that, like charity, was sufficient to cover a multitude of faults and failings.

There was one person whom we would not wish to overlook, or have it supposed that we slighted him in the most distant way, as, by the position he occupied and the sacred character of his office, he certainly should have been the first noticed in our sketches ; but, however, better late than never.

This gentleman was no less a person than the Rev. James Wilson, M. A., chaplain of the regiment. Educated at the celebrated University of Oxford, it might have been said, so far as literary attainments were in question, that he did very high honor to his *Alma Mater*. He was a son of a poor, or, rather, a comparatively poor man, who held the office of under-steward to a very wealthy nobleman in one of the midland counties of England.

This son of the nobleman's steward had been a very smart and intelligent boy in the village school, and had made such progress in all the departments of learning therein taught, that he had attracted the special notice of the village clergyman, who was ever ready to assist him in his higher studies, and so prepare him for col-

lege, if that could by any possibility be brought about ; which, by his friendly interest and influence with the said nobleman, in whose service young Wilson's father then was, was happily accomplished ; for it so happened that this nobleman had a younger son who was on the eve of going to Oxford to complete his education, and the noble Lord H—— concluded that he would be at the expense of young Wilson's education on the very easy condition that he would be a kind of waiting-man on this scion of nobility during his stay at this celebrated seat of learning. Thus the whole thing was soon arranged, so far as young Wilson was concerned ; for when a young man of a lively imagination and an ardent temperament is thirsting after knowledge, every avenue that may open up to his laudable ambition will be considered by him as something like a god-send. The preliminaries—so far as the understanding of the conditions, and the necessary preparations and outfit for the life-journey of these young aspirants after fame and honors—were soon completed, and the happy pair comfortably domiciled in the ancient and grim city of silk gowns and tasselled square caps.

At the same time, it is most true that these young men were not fairly mated as to their dispositions and general tastes, and the means at their disposal for gratifying their inclinations ; but this inequality might, perhaps, prove to be no great detriment to young Wilson's advancement in learning. Suffice it to say, that the imperiousness of the one was very prudently and commendably submitted to by the other ; for the very good reason, that, to have been in the least degree refractory, might have proved the literary death of the one who

would most keenly have felt the stroke that cut off forever his brightest hopes. His mental and moral tuition and restraint had, doubtless, a lifelong influence on young Wilson's mind, as it so far removed all the rougher asperities of his nature, and smoothed down the inequalities of his naturally ardent temperament, that he ever after continued one of the most docile of men. But, as a first-class education is not considered complete without two years' travel on the continent of Europe, at the close of his studies at college, this young nobleman commenced his journeyings, and chose his fellow-student as his companion. Here again young Wilson considered himself favored by fortune in being selected as the travelling companion of his college associate. At the termination of their travels, it was the purpose of Lord H—— to place his son as an officer in the British army, and it so happened that the regiment selected for that purpose was the one now before us. In his introduction to the regiment, this son of noble parentage was received and treated with great and marked respect, and high deference, befitting his powerful connections, was paid to him ; yet he felt isolated and alone, all the officers being utter strangers to him. He, perhaps for the first time in his life, inwardly experienced the want of a familiar face, and a longing for an associate, even should his position be somewhat lower than that held by himself. Who should be so naturally suggested to his mind as the young literary companion of his college life and travels? Though not his equal in position as to birth or wealth, he might be raised to respectability, by the influence of his father, by becoming the chaplain of the regiment to which he belonged ; and thus the

sacred office would at once give him something like equality, that would be tacitly acknowledged on all hands. The young officer, turning this subject over in his mind, was not long in acting on the suggestion; and the first expression of his wish to his noble and indulgent parent, was promptly responded to by him, and joyfully acceded to by this sprig of divinity.

The reader may by this time be supposed to be sufficiently acquainted with the antecedents of the Rev. James Wilson, M. A., chaplain of the regiment, who was consequently an acknowledged member, *ex officio*, of the regimental mess-room. He had been very remarkable, from his early youth, for his staid and demure deportment; but, since the sacred character of clergyman had been added to that of student, it had seemed to add a proportionate degree of stiff, consequential dignity to his general bearing. His words were few, cold, and formal; his dress was without a wrinkle, and close-fitting; his coat had the military-clerical cut, and was buttoned close up to the chin; and, with his stiff-starched white cravat, it appeared as though he had completely lost the use of that beautiful appendage of nature in his neck, the universal joint, for if any object presented itself to him, either on the right hand or the left, the head could not by any possibility make an independent movement—the whole frame had to go simultaneously with it. It could not but appear to the close observer that there had been one grand radical defect in his education—his head had been cultivated at the expense of his heart; in fact, he seemed to have no heart, no affection, no sympathy, while, at the same time, the sacred office which he had assumed was continually making

demands on his heart for sympathy and commiseration. But the wounded, the diseased, the sick, the dying, were all treated in a cold official manner; and in his pastoral visits to such, having read his prayers according to the prescribed ritual, he would feel a self-satisfaction, and depart, persuaded that he had fully done his duty. He appeared to be totally unaware that his patients had understanding, that they had feeling, or that they had any thing like a conscience, let alone an awakened conscience; for these things were far beyond his depth, beyond his reach. And then the training that he had undergone, under the imperious sway of the young nobleman, at college, when and where it was considered more than his soul was worth to reprove any thing like sin in his case! We may just mention one circumstance, that proved to be the turning point, and controlled him in all their after actions in their intercourse of college life. It occurred at the commencement of their residence there. There had been something connected with the conduct of the young lord that called forth the sharp reprehension of Wilson; when this scion of noble birth assumed a very grave and dignified air, approached him, and said, in a subdued tone of voice, and with slow and measured terms, something like the following:

"Now, my sweet and lovely boy, and my very amiable monitor, let us understand each other, and be sure that there is no mistake on your part;" and looking very earnestly at him, as though the more completely to rivet his attention, he added, "Do you take in my meaning, my boy?"

Young Wilson, who stood before him, quite thunder-

struck at his attitude and manner, and the tone of voice in which this was uttered, seemed to assent by a gentle inclination of the head.

"Well, good, so far," said his lordship. "Then it is properly understood that this is the last time you will attempt to lecture me on my conduct while we are together in this college; and," he concluded, "let it be further understood that, should you possibly so far forget yourself as to offend again in this particular, then and there I will give you such an infernal thrashing as your loving and affectionate father never gave his darling son."

After this these two hopeful young gentlemen parted; the one chuckling over the victory he was certain he had gained, and the other in utter consternation. Wilson submitted without question, and the lesson he had received completely cowed his spirit for the remainder of his life. Subsequently, when thrown into the midst of a number of fiery spirits similar to the one which had gained such a mastery over him, he appeared to lose what little of personal and independent identity remained. He was reduced to the character of a mere machine. His duties were all routine—the same dull round each week, the year through. Whether he read his one sermon per week, accompanied by the beautiful church liturgy, which he was sure to spoil by the "mouth-ing" manner of his reading, or the occasional performance of the funeral service over a deceased member of the regiment, the whole was done with the most astonishing listlessness, and delivered in a drawling, monotonous tone of voice. He was a man of no moral weight whatever in the regiment. If he ever had the least idea

of reproving sin in any of the officers of the mess-room, one glance of his patron was always sure to seal his lips, and was sufficient to cause his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth. But we must say that he always submitted with the best possible grace, and even an approving smile was never reluctantly given when he thought that it was required of him to sanction any of the coarse jests of the mess-room. Thus he led a kind of smooth and quiet life, as he had no very stern or strict moral principles to disturb the equanimity of his mind. But when, by any chance, a person gave expression, in the most distant way, to any remark that was likely to lower the character of *the Church*, his mind would at once take the alarm. Under such circumstances his blind zeal knew no bounds; his language would be strong, pointed, and virulent. On such occasions his disposition would display unmitigated rancor, as though he had been nursed on double-distilled acetic acid, and his features became wrinkled and puckered up into such sharp points and acute angles as to induce the impression on the beholder that they would be admirably adapted for a nutmeg-grater; while the thought would inevitably suggest itself, Can it be possible that this man is a true follower of the meek and gentle Saviour, and a teacher of that gospel whose very essence is love? As a general thing, he was one of those soft, unmeaning characters who find especial favor with a certain class of antiquated maiden ladies; and in their company he spent most of his time.

At the place we commenced our sketches, and onward, thus far, we have taken a kind of general glance at the members of the regimental mess-room. And perhaps

the reader may have surmised our opinion of their morals to be not of the most favorable cast. But we do not wish for a moment to be charged with being indiscriminating, or harshly censorious. There may, in the judgment of many, be offered a very strong plea in palliation of their manners. We have already stated that they had been raised under the strong and controlling influences of high family associations—of political, religious, and social ties carried down from generation to generation; while the time of which we are now writing may perhaps be justly considered as one of the most corrupt periods of English history. The king fickle-minded and imbecile, the queen shrewd, designing, and intriguing—for all that may be truly said of old Queen Charlotte—the sons of this royal pair, with only one exception, quite naturally stood in the very front rank of moral depravity; and the influence of their example on the morals of the nation was far more disastrous than that of the corrupt court of King Charles.

Thus, the youth of the land, being surrounded, and as it were tied down by the chains of a strongly controlling evil example, riveted fast by their own impulsive nature, seemed to be almost beyond the reach of a reclaiming religious influence. But notwithstanding all this, they were, almost to a man, stanch advocates of, and stern sticklers for the Prayer-book and the national Church. But, instead of this proving any restraint to their actions, it appeared to steel their hearts against simple gospel truth; to build them up in their self-righteousness; and to close their minds to the approach of aught of an evangelical tendency. All their vices were of a fashionable grade, and, according to their own code,

highly meritorious. They would claim it as a kind of merit, to be able to drink the greatest number of bottles of wine. Their amours were an especial theme for their boasting; and every additional female heart that any one of them might have been the means of breaking, was as much a cause for their self-gratulation as would be to the callous-hearted Indian a fresh victim that might yield another scalp to his already numerous trophies.

If thus much might be said of the officers of the regiment, much more, and perhaps of even a more degrading character, may be said of the eight or nine hundred private men of the regiment. This being the case, it may be truly said, as a general thing, that the quartering of a regiment in any neighborhood is fraught with mischief, and might prove one of the most disastrous curses that could possibly be inflicted upon it. Lewd women and debauchery of every kind follow in its trail, the direful influence of which, on the young and middle-aged of the locality, it is not possible to measure. Happy, thrice happy that time, when nations shall learn war no more, and when regiments will be unnecessary for security against an external foe, or for the assurance of internal peace and prosperity!

Now let us enter the regimental mess-room, and take our seat, so as to be silent but close observers of all that may be said or done. We shall soon perceive that we are in the company of highly-educated and polished gentlemen, by the free interchange of lofty thought and classic sentiment, and that careless *abandon* that cannot by any possibility be assumed by the uninitiated or unlettered. Their correct quotations from ancient and

modern authors ; their familiar discussions of abstruse questions of logic ; their extensive reference to incidents of history, and the copious flow from their lips of fine thought selected from the best popular authors of the day ; the keen wit that is, at will, thrown sparkling in every direction and in the richest profusion, that gives the impression that the source whence it springs is actually exhaustless ; the biting, stinging, and barbed repartee, that is hurled back as with a giant's hand ; and yet all this with a boisterous merriment and an exuberance of good feeling, that plainly tells that the fire of high intellect has the power to light up, and to warm, but not the capability to burn. In fact, it seems the very arena of fun without frivolity ; of frolic without aimless childishness. And this continues with a high, gentlemanly, dignified bearing, until the deep potations from the bottle circulate far too long, and are partaken of too freely. For then a wild and bewildered rant spoils the whole scene : the polished gentleman merges into the drivelling and jabbering maniac, and the ripe scholar is lost in the untutored boor ; and at length the whole company "issue forth as sons of Belial, fraught with insolence and wine."



CHAPTER III.

WE would now request the reader to accompany us to where we shall witness a scene of quite a different and opposite character to the one described in the preceding chapter.

It is the Sabbath morning. Entering the gate of the barrack-yard, opposite the river St. Lawrence, inclining to the left, we proceed in a diagonal course across the yard to the angle in that direction. Entering the doorway, we ascend the flight of steps, at the top of which we find a door right opposite. On entering this room, we see a kind of rough desk, made of unpainted boards, on which lay a Bible and hymn-book. The entire remaining space of this room is occupied by a number of benches or seats, corresponding with the desk; the whole thing appearing as though it had been fitted up in a temporary way to accommodate quite a number of people. At a little after 10 o'clock, on looking through the room-window, we shall see the whole of the regiment, officers and men, mustering in the barrack-yard in response to the call of the drum. The men are without muskets, and only with their side-arms: they are neat, clean, and prim. After going through all the necessary preliminaries, they are marched out of the yard, led by the regimental band. They are going to the English Church in Nôtre-Dame street, to listen to a

sermon delivered by the eloquent Rev. James Wilson, M. A., chaplain of the regiment.

But after the call of the roll, and before the departure of the regiment to the English church, we see quite a number of men step out of the ranks—full liberty of conscience being allowed every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own judgment. A number of these men make their way to the room already described. They come in with a serious, thoughtful countenance, and with a marked, steady deportment. With becoming reverence they bow the knee, and, with covered face, appear to enter upon the duties of the moment with devotional fervor. And not only were there the men who left the ranks, but there came in quite a large number of women, so that the room was well filled. And among the rest, came Captain Walters and Mrs. Walters, who, without the least appearance of assumption on account of their rank, took their seats the same as the rest.

The company were not kept long waiting before a sergeant of the regiment made his appearance. He walked up with measured step and stately deportment to the desk, and after a few moments spent in silent communing with, and commending himself and his work to God, in a pleasing, mellow, full, though subdued tone of voice, gave out one of Charles Wesley's beautiful and spirit-stirring hymns. Then, in a vocal response led by the remarkably fine and cultivated voices of Captain and Mrs. Walters, the whole audience joined with a hearty good-will,—so that, what with the sentiment of the hymn, the soul-stirring tune, and the spirit in which it was sung, the whole in strict harmony with the highest

and purest devotion, it seemed to vie with the choir before the throne. This was followed by an extemporaneous prayer, of deep, powerful, searching confession, supplication, praise, and adoration ; after which another hymn was sung, and then the text was enunciated.

Sergeant Johnson was evidently a man mighty in word ; and the very intimate acquaintance he appeared to have with the scriptures of truth, exhibited to his hearers that he was a workman who needed not to be ashamed,—rightly dividing the word of truth, and affording to each a portion of meat in due season. At the conclusion of these services, Mr. Johnson announced that brother Captain Walters would address them on the following Sabbath morning.

It may be remarked, that, at the time of which we are now writing, which was in the latter part of the year '83 of the last century, there were but very few people who spoke the English language in Montreal except those belonging to the British army, and in the government offices ; and scarcely an individual who made a public profession of attachment to the cause of God—that is, who enjoyed personal religion. Consequently, there was no regular and stated evangelical ministry, in accordance with the revival movements that were witnessed in England. So that it may be supposed that the few persons who had attended the heart-searching ministry of Whitfield and the Wesleys, in England, would feel the want of social, spiritual intercourse, when they were in a foreign land. And such Montreal must have been considered at that early date : although it was then, and indeed had been for some time, under the British rule, its people were foreign in

their habits, their feelings, and in their most cherished opinions. This being the case, what so natural as that the truly enlightened and spiritually-minded should seek each other out, and so make arrangements whereby they might be mutually edified, and, in fact, maintain a firm standing in their Christian character and experience?

We have just been made acquainted with the manner and spirit in which this association was formed and their meetings carried on; and it must have been perceived that a more than ordinary degree of fraternal good-feeling subsisted among them. It was an understanding among them, that while they were in their social capacity together, as worshippers of their one God and common Father, all distinctions of office and rank should merge in that of brother and sister in the Lord. Hence it was usual, in their social gatherings, to greet each other as Brother Walters, Brother Johnson, Sister Walters, Sister Johnson; and so of all the rest, to the lowest brother or sister who was an acknowledged member of their little band. And every fresh or new disciple would be greeted with a right hearty good-will, if they gave clear and decided evidence of their Christian sincerity. But when once outside of their humble but highly cherished and consecrated spot, where they held sweet counsel, it was properly understood that all the general routine of regimental salutes should be scrupulously observed.

But then it must not be thought that Captain Walters, or his very kind-hearted lady, assumed any thing like a cold, stiff sanctimoniousness, or frigid formality; no, their manners and address were free, open, easy and affable to all, yet tempered by a dignified de-

meanor which won the praise and the blessing of the roughest and the most rugged warrior in the ranks. There was not a female connected with the regiment, whatever might be her need, from sickness or otherwise, but was sure to find Mrs. Walters in the right place at the right time. Her purse, her larder, her conserves or preserves, yielded up their contributions in no scanty measure: in fact, like her Divine Master whom she served, she went about doing good.

Mrs. Walters had been one day out making purchases at one of the drygoods stores in St. Paul street, for the supply of clothing that was needed by a female, wife of one of the men in the regiment, who had just brought into the world a bouncing boy. As she was walking along the street at a rapid pace, with the bundle of flannel and other small articles under her arm—for she was not ashamed to carry a bundle along the street, and especially when it was for a charitable purpose—it being just when the dusk of evening was drawing its sable mantle over the heavens, she was accosted, close by the corner of one of those dark, narrow streets, that lead down to the river from St. Paul street, by an old woman, who was closely muffled up in a dark-colored cloak, and who handed her a small package. It might have been seen in a moment that a more than ordinary degree of emotion agitated her whole frame; and on receiving the package from the old woman, she at the same time made a most desperate effort to seize the hand that gave it to her. But just at that instant, a roughly dressed man was passing, who, trying to push past the two, from some cause fell down, and in his fall was nearly the cause of Mrs. Walters meeting with the same

misfortune. The man, in the bewilderment of the moment, seemed to be as much confused as was Mrs. Walters: quickly gathering himself up, he looked around, and seeing the bundle and small package on the pathway, picked them up and clumsily handing them to her, said: "I'm mighty sorry, ma'am, but hope you isn't 'urt; may be them's yours."

She appeared not at all to notice him or his speech, though holding out the articles in his hand towards her; but soon recovering herself a little, said: "Oh, did you see the way that person went?"

He, with a kind of vacant look, and in an uncouth manner, said: "Oh, you's frightened, ma'am; maybe you'll soon cum to;" and so saying, went hastily on his way.

With agitated manner and unsteady step Mrs. Walters went her way, and arrived at her home in no very calm state of mind. She found Captain Walters waiting for her, to whom she related all the circumstances of the case just as they occurred. After she had completed her narration, she exclaimed—

"Oh, my dear Robert, what can all this mean? This is the fourth time that I have met this same person under similar attendant circumstances, but at far distant times and at far distant places. The first time that I saw her was in the north of England, when about to leave school, where I had been from childhood—in fact, from a time earlier than my recollection extends. The next time, as you may recollect, was when we were at the watering-place in Leamington, soon after our marriage; and the third time was just after the death of our two dear children, and you were away from me and lay sick

and wounded among strangers in a strange land. My dear Robert, there has always appeared to me to be a deep mystery hanging over my birth, my parentage, and, in fact, all my history, that I have in vain attempted to unravel. Oh, my dear, what shall I do? This is too much for me—it is more than I can bear!" And after this a violent paroxysm of grief shook her whole frame.

That woman, generally so calm, so self-possessed, so resolute, appeared to shake and quiver like a leaf in the wind, or like the pliant willow bending before the passing storm. All the efforts of her husband appeared to be lost while endeavoring to calm down her agitated spirit, and the wonted soothing influence of his voice had ceased to charm. So he concluded that it would be the best to allow her inward sorrow to spend its own force, and which was, in a little while, greatly relieved by a copious flow of tears. Then, after sitting in silence for some time, he gently approached her, and, drawing her to his bosom, softly whispered in her ear—

"My own Eliza, your husband is by your side; is not he more than all the world to you?"

These expressions, like a talisman, touched the secret springs of her woman's heart, and, with a vehemence prompted by a pure and ardent affection, she threw her arms around his neck, and, smiling through her tears, said—

"My dear Robert, am not I a foolish being? I have been prying after a secret that might perhaps bring sorrow instead of affording joy, while I have been lightly esteeming those richer blessings that have been so abundantly clustering around my path all through life, and never more so than at this moment." On the utterance

of which, with a fond embrace, a lovely and loving smile, and a profusion of kisses, she seemed to be herself again.

After sitting for some time in silence, her husband inquired—

“But, my own Eliza, what about the small package that you say this mysterious being handed to you?”

“Oh, yes,” she said; “the thought of that had gone from my mind,” and, on taking the package from her pocket, she exclaimed—“See, here it is.”

Captain Walters took it from her, and began to open it; but he had to remove wrapper after wrapper, string after string, before the contents were disclosed. At length he found a slip of paper upon which was written the following words, in a remarkably handsome female hand: “Jehovah reigneth; let the earth rejoice!” and, “What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.” After unfolding several more wrappers, he found a nearly new Bank of England note, of the value of five hundred pounds sterling. As soon as Mrs. Walters saw the writing and the sterling bank-note, in a kind of wild frenzy she exclaimed—

“My dear Robert, what shall I do? They are the exact resemblance of the other three. My dear Robert, what can all this mean?”

In the early history of Montreal, and especially of that period to which this part of our narrative refers, the inhabitants were few in number; consequently very extensive accommodations were not required for the parties who then came to town to supply the people with farm and garden produce. It was not required then to have such large and elegant stone edifices as the

city can now boast of as their market-places. It may be in the memory of many now living in the city of Montreal—not to mention that ubiquitous personage, the oldest inhabitant—that there was a building of not very pretentious appearance standing on the same, or nearly on the same site whereon the Montreal custom-house now stands. It was the old market: though it had been new sometime, it must have been a long while ago. At the time to which we have reference it was in full operation, as it was the chief if not the only place of resort for the town and country people, as of all parties in any way connected with the garrison, and where all the delicacies of the season were sure to be found. But it is not the old market with which we have now specially to do, any further than to place the reader's attention on the locality.

It may be remembered that there was a row of old-fashioned, dark-looking houses, built in the old French style, standing between the old market-place and the river-front, with entrances from the river-side as well as from the market side. One of these old buildings was at that time a tavern.

Into one of the rooms of the centre house of the row already alluded to, and on the same night on which occurred the encounter of Mrs. Walters with the person in St. Paul street, there has just entered an apparently old woman, muffled up in a large dark cloak, but alert in her movements and light of step.

On taking a look into that room, we discover, instead of the old woman just observed to enter it, a lady in the prime of life, arrayed in the richest attire and in the very height of fashion; and what appears to be a black

cloak, is lying on the table. Taking her seat in the large, old-fashioned armchair, she anxiously looks towards the door, seemingly expecting some one. Soon there is heard a gentle rap at the door : the lady answered the call, and requested the visitor to enter. The door opened, and a man made his appearance, dressed as a livery servant, holding over his left arm what appeared to be an old, soiled, and ragged coat, and a pair of pantaloons of the same character ; and he held an old misshapen hat in his right hand. On his entrance into the room he stood at a respectful distance from the lady, who soon opened the conversation by saying—

“ Well, Thomas, how do you consider the thing was carried out ? I hope you acted all through according to my instructions.”

“ Yes, my lady, in every particular,” was the answer the man made.

“ Are you sure that she got the small package safe ?”

“ Yes ; in the hurry and confusion of the moment she let the package fall to the ground, with something else that she had in her hand, a small bundle, both of which I picked up and handed to her, for she seemed scarcely to know what she was doing ; but I kept my eye on the package, and saw her put it in her pocket. In a rambling way she asked me who that person was, and where she was gone ; but I said just what you told me to say, and then left her. That is all that I know or saw of her.”

“ Well done, Thomas !” said the lady. “ That was all right. I must give you a little praise for your adroitness. I suppose, Thomas,” said the lady, “ that you sometimes consider my conduct and proceedings a

little erratic, governed by vagary or whim, or prompted by woman's waywardness, and for which you think there is neither rhyme nor reason?"

"Well, my lady," said the man, "I must say that I have often thought your conduct a little strange in some things; but knowing, as I do, your shrewdness and penetration, and your firm reliance on a superintending Providence, I cannot but suppose that you have some far-off object in view. With this conviction on my mind, I have no wish or inclination to pry into your secrets, but to assist you in the accomplishment of your purpose, whatever that may be; and I am pleased to find that my present conduct meets with your approval."

"That is all right, Thomas, and this is as I have always found you; and I trust that my past injunctions will at all times be strictly observed by you—that is, that all these things shall be kept profoundly secret between us. And as you place such confidence in me and my judgment, you are perfectly right in saying that I have a firm reliance and implicit confidence in a superintending Providence. I feel something like the ancient Israel of God, when they were requested to stand still that they might see His salvation, and anon the enemies of God and His chosen people were overwhelmed, while they themselves were placed safe beyond the reach of their crafty and vengeful foes. It sometimes takes long, as men call long, for Jehovah to work out his purposes: but be assured that He sees the end from the beginning; and as the immutable principles of justice and truth cannot be finally subverted, the wicked shall eventually be taken in their own craftiness. The wisdom, the love, as well as the justice

of God, must triumph, and all men shall either adore Him in their deliverance, or fall beneath the crushing vengeance of His judgments. As the ancient heathen said, 'The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceedingly small.'



CHAPTER IV.

IN order that the reader may be better acquainted with a very important portion of the life of Captain Walters, and also that of his very estimable wife, as well as to open up a fair view of very peculiar traits of character which were called into exercise by their position and the circumstances through which they passed, it will be necessary for us to refer back for a period of about three years, as they cover a very stirring and important chapter in the history of the North American continent. It is not our intention to give any more of this than is essentially necessary to the development of the personal history and moral character of the principal parties in our narrative.

Suffice it to say, that, at the latter part of the year 1779 and the beginning of the year 1780, all parties were busily employed, in the city of Montreal, in preparing for a grand and (as some of the leading men declared and fully intended that it should be) a final termination of the struggle then going on between British rule, on the one side, and a determined and indomitable spirit of freedom on the other.

An imposing force was collected, and all the plans of the campaign were duly considered ; for the wise heads who had then the full direction of affairs concluded that the rebellion, as they termed it, must and should be

crushed. On the completion of these plans, the cohorts were led forth in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the brains of the commander busy with all the modes and manœuvres of field tactics, as they were then practised between the contending armies of Europe, where the generals had large masses of troops under their control, and extensive and open plains over which to move them ; where the skilful commander could cope with a wary and wily foe on something like equal terms ; and where, if any original movement should be made that was not included in the general code of military warfare, it would be sure to be criticized, and praised or blamed, according to its success or failure. Hence, as a general thing, the commanders were very careful not to step out of the acknowledged routine of the school in which they had received their instructions. But, on the occasion now before us, all the old routines were completely at fault ; for, instead of wide and extensive plains, they found dark, silent, and vast forests, where there was no room to move or to form their well and systematically drilled forces. To think of moving in mass or solid squares would be madness, let alone their deploying to form an extensive line, or, if in line, to change their front either to the right or left. They had to march through narrow defiles, or through passages that had been cut through the dense forests by the axe, to open up a pathway to connect distant localities.

Vast preparations had been made for their reception by throwing every impediment in their way, such as destroying what temporary bridges there were, sinking deep trenches across their path, and felling the huge

trees to impede the progress of man and horse, and especially to entangle the artillery. In fact, every obstacle that skill and ingenuity could invent or suggest was thrown in the way of the advance of the British army.

No foe appeared in large masses to contend with the British, unless quite sure that they had them inextricably fixed in some well-laid snare, when a continual fusillade was kept up from unseen parties, from every quarter,—from the right, the left, the front, the rear ; and night or day was all the same to them.

One universal spirit appeared to inspire the breasts of the sons of freedom and to nerve their arms, for, at every discharge of their trusty rifles, one less remained of those they considered the instruments of their oppressors. Hence the British soldiers were perpetually harassed and distressed, their officers perplexed, and their commander completely bewildered. Every tree proved to be a covert for a foe, and from behind every large stone or projecting rock the unerring marksman sent a special leaden messenger, with a full and free discharge from the British service of some officer or private.

Engaged in this contest was the regiment to which Captain Walters belonged ; and we may believe that, as a general thing, it would act with as much heroism, and suffer with as much fortitude, as any other regiment of the line. There is, however, one incident of special heroism to which we must necessarily refer, as it is connected with the main features of our narrative ; and we will endeavor to be faithful in its recital.

Several desperate attacks had been made on the

camp. It was noticed that the parties who made these fierce onslaughts generally came from one direction, and it was concluded to send a detachment to oppose the next approach of the foe that might be made, and, if the resistance should prove successful, then to follow up the party, and, if possible, break up their rendezvous. It so happened that Captain Walters was the officer who was selected for this hazardous and important enterprise, with permission to make his own selection of such men from the whole regiment as, in his judgment, were the best fitted for the object. Captain Walters felt the full weight of responsibility of the commission, and well knew how deeply his standing and reputation were involved, as well as that of the regiment and the army at large, and, therefore, in selecting his men and making preparations to resist the attack, he exercised all the care and skill that human prudence could suggest.

When all was ready, taking advantage of the darkness of night, they sallied forth from the camp. Warily, and with cautious and stealthy step, they threaded their devious way through the tangled brushwood of the forest, with a skilful pilot or scout a little way in advance of the main body, ever ready to give warning of the least intimation of an approaching foe. They had advanced some distance when the scout discerned an object advancing with the same stealthy caution that he himself observed. But he, believing himself as yet unseen, which proved true, lay down, so as to allow the one approaching to pass him a little to the left; then, as he lay, quickly taking aim, sent an arrow through the body of his victim, penetrating his heart—causing him

—to spring upward and then fall heavily on his face, dead. This action of the scout proved to his party a sufficient signal of the approach of danger, and they at once made preparation for an onslaught. But other eyes as wakeful as their own had witnessed the deed, for the American party had taken the precaution to double their scouts,—one on the trail of him who was shot, who as quickly gave his own party notice that foes were near at hand.

Here, then, these prowling parties, each sternly bent on slaughter, just as the gray dawn began to tinge the eastern horizon, met face to face, so far as that could be in this dense forest. But the opposing party, seeing the compact array in which Captain Walters had formed his men, who, with fixed bayonets, awaited only the word of command to charge them, made a hasty retreat after pouring in a deadly volley from their rifles. Captain Walters then ordered the volley to be returned, which had as fatal an effect on the retreating party. Immediately ordering a rapid advance in pursuit, he soon came up with the enemy in an open space, or large clearing in the woods, in which was a large frame-building that appeared to be the rendezvous of which they were in search. With perfect coolness and consummate skill he made his dispositions, and his company, both men and officers, seemed inspired with the same cool ardor as himself. But there now opened up before them a sight that might well shake the courage of these heroic men. A company of the enemy, surpassing themselves in number, armed to the very teeth, and under the command of an able mind, drew up before them. It might be seen, by the fixedness of every muscle in each

countenance, that they possessed the spirit both to dare and to do : every musket was grasped with a rigid firmness, every foot seemed locked to the ground. Had they been so many marble statues they could not have appeared more stern and invulnerable. Every man fixed his eye with steady look on his commander, and their every movement seemed under the control of his stern will. There might be seen, also, that mutual confidence, the leader in the man and the man in the leader, that goes far to secure the success of an enterprise.

Now, when troops such as these are placed in hostile position, awaiting the word of command to attack, suspense is associated with something akin to awe ; and at length, when the charge is sounded, quick as the flash of lightning the shock and tumult of battle begin. The clash and clangor of steel, the shout, fury, and confusion of the combatants make the woods ring again. As the cries of the combatants rang out in the death-struggle, it was as if the infernal host had escaped from the lower regions, and were then and there holding high carnival. It seemed, indeed, as though the future well-being, if not the very existence of their respective nations, might have depended on their endurance, their firm nerve, and their strong will, so determined and vengeful was the strife.

In the general *mêlée*, Captain Walters had been very severely wounded in the left shoulder and the left thigh ; but still, with praiseworthy coolness and self-devotion, he was always to be found wherever duty called him, or danger seemed most imminent ; and thus it happened he came in contact with the commanding officer of the opposing force, and each, with drawn sword in hand

(both as true as the steel they bore), demanded of the other to surrender. Neither seemed willing to comply, and both assumed a posture of defence. It was soon discernible that neither of them would prove a novice in the art of self-defence. Their swords were soon crossed, and with celerity and consummate tact every thrust was parried, every cut dexterously guarded, and every lunge adroitly thrown aside. And such was the effect of this cool, masterly exhibition of science, that the attention of the other combatants was irresistibly drawn to them, they actually forgetting for the moment that they themselves had been in deadly conflict. All this time the wounds of Captain Walters were bleeding profusely, and he began to feel their ill effects upon his whole system. From the loss of blood, his movements were growing unsteady; his countenance became pale and livid, and gave indication of exhaustion. The keen eye of his opponent saw all this, and soon discovered that he had the advantage, and that he might have dispatched Walters with comparative ease. But, lowering his sword in token of his purpose, he placed it in his left hand, and, at the same time stepping forward with his right hand extended, said—

“Sir, I am not a dastard, thus to take advantage of a brave man. You and your companions in arms have fought nobly, and won undying laurels.”

But before he had finished speaking, the excitement ceasing, from loss of blood Captain Walters swooned away. The generous action of the American captain had its effect on his followers, and soon melted all those stern warrior-hearts, causing them to vie with each other in acts of kindness, and especially in their atten-

tions to the wounded and the dying. The large building already alluded to was soon put in requisition, and those who had so lately levelled the musket and wielded the sword were now found to be the kindest and tenderest of nurses. They had met at the first with the dark side of humanity towards each other; but now a brighter side was seen, thus forming a beautiful contrast. "Oh, that kings would know that they are men, and men that they are brethren!" But Captain Walters received the special care and most marked attention from the American captain, whose name was Baldwin.

It so happened that the residence of Captain Baldwin was but a few miles distant, and there he at once decided to have Captain Walters conveyed, where he would be surrounded with home comforts, be attended with greater care, and have the benefit of his own family physician. This arrangement was speedily carried into effect, and Captain Walters was received and attended to with as much kindness, and even affection, as he could desire. His wounds proved of a far more serious nature than was at first supposed. On examination it was discovered that he had been wounded by a musket or pistol shot in both the thigh and shoulder. The balls still remained, and that there would be much difficulty in extracting them, giving excessive pain to the patient, seemed evident from their being firmly imbedded among the muscles.

Although Captain Walters was so highly favored, considering the circumstances that had brought him there,—appearing in the first instance as an enemy, now treated as a friend, and cared for in every possible way,—still there was one absent for whom his soul yearned,

and he was heard to softly mention her name and to express a wish that his wife might be informed of his present condition. The desire was no sooner uttered than it was caught at by Captain Baldwin, with the full and hearty assurance that his wish should be promptly complied with, at all hazards.

It was now more than four months since Captain Walters had left his family at Montreal—that family that was more than all the world to him, every member of which was closely entwined around his heart by the tenderest of all earthly ties. But now he was far away from them, severely wounded, confined to his bed, and among strangers, if he might not justly say in an enemy's country; and although thus cared for, and attended to with sympathy and kindness, and every wish or desire anticipated, still he was often heard uttering, in an almost inaudible voice, "Eliza, my own Eliza! and my own dear little pets!"

But his Eliza, though not wounded in body or laid on a bed of sickness, was still more deeply wounded in her heart, and grieving under torn and lacerated affections. She had mourned her absent lord with a true womanly affection; her prayers had daily ascended in his behalf; his very image had attended her in her sleeping as well as her waking hours. In that absence she had been buoyed up by the encouraging hope that he would return to bless her with his presence, to soothe her with his words, and to cheer her by his wonted smile; but she was now mourning for the absence of those who were lost to her, without the palliating thought that they would ever return to her fond maternal embrace.

Captain and Mrs. Walters had been blessed with the birth of two beautiful, lovely, and loving children, a boy and a girl, who had been the means of cementing their hearts, if that could have been at all possible, still more closely, and more completely moulding their souls into unison. At the time that Captain Walters had started with the military expedition from Montreal, they were at the respective ages of four and three. The eldest was a little girl, Elizabeth, generally called the "black-eyed beauty." She appeared like an angel enshrined in clay, her form was so sylph-like and agile, and so graceful was she in all her movements. With her merry laugh, which was peculiarly her own, she was the very life and centre of joy to the whole household, indeed to the entire neighborhood. The boy, Robert, was more thoughtful and taciturn. Young as he was (three years old) he would astonish by his remarks, and very often puzzle by his questions. To say that these children were charming, the loveliest of the lovely, would be only a reiteration of the universal sentiment expressed by all who saw them. Early trained to the culture of refinement by their excellent mother, together with their own sweet dispositions and aptitude to learn, they were at once objects of admiration as well as of love; and it was a pleasure of no ordinary character to listen to them as they joined in their evening hymn of praise, led by the mother's sweet, full, and mellow voice, and accompanied by her on the piano.

Was it any wonder, then, that these two lovely young cherubs should be esteemed as their mother's pride and their father's pets? It would, indeed, rather have been a wonder if it had been otherwise. But, in about a

month after their father left them, then blooming in health, the little boy sickened with the smallpox, which soon appeared to be of a most virulent type. Every remedy was promptly administered that the physician's skill or a mother's affection could suggest, but all to no purpose. On the advice of the physician, the little girl, Elizabeth, was removed from the infected house, and sent to reside with a family in the neighborhood, to prevent, if possible, this very contagious disease being communicated to her. But this very prudent precaution proved to be of no avail whatever; for she, in a very short time, sickened with the same dire complaint, and was brought home to the sorrowing and heart-stricken mother. It would be in vain for us to attempt to describe the unremitting labor of that mother, whose pure affection supported her in her toils and watchings, both day and night, during those sad weeks, amidst these her accumulated and keen sorrows. But all her labor, her affection, and her unwearied attention were of no avail. The demand had been made upon her household, and the contribution, however painful, had to be submitted to; she had to render her quota to help fill up the shining ranks before the throne of God. The precious deposit that had been placed under her charge had, most certainly, been watched over with a care and assiduity befitting their priceless value and their high destiny. She had, at the first, received them, as comparative blanks that had to be filled up—as rough blocks from the quarry of nature; but she had filled them up, had polished and beautified them, and had delivered them back to their Owner as gems of the first water. Though thus stricken down with deep sorrow, she at length

submitted with true Christian fortitude ; consequently, there was none of that loud, boisterous, raving, outside grief, that rather shows its shallowness than its depth and power—more like the noisy ripple of the tiny rivulet, than the broad, deep, and even flow of the noble river. It is true that, when they were carried forth and deposited in the grave,—or, as it may be termed, the Christian's night-room, where the body, the outward dress of the spirit, is laid by until it will be required again at the morning of the first resurrection,—she did feel the loneliness of her situation in all its blank, dark dreariness : but she well knew that there was One whose eye was ever over her for good, and whose ear was open to her every plaint : and persuaded that she had now close relationships above—that up there were safely housed her darling little ones, that they were now safe in the bosom of her heavenly Father—she had ever a celestial halo around her sorrow.

But there was one thing that was calculated to give point to all her other sorrows, and that was, that her husband had not faithfully carried out his promise that he would write, at the very furthest, once a week. To all the letters that she had written to him, she had not as yet received one in return, and she could not unravel the deep and afflictive mystery. She knew that his love was true, and that his affection was firm and pure. She herself had been breathing out her very soul upon paper ; her full breast had found relief in narrating her sorrows with her pen ; and she often asked herself, why was there no response ? She hoped, she feared, and at times she was led to dread that there might be something wrong ; some fatal mishap might have befallen the ob-

ject of her solicitude. And this state of suspense, in her case, was hard to bear ; for she was of a highly sensitive nature, and, keenly alive to both joys and sorrows, could fully appreciate the one, but at all times suffered most keenly under the other.

But, if it will not be anticipating a part of our narrative, we will just mention here, to avoid any unpleasant misgivings in the mind of the reader, that Captain Walters had most scrupulously, in every sense of the word, been faithful to his promise, and had perhaps written as many, if not more letters than his wife ; but none had ever reached their destination, so that there was mutual disappointment. This was owing to the letters being intercepted by parties who had completely cut off communications with the headquarters of the British army and the city of Montreal.



CHAPTER V.

ON the promise of Captain Baldwin to Captain Walters, that he would promptly make arrangements to convey information to Mrs. Walters, he at once sent Lieutenant Wyndham, the officer next in command under Captain Walters,—he having given his parole of honor, with a polite note to the commander of the British forces, stating his wish, and the ardent desire of Captain Walters to see his wife. And, as there were at that time no regular post-roads, or any stages to convey parties from place to place, Captain Baldwin generously placed at the service of the lieutenant his own carriage and span of horses, with the understanding that if it were the desire of Mrs. Walters to return with him, she was at perfect liberty to do so.

So far so good. But it was essentially necessary that a pass, or permit, should be procured from both the American and British authorities, to allow this arrangement to be consummated. Such was the high estimation in which both Captain Baldwin and Captain Walters were held by every individual in their respective armies, that a statement of the case was no sooner made than the pass was granted.

Thus fully prepared to carry out the wishes of all parties interested, Lieutenant Wyndham at once started on his mission of love. But between three and four hundred miles to travel was not so pleasant and easy a

task at that time as at this day of railroad and steamboat communication through the same district of country. Suffice it, however, to say, that after a wearisome and toilsome travel of nearly two weeks, he arrived at his destination in Montreal, and, as gently and kindly as his own rough nature would allow, broke by degrees the whole state of things to Mrs. Walters, who received the news with something like a calm resignation, that was quite unexpected on the part of the lieutenant, and even perplexing. This might partly be accounted for from the fact that this information in some measure quieted the worse fears that had of late been agitating her mind, for she now learned that her husband was alive; and then, of late her mind had been schooled to sorrow, and therefore not so liable to be urged into a sudden gust of grief as it otherwise might have been.

But there was communicated to the lieutenant news that for the moment completely unmanned him. He appeared to be in a state of consternation on being told of the death of his little favorite, Elizabeth, and of his romping pet, Robert; and, greatly moved at the startling announcement, exclaimed—

“Alas! what will Captain Walters say and do when he hears all this?”

Ah! this touched a tender chord in the heart of Mrs. Walters. “Yes,” she said, “what will Walters say and do, indeed?” at the same time seeming in a musing mood, and with a look on vacancy. But she was soon brought back to her self-possession, and in a calm manner and subdued tone of voice said—

“I wish I could go to him and be with him in his sickness.”

The lieutenant then expressed to her that that was the one object of his mission, and that he only waited her commands, and her desires should be implicitly complied with.

She was told that Captain Walters had given utterance to the ardent wish to have her with him; and in obedience to that desire he had come to inform her. On learning this she could not hesitate for a moment, but commenced preparations for her departure, which were soon completed. And as she had not any tender charge to detain her at home, or even to divert her thoughts, there was only one grand absorbing thought that swayed her mind and her woman's heart, and that was her husband. Now that she had placed her mind on him so intensely, time and distance seemed to lengthen indefinitely, as the one passed, or as the fleet horses shortened the other. Her impatience was on several occasions almost on the point of leading her to the use of indiscreet expressions, by complaining of the sleepy driver and the lazy horses. But at the same time there was enough to try the skill and patience of the driver, and to test to the utmost the strength of the horses, by the almost insurmountable difficulties of the road.

At length, however, her ardent desires were realized, and she was once more beside her husband. But that first meeting tongue or pen would utterly fail to portray: it was the looks of love; it was passion without words; it was the soft but silent embrace of pure affection. But, oh what a change a few months had wrought in those so lately blooming forms! Pain and sorrow of heart—yes, deeply wounded affections—had changed

the one ; and severe wounds and bodily pain had sorely reduced the other.

Almost the first question that was asked by the husband and father, when the ebullition of affection had a little subsided, was : "But how are my darling little pets, Eliza?"

She, with an averted eye and an assumed calmness of manner, replied : "They are well, and perfectly happy."

But he, in the excitement of the moment, kept plying her with all kinds of questions ; and in fact every conceivable shade of a reason was urged by him for her to inform him all about his children. But evading all his questions with shrewd womanly tact, she urged him to keep quiet, as his extreme weakness unfitted him to converse long ; that she had told him they were well and happy, and when he was more able to talk, she would then answer all his questions : now that she was with him, he had nothing to do but to get well ; which she trusted a few days or weeks at furthest would fully accomplish.

There was one subject that required an explanation between Captain Walters and his wife, and that was, why no letters had passed between them. This was explained according to the statement already made, that although the letters had been written and sent, according to the word mutually pledged, yet by some mysterious cause they had failed in being delivered.

We would here state, that after Captain Walters had been placed under the care of Captain Baldwin's family physician, the latter had used his utmost skill in his treatment ; but notwithstanding all his attention, there was

excessive suffering on the part of the patient. The ball had imbedded itself so firmly among the muscles of the left shoulder, that it proved a most difficult procedure to extract it; and it required no less dexterity to treat that in the left thigh. The result proved most satisfactorily that Dr. Smith was fully equal to the task he had undertaken; but notwithstanding all this skill and tenderness, he could not prevent nature from pursuing her own course. Serious inflammation ensued, and a general prostration of his whole system, followed by fever of a most malignant type; so that for some time his life appeared to be trembling in the balance: and his noble mind, too, so suffered from the shock as to drift from its moorings.

It was well for Mrs. Walters that all this had been gone through before her arrival; but still he was suffering from the effects of illness, and it required all her skill to insure his recovery. But we must say that no one could, from all appearances, be better qualified than she was for this purpose—quick in all her perceptions, ready in her movements, tender in her applications, yet firm in her command over her own susceptibilities. There was nothing morbid or mawkish in her mind or manner; every thing was quite natural, easy, and graceful,—so much so that the physician complimented her by saying that it was really a great privilege to be sick, where the patient could be blessed with the attendance of such a nurse.

At length, every thing seemed to be progressing, as regarded the health and strength of Captain Walters, as favorably as could be reasonably expected.

But still there was often a great restlessness about

him. He would frequently inquire about his little pets, where their mother had left them, and how was their health when she came away—did they often talk about their father, and had they grown much since he left—and, as he often looked in the glass, seeing his own altered appearance, he wondered if his pets would know him when he returned to them—and many questions such as these, that often put to a very severe test his wife's ingenuity to evade their force ; and they made great demands on her resolution, to enable her to suppress her emotion.

One day, as they sat by themselves, each had remained some time silent, apparently musing on some absorbing subject, in regard to the present or the past, when the captain said : "My dear, you never mention our children except when I ask you a question concerning them ; and even then you answer me evasively."

"Well, my dear Robert," said she, "if I do not say much about them, I do assure you that I think a great deal about them—my sweet little angels."

At this the captain started, exclaiming : "Angels ! what do you mean, my dear ?"

"Now, my dear Robert, my dear love, I see that you are so very nervous that you cannot bear at present to refer to any thing that will have the most distant tendency to excite ; and to quiet you on this one topic, I tell you once for all, that they are perfectly happy now, as I have said so many times before."

He again seemed agitated as before the emotion was strong within, and, with an attempt at suppression, he muttered to himself the words, "Happy now—happy now—what does that mean ?"

CHAPTER VI.

TIME sped onward ; but he left the marks of his advancing footprints, ineffaceable in the stirring period to which we are now referring. Freedom had erected her standard, and it was floating in the breeze : her sons, too, had drawn the sword, and had thrown away the scabbard. And that sword was destined never to be idle ; but to do deeds of daring worthy of fame, so long as there is to be found a single tyrant on the face of the earth, who shall be foolhardy enough to attempt to stay its onward progress.

When Captain Walters had sufficiently recovered to be able to converse freely, without danger, the above and kindred topics engaged much of their attention, and he found in Captain Baldwin a spirit somewhat congenial with his own,—a man who had seen much of the world, and a close observer of human nature, he had read intelligently things, times, and circumstances, as well as men and books. He was a ripe scholar, having won high academic honors in one of the famed universities on the continent of Europe ; and then, to crown the whole, he was a very pious man. His most excellent and amiable wife was a helpmeet indeed for him. So that, from what we have already seen of Captain and Mrs. Walters, it may very naturally be supposed that there must have grown up among them all, something more than an ordinary attachment. And then Captain

Baldwin, like himself, ever manifested an open, upright, and straightforward candor, that completely banished all reserve.

One day they had been talking quite freely upon a number of subjects of a general nature, and relating incidents of their own lives, and circumstances with which they had become acquainted or had seen in their travels, when, after a short lull in the conversation, Captain Baldwin rather abruptly exclaimed :

“Oh, by-the-by, Walters, I have often wondered how it was that you got hold of that system of sword-exercise ;—do let me know.”

Captain Walters responded by remarking : “To tell you the truth, Baldwin, I have as often had the same idea haunting my brain as to how, and where, you came by that same system, when I was under the impression that I was the only one on this continent who had ever learned it.”

“Well,” said Captain Baldwin, “as I was the first to ask the question, after you have given me your relation, I will in return inform you how I attained the knowledge and practice of the same system.”

With this understanding between them, Captain Walters made the following statement. “At the close of my college studies, my father intended that I should take a two years' stroll over the continent of Europe, to enable me to gain a more familiar knowledge of the world before seriously settling down to my profession, which he wished, as indeed was my own choice, should be that of the army. Being fully equipped with a supply of the ‘sinews of war’ in my purse, and a great number of letters of introduction to some of the first families

residing on the route that it was intended I should take, and with a heart as buoyant as that of a new-fledged eagle, I set out upon my journey. And as there was a season of comparative peace at that time in Europe, I found no difficulties to impede my onward progress.

“As is usually the case at the early opening of spring, all the highways of travel on the continent of Europe were thronged with the very *élite* of society; and you may suppose that a young man of my flattering prospects would feel himself perfectly at home in such company. But, as it was my destination to be a soldier, I suppose a little pardonable pride, as well as a good degree of ambition, induced me to select for my associates gentlemen of the same predilections. And it so happened, that as I was on the point of leaving Germany and entering the eastern frontiers of Switzerland, I fell in company with a noble-looking gentleman and his son, a fine, intelligent youth, and I suppose somewhere about my own age. It required very little ceremony for two young men so circumstanced to form an intimacy, and especially as we were bound nearly on the same course in our travels. And then it would take no very long time, and still less labor, for two ardent young minds, just entering upon the great world, by an assimilation of tastes, to form an intimate friendship; and, in short, we did become devoted and inseparable companions for the entire of our future continental travels. And this close intimacy with the son, of course brought me in constant contact with the father, a Prussian officer, and a special favorite of Frederick the Great. At that time, this gentleman was considered

the best swordsman in the Prussian army, if not on the continent of Europe.

"It has sometimes suggested itself that a little selfishness might have prompted the father's sedulous attentions to me; for while he was instructing me in the art of self-defence, he was also completing his own son's education in the masterly use of the sword. After imparting his instructions, he would then leave us to put in practice the theory that he had laid down. Independent of the cuts, the guards, and the parries, he was always very emphatic in requiring the firm grasp of the sword, the rigid arm, with at the same time the free, flexible, and unrestrained play of the wrist, the steady and fixed gaze of the eye placed on the eye of one's opponent. These, with an unswerving nerve, were a few of the instructions that were considered of prime importance by him, and to be observed like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was not long before each of us became completely infatuated with this exercise, and entirely oblivious to all other pursuits; while the father would often stand for hours, and gaze in raptures as we were each trying to catch the other off his guard.

"But, at the expiration of the time allotted for my travels, you may be very sure that we parted with many regrets, and with sincere protestations of undying friendship; and many promises were plighted to continue our correspondence by letter. For some short time we were faithful to our pledges, and quite a number of epistles of a highly interesting character passed between us. Owing, however, to the troubles that sprang up on the continent of Europe, as well as in this country, I have for some years entirely lost sight

both of father and son; but have often thought that I should much like to hear of Colonel Schwartz or his son."

At the mention of this name Captain Baldwin started with extreme surprise and seizing with great energy the arm of Captain Walters, in stentorian voice cried out, "What name was that?"

At the violence of this movement Captain Walters was completely bewildered; and Mrs. Walters, who was sitting at a small table with her sewing, and listening to the conversation in silence, struck with a kind of amazement, with one bound was by the side of her husband. Her small stand flew in one direction, her sewing in another, her scissors here, her thimble there—all was in a state of perfect confusion.

Captain Baldwin on looking around him and seeing what he had done, with a hearty laugh said: "How ridiculously I have acted! how could I have so far forgotten myself! But all this wants explaining: and then you may judge for yourselves whether it was not natural for me to feel a little excited under the circumstances."

"Well," said Captain Walters, "let us have the explanation, for there must be something very remarkable and well worth the hearing, and I am all impatience to have it."

"Hold on a little," said Captain Baldwin; "I think that it would be as well for me, in the first place, to give my version as to the way in which I obtained the knowledge of that system of sword-exercise, and then I shall perhaps be found to be killing two birds with one stone."

And so, all parties being cooled down, and Mrs. Walters having collected her scattered apparatus and material, and the company having again taken their seats, Captain Walters said :

"Now, Baldwin, have the kindness to favor us with your narration ; for, since your last flare-up, I am more curious than ever. There appears to be some deep mystery involved, and I am waiting to hear it unravelled."

Captain Baldwin at once commenced :

"Then," said he, "you must know that my father was a merchant in the good old city of Boston, and quite unlike your English aristocracy, for he was the maker of his own fortunes. He began life with little more than a good stout heart, a clear head, and a pair of ready and willing hands. By strict integrity, and untiring industry and patience, he succeeded in accumulating quite a handsome property. Thus, finding that circumstances were so propitious, and fortune smiling upon his honest labors, he concluded that I, his eldest son, should be fully qualified, so far as mental culture was in question, to join him in his general enterprise. And even in the alternative of a long and prosperous life or an early death, I was destined to succeed him as principal in his extensive commercial engagements. To this end, the best seats of learning that this country then afforded were selected for my tuition.

"As our house had very extensive connections on the continent of Europe, as well as in other parts of the world, my father had been obliged to depend for much of his correspondence to the faithfulness of foreigners in translating the letters. Determined that I should not

be subjected to the same inconvenience, or be liable to suffer the same losses to which he had been exposed through the want of a liberal education, he decided, after mature deliberation, to send me to the celebrated University at Bonn, in Westphalia, Prussia, where I would be able to acquire a thorough general knowledge, and proficiency in all the languages that I might need in my future commercial transactions.

“Nothing could have been more congenial to my own tastes and inclinations, or more gratifying to my ardent thirst for knowledge, than was this arrangement. It was in full accordance with my then impulsive nature, and I promptly made up my mind that my father’s highest hopes and best wishes should meet with a complete response on my part.

It would be at once tedious and unnecessary for me to state minutely all the preparations for the voyage, or to narrate the incidents that occurred while on the passage itself, which, dear knows! was long and dreary enough. Suffice it to say, that after many a toss and tumble in one of the diminutive vessels of those days, I arrived in Liverpool. From there I again started on my journey, and, after many stoppages and delays, I was at length pleased to find myself at my destination. You may be sure that I had a good deal of the ‘cute Yankee about me, and that I set myself to my studies with a will. While many of my classmates were merely dragging along to kill time with the study of only a few subjects, I resolved to take a wide range in my pursuits, with a full determination, at the same time, to thoroughly understand whatever came under my notice. I had not been long at college before I gained a reputa-

tion for great industry, and some of the professors were pleased to point to me as an example to the more lazy and thoughtless students, on account of my close application and proficiency in learning. There was another thing that appeared to be in my favor, and that was my being an American. For this reason, my company was generally acceptable in most of the best families of the neighborhood. Among the rest, I was often invited to spend whatever spare time I might have at a gentleman's mansion, a few miles distant from the college; and, as the invitation was a general one, I, as often as I possibly could, took advantage of the gentleman's kindness, as it proved the means of relieving the *ennui* of college life. To tell you the truth, there was another great attraction; for he had two fine, blooming, beautiful, and highly educated daughters, and three intelligent and active sons. I am not going to say whether it was the daughters or the sons that proved to be the main inducement for my frequent visits, or in which I felt the deepest interest. But, allow me to say that the sons always seemed to be the very pride of their father, and on whose education he had bestowed the greatest attention; for they were each of them destined to the same profession as himself, which was that of a soldier. When I first arrived at college, the eldest son had already been in the Prussian army for some years. The other two were then at college, and the elder of these became my college chum and my constant companion. Every spare moment of our college life was spent in the practice of the sword-exercise, of which the father appeared to be a most consummate master. He would occasionally take the sword himself, to test our skill,

and to see for himself that all our movements were according to rule, or, as he would often say, his own perfect system. And then the eldest son often paid a visit to his home, and he would be sure to have me practise with him at the same sport; for such it seemed to be to us all; and I can assure you that those were some of the most pleasant hours of my life. The eldest son appeared to be deeply interested in my accounts of America. His curiosity was so far excited, that he would, on every occasion that might offer, be making all kinds of inquiries. As the political sky appeared to be rather lowering, he would very often throw out a hint that it might prove to be a field where laurels could be gathered in his line. And so, by the time that my college course was completed, he had fully made up his mind that he would accompany me back to my native shore. He found but little opposition in procuring the necessary leave of absence from his regiment, through the powerful and prevailing influence of his father. And thus, with the necessary outfit, when all the other arrangements were made, we started on our long and perilous journey, and, after all its incidents and adventures, safely arrived at the port of Boston. On our arrival, finding that the political atmosphere was in such a state of dire confusion, and portending storms of more than ordinary magnitude, I, for one, determined to throw myself into its very midst, and take a hand in the cause of my suffering and bleeding country. Having been, for the last few years, much in the company of military men in Prussia, and being of a naturally inquisitive turn of mind, I had gained a good deal of information on the subject of military tactics; and concluding that I

should be of most service to my country as a fighting man, I at once joined the patriot army.

"Now," said Captain Baldwin, "I have given you a somewhat rambling account of the way in which I became acquainted with that system of sword exercise."

"But," said Captain Walters, "you have not told us the name of the Prussian officer, or of the sons."

"Well," replied Captain Baldwin, "if you promise me not to lose your wonted equilibrium, I will tell you their names."

"Oh, yes!" said Captain Walters; "but, after the startling evidence that you have just now given us, what a remarkable example you are of that patience you are so zealously preaching up! But at all events let us have it, and I will be all attention."

"Well, then," said Captain Baldwin, "that same Prussian officer is none other than your noble-looking Switzerland traveller, and his son, the youthful companion of your continental rambles. Thus is explained what proved so great a mystery to both of us—how we learned the same system of sword-exercise, each having been instructed by the same master. It will gratify you to learn that I expect that same youthful companion of yours to pay me a visit in the course of this week or the next."

At this announcement Captain Walters seemed to be almost frantic with delight, and impatient for the arrival of his old friend. His inquiries were put in all the forms that his excited imagination could suggest,—so much so, indeed, that his wife was obliged to again and again suggest to him that his nerves were as yet far too weak to bear further excitement.

CHAPTER VII.

At about this period of our narrative there came on a visit a sister of Mrs. Baldwin. These two ladies were natives of one of the New England States, and of the pure stock of the Pilgrim Fathers. They were both of them prim and precise in all their movements, and very methodical in their words and actions; but, when the outside crust of their apparently cold, formal manners had been broken through by a little familiar conversation, and this supported by entire, honest confidence, it was then found that they had the kindest hearts and the most genial and amiable dispositions. They were perfect patterns of thrift and frugality. There were no bits or odds and ends lost in their housekeeping; but each of these had its appropriate use and place, and every such trifle contributed to swell the general savings of the year; and it might be seen that all their in-door arrangements were formed with a single eye to comfort.

Their moral sentiments, and their views of the proprieties of life, had such a oneness with the whole of the community in which they had been reared, that any deviation from the general type would have been contemplated with something like horror. In fact, the sharpness of the manners, and the sternness of the moral sentiments of these ladies had, from their uniformity and

rigidity, somewhat of the general character of cast-iron ; but, when we contemplate their theology, their religious views and sentiments, and the influence these had in the formation of their whole character, they present to our view somewhat of the characteristics of cast-steel. But we cannot bring ourselves to think that all this was meaningless, or without a purpose, in the cradle of the great American nation. No ! These New England dames were to be the nursing, the foster-mothers of the young Republic, and to give it a start deeply imbued with the very spirit of unswerving virtue.

Now, it may be supposed that all this would present an entirely new phase of life and of human nature to Mrs. Walters. She had been brought up in the midst of the very cream or upper class of polished society, and both her manners and her mind had been formed on that general model. She could use her needle or her pencil with unsurpassed skill ; the charms of music, when she put forth her powers, either with fingers or voice, appeared with surprising brilliancy ; but with all these accomplishments, and more, in the department of house-keeping she was a novice. Notwithstanding that she had resided for a few years in the city of Paris with a wealthy lady acquaintance and companion, whose friendship she had formed when at school, so that she had had all the advantages which wealth and an extensive intercourse with the highest grades of fashionable society could possibly confer ; yet there had always been a careful and watchful eye over her, and an almost maternal affection for her, in the person of a very prudent and pious female, who had been born to wealth and station,

but who, through reverses, had found it necessary to occupy this subordinate position ; and then, her expenses had at all times been defrayed in some very mysterious way that she had never been fully able to comprehend.

Added to all the advantages of high position and thorough mental culture, she had a true woman's perception, which often proved a safeguard, and which enabled her to see almost at a single glance the real character of parties into whose company she was thrown ; and she had, in a high degree, woman's apt facility in accommodating herself to the whims and wayward wishes of others, without in the least compromising her own mild dignity.

There appeared to be a mutual recognition, on the part of Mrs. Walters and these two New England ladies, of those higher and nobler traits of character with which they were so abundantly endowed ; though it must, in candor, be acknowledged that each of them soon discovered that there were discrepancies of opinion between them on many subjects, both national and religious. They had the sterling good sense to waive all allusion to those comparatively trifling points of difference, and to meet on those broad, grand truths that mainly affected their common humanity. They could, and very often did, pray with each other at a common throne of grace, and talk sweetly over those precious truths that related to their personal salvation through Christ alone:

It does not, however, come within the range of our purpose to moralize on detached incidents, but to give a faithful narration of the lives of the individuals before

us, in order that we may illustrate a grand principle involved in the moral government of the world, as well as in that of individuals.

After the sister of Mrs. Baldwin had been about a week on her visit, it was arranged that Mrs. Walters should return home with her. That home lay in a southerly direction, somewhat more than fifty miles distant, and not very far from where the city of Albany now stands. It was considered that Captain Walters, now so far recovered, and still gaining strength every day, would not suffer very seriously from his wife's short absence; but he had now been more than six months in a state of extreme suffering from his wounds, which had made serious inroads upon his system, and, indeed, much affected his noble manly appearance.

The long and severe winter was now past; the forests were again clothed in their beautiful foliage; Nature had put on her holiday dress, and was now vocal with the song of birds, the bark of the squirrel, and the continual hum of unnumbered insects. On the completion of the arrangements for the homeward journey of Mrs. Brewster, accompanied by Mrs. Walters, the rude home-made wagon, with its wooden springs, was brought to the door at very early dawn.

At the time of which we are writing, it was no trifling matter to go on a journey of fifty miles through the forests in that sparsely settled country. The party had to be well armed, both male and female, as it was no very uncommon occurrence for travellers of that day to meet with most unwelcome foes in the prowling wolf or sly and savage panther, if not the equally dreaded roving Indian.

Notwithstanding all the obstacles that impeded their progress, from the abominably bad roads or otherwise, thanks to the span of sturdy horses and a skilful driver, they were fortunate enough to arrive at their destination a little before the sun had set in the west.

Mrs. Walters found the comfortable farm-house of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster almost the counterpart of the one that she had left—every part so clean, so neat; every thing in its place, and a place for every thing. It was no difficult matter for her to feel herself perfectly at home, and especially after the warm and right hearty greeting that she received from the cheerful and open countenance of Mr. Brewster.

Although Mrs. Walters appeared to be a silent observer, she was none the less a watchful student. She was laying in a large store of frugal maxims, and taking those lessons in housekeeping which might prove no very great burden to carry, even should they never be required in practice; but, if ever she should be thrown, by the revolving wheel of time, and by the possible changing of circumstances, into a position that might call them into requisition, she would then be able to turn them to good and profitable account. And where is there a daughter, a sister, a wife, or a mother who can so scan the future as to say with confidence what they may or may not require?

After Mrs. Walters had gone, and her husband was left to the free exercise of his own thoughts and actions, he felt excessively lonely. He could not rest, for five minutes in succession, in any one place or position. He would sit down in his easy-chair, then as hastily start up; would walk to the window, whistle or hum a tune,

take a walk in the garden, or talk nonsense to the chickens. If he met any of the family, he would ask for the hundredth time when they thought Captain Schwartz would arrive, and which way he would be likely to come ; or if they thought, were he to take a walk in a certain direction, there would be any probability of his meeting him. In fact, he was a torment to himself, and a perfect bore to all who came near him ; such had been the enervating influence of the very trying season through which he had come.

And then he had no congenial company to divert his mind or engage him in conversation ; for Captain Baldwin, as was his custom, had been away for some days on his professional duty, and was not expected back for some time to come.

Quite unlooked-for, Captain Baldwin arrived at home after Mrs. Walters had been gone about four days. On his arrival, he went straight to the room of Captain Walters, and, after a very warm greeting, presented a small paper package to him, saying—

“Walters, here is something that may prove interesting to you. It came into my possession a few days ago. Although we have now rather warm work on hand, I thought that I would just run away for once in my life and bring it to you. I have not time to say much to you, but I see that you are getting along bravely, and it is my impression that you will be able to stand a pretty tough tug with the sword by the time that your old friend Captain Schwartz is here, which cannot now be long.”

After about three hours' stay, allowing just sufficient time for his horse to feed and rest himself a little, Cap-

tain Baldwin again vaulted into his saddle, and was soon lost to the sight of his anxious but heroic and patriotic family.

Captain Walters, on the reception of the package from Captain Baldwin, wondering what it could contain, sat down in his chair, and, with a small table before him, began very impatiently to untie and unfold it; when, lo and behold! he discovered that there was every letter that he had written to his wife from the day when he first started with the army from Montreal.

And to his astonishment and joy, there too was every letter that had been written to him by his wife; and all these placed in the package in the exact consecutive order in which they had been sent. To his delight, not one of them had been opened; for their contents were of too sacred a character for idle, prying curiosity to see.

With eager though anxious mind, and as far as he could with steady eye, but with a trembling hand, he began to read the first letter—in fact to devour the very words and thoughts. His lips quivered; the color of his cheeks rapidly came and went; there was a flutter at his heart—yes, at his heart—but there was a rich and delicious feast to his soul, while he scanned over these gushings forth of affection from the full, pure heart of a loving woman. He read on and on—one, two, three, four—but at the fifth letter, it appeared as though there were whispered fears from the lips of tender affection that all was not right with the health of their darling little Robert. In the sixth letter, there was something very ominous in the guarded, cautious selection of terms. What was the matter with him, he could

not see clearly. He rubbed his eyes; he tried to read again and again; was it possible—did he read aright—did the letter say small-pox, or was he in a dream? Was it true that his little pet was past all hopes of recovery—had the foul disease baffled the utmost skill of the physician!

The letter fell from his hand, but after a while he took it up again: he read on, and on; but the pious breathings of his wife's deep devotional spirit found no echo, met with no response from his own crushed nature. Was it really so—was there no hope, no gleam of light to gladden his darkened, downcast spirit? He would see; perhaps the next letter might convey better news—might afford some slight consolation. With sorrow too deep for tears, listlessly and with a hesitancy between hope and fear, he takes the next letter. He slowly opens it—he reads—but oh! blank dismay—despair is depicted in every feature: body and mind at once lay prostrate.

From the reading of the last letter, the whole truth had with the force and quickness of the lightning's flash broke upon his mind—he was childless. For he there found faithfully and minutely recorded the successive stages of the sickness of his two darling children—his Robert and his Elizabeth—together with the hour and minute of their death.

When he came to himself again, he was a changed man. It was well for him that he was alone, that there might be no witness of such deep sorrow, that nature might be left to spend its force, without the interference of kind, officious sympathy. The heart has its sorrows—of the affections—far too deep and strong to

be assuaged by kindness from others; therefore let it sorrow in silence, and alone; for it is a luxury that the stoic, the unreflecting, and the unfeeling know not of. The rough and coarsely constituted mind may look askance, and wonder, if not even sneer, at the deep sorrows or the lofty joys of the refined and sensitive soul, neither of which can they understand: their very nature and affinities lead them to seek other associations, and exhibit far different manifestations.

After Captain Walters had remained for several hours in a state of complete prostration, the full realities of his situation, in all their breadth, certainty, and distinctness, seemed to loom up before him. In a more calm and self-possessed state of mind, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, he breathed forth: "Oh, my Father, help me!"

This one short simple petition was enough. A number of precious promises exactly suited to his state, came crowding over his mind: his eye of faith saw these as he never saw them before—and he felt their force. He now thought that he could see the hand of God in all these trials, and that they were designed by his Heavenly Father to bring him to himself. And he could now fervently and sincerely say, and pray with a contrite spirit: "Oh! my Heavenly Father! I pray thee to sanctify all these my heavy afflictions to my spiritual well-being, and enable me to glorify thy name." In this chastened and humble frame of mind, he took the remainder of his wife's letters, as well as those that he had already read, and perused them again and again. And their words, dictated as they had been by the sweetness and the breathings forth of a pure and di-

vinely instructed soul, were now fully appreciated by him. He would often fall upon his knees, and, under the influence of a self-sacrificing spirit, dedicate himself, body, soul, and spirit, a living sacrifice to God, for the remainder of his life. In the fulness of his heart, he asked that this laying of the gift upon the altar might be owned of God, and be fully ratified and sealed upon his conscience by the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Ever after this, the soldier of an earthly monarch became a bold and devoted soldier of the Cross of Christ. He was indeed a new man. His spirit, his conversation—indeed, his whole walk and conduct—gave clear and unmistakable evidence that he had been with Jesus. For this ever after appeared to be the only theme on which he delighted to dwell. And whenever he alluded to his children, with fervor of spirit he would say: "Oh! I shall go to them, but they will never return to me."

He would often say to himself: "Oh, yes! my own dear Eliza might well say that they are perfectly happy now; for they are, indeed, my sweet little angels!"

From that time forth he became a living epistle, seen and read of all men. In the glow and fervor of his newborn spirit, he was continually urging a¹ whom he came near to seek an interest in the merits of the Saviour; and in the holy aspirations of his own soul, he seemed all athirst for the mind that was in Christ. He would often exclaim in the language of the Psalmist: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." But after all, there was nothing noisy, nothing boisterous. All was calm, serious, solid; and strong good sense seemed to dictate all his words and regulate all his actions.

Mrs. Walters had spent the time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster, comfortable as they could possibly make her; for they thought and made much of their guest, and saw clearly that she was a person of no ordinary character. When the time came for her to return to her husband, there was a feeling of mutual regret. She had become acquainted with true, genuine American character, as seen within the domestic circle; and she knew how to appreciate the beautiful in virtue, though clothed in a rustic and homely garb, and buried in the backwoods, far beyond the ken of the gay and fashionable world. She had learned lessons of real utility, that could never have been gained in any other direction on the face of the globe. For necessity, with the New England dames, had indeed been the mother of invention; and this might be seen in the entire routine of domestic labor.

She had now seen a fair sample of a people new, as it were, in their origin, and unique in their individuality, but who were destined to give form and shape to a mighty nation, if not eventually to have a powerfully controlling influence on the social and political state of the world at large. She mourned within her own heart that there ever should be a desire in any quarter, or in any way, to oppress such a sterling and noble-minded people; or that they should ever be visited by war—that greatest of all national scourges and curses. But she felt that all that she, a feeble woman, could do under the circumstances, was to pray that men might be led to cultivate the principles of peace, and learn war no more: that peace might yet reign between people so nearly allied as those who were then engaged

in such a deadly, and on one side she was sure, aimless and useless strife.

But the time came for her departure, and on each side there was given a few trifles as mementoes of an undying friendship. Though, as they expressed themselves, severed for a while on earth, they were sure to meet again where there would be no war's alarms, and no regrets of parting friends.

There were no special events to notice in her homeward trip, other than the general ones of jolts and jars, the threading of the intricacies of forest paths, and perils from the crossings of bridgeless brooks. She had not received up to this time any information of the train of circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, and of the reception by her husband of all the letters which she had written to him from Montreal, and the very pleasing result. Upon the arrival of the vehicle at the door of Captain Baldwin's house, the first person who hailed her appearance was her husband—his countenance all radiant with smiles.

With an adroitness that, for the moment, completely surprised her, he handed her down, and her quick eye soon detected that there was something more than usual to be observed in his manner and behavior. And then her ear caught something that was very peculiar in his voice: so subdued, yet clear and sweet, that she looked at him intently, but said not a word on the subject. He seemed to have all the vivacity and buoyancy of spirit of his younger days; but this was seasoned with the steady gravity and wisdom of age. She wondered, and pondered in her heart the cause of this great change. She saw, too, that his conduct was quite easy

and natural—nothing assumed for effect's sake. He could talk with her, but his speech was seasoned with grace, and there was even a warm emotion in all that he said.

She concluded that there was only one thing that could by any possibility produce, in so short a time, such a change as she saw in her husband. But, as a prudent woman, she awaited the development of circumstances in their own time and way. He himself was not at all hasty in his explanation, but went about the matter coolly and calmly. At length he brought the bundle of letters which he had received from Captain Baldwin, and placing them in his wife's hand, said: "My own dear Eliza, here is every letter that you wrote to me from Montreal. I have read and ré-read every word of them."

All this was done and said so calmly, and with such self-possession, that she now actually felt alarmed; and while he was thus cool, she was soon everwhelmed with her feelings, and gave vent to them in a flood of tears. He then drew her to his bosom, and in a gentle whisper, said: "My own, and my ever dear Eliza! you were correct in what you said; for they are perfectly happy now. They are indeed our—yes! our—sweet little angels!"

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Walters, "they are not actually lost to us. No, for we shall again fondle them in our arms, and press them to our bosoms."

"I am sure of all this, my dear," said Captain Walters; "for, after reading your letters, and somewhat imbibing your spirit, my Heavenly Father so clearly and fully revealed himself to me, that there is not now

a doubt upon my mind, or the faintest cloud to dim my spiritual sky. Let us praise His holy name!"

And this so lately sorrowful couple fell upon their knees, and were soon so deeply engaged with God in prayer, that they appeared to be lost to all outward things. When, at length, they arose from their knees, it might have been seen that they had indeed received a full baptism of the Spirit. And now they plighted their vows to spend and be spent for God.

In a few days after the occurrence of the circumstances above narrated, Captain Baldwin was brought home—carried by six men on a litter. He had been engaged in a severe contest, and been wounded by a musket-ball, that had entered between the collar-bone and the joint of the right shoulder. All hands were at once on the alert to render all the aid they could to the wounded man; but, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, some appeared to be at a complete loss what to do for the best. Captain Walters, however, was from the first as cool and collected as though nothing more than ordinary had happened: not that there was any want of feeling on his part, for he at once laid the patient in bed, and dressed the wound with as much skill as a practical physician, and with as much tenderness as the most feeling mother would have shown to a sick babe. He was never for a moment from the bedside; every breath was noticed; every whisper attended to; every want promptly supplied. In fact, every relief was afforded that the necessities of the case required. If Captain Walters had been brought up from his early youth in a hospital, he could not have felt more at home, to all appearance, than when attending to his sick

friend. He was indeed unremitting and unwearied in his attentions.

When the family physician arrived, he declared that skill and kindness could not have been more judiciously employed, and he questioned whether he could have done as well himself. On examining the wound, he said there were no bones broken; and he thought, when the inflammation had subsided a little, the ball might be extracted without much difficulty, and with comparatively little suffering. Thus they were led to put the most favorable construction on the case.

Captain Baldwin himself had from the very first exhibited the greatest equanimity of mind. But for the faintness which he felt from loss of blood, and the excessive pain that he endured from the inflammation of the wound, no person would have supposed that there had been any thing very seriously the matter with him. He had always been remarkable for a high flow of generous and noble feeling, and this had placed him far above the reach of petty annoyances. And now that he was called upon to suffer a little confinement, there was nothing like fretfulness or a repining spirit manifested, but rather a merry, happy buoyancy of mind.

About a week after Captain Baldwin had been placed on the sick-list, and just as the day was drawing to a close, it was announced that there was a stranger approaching the house on horseback. It was soon seen by his dress and accoutrements, as well as by the trappings on his horse, that he was a military man. It was not long before he was recognized as the long-expected Captain Schwartz. The greeting was at once cordial and confidential between him and Captain Baldwin. It

had been arranged beforehand, between Captain Baldwin and Captain Walters, on the suggestion of the former, that there should be no mention made of the presence of the latter, in order to increase, if possible, the agreeable surprise that this would prove to Captain Schwartz. So that, after the introductory ceremony of the two friends already in the secret, Captain Baldwin, in a kind of off-hand way, said: "Oh! by-the-by, Schwartz, I have a gentleman here with whom I wish to make you acquainted."

On the presentation of these two, Captain Schwartz eyed Captain Walters as though there was a kind of recognition going on in his own mind, that very visibly betrayed itself both in his looks and conduct; and, turning to Captain Baldwin, he said in a kind of half-meditative way: "What did you say this gentleman's name was, Baldwin?"

"Oh," said Captain Baldwin, "that is a friend of mine—his name is Walters."

Captain Schwartz, looking still more puzzled than before, said: "Walters! Walters!" and looking him full in the face, he inquired: "Have you, or had you ever, a brother?"

Captain Walters, imitating the New England twang in his speech, replied: "Well, I guess I had once."

Captain Schwartz hung down his head and muttered something to himself, part of which was: "The same name, that is sure; and as like as two peas."

The parties who were in the secret enjoyed this amazingly, and were not at all backward in posing Captain Schwartz as to what he could be thinking about—insinuating that he was bewitched.

Captain Baldwin, with great apparent candor, coming to his relief, requested that he would explain to him the difficulty under which he appeared to be laboring.

"Well," said Captain Schwartz, "some eleven or twelve years ago, as I was travelling on the continent of Europe with my father, we fell in company with a young Englishman of the name of Walters, the same as that of your friend; and I do declare, that if I had met him in any other place, and under other circumstances, I should have had no hesitation whatever in saying that this was the same person."

"Yes," said Captain Baldwin; "but you see how easily we may be deceived. And I have no doubt that you, as well as myself, have seen individuals whom we supposed very like each other; yet if we could have seen those same persons stand together, we should have been able at once to discover our mistake."

"Well," said Captain Schwartz, "after this I shall never place any reliance on my own perceptive powers;" at the same time scrutinizing the features and person of Captain Walters, and again saying: "Well, I am completely deceived this time, I must acknowledge."

On this declaration being made by Captain Schwartz, Captain Walters, thinking that this scene of deception had gone far enough, stepped forth with extended hand, and assuming his own natural voice, said: "Well, my old friend Schwartz, how do you do? I am so glad to see you!"

On this sudden transition of affairs, the confusion of Captain Schwartz appeared to be still more confounded. He looked at Captain Baldwin, then at Captain Walters, and he actually seemed for some moments to be unable,

with any thing like certainty, to realize his true position, as to whether he was in a dream or really wide awake. But after Captain Baldwin had enjoyed a good hearty laugh at his expense, and a short explanation had been given, the two old friends were warm in their congratulations, and quite overjoyed at this unexpected meeting.



CHAPTER VIII.

It may very naturally be supposed that three such men, who had so extensively seen the world, and from so many standpoints studiously contemplated it in the mass, as well as in the individual character, could not be long in want of congenial subjects for conversation. And so rapidly the time wore away, that it was far past the hour of midnight before they separated, each betaking himself to his couch, though sleep proved reluctant to be wooed to their relief.

Among the many topics that came under their notice for future discussion, it may be supposed that one very fruitful subject would be—and to which they would often allude—the principles of liberty that were then animating the breasts of American patriots. On this theme Captain Baldwin was a perfect enthusiast; yet he was always careful to use no language that might wound, or in the least interfere with the views or feelings of Captain Walters. Captain Walters would listen apparently with great interest, but said little or nothing on these subjects; though on one occasion he did make the remark, that he was a subject and a soldier of the British crown, and could not conscientiously interfere with these opposing national politics, as it would ill become him to exhibit any thing like dereliction to his oath of allegiance. "But," said he, "I am fully con-

vinced that these principles must have a most astounding influence on the governments of Europe."

"Influence !" said Captain Schwartz, with vehemence, "why, they will spread over Europe like wildfire ; and will inaugurate quite a new state of things. This period and these circumstances will prove another starting-point in the world's great and grand drama. Men will awake as from the deep sleep of ages ; they will begin to think for themselves ; and they will see and feel that they are a power in the world : they will assert their claims and demand their rights. But my mind is deeply impressed with the most fearful forebodings ; for in the first awakenings of men who have been so long kept in the dark, and so heavily oppressed as the people of Europe, the fiery spirits that will be evolved by circumstances, will act upon and urge onward the indiscreet, and will let loose the unbridled passions of the masses to deeds of blood and wrong the direst and the darkest ; and all this will be done in the name and for the cause of liberty."

"Why, this has not been the case with us," said Captain Baldwin. "It is true that there have been, as might have been expected in a civil war, isolated cases of brutal butchery on both sides of the contestants ; but the people, as well as those who have been the leading minds in the movement, have from the very first had a definite object in view, and they have never for one moment swerved from that path which was sure to bring them eventually to the desired goal."

"Ah, yes," said Captain Schwartz ; "but you must remember that your leaders and your people had been schooled to just thinking and right acting. The prin-

principles of the Pilgrim Fathers had moulded the national sentiment, and shaped their morals. It was love of true national liberty that at the first brought your fathers and mothers to the shores of New England. And they brought with them the open Bible, that palladium of civil and religious freedom.

"The descendants of those fathers and mothers have, from their cradles, breathed the air of liberty, and been nurtured in its principles, while at the same time they have been reared in a state of society characterized by almost primitive simplicity, far away from those old systems that had so long corrupted, cramped, and enervated all the native energies of man. It was, therefore, contrary to the very nature of things to suppose that such a people, and so circumstanced, would long brook the restraints and oppressions of despotism. Here you had a people fully prepared and every way worthy of the freedom which they demanded; and it has been the potency of the public will that has wrenched the rod from the hand of the oppressor. But, at the present moment, things are far otherwise in Europe; the masses are there purposely kept in ignorance, that the will of the ruler may sway them to suit his own sinister purposes; and if the people once get a glimpse of the flimsy barriers that hold them in restraint, those barriers will prove but as the merest cobweb before the first general uprising. The popular fury once fully aroused, will, in its frenzy, blindly strike friend and foe alike, and, in its madness, may eventually even destroy itself. So, when casting its horoscope through the coming century, the mind shudders at the prospect it reveals to the people of Europe!"

"But," said Captain Baldwin, "would you rather that things should continue as they are—that the people should be kept in ignorance, and be considered only as the vassals and drudges of those who are pleased to entitle themselves the upper class, or the higher orders, and so avoid that state of things which your imagination has portrayed?"

"Why," said Captain Schartz, "I am fully persuaded things cannot continue in their present state; for I, very early in life, learned a sentiment from my mother that has had a controlling influence on my own opinions and actions, and by which I have been able to judge of those of other people. It is this—'Jehovah reigneth; let the earth rejoice.'"

On the utterance of these words Captain Walters gave a start, and looked most intently at the speaker. The reader will have little trouble in divining the cause of this, when he recollects that the above are the words always found in the letters received by Mrs. Walters from the Black Phantom.

• But Captain Schwartz continued: "It is and ever has been deeply impressed upon my very heart, that the present state of things among men is an infraction on the laws of the universe. Every thing appears out of joint—the guilty great are triumphant, and the virtuous poor are oppressed. There is only one way by which I can reconcile this state of things with the thought that God still holds the reins of government in His own hands; and that is, that He is now allowing the guilty rulers sufficient time to fill up the measure of their iniquity. And it is my firm conviction that the governors, both in Church and State, in Europe, have nearly ar-

rived at that point. The principles that are to consummate all this are those that are now working in the minds of you Americans—principles that must raise your nation to a high point of greatness and prosperity. Other nations and people, seeing your wealth and power, will emulate your conduct and follow your example. This must be so; for men, like children, are imitative. The course of principles is ever onward. Man is a progressive being, and nations must advance, unless kept back by selfish rulers and unwise laws.

“There is one great and crying evil in Europe, that must, while it lasts, render almost futile the exertions of the poor man to secure a homestead for himself and family, while it retards the material prosperity of nations. I refer to monopoly of the land. Surely the day cannot be far distant when the landless will assert their claims to a portion of this, as the indisputable right of every man who has the means to purchase. This century is far in advance of the last in many points, and yet people at this day only see men as trees walking; but your people have made a grand move in advance, that must give accelerated speed to the world’s progress. And so, from this starting-point, the wildest fancy may not be able to picture forth the degree of light and knowledge that will actually blaze forth and spread over the world in the coming century; and the man who is a lover of his kind cannot contemplate the future, after the present threatening clouds have cleared away, without the most exultant feelings—for freedom, and her twin-sister, knowledge, must spread over the nations, and draw all men within their kindly grasp.”

“Then,” said Captain Walters, “you suppose that

the capacity of man will enlarge with favoring circumstances?"

"No, not by any means," said Captain Schwartz; "for it is not within the power of man or of circumstances to give intellect. They may, and very often do, foster it, but never confer it. The will of man has no control in the case whatever. You may prepare your ground, and use your own judgment in the selection of the kinds and quality of the fruit-trees that you intend shall form your orchard; and you may, to a very great extent, control and mould your flocks and herds, by careful selections and prudent crossings: but where is the man who shall say and determine, at the commencement of his domestic life, I will have so many sons, and beforehand make a selection from the intellectual or sensible arts that they shall pursue, irrespective of the mental provisions of nature? But he may train the whole of his family to virtuous habits, and start them in useful and honorable pursuits; and these will prove of more sterling value, both to themselves and to the community in which they reside, than the most brilliant endowments of genius. The spirit of genius is a coy vagrant; man has no bait to lure her to his embrace, or to induce her to do his bidding. She is erratic in her movements: now she may make choice of a region in the sunny south,—at another time in the frozen clime of the north. She eludes the pampered sons of sloth and the effeminate circle, and often selects for her favorite the obscure and the poor. Men of might or of power cannot claim her presence or command her obedience. Constantine might, by his authority, make choice of the beautiful site on the shore of the Bosphorus on which to build the city of

Constantinople; but, with all the resources of the Roman empire at his command, he could not evoke the spirit of genius, or infuse the talents of a Phydias into any of his numerous subjects to adorn it. The increase of wealth, and the consequent corruption of manners, has driven the spirit of genius from those places which aforetime were her favorite haunts. And all men are now more or less practical sophists; they reason falsely, and they act still worse. The clergyman, by continually poring over his dogmas, influenced by the contracted views and principles of sect, contracts his own intellect. The physician, by spending his time and having his attention all absorbed in prescribing to the physical necessities of his patients; too often circumscribes the extent of his own mental vision. The lawyer is often so one-sided and technical as to warp his judgment; for, assiduously intent in his study of statute and common law, he foregoes those higher ranges of thought that would warm, and cheer, and elevate his soul. Thus it may be said that all men are walking in a vain show, for their very professions, without great care, have a direct tendency to clip the wings of their fancy and circumscribe the range of their imagination.

“And then it is my impression,” continued Captain Schwartz, “that there never will be an intellect able to produce works to surpass those of Homer, so far as invention and the pure spirit of poetry are in question. And again, as to a knowledge of the secret workings of the human heart—and, indeed, of that microcosm, man—none of the modern authors as yet have equalled, let alone surpassed, the ancients; and it is a question with me whether future writers will accomplish more. But

indeed it matters little, so far as the real happiness of man and the well-being of society are to be influenced. But what I wish to say is, that that knowledge and all that freedom which are now confined to a favored class, will then be so equally diffused over the general community, that every unit in society shall count for its full value, and every individual feel his full weight and importance, and, well instructed to that end, have his say on all questions of public import: that there shall be no one single privilege claimed by any portion of the community that shall not be equally and alike the inheritance of all."

"Then, is it your opinion," said Captain Walters, "that to possess all the privileges of a member of the body politic, and the unrestricted exercise of freedom of speech on all subjects, and to have all the avenues of knowledge open to his inspection, and his acquirements in proportion,—that these will constitute the chief well-being of man and of society?"

"No, I would not be understood to mean that," said Captain Schwartz; "but this I will say, that oppression and ignorance were never yet known to foster the kinder feelings and sentiments of the human heart, or the virtues of every-day life, for both the oppressor and the oppressed equally suffer. And these virtues, after all, are the true and solid basis, as well as the strong bonds of human society, and more likely to be cultivated in that community where there is the recognition of mutual rights in the governor and the governed. Where there is the want of virtue on the part of either, there will be found the sure indications of public decay; and if not arrested, the destruction of the whole fabric of society

and of its well-being, sooner or later, is morally certain. But where virtue reigns, and the people are well instructed in their duties,—where there is a healthy and active public sentiment, a wise government, and a thrifty and industrious people,—there national prosperity, and general as well as individual happiness, must be secure. And let me add to this, that where every man's heart and affections are schooled to virtue, these will prove of more sterling worth in the ultimate results than if every man were a Homer, a Virgil, or a Milton."

"Yes," said Captain Baldwin, "those are the grand principles advocated by some of our leading men, and which have animated us in our long and severe struggle: and it appears to me as though Providence has most signally interposed in our behalf; for, though in comparative poverty, poorly clad, and scantily equipped for the fearful contest, still, with a firm and unswerving trust in the God of battles, victory has at length perched upon our banners, and success come in answer to our prayers."

"That is perfectly correct," said Captain Schwartz; "God has indeed vindicated his own truth. And how could it have been otherwise, with such a people and with such leaders? for they were at once faithful to their country and their God. And then the world has never seen associated in one company such a number of wise heads, warm hearts, and such disinterested patriots as the signers of your Declaration of Independence. Surely the God of providence must have had something to do in the raising up of such men, at such a time, and for such a purpose. And then the one man, the one

great and good man, the noble Washington—emphatically the *Father* of his country—long may he live to enjoy the laurels he has so honorably and triumphantly won !”

“ I am pretty well convinced,” said Captain Walters, “ that Providence has indeed fought your battles ; for, while there have been wise counsels and prudence on your side, with a paucity of the essential materials of war, we have had all the necessary equipments and a more than ordinarily well-drilled army. But there has been confusion in our councils and bewilderment in our aims, and our actions have been without results ; as though it were ordered, by a power above that of man, that you should succeed in your purposes.”

“ You may rely upon it,” said Captain Schwartz, “ that though God may appear to be long and often mysterious in working out His own purposes, either in national or individual cases, yet nothing is more certain than that the results will at length vindicate His power, wisdom, and goodness ; and, as I have remarked before, it has been, under God, the strong arm and stern will of the people, influenced by the pure principles of patriotism, that have not only succeeded in conquering their own freedom, but in winning from all true lovers of their kind the meed of praise and admiration that will be echoed and re-echoed through all time. Next only to the devotion and worship we owe to the Supreme Being, the sentiments and feelings of true patriotism are perhaps the strongest and the purest that can sway the human breast ; and when these have prompted to the defence or support of one's country, they have produced the highest and noblest characters

that have ever adorned the history of our race. How unlike the mercenary, who sluggishly and mechanically buckles on his armor, or takes his place in the ranks, looking more at the paltry pittance that may be doled out to him, than to those invigorating principles that actuate the soul and nerve the arm of the true citizen soldier! The latter feels that he is fighting for the country that he loves, though he may not own a single acre of its soil,—to which he is bound by ties dearer and stronger than all others that bind him to the world and to life. He holds his personal ease and comfort, his property, his blood, his domestic relations, yea; and even life itself, at a cheap rate, if he supposes that by such sacrifices he may aid in saving and perpetuating his beloved country, with all its cherished institutions. How patiently and submissively will he submit to the hardest labor, to the tiresome drill, the long and toilsome march; how firmly stand in the ranks under the hottest fire, and with unfaltering courage dare and do in the fiercely-contested battle! And how emphatically do these remarks apply to your noble American citizen soldiers in their late national contest! Never has there been in any conflict, in all this world's history, so much to call forth all that is pure, and good, and holy in the great national heart. You have been placed before earth and high heaven, as it were, by a train of associations, that have exhibited you as one of the best specimens of social beauty and personal independence."

"But, after all," said Captain Schwartz, "it is to be hoped that the people will not be led to say in their national voice, 'Mine own arm hath wrought out this great deliverance;' and, in their pride, forget the arm that

has been made bare in their behalf, for there is a Providence that raises and rules nations. And was it at all necessary to illustrate this point, the whole course of the world's history is strewed with incidents that might be brought forth to prove the position. It is much more difficult to account for the stupid blindness of some men in denying a special Providence, than it is to bring cogent reasons to prove it. However much men or nations may build themselves up in the false persuasion that their disregard of the laws of justice and humanity are unnoticed or unrecorded, they may be assured they will eventually be most fearfully undeceived."



CHAPTER IX.

SUCH were the themes that frequently occupied the attention and employed the hours of these men, and few in that day were better able to discuss those, as well as other kindred subjects. But the time now drew near for them to part company. They had been brought together by a train of remarkable, if not indeed mysterious associations, but each of them had done his duty from conscientious motives, although they had taken quite opposite sides in the late national contest. Captain Walters had fought under the banners of him whom the others considered as a despot, and their oppressor; but the brave and intrepid opponents in arms had merged in the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian brother. A friendship had been formed and cemented between them, that was, to all appearance, destined to continue for life, and which they had full assurance of being renewed in a better world; and although each had to take his different and widely divergent road in life, yet their sympathies were so entwined, that they felt, and warmly expressed, a deep interest in each other's well-being. So much so was this the case, that, as the day approached for their departure, it appeared painfully too soon, and the parting itself was more like the separation of loving brothers than of stern warriors who had so lately exhibited their prowess in deadly conflict on the battle-field.

Before they parted, Captain Baldwin said to Captain Walters, "that, although he and his people had been engaged in waging war against the English government, he, for his part, was enabled to distinguish between that government and the English people: that the Tory aristocracy had far too long held the undisputed control of that government, and had most cruelly oppressed their own people, as well as exhibited a determination to oppress the Americans; but that there had not been wanting noble examples of men who had dared to brave the ire of those despots, and in their very teeth, in both houses of the British Parliament, had dauntlessly vindicated the Americans and their cause: that the very names of Barré, of Wilkes, of the elder Chatham, and other kindred spirits, were, and would be forever, engraven on the hearts of all true Americans. And," said he, "I believe the time will come when the people of England themselves will assert their own claims to political, civil, and religious enfranchisement. In their struggles, peaceable or otherwise, to that end, they most undoubtedly will have the sympathies of the entire American people."

The parting of the women was characteristic of female friends. There had been made great preparations for this most important event. Mrs. Baldwin was determined to show her appreciation of the character of Mrs. Walters by the largeness of her contributions for her comfort while travelling. She had made a collection of every kind of fruit produced on their farm, and these were in every conceivable way of preservation. She had selected a large cake of the best white maple-sugar, and a quantity of honey in the comb, as well as

some in a purified state. She had cakes and sweetmeats, got up in her own peculiar way. These, she said, would be so nice for Brother and Sister Walters to eat on their journey North.

But it would be useless to enumerate all the articles with which Mrs. Walters was loaded; suffice it to say, that all was done with true American munificence. But we must not omit to mention that there was included in this general outfit, a roll of written receipts in her own handwriting, and embracing information in almost every department of frugal housekeeping. And then, as a finishing stroke to all, there was carefully folded up with the written receipts a copy of the celebrated "Poor Richard."

There were many little mementoes of a more imperishable nature given on both sides—intended to keep alive in their memories, in all their after-days, the very agreeable association that had subsisted among them for so many months. Of these, the most highly prized on all sides, perhaps, were admirable portraits of these friends, painted in oil-colors by the accomplished Mrs. Walters. Thus, Mrs. Walters took along with her the likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and their little boy and girl; those of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster and their little girl; and also that of Captain Schwartz. She left with each of the families, portraits of herself and husband. All were earnest in their declarations that these paintings should ever be esteemed as the most sacred and valued of their possessions.

The day at length arrived for the separation—the men with hearty shaking of hands, and the women and children with ardent and affectionate embraces—all, by

their tearful eyes and sad countenances, exhibiting more distinctly than words could have done, the inward pangs under which they were laboring. They did not separate, however, until they had, in a season of devout prayer, most fervently committed each other to God, and to the word of His grace, which was able to build them up in their most holy faith, and to give them inheritance among those who are sanctified.

It would, perhaps, be useless to attempt to give any account of their journey northward, to the city of Montreal. The roads thitherward had not been improved since their last travel over them. Suffice to say, that they successfully surmounted all difficulties, and arrived pretty well used up with the fatigues of the journey; and especially Captain Walters, who suffered severely from his wounds, which were not yet quite healed—the jolting of the wagon, from the roughness of the roads, causing excessive pain.

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CHAPTER X.

It may be remembered that we left Captain and Mrs. Walters in a state of bewilderment in their own dwelling in Montreal, after the adventure of Mrs. Walters with an aged female in St. Paul street; and the reader has not forgotten our proposal to turn back in our narrative for about the space of three years, that we might have a more perfect view of the main characters in our history—developed by a train of very remarkable circumstances, in which they were called to suffer, and by which their piety and trust in God were put to a severe test, but out of which they came like gold purified.

We will now again take up the thread of our narrative where we left it as noticed above.

It is late in an evening of the very early spring of the year 1784. Mrs. Walters had been waiting very anxiously, and longer than usual, for the return of her husband. He at length was heard to approach the front door by his expectant wife, who was promptly ready as usual to admit him.

After the first affectionate salutation, the keen eye of the loving wife saw that all was not right with the mind of her husband. She drew her chair close to his side, and taking his hand in her own, and looking him affectionately in the face, said: "My dear Robert, what is it that is giving your mind so much uneasiness?"

With seeming reluctance he replied : " Not much, my dear ; or rather, nothing more than usual."

She responded kindly : " Now I know there is, for I see clearly that you are ill at ease. Will you not inform your wife, my dear, that she may grieve with you, or else join in laying your plaint before the mercy-seat?"

" Oh ! my dear love, my only love ! that is indeed the only place to which you and I should carry our sorrows—the only place where we shall meet with genuine sympathy—where we are sure not to meet with the ribald jest or sarcastic jeer—where we shall not have our purest motives maligned, our judgments impugned."

" Oh ! my dear Robert, I think I know now what oppresses you. Has not the Rev. Mr. Wilson been again stirring up his partisans against you?"

" Yes, he has, my dear ; and is it not passing strange that the most recklessly wicked may go to any lengths in their conduct before him without rebuke? The moment, however, that one becomes in earnest for the salvation of one's soul, not only the men of the world, but members of the *Church*, set up a hue-and-cry after him, as though he were not fit to live. I know that you, as well as myself, have often suffered most severely from his malignant and prejudiced spirit."

" Sure the hands of Christ have been wounded in the house of His pretended friends," said Mrs. Walters.

" Yes, that is so," said her husband ; " and seeing that his remarks are received by the members of the mess-room with such zest, he allows no opportunity to pass without throwing them out. It is the same with his companions of the mess-room. If by a look or a word I indicate an indignant resentment of their inso-

lence, I am met with the remark: 'Oh, Walters, you know that you are converted—you should bear these things like a saint, to maintain the character of your religion!' I have seen the day that I would have resented this sort of conduct—when they would not have dared to take these liberties; but now they know that I am bound over to keep the peace by the Prince of Peace, and they are dastardly enough to take advantage of one who is governed by the mild spirit of the gospel, as I profess to be."

"Well, my dear," said his wife, "you know that he who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. We have only to connect the present with the future, and commit our cause into the hands of our heavenly Father, who will eventually see to it that full justice is done to all parties."

"I do indeed know all that," said her husband, "otherwise I should certainly sink under the evil spirit of resentment. I sincerely believe that there is not on this earth such another place for unblushing sin and depravity as a regimental mess-room, and often wish that I were well out of it."

"So do I, my dear Robert," said Mrs. Walters, with vehemence, "but I do not at present see how that can be accomplished. We are not like any other people I know of. We have neither of us any place on this wide globe that we can call our home but this our own dwelling. At least this is the case with me, for I never had a home—no place where I could enjoy the dear relationship of father or mother, brother or sister, and this has ever made me feel lonely and disconsolate indeed."

"That is emphatically so, my dear," responded her husband. "In my own case, too—my eldest brother, who inherited the family title and entailed estate, has been living so extravagantly that he will soon be so involved that it will be utterly beyond his power to assist me in any way. Neither he nor I has influence with the Government, we not agreeing in our political views with the party in power ; and so I can look for nothing from that quarter. And as you say, then we have no place but this our dwelling, and I have no home but with my own loving wife. In fact, I have no dependence but what arises from my profession, and that is doubtless the cause of my treatment by the members of the mess-room—they, without exception, being very wealthy or in expectation of being so ; and to be poor and religious, in their estimation, is to be undeserving of respect. Although not one of the officers of the regiment is more attentive to his duties than I am, and have always been, I am overlooked ; while those who have no claim to it make rapid advancement, simply because they have influential friends at headquarters. I have no doubt that the vain coxcombs annoy me for some supposed excellence they think I possess, and in which they feel themselves deficient. Such, however, is poor human nature, and I can well afford to pity them, and do so with all my heart. But seriously, my dear, I have of late had thoughts of selling out my commission and of leaving the army altogether. I have pictured to myself a way of life that I think would be far more congenial to my tastes and feelings ; but there is one great obstacle that stands in the way, and at present appears to me insurmountable."

"Well, my dear, what is this way of life? You know your wife would gladly do her part to assist in any way that would be congenial to the tastes and feelings of her husband, and no one would be more willing to second your endeavors to overcome an obstacle you deem insurmountable."

"My dear," said her husband, with a pleasant smile, "it is this: I am afraid that you would not be willing to become a farmer's wife."

"And," said Mrs. Walters, "has my husband serious thoughts of becoming a farmer?"

"Indeed he has," said the Captain, "and has had for some time past; but I have been afraid of mentioning it to you lest I should bring you uneasiness. But I have thought over this subject, and have concluded that it would be more quiet and independent than the disagreeable life I now lead."

"Well, well! to tell you the truth, Robert," said his wife, at the same time clasping her hands together, with a hearty laugh, "I, too, have had the same thoughts, but did not like to mention them to you for fear of unsettling your mind; but now that the truth is out, let me tell you that I shall prove one of the best-managing and most industrious of farmers' wives you can find, excepting, perhaps, the New England dames. Let me tell you that I served quite an apprenticeship under that very excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Baldwin, and can assure you that I was more than a casual observer. Indeed, I have often thought that it was a mysterious Providence that led me there, to prepare me for a more useful and active life; for you know that the whole of my education tended another way, though I often feel

thankful that my heart was not neglected, while my feet and my fingers, my tongue and my brain were instructed."

"Well, wife, this conversation is at once new and unexpected to each of us ; and as you have so candidly spoken your mind on this subject, the sooner we set to work the better, to place matters in proper train for the undertaking."

"I say amen with all my heart, Robert," said Mrs. Walters, "and shall be highly pleased on your account, for you will then be free from the harassing circumstances which now annoy you."

From this mutual understanding, and perfect agreement in their sentiments, it might naturally be expected that there would be unity of action between them. And it was so, for whatever one proposed the other was sure to approve. This eventful evening, that was to be the turning-point in their lives, was closed by committing themselves and all their plans to the God and Father whom they served.

The following morning found them more determined, if possible, in their purpose, and more firmly fixed in their resolution. They were infatuated with their new scheme, and set to work with a right good-will. Extensive purchases were made of suitable material for clothing. A selection was made of domestic utensils proper for a large and respectable farm-house, and these of sufficient variety and of the best make and material. Scarcely a day passed without numberless suggestions being made as to what would be necessary—this would be so nice—that would be wanted for such and such a purpose. If there had been at their elbows an old dame

from the backwoods—who, with her scanty supply of household utensils, had been using one and the same thing for half a hundred different purposes—her risible muscles would have been brought into play at this manifestation of extreme simplicity, and at what she would have deemed sheer extravagance. But they were in earnest, and meant to do as they thought right—often saying that it was to no purpose to suffer inconvenience when, by the expenditure of a little money, it could be avoided.

They had already made choice of a locality where they intended to make their future home. A detachment of the regiment had been sent with a number of the "United Empire Loyalists" (or, as they were generally called, U. E. L's.) to Upper Canada. This party had returned with such glowing descriptions of the beauties of the district of country surrounding the Bay of Quinté, as to induce Captain Walters to select that neighborhood for his intended residence. Consequently, he had procured a government grant of one thousand acres of land, that being the allowance to an officer of the British army who wished to make his home in Canada. The distance was upwards of three hundred miles, and at that time the roads, if that name could be given to tracks through the woods, were of the roughest kind: nor was there any regular mode of conveyance. But these were difficulties that could, in part, be surmounted, for horses would be required on their farm, and they might as well purchase them in Lower Canada, where, as the Captain said, ~~were to be found~~ horses of the pure Normandy breed. He was loud in his praises of the Canadian horses, extolling their many excellent points—their short neck,

small head and ears, keen clear bright lively eyes, full deep chest, strong clean limbs, and their great endurance either in harness or under the saddle ; while a very important consideration in their favor was, that they could be kept in good condition on very little food. These horses would take them all the distance, and they would thus avoid the knavery and imposition of trickish teamsters on the road. And then wagons would be wanted ; but where to get them was the question, as there was scarcely such a thing to be found in all Lower Canada, the French *habitants* all using unsightly and primitive-looking carts. They hoped to procure these from some one of the Americans who occasionally brought articles to Montreal for sale ; and this they did.

So intent were they on their proposed undertaking, that it fully occupied their hands and minds by day, and very often was the subject of their dreams at night. In a little more than a month all their arrangements were completed. Captain Walters had sold his commission to an aspiring lieutenant in the regiment, who happened to have the ready cash by him. This of course would have to be ratified by the authorities at home ; but that was a matter easily arranged under the circumstances.

When the time came for Captain Walters to bid farewell to the members of the regimental mess-room, there appeared to be an exhibition of sincere regret on the part of a majority of the officers,—some of them declaring that, after all, Walters was a fine fellow, a good soldier, and a brave man. But others, who were not inclined to be on friendly terms with him, while apparently approving the compliment, accompanied their approval with a sinister smile ;—“ Yes, a pretty fair

sort of *boy*, if it were not for his queer notions of religion, and his submission to petticoat government." This last remark was nuts for the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who was the same cold impassive being as usual, and who scarcely deigned to return the hearty shake of the hand, and the cheerful farewell of the Captain. He merely said, in an almost inaudible tone, "Good-by, Captain Walters," and then sharply and abruptly turned on his heel away. It might have been seen that Captain Walters observed, and indeed felt pained at this indecorous conduct, so utterly unbecoming the sacred character of the reverend gentleman. But, although he felt the gross indignity, his own amiable disposition, independent of his Christian spirit, led him to look with compassion on the frailties of one who ought to know and do better.

What most afflicted the Captain and his wife was, parting from the little loving company with whom they had so often taken sweet counsel; but this had to be done, however painful it might prove.

At length, on the Sabbath morning, with many a heavy heart, sorrowful countenance, and tearful eye, they met in their little room for the last time. The service, conducted by brother Sergeant Johnson, in his usual acceptable way, was solemn and impressive, appropriate to the occasion. Such was the feeling that pervaded the meeting, that the speaker's voice was frequently almost lost amidst the loud sobs of the sorrowing company. After the address of Sargent Johnson, the brethren and sisters had an opportunity of breathing forth their aspirations in prayer to their God and Father in behalf of Brother and Sister Walters. And, oh! such

prayers! One who had previously visited the English church, and listened to the service as conducted by the chaplain of the regiment, assisted by the grand music on the organ, and then had joined this little secluded band of heavenly-minded and ardent worshippers of God—if he had any thing like spiritual perceptions, or were capable of appreciating the good, the lovely, and the holy, would have needed little time to decide in which place were the acceptable worshippers. But, however that may be, God saw and listened, approved, blessed, and favored the meeting with his special presence: their hearts were indeed melted into union with each other, and with their living Head; while the room appeared to be filled with His glory.

Not the least touching part of this highly interesting interview, and that which affected Captain and Mrs. Walters personally, was the eagerness of all present to give some token by which they desired to be remembered. It might have caused a smile in a disinterested spectator to have noticed how this was carried out, and the little trifles that were brought and presented. They had nothing greater or better to give. Yet each was received with a lovely grace by Mrs. Walters, and the very smallest acknowledged with as much feeling as if it had been a diamond of priceless value. But what appeared most to touch the heart of Mrs. Walters, was a mother, neatly dressed, and holding in her arms a lovely child, who, approaching her with great modesty, presented a small paper, and, as distinctly as she was able, through her sobs and tears, said that there was a lock of hair she had just cut from the head of her baby, for which she had been so kind as to provide its first

outfit of clothing. She would have it named after her, she said, so that in future, when looking at that lock of hair, she would be reminded of her little Eliza. Mrs. Walters drew her purse from her pocket, and wishing to make it appear as if only depositing the paper in it for safekeeping, at the same time took from it a silver crown-piece. Then, taking the baby from its mother, she slipped the piece into her hand, and tenderly kissing the little beauty, returned it to its mother, with the most earnest injunctions to bring it up for God. Thus, after many a promise given, and many a wish expressed to meet each other in heaven, the parting moment at length arrived.

After the above trying scene was over—when every tie that had held them in Montreal seemed to be broken, and, like a vessel loosened from its moorings, they were about to drift away upon the wide world—they appeared to act with greater freedom in making their preparations for their long and perilous journey. The spirits of Captain Walters were buoyant and hopeful, for he felt that he was now freed from the trammels of military espionage. He felt that he was now on the high road to independence, peace, and comfort. He was going to occupy a farm of a thousand acres, where he would have a chance of shaping his fortunes—where he would stand high among his neighbors, and be at liberty to select his friends and acquaintance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE morning of their departure at length arrived, and it may not be amiss to take a glance at the external appearance of things. We say external, for we will not attempt an enumeration of the boxes, trunks, and packages, and their contents.

In the first place, we may mention the two heavy, strongly-built wagons, with the best of canvas covers to secure their contents from the weather, and to serve as shelters either by day or night. These wagons, loaded to their utmost capacity, were each to be drawn by four choice Canadian horses; and we must say that Captain Walters had exhibited good taste and sound judgment in their selection. One team was composed of four blacks, and the other of four beautiful browns. We must not forget to mention that, as the Captain often prided himself on having been in his younger days a crack English sportsman, he had provided himself with four high-bred sporting-dogs—two fine hounds and two spaniels: these, with his trusty and favorite *Manton*, were deemed essential to the outfit of a gentleman farmer, and might assist to while away his leisure hours. The Captain had also an eye to his future want of laborers on his farm. There happened to be two men in his Company who had been born and brought up in a rural district in England, and who had from

early childhood been acquainted with the routine and toil of farm-labor. The name of one was Joseph Brown, that of the other William Jones. The education of these men had been neglected in their youth, for they had not been a single day at school ; and had never been within a church or chapel in their native land, before they were marched there according to the regulations of the British army. There had been a great sameness in their modes of life, but there was a difference in their ages at the time they now come under our notice. Brown was about thirty-eight—Jones was eight years younger ; both were strong and firmly-built men, of exuberant spirits, and in fine health. They had been for some years humble and consistent members of the little Christian society that had been formed in the regiment. And although at their first union with that small Company neither of them was able to distinguish one letter of the alphabet from another, yet, by very close and patient study, Jones had become able to read the Testament, as well as the hymn-book. Brown was not quite so proficient a scholar, and had to spell many words, and skip others, that were beyond his comprehension. Both had charming voices, and had been noted from their boyhood for singing the love-ditties of their native land.

It must be admitted that these men were but too true a type of a large class from the same grade of society in the country that gave them birth ; but where the fault of their ignorance lay we are not going now to investigate. Our purpose now is not so much with their antecedents as with their present personal history. Captain Walters had proposed to them to purchase their

discharge from the British service, if they were willing to accompany him as assistants and laborers on his farm. The subject was no sooner broached than it was acceded to by them, with protestations of ever being faithful to his will and wishes.

These men had wives, and we must not pass them by without notice, for each was quite a character in her own way. Mrs. Brown, as is often the case, was more highly gifted than her husband. She was keen, prudent, circumspect, and withal remarkably neat in her person, highly industrious, always on good terms with herself and every one else, generally with a good-natured smile on her fine open countenance, and of a really generous disposition. She had always a good word for everybody, save one who intentionally insulted her, or did her some serious injury, in which case her keen and cutting sarcasm made them cautious in their future intercourse with her. She restrained the rude or unmannerly; but inspired with respect those who could appreciate proper womanly independence. She had made and saved a considerable sum of money by washing and mending for the men of the Company. Prudent in her general management, she could make a little money go a great way. A favorite with the whole regiment, she was spoken well of by all, and highly esteemed by Captain and Mrs. Walters. Mrs. Brown had a remarkably intelligent boy, six or seven years of age at the time his parents started with Captain Walters.

Mrs. Jones was a person of but few words, very pious in her way, and apparently so in her own estimation. She could not see how some people's consciences allowed

them to talk so freely, or to be so loose in their conduct before others. She was apt to form a too rigid opinion of persons and their actions, and thus to the most trivial word or act, was often given an undue importance. Judging, or rather misjudging others, she became fretful, peevish, and irritable in temper. Always disquieting herself about trifles, she was unfitted to form friendships; consequently she was destined to travel through life solitary and sad. But notwithstanding all this, she was ever honest in purpose, trustworthy in her dealings, and in every sense of the word, pure-minded. She was fully aware of her infirmities—of the unevenness of her temper—and would often speak of them with sorrow and contrition of spirit. Mrs. Jones had a daughter of about five years of age, very pretty, and very shrewd and intelligent for her years.

There was another individual connected with the establishment of Captain Walters, that we must not overlook on any account, as he is destined to occupy a prominent and highly important part in our narrative. This is Jean Baptiste, a French Canadian—a kind of shrivelled up little fellow, nimble as a squirrel and merry as a cricket. He could not speak English fluently; but that was not of much consequence, as both Captain and Mrs. Walters spoke French with facility. Baptiste was a kind of necessity, as not one of the eight horses could understand an English keeper; but he could address them in a way they had been used to. It appeared to be his greatest delight to be stroking them, patting them, talking and singing to them; and they appeared fully to appreciate all this, as there seemed to be a perfect understanding between them and him. And it is not re-

markable that they were most obedient and docile when he had the command of them.

Thus, we find that on the morning of their departure from Montreal, this company was composed of nine persons—Captain and Mrs. Walters ; Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and little boy ; Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and little girl ; with our little friend, the facetious Jean Baptiste. All were astir at early dawn, with an outfit to meet all present or future, real or supposed wants, so far as human prudence and foresight could devise. As they were not going through a sandy, arid desert, where no water was to be found, but emphatically a land of large rivers and streams, they had no need to carry that essential beverage with them.

It was a morning in early spring, if that term is at all applicable to Lower Canada, where there are only two seasons in the year, winter and summer—seven months of the former and five of the latter ; for so sudden is the transition from winter to summer, that, when the frost breaks up, the extreme heat of the sun soon melts the snow, however abundant it may be. The farmer may then pursue his labor, plough his land and deposit his seed ; for the frost never penetrates the ground as in milder regions, having been protected by its covering of snow.

Thus—on this beautiful morning, with a bright sun and a balmy atmosphere, all nature smiling, as if exultant at its liberation from the iron bands of winter that had held it in their rigid grasp—all things were ready for the word of command to start, each being at his post with true military precision. The Captain considering himself entitled to the post of honor, takes the lines of

the first team, with Brown on the seat, at his left hand. The little Frenchman, Jean Baptiste, according to the already arranged plan, took the control of the other team, with Jones beside him. The women and children were comfortably seated in the first wagon, under the shelter of the canvas cover.

The word given, with a sharp crack of the whip, and the noble teams, with their heavily laden wagons, are on their route. Wending their way along the unpaved and muddy Nôtre Dame street, they were soon beyond the city limits, and outside the ramparts, which at that time were near where McGill street now runs.

Our travellers were no sooner beyond the ramparts, than they had an intimation of the character of the roads over which they would be compelled to drag their loads. They took what has of late years been called the lower road to La Chine, and found it low enough and bad enough in all conscience; for the French Canadians, from their first occupancy of Lower Canada, have been utterly regardless of any thing like public improvements. Nothing more clearly exhibits the absence of thrift, than the wretched state of their public highways.

The progress made by the subjects of our narrative may be judged of from the fact that, early in the morning as it was when they left Montreal, it was late at night before they accomplished the first nine miles to La Chine. Bad as the whole of the road had been found, one or two places were especially trying to their temper, and had made pretty strong demands on their patience, and put the strength of the horses to a severe test.

We have already stated that Captain Walters took the command of the leading team. Whether in this case

it was really the badness of the road, or a want of skill in the driver, we will not say ; but so it happened, that, as he was driving through a swampy spot, the wheels suddenly sank down to the hubs, and there he was held fast. He employed the whip and his voice, but to no purpose. He turned his horses to the right, then to the left ; but every movement only made matters still worse, as it caused the wheels to settle more deeply in the mud. In his exertion, it was evident that he was suffering extreme agony from his wounds.

When things had arrived at this state, Baptiste, descending from his own seat, went forward to make a personal inspection ; and when he fully comprehended the nature of the case, giving a peculiar shrug of the shoulders, he for a few moments apparently pondered what was best to be done. Then starting back to his own team, and loosing them from the wagon, he brought them to the front, hitched them on to the end of the wagon-pole with a long stout chain, and then stepped back a little, when the eight horses, in prompt obedience to a gentle word from him, laid their shoulders to the work : the trace-chains began to creak, and the heavily laden wagon was moved gently from its position. When the wagon was drawn a little distance and placed on firmer ground, Baptiste detached his horses, and the respective teams took up their line of march, Baptiste avoiding the faulty spot that had proved a trap to the Captain.

If the mind of Captain Walters, at that moment, had been capable of calm reflection, he might have come to the conclusion that some persons are not altogether qualified to take the lead and command under all cir-

cumstances ; but it sometimes requires very severe practical lessons to teach such people, and it no less needs a capacity and disposition in the pupil to read the lesson. It was so in the present case, for they had not proceeded far when a similar, if not worse, disaster befell them. They came to a spot of swampy ground, where the tangled roots of trees lay athwart the track, and between the ribbed elevations of which there were deep cavities. When the wheels got wedged in one of these places, neither man nor horse was able to move them. In such a case it required the skill of the practical Canadian teamster to extricate them. Approaching a locality where were two roads, one a little divergent to the right hand, but uniting again a little distance ahead, it happened that the Captain took the one that proved to be the worst of the two. As he got to about the middle of the worst part of the swamp, down went the fore-wheels between two large rib-like roots, where they remained, utterly beyond the power of the horses to remove them. The wagon going down with great force and a sudden jar, it so frightened the women and children that they screamed aloud ; while the Captain suffered excruciating pain from his wounds, especially the one in his shoulder. This time the Captain was unable, and made no effort to extricate the wagon, but motioned to Baptiste to come forward. The latter, seeing the serious state of the case, raised his hands in bewilderment, with the exclamation, "*Mon Dieu !*" Brown and Jones were as much at a loss as two children could have been ; while the Captain was still more so, quite unable to give any useful or rational advice or directions. Not so, however, with Baptiste who, after

his momentary surprise, went straight to his tool-box, which was secured conveniently under the body of the wagon, from which he took his axe, and going a little way into the bush, selected a young hickory-tree about six inches in diameter, which he soon cut down and formed into a lever. Collecting a number of large stones to form a fulcrum, he set the other two men to work to carry them close to the wagon. Then, by a skilful appliance of his lever and fulcrum—with the main strength of the men, and indeed of the women too—the wagon was raised a little at a time, and stones and pieces of wood introduced under the wheels, to retain them in their position.

Captain Walters now found, by bitter experience, that his strength was not equal to the severe labor demanded of him. Thanks to the superior practical skill of little Baptiste, they were finally relieved from their disagreeable difficulty; and, after some hours of lost time, and with exhausted strength, they proceeded on their way. At nearly the close of this eventful day they accomplished the first nine miles of their journey.

Wearied in body and mind, it was with no small degree of pleasure they drove up to the front of the small log-cabin dignified by the name of tavern. To their surprise and disappointment, however, they found that the only accommodations this place afforded for their horses was an open shed by the roadside: as for themselves, they spread their own blankets and covers on the floor of the cabin, and there slept as they best could,—the men turning in with the horses in the open shed. But, poor and forbidding as these accommodations were, a keen appetite gave relish to their supper

and their weary limbs brought refreshment to body and spirit in a profound sleep.

We have here a pretty fair specimen of the toils, mishaps, and inconveniences to which travellers were subjected a little more than half a century ago in Lower Canada.

The next morning the sun rose brilliant as ever, and our travellers were astir to take advantage of the cool hours of early day. After attending to the feeding of their horses and their own requirements in that line, our travellers were soon pursuing their journey along the margin of the noble River St. Lawrence. Here they were especially impressed with the view of the beauty and grandeur of the landscape,—the mountain away in the distance on the right hand, and on the left the river widening into an expansive lake studded with islands covered with a luxuriant and varied foliage. And then, all nature in her dress of vivid green, the varied forms of hill and dale, land and water, presented a scene of picturesque beauty but rarely equalled. Turning their attention to the implements and agricultural appliances of the *habitants*, they found them of the rudest construction and most simple forms. The plough was of a most primitive cast, merely the crotch of a tree with a sharpened point to serve as coulter, and drawn by a poor, scraggy, under-sized horse, yoked with a milch-cow, with hip-bones ready to start through its skin,—and these just moving at a snail's pace.

Our travellers at length arrived at a place some miles north of La Chine, where a French Canadian resided who made a scanty subsistence by ferrying people and their vehicles over the river. The conveyance was by

large flat-boats, or batteaux, as they were generally called, on to which the horses and loaded wagons were driven, and then plied across the broad stream with oars. As there were but two of these boats, and one of them happened to be on the other side of the river at the time, which is several miles wide at this place, the man in charge had to hoist a signal for the other boat to come over, as the two wagons and eight horses would have been an overload for one. Though this slow movement occupied considerable time, it had to be submitted to as one of the ordinary annoyances of those days.

While thus waiting for the boat to come from the other side of the river, Captain and Mrs. Walters had leisure to take a stroll a little way along the bank of the river, and to contemplate the unsurpassed grandeur of the scenery presented to their view at this place. We mention these two, as they were the only persons in the company who had an eye for the beautiful and sublime in nature. The two children were especially delighted, and exhibited their pleasure in frolics and gambols, and by forming fragrant and beautiful nose-gays from the profusion of wild-flowers growing around. After waiting for some considerable time, the boat arrived: the teams were driven on board, and off they started; but slowly they moved over the turbid waters of the Ottawa, for it is at this point the confluence of the two rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, takes place. A great curiosity is here presented in the clearly-defined line that marks the first contact of the two streams, and which is continued for a number of miles. It is not, however, our object to point out the curiosities or to contemplate the beauties of nature, as we have

other things in view which claim our more special attention. The voyage across the river in the unwieldy craft, from its feeble power of propulsion, was one of excessive lassitude, from the absence of any thing like excitement and the seemingly long time it occupied. On their arrival upon the other side, the day was far spent; but, as the horses were comparatively fresh from the long rest they had had, they determined to make the most of the remainder of the daylight. Then they had a tolerably good road on the bank of the St. Lawrence, with the grand cascade rapids on their left hand.

It would be useless to attempt to describe these rapids, with their boiling, tossing, tumbling, foaming waters: all mere word-painting would be tame and meaningless. It was on the bank of the river, and under the shade of a luxuriant grove, that they made up their minds to take their rest for the night. Under the general guidance and instructions of Baptiste, the other two men attended to the horses, while the women were directed in all the camping arrangements and the cooking of their evening meal; after partaking of which, they were hushed to sleep by the lullaby of the dashing and foaming waters of the rapids. It was well for them that they had so alert and diligent a person in their company as Baptiste. By his directions Brown and Jones collected a large quantity of dry wood, and placed it in piles, at equal distances, in a circle around their camp. A little while after sunset these piles of wood were lighted up, as a protection against the approach of wolves,—of whose presence they were soon made aware by their continual howl all through the night, attracted, no doubt, by the smell of the evening meal. And it

proved a very fortunate circumstance for Captain Walters that he had two such trusty men as Brown and Jones. They had been so long in the army, and so used to obeying orders, that it was only required to indicate his wish to have it fulfilled without a murmur. Owing to the comparative absence of excitement on the past day, and the sound sleep he had enjoyed through the night, and the ever-watchful care of Mrs. Walters, the Captain appeared greatly invigorated the next morning. So, after a hearty breakfast, the horses were harnessed up, and our travellers were again soon dashing along at a lively pace, making the best of their time on a good hard road. This smart pace was continued until noon, when our company came to a favorable spot, under the shade of a few stately elm-trees, where they could rest and feed their horses, as well as take their own refreshment. While these things were being attended to, their attention was directed to the approach of a better kind of vehicle, drawn by a very handsome pair of dappled-gray horses. As these came near, the driver slackened his pace until, as he passed, it was reduced to a very slow walk, which gave the female who was inside an opportunity to scrutinize the party with intense steadiness. When the captain and his wife saw that the female manifested an inclination to speak to them, they arose and saluted her gracefully. They were about to invite her to alight and partake of their hospitality, as there was no place of refreshment within many miles, when the driver made an abrupt start and left them with the words of invitation upon their lips, and with impressions upon their minds not at all favorable to the good manners of the fair stranger. Recov-

ered somewhat from the perturbation of mind occasioned by this incident, Mrs. Walters said to her husband—

“Why, Robert, I surely have seen those horses before !”

“Why, yes,” said the captain, “I ought to know them, for I have frequently seen them in Montreal.” Then, showing a little of wounded dignity, he said : “And there is one other thing I am sure of—that the person in the carriage is not a lady, for the least she could have done would have been to return our salute.”

After this little adventure, the frugal meal finished, they were soon again wending their way on their western track. Our travellers were now getting into a part of the country where the appearances of even the rude civilization of Lower Canada were less frequently met with. The uninvaded forest was vast, gloomy, silent, and, except at night, solitary, when it was vocal with hideous and discordant sounds. The day had again closed, like the previous one, with little or nothing to mar the equanimity of the minds of the entire party.

Little Baptiste appeared to be in his glory while giving to his subordinates, in his broken English, general orders for the night ; for he was now the tacitly acknowledged commander-in-chief of the entire party. After setting all things in order, he brought out his violin, on which he was no mean performer, and great was the delight of the whole company when he awoke the echoes of the neighboring woods by his enlivening strains. Still sweeter, however, in their estimation, it was, and more in accordance with the higher aspirations of their grateful hearts, when Captain and Mrs. Walters, accompanied by all present, and by Baptiste with his

violin, struck up their evening hymn. The simple was raised to the sublime in this chanting, in those solitary woods, of one of the sweet songs of Zion. So, with calm spirits and resigned wills, after setting their watch and making other necessary arrangements for the night, they retired to rest. They were awakened, however, a little after midnight, in the greatest trepidation of mind, by heavy thunder, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning that illumined the entire forest around them with a lurid glare, and then for a moment involved them in a tenfold deeper darkness than before. In the crashing of the thunder, it appeared as if hundreds of wolves around them set up a hideous howl. The dogs were whining, the horses making efforts to break their tethers, the children screaming, the women frantic with fear, and even the hearts of the men failing them in utter consternation. From that time until light broke in the morning they were deluged with rain, and terrified by loud thunder and occasional flashes of lightning.

What were their feelings of thankfulness, however, when they came to see in the morning the very narrow escape they had made with their lives! Within a hundred yards of the place where they had encamped for the night lay the remains of a huge oak, one of the monarchs of the forest, which had been so shivered that the fibres of its trunk were separated like the untwisted and open strands of a thick rope. It had been struck by the electric fluid, a circumstance of not rare occurrence in the forests of North America.

Notwithstanding the severe trials of the night, the sun rose in the morning with a bright and smiling face, as though nothing untoward had happened. The at

mosphere was relieved of its oppressiveness, and all nature seemed refreshed with the copious shower of rain that had fallen. The spirits of the company, too, partook of the general hilarity.

At an early hour man and horse were ready to resume their journey, but from the wet state of the ground little progress could be made, as the wheels sunk deep into the saturated soil ; and they had little choice of road, as, away on their right hand lay an extended cedar swamp, and on their left the margin of the river. Thus they had to travel for some miles along a kind of natural mound raised between the two. Owing to the very copious rain the past night, this cedar swamp, a receptacle for the water from the adjacent district, was considerably overflowed ; and as there was only one outlet for the water, and that ran across a low place in the mound on which our company were driving, it presented a very serious obstacle to their further progress. True, some attempt had been made to form a kind of bridge across this gulch, by spanning it with the trunks of two trees, and then laying across these a number of round logs, so as to fill up the space from bank to bank, and then tying the ends with strong withs to hold them in their place. But it so happened that these logs were afloat at this time, owing to the high state of the water, so that there was no firm footing either for man or horse, let alone taking two such heavily-loaded wagons over.

Here was a dilemma. There was no choice of roads, and no room to turn back, as the mound was too narrow for the long-gear'd wagons. Therefore they must either find out some method to pass over this gulch, or wait

some days for the water in the swamp to subside. When the two men and the Captain fully realized the state of things, and the apparently inextricable position in which they were placed, they looked at each other with blank dismay. They looked this way and that, backward and forward. One suggested to swim the horses over; another, to lay a narrow path over in some way, and the party each to carry a package, trunk, or box across upon their shoulders: with many other schemes equally impracticable. In this dilemma, fortunately for the party, Baptiste was again at hand. Wielded by him, who descended down to the edge of the swamp, the ready axe, with nimble and effective stroke, soon brought down tree after tree. These, being divested of their branches and cut into proper lengths, were carried by the other men to the bridge, and laid on to the logs already there, until their added weight gave it solidity, and raised it above the level of the water. Thus at length the whole party, by the skill of the one who was apparently the most feeble and the least likely to render such efficient aid, were led over what seemed, but a short time before, an impassable gulf.

By the time they had well got over and come to a place a mile or two further on the road, where they found a suitable camping-ground, the shades of evening were fast gathering around them. This day had given another proof that travelling was no child's play amidst the difficulties that beset the explorers and first settlers of North America. The place where they rested this night was lonely and dismal in the extreme, far away from any human dwelling; and the only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the dull gurgle

of the flowing waters of the St. Lawrence. The approach of night was welcome, and after the devotions of the evening, and the usual precautions being taken, the majority of the company were soon oblivious to the forbidding surroundings of the locality. The position of sentinel for this night fell upon Brown, who, as he measured with military step his round, happened to look upward, when he saw in the branches of a tree a little ahead of him two bright points of light. Prompted by the feelings of the moment, he hastily retreated to where Baptiste lay enfolded in his blanket, on a little brushwood under one of the wagons. It only required a gentle touch to arouse him to consciousness ; and, more by the manner of Brown than by his words, he was soon aware that there must be something more than usual on hand. His first impulse was to seize his ever-ready rifle, and, following the steps of his conductor, his attention was directed to what has already been referred to. Baptiste knew at once the full danger of his position, and that it demanded coolness of mind, firmness of nerve, and steadiness of aim, for he had a sly and cruel foe to contend with. But, nothing daunted at this, he raised his rifle, and as the sharp crack sounded through the woods, it was instantly followed by a shrill, piercing cry, and a sound caused by the fall of a heavy body. Prompted by his curiosity, and a wish, perhaps, to be in at the death, Brown ran instantly to the spot, thinking the danger was over. Baptiste rapidly followed him, and, catching him by the arm, cried out at the top of his voice—

“ You fool ! what for you do dat ? . Suppose you go dare, you be one dead man vare soon.”

Going then to the four dogs, which had been fully aroused by the sound of the gun, Baptiste let them loose, when they started for the fallen and expiring brute ; but they were too experienced to trust themselves within the reach of his teeth or claws. Very little of their assistance was required, however ; for the aim of Baptiste had been so true, that, after a few vain attempts to grasp the dogs, lashing his long tail, and tearing up the bushes and earth in his rage, the death-struggle was soon over. On examining the creature, they found it to be a North American male panther of the largest dimensions. It was fortunate that Brown happened to see him when he did, for had he passed underneath the tree where the panther was patiently awaiting his prey, he must have become his victim. When they found that the brute was quite dead, all hands lent their aid to drag him within the limits of the camp ; and, as the women and children, as well as all the men, had been aroused by the unusual stir, they all had an opportunity of examining one of the most dangerous and destructive beasts of prey that range the forests of North America. They were particularly struck with the size and strength of his teeth and the length of his claws. In a little time Baptiste was busy with his knife, divesting the animal of his beautiful skin ; which, as he claimed the sole disposal of the prize, with head, tail, and feet still attached, he presented to Mrs. Walters, with the promise that he would cure and dress it for her in true Indian style at the first opportunity ; it would then make a very handsome robe for her sleigh, when they were settled on their farm.

By the time the party had somewhat recovered from

the excitement consequent on the incident just narrated, the first glimmerings of morning admonished them to make preparation for the prosecution of their journey; and so, after attending to the necessities of both man and beast, they were soon threading their way as best they could through the intricacies and entanglements of the dark and dreary forest.

At this part of their journey their progress was slow and tedious in the extreme, for, what with the obstructions that lay in the pathway, in the form of trunks of fallen trees, and branches scattered around that had been riven from the parent stem by the force of storms, the strength and patience of man and horse were often put to a severe test.

The keen eye of Mrs. Walters might frequently have been seen casting scrutinizing glances, and scanning with deep interest the anxious and care-worn countenance of her husband. Captain Walters was beginning to feel that travelling with his heavily-encumbered wagons through a comparatively new and unbroken country, was not as easy as the routine of military duty. In moments of more than ordinary pressure on his strength and patience, might be seen fearful indications of failing strength. But a cheerful expression from his affectionate wife, with allusions to the comforts of a future home when quietly and snugly settled on their farm, acted like a charm on his spirits and his strength, and reinvigorated him. Though often Mrs. Walters herself felt as if she were hoping against hope, she had the prudence and self-restraint to hide from his observation the deep depression of her own heart.

An accident that befell them at this part of their jour-

ney appeared, at the time, to be one of the most disastrous that could have happened under the circumstances. Indeed, the majority of them thought it would put a stop to their further progress ; and in fact it did throw the whole company into a state of perfect consternation.

Captain Walters, for that day, had taken command of the leading team ; and it must be said in his behalf, that the experience he had gained had taught him to accommodate his movements to the intricacies of the road. He had more than once exhibited his skill and coolness in driving through difficult defiles and narrow passes. But he now came to a place where the road led between two large trees, that would barely allow the wagons to pass without coming in contact with one or the other. He was fully sensible of the task now before him ; and he therefore braced himself firmly in his seat, grasping the reins securely in either hand. Then, with a kind and gentle word to his team, he approached the place with a slow and steady caution, measuring the narrow space, at the same time, with his eye. On the clearance of the fore-wheels, he appeared in a moment to breathe with greater freedom ; but at that moment up started a covey of birds, and by their flutter and flapping just before the leaders of his team, caused them to give a side spring and sudden start, that brought the near hind-wheel in collision with the trunk of the tree, that, in the twinkling of an eye, snapped off the axle, so that the heavily-loaded wagon came with a sudden jerk to the ground.

Here then, was a dilemma, which, for the moment, seemed beyond remedy, as there was not a wheelwright or a blacksmith within a hundred miles. What were

they to do under these trying circumstances? There the wagon lay, firmly wedged in between the two large trees! All stood looking on in sad and silent amazement. Even the two children appeared fully conscious of their perilous position, for their tears fell free and fast. Mrs. Walters, who had thus far borne up so nobly, and striven to hide her own impressions—who always had a ready word of wit or of wisdom to break the spell of her husband's despondency—had not now a word to utter; her own fortitude seemed to yield and sink, on seeing the complete prostration of his physical powers. The whole group seemed at their wits' end: even Baptiste had lost all his sprightliness and energy, who stood crossing himself and muttering, "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" To add to their discomfort, the day was near its close, and the locality where they were was not one they would have selected for their night's encampment. But in this case they had to make a virtue of necessity, and bestir themselves to set things in order for the approaching night, as there was no moon to light them should they be belated in their work. So, all hands were soon busy, attending to their allotted departments—Brown and Jones looking after and grooming the horses; Baptiste actively employed with his axe in preparing fuel for the women to cook the supper, as well as collecting, from the great quantity of broken-off branches that lay scattered around, a supply for their night-fires. These were placed in heaps at short distances around their camp, in order that they might be lighted the last thing before retiring to rest for the night.

The women had been cooking a savory supper—the remains of a fine fat young deer, shot by Captain

Walters two days before. With keen appetites the whole party had sat down, and partaken with more than common relish of the rich and abundant feast, when, just at the close of their supper, Baptiste suddenly sprang to his feet. His quick, keen ear, had caught an ominous sound coming from the leeward; and who has ever heard that very peculiar sound without fear and trembling? The sound was soon answered from the opposite direction, followed by another, another, and still another, until the surrounding forest became vocal with the din of the hideous howl.

From the first well-known note of warning that fell upon the ear of Baptiste, he comprehended their danger. He knew that prompt action was necessary for their safety, and he bestirred himself accordingly. The women were quickly at work kindling the piles of wood prepared for that purpose. Baptiste had soon his trusty rifle in full trim for action—Brown and Jones the heavy English muskets they had procured from the regimental armory. Captain Walters had his double-barrelled Manton, and a fine American rifle besides. Each had his piece ready charged with ball, and plenty of ammunition near at hand. The horses were well secured; the dogs made fast; and the women and children safely placed under the canvas cover of the wagon. Perched on the tops of the wagons, to give the greatest range to their vision, the men awaited the advance of the coming foe.

It appeared that the rich odor from the cooking supper, carried by the wind, had been sniffed by a hungry wolf, and lured him from his lair. By a peculiar call, well known to the backwoodsman, he had summoned his gaunt and greedy fellows to assist him in the on-

slaught ; for, however much he may wish to partake of the feast alone, if opposition is to be encountered, his own native cowardice shrinks from the attack. It is only in the company of numbers that the wolf is bold. And it must be said, that, if numbers were calculated to inspire with courage, they were not wanting on this occasion, for they came trooping from every direction ; and the howl that had at first been just faintly heard, from its distance, now gathered force and volume from its nearer approach.

Such were the overwhelming and absorbing interests of the moment, that the disaster of the broken axle was not once thought of. The minds of the men were wrought up to the highest pitch of determined but cool courage. They had so arranged their procedure, that each was to face and fire in opposite directions, so as to spread the greater confusion among the savage brutes. The surrounding woods were well lit up by the bright and clear blaze of the cordon of fire, which kept the savages at bay, and at the same time enabled the men to take steady and deliberate aim. And every shot told. What with the sounds of the rattling musketry, and the howls, growls, and snarlings of the savage herd, as these reverberated through the neighboring woods, it was such a scene as neither eloquent tongue nor ready pen would find it easy to portray. Suffice it to say, that the unremitting fire kept up by the four men, directed with skill and sustained by such energy, was, to the relief of the whole party, crowned with success ; for the entire pack, thinned in numbers, slunk away, and long before the dawn of day, the neighboring forest was as silent as though nothing more than usual had occurred

through the night to awaken its echoes. Indeed, so quiet had the place been for the last few hours of the night, that the women and children were enjoying a sound and refreshing sleep.

No sooner did the day dawn than Baptiste gave evidence that he had not been idle through the night, and that the fracas with the wolves had not fully diverted his thoughts from their misfortune of the previous day, for in the early light he commenced his measures, acting, and directing others in his broken English, as one who knew what he was about. Right manfully and intelligently he set to work ; yet, with all his skill, it required much manual strength and labor to extricate the imprisoned wagon, but that was finally accomplished.

The first object was to release the fractured axle that lay beneath the wagon. That done, he placed the broken ends in line, so as to obtain the original length. Then, with axe in hand and with peering eye, he selected a proper stick to replace the broken axle. He was not long in bringing a rock-maple sapling to a spot convenient for him to operate upon it ; and now began to appear the resources of his mind and his handicraft skill. In the first place, he rough-hewed the stick into some general shape as to length and form ; and his minute mechanical knowledge was plainly exhibited in giving it (to use the technical term of the craft) the proper "creep." It was now seen that he could use the axe with as much facility as the Yankee uses his jack-knife. But it would be useless and tedious to follow Baptiste through all his manipulations in fitting his axle and remounting the wagon. Suffice it to say that all was completed in a workmanlike style, and in as short a

time as many a professional mechanic could have done it, with all the appliances of a well-arranged establishment. And what was the delight of the whole party to find once more wagon and horses placed in line of march, and all ready for a start!

Before the party proceed on their westward journey, we will take a look at the scenes disclosed on the battlefield of the previous night. Captain Walters had, early in the morning, taken a stroll around the field of slaughter, when he fully comprehended the calamity they had escaped. The number of slain was far greater than he could have supposed, and among the wounded were quite a number so crippled as to be unable to crawl to any distance. Some of these were, with their wonted cunning, simulating death. He dispatched several by beating out their brains with a club. It was a remarkable feature in the scene, that quite a number were actually torn to pieces and partly devoured,—proving that they, like many another gang of villains, are not only ever ready to prey upon others, but also, at the first chance that offers, to devour each other.

When all things were ready for a start, and the Captain about to take his place upon the second wagon, his eye fell upon the tiny form of Baptiste as he sat on the seat of the front wagon, with the lines all ready gathered up in his hands, waiting for the word of command. As he looked upon him, he reflected—My worthy Baptiste, what should we have done without thee, thou little bit of shrivelled-up skin and bone?

With free and grateful hearts they sped on their way; and as the day was fast drawing to a close, it was again necessary to think of looking out for a proper camping-

ground for the night. But as the road at this part was tolerably good, they concluded to continue their travel for a few miles further. After proceeding some time, what was their surprise to find themselves suddenly brought up by the margin of a broad, deep, and rapid stream! Just a little to the right hand, up the stream, lay a large boat or batteau, with two men, who appeared to have the management of it; and a little way from where the boat was moored were two good-sized, decent-looking, whitewashed log-cabins. On a close view they found good outhouses, and there was a general appearance of thrift. They learned with much pleasure that they, with their horses, could be accommodated for the night. But what was their surprise at finding, in one of the stables or outhouses, the self-same team of dappled grays that had so abruptly passed them on the road, when only a few days from Montreal!

The general appearance of the place and its surroundings was one of remarkable rural beauty, and, secluded as it was from the outside world, the occupants of the spot seemed to be completely cut off from all intercourse with civilization. They gave little evidence of knowing what was passing beyond their own precincts, and seemed, from their lack of curiosity, to care still less. They were not living in an age or within the circle of newspapers or periodical light literature, so that they had nothing to create or foster mental appetite. Retired and undisturbed as was the life these simple and uncultivated people led in this far-off wilderness, it could not but prove an incident of more than common interest to be thus invaded.

But their semi-rustic manners were associated with a

certain easy courtesy, and it might be seen that there was a strong desire on their part to please. This, however, will create no surprise when it is understood that they were French Canadians; as it is a well-known fact that the French never lose their characteristic national politeness. These persons had retired to this distant locality for the purpose of hunting, or of bartering with the Indians for the valuable furs which at that time abounded in these parts; and besides hunting, trading with the Indians, fishing, and cultivating their land, which appeared to be of the richest kind, they had sometimes a chance of making a little money by ferrying parties in their boat over the river.

As soon as Captain and Mrs. Walters were made aware of the presence of the female who had so unceremoniously passed them on the road, their curiosity became excited to learn all they could about her. It appeared that Mrs. Brown had been deeply exercised in a somewhat similar way; for, as soon as the opportunity offered, she yielded to her very inquisitive spirit, and was soon in deep and earnest conversation with the man in company with the stranger. Mrs. Brown—whose tongue was, mechanically speaking, of double-action speed—was quite eloquent in imparting all she knew that could be said in praise of Captain or Mrs. Walters; but at the same time she was very cautious in not committing herself too far in answering all his questions, and what she did answer were only as baits thrown out to lure him into the meshes of her toils. But she might as well have attempted to penetrate the secrets of the upper or nether world as to draw from him any information as to who the fair stranger was,

for as to that his mouth seemed hermetically sealed. And what was the disappointment of Mrs. Walters, who had trusted that the case was perfectly safe in the hands of Mrs. Brown, but who now learned that not only had her own personal application for an interview been refused, but that Mrs. Brown's wily-woman's-windings had been entirely at fault!

When the Captain found they had such good quarters, he concluded to remain for a few days, that the whole party might recruit their strength, and refit any little thing that might have been deranged. He and Mrs. Walters became really anxious to know something of the female who so sedulously shrouded herself from their observation. They concluded that on the following day they would try some little stratagem to draw her forth, and by some proffered kindness ingratiate themselves in her favor; they might thus acquire an agreeable companion for the remainder of their journey, if they were going the same way. But, what was their astonishment to find, on the following morning, that the lady and her man had gone over the river more than an hour before sunrise, and had left no clue as to who they were, or their destination!

Before we follow the narrative of our own company, we will give a short conversation that passed between this lady and her man-servant—as follows.

“Well, Thomas,” she said, “we are again free from the intrusion of company, of prying eyes and listening ears, and I may now speak at our leisure and in freedom, which I did not have the opportunity of doing during our stay at the last place. How do you think things were conducted? Have they any knowledge or recol-

lection of us—as to who we are, or that they have seen us before?”

“No, my lady,” said the man, with great respect; “they were not able to judge with regard to you, for they could not get even a glimpse of your person. One of the females tried hard to draw something from me by asking all sorts of questions, but it was to no purpose, for I remained mum to all. I suppose she thought she was giving me a great deal of information by telling me so much about the Captain and his lady: she little thought that I knew a great deal more about them than she did. They all appeared to have some knowledge about the horses, but I think they were not able to recognize me in this disguise, however; they made no allusion from which I could infer that they did.”

“That is all very well, Thomas,” said the lady; “I am very glad that I exchanged my horses before I left Montreal, otherwise the disguise might not have been so completely maintained. Now, Thomas,” said the lady, “you must drive so as not to be too far ahead, so that I may have a sight of them now and then. I suppose you consider my conduct very strange, Thomas, and that I am on something like a wild-geese chase?”

“My lady,” said the man, “I will not question either your wisdom or your prudence, but one thing I am sure of, that you must have most extraordinary patience.”

“Thomas,” said the lady, “the ways of Providence are sometimes slow in their movements, and it requires prudence, and sometimes great patience, to wait for their full development; but I firmly believe that my expectations will meet with their consummation in His own good time.”

Captain Walters and his party having stayed a few days, according to their purpose, found themselves, as well as their horses, very much the better for the rest they had enjoyed. And having made all the preparations for the prosecution of their journey, they were taken over the river at early dawn. They entered the dense woods, where the axe of the white man had scarcely ever disturbed the echoes, except here and there, just to clear away the obstructions that lay in the path of the solitary traveller. Their progress was slow, indeed, and often most harassing to both man and horse,—sometimes perplexed by the intricacies and sinuosities of the forest path, and again by soft swampy places where the wheels would sink to the very hubs, or jolted out of their skin by passing over the corduroy roads. Very often they had to go through the tiresome process of taking the wagons over swampy places singly, with the eight horses. Thus, they would unite the teams, and even then it would be very difficult for the eight horses to drag the wagon through such places on to firm ground; let alone the loss of time in going over the same space three times. Thus days and weeks had passed away, and, in consequence of detentions from obstructions, and delays from various causes, they had not yet averaged eight miles a day. Those were not the days of steam and the telegraph. But, though long, slow, and tedious had been their journey, and many and weary their steps, they were at length gratified by their arrival on the banks of the beautiful Bay of Quinté, in the neighborhood of where Belleville now stands. From this place they journeyed on until they came to the head of the bay opposite Trenton, at the place where the river

Trent forms a junction with the Bay of Quinté. It was at this place where the government land agent for that district of country then resided, to whom the Captain stated his case and exhibited his documents, when he was directed by the agent to proceed to the shores of Lake Ontario, a little beyond where Brighton is now situated,—to which place a day's hard driving over the sand eventually brought them.

As the Captain was a settler of more than ordinary means and appearance, the agent not only pointed out a very valuable lot on his map that hung up in his office, but actually volunteered to go with him to the spot where it lay, which was an unusual procedure for him. After all his labor and anxiety, the Captain had now a chance of seeing his farm, and, as the agent was with him for the purpose of pointing it out, he lost no time in setting out in search of it.

This, however, was an undertaking of no small labor, and even risk, for they had to scramble through trees and rank undergrowth of brush and bramble. They at length discovered the "lot," undistinguished from the contiguous land—there was no fence to mark its outline—save by small pickets driven into the ground at certain distances, with the number of the lot, range, and concession painted on them, and these could never have been discovered by the uninitiated eye.

Here, then, was the Captain and his party at their journey's end; and it was very natural for them to feel desirous and even anxious to meet with a suitable place of shelter and of rest. But it was now nearly the close of day, and they found that they must camp for the night in the open air, as had of late been their practice.

The arrangements for this were soon made, for in their case it might be said that practice had made them perfect. So easy is it, after a little rough-and-tumble with untoward events, to accommodate one's self to circumstances !

The party, after having gone through their usual routine, and closed the labors of the day with their devotional evening exercises, gladly retired to their places of rest. But there was no rest for the Captain, who had appeared more than usually sad and thoughtful after having seen his farm, viewed its surroundings, and reflected on his present position and future prospects. In fact, his appearance for a number of days had excited a deep interest in the mind of his ever attentive and affectionate wife.

They had both entered upon this enterprise with enthusiasm—they had been captivated by the rural beauties, the abundant crops, and the domestic comfort and thrift they had seen on the farm and in the home of Captain Baldwin and his very excellent New England wife. It is equally true, however, that in what had so charmed them, they had seen only the results of long years of hard labor and of large expenditure. But so deeply had their superficial view been impressed upon their minds, that they yielded themselves to its influence, although they were so utterly unfitted, by nature, constitution, and education, for these to them unfriended scenes of life. Hence, in the inception of the enterprise and succeeding preparations, they had given little time to reflection. It was evident they were wanting in worldly wisdom and prudence. How many a moment was allowed them, in their long journey, to consider whether

they had done wisely in leaving the comparatively slight annoyances of a soldier's life, with which they had become somewhat familiar, and running headlong into a course that had thus far been crowded with disasters, and the end of which they did not even now see!

It had appeared to our travellers in their last day's journey, that they were in a perfect wilderness, as they had not been made aware of the presence of human beings. But on the following morning, at an early hour, they were undeceived on this point by a crowd of men and boys, while more were seen emerging from the woods in different directions. The news had been carried through the concession, from cabin to cabin, that a fresh batch of settlers had come in—with a glowing description of the number and splendid appearance of their horses.

The very mention of fine horses acted like magic in arousing the curiosity of the rustic youth through a wide circuit. These, from an inherent and universal love of the horse, were moved to come and see for themselves. So that by noon there was collected quite a numerous company of most uncouth-looking specimens of humanity, clad in the homeliest garbs, and with countenances little indicative of intelligence. Then there was a rudeness and ignorant familiarity, that shocked the sensibility of Captain Walters and his wife. What most surprised them was, that they could not obtain a direct answer to any question put to them. They appeared as if devoid of comprehension. The Captain asked a tall, lank-sided, raw-boned lad, if he supposed it at all possible for him to rent a suitable dwelling-house contiguous to his estate. The lad looked at the Captain with a kind of dull,

vacant stare, and a broad grin, and then turning to another lad just the counterpart to himself, said : "What does he say, Dick?"

To which Dick responded, in a coarse, husky drawl : "I dunno—that 'ere chap's green."

The Captain, and in fact the whole of his party, found that they were out of their element in such company. Quite disconcerted by this interview with those who were to be their future neighbors, they moodily sat down, or silently sauntered about, apparently without any aim or definite purpose in view.

This state of painful inactivity and suspense was interrupted by the approach of a portly-looking man, dressed in the garb of a Quaker, with broad-brimmed hat. He stepped up to the Captain with a composed countenance and a bland expression, at the same time putting out his hand, which was most heartily responded to by the Captain.

The stranger said : "Friend, I give thee greeting, and a cordial welcome to our settlement. I have been given to understand that it is thy purpose to settle among us. Thy name, friend?"

"My name is Walters," was the prompt reply.

"Well, friend Walters, my name is Obadiah Crooks, and my advice is ever at thy service. Now let me learn from thy own mouth as to what are thy real wishes and intentions."

The conversation of Obadiah proved to be a great relief to the Captain ; and the generous, open candor, and kind spirit that he manifested, really touched his heart, and with great freedom he responded : That he had been a captain in the British army, but that he had

left it—had sold out his commission—prompted by moral and religious scruples, and a wish to lead for the future an independent and peaceful life. With this end in view, he had obtained from the government a grant of one thousand acres of land. He had been given to understand by the land-agent, that the place where they then were was to be his future home; and he felt pleased to think that he had so opportunely met with a person who seemed willing, and in every way so able, to render him a little assistance, as this mode of life was quite new to him.

“Well, friend Walters,” said Crooks, “I feel glad that thou hast given up the carnal weapons for the peaceful, and in every way more useful, employment of the axe and the plough. I must say that it is but little *assistance* that I can render thee: I said that my *advice* is ever at thy service. I will tell thee, friend Walters, that this is quite a new settlement, and as yet the improvements are very small. The people are very poor, and our accommodations very scanty,—so much so, that there is not a single cabin in all this concession big enough to hold thy family. And I have been thinking that there is only one of two ways for thee to act: one is, for some of our people to take one of thy party to remain with them for a few days, and so distribute them among us, until thou canst raise a log-cabin of thy own. If thou adopt this plan, I shall be willing to take that little boy. The other way is, for thee and thy people to camp here, and to call a *bee* to put up a cabin for thee. And then, I do not know what thou wilt do with all thy horses, for the critters must have something to eat. And thou wilt have nothing for them to do for,

at the least, say twelve months ; so that thou must be at the expense of feeding them without having any profit from their labor."

If the Captain had observed the countenance of his friend Crooks at the time he was thus speaking in such deprecating terms of his horses—the keen twinkle of his eyes, as they were scanning with deep meaning those animals as they stood fastened at a little distance from him—and if he could at that moment have penetrated his mind, and discovered the under-current of thought that was flowing there—he would certainly have been more guarded in his expressions of confidence, and more cautious in his future dealings with him. But we do not wish to speak to the dispraise of Obadiah personally, for he had only imbibed the spirit of the community in which he dwelt, and which had been fostered by favoring circumstances. And he had been such an apt pupil, that he had profited more than his neighbors, owing to his keener perceptions and his greater adroitness. An individual who has been used to city life, has always found that whatever article he may have wanted to purchase, has been offered at a definite price. On the contrary, should he go into some back or new settlement, he would there find a mode of dealing altogether arbitrary, and generally by barter. The question is not as to the real value of an article, but how one may obtain a thing of greater value in exchange for one of less : all the arts of duplicity and chicanery are put in requisition to accomplish that end ; and he is the smartest man who is best able to do this.

But to return—all the talk of Obadiah might as well have been delivered in an unknown tongue to Captain

Walters. He could not comprehend how it was that there were no dwellings in the settlement large enough for his family, and that he must camp in that self-same place until a *bee* could be called to put up a house for him. The greatest of all puzzles to him was how to provide for his fine horses, of which he had hitherto been so proud, but which were now a perplexing encumbrance. But the Captain soon found that he had a great many things to unlearn; and many more to learn, that were necessary in settling down on a bush farm.

Our friend Obadiah continued: "If thou concludes to call a *bee*, which I consider by far the best plan for thee to adopt, as it will be attended with the least trouble and labor on all sides, thou canst brash thy horses for a few days, and by that time thou wilt be better able to decide as to thy future steps."

"Brash my horses, sir!" exclaimed the Captain. "What am I to understand by that?"

"Well," said the Quaker, "that is to cut the tender branches from such of those young trees as thy horses may relish the best, and so feed them. This is what is called brashing them, and which is often resorted to by settlers on their first coming into the bush with their cattle, and at other times when proper fodder is scarce."

"Well," said the Captain, "but how must I manage about the *bee* that you speak of?"

"Why," said his friend, "that may be soon managed;" and called out to a man who seemed a leading spirit among the motley company who were rollicking in their childish and senseless fun not far off, "Samuel Barker, a word with thee," at the same time making a jerking motion with his head and hand.

Samuel was soon at their side, with his deep-brown, sunburnt face, and bare neck and breast; with a slouched hat that had a good part of the brim torn away, and large air-holes in other parts; a flimsy check-shirt, and tattered, patched pants; and a pair of rusty-colored boots, that would have been all the better with a few patches under and over, as more than one of his remarkable toes were clearly visible, obtruding themselves through each of them. Sam was introduced by Obadiah as Samuel Barker, one of the leading men in the concession, able to give advice, and no doubt willing to lend a hand in the required movement. Sam was soon informed as to the object they had in view, which was to call a *bee* to put up a log-cabin for the new-comers. Sam entered into the thing with all the childish glee that might have marked the conduct of a boy who was about to put on his first new suit. It was with reluctance that he waited to hear the formal advice of Obadiah, or even to satisfy the reasonable inquiries of the Captain. But when released, Sam was back in a trice to his anxious companions, who were waiting his return, as they had been querying among themselves the purpose for which he had been called. With great self-importance Sam communicated to them the object of his high mission, and was about to give his opinion, when he was abruptly cut short by Tom Williams, who bawled out at the top of his voice—

“How much whiskey is we to get? 'Case if there ain't no whiskey, I ain't going to come, no how.”

This proved to be the key-note, and each man and boy chimed in to the same tune: there was no note of discord—no whiskey, no cabin. And Sam was fully

commissioned to negotiate with the opposite party, which proved to be a more difficult task than he had anticipated, as there was strong moral principle on the one side, and on the other the decision, "No whiskey, no cabin."

At this stage of the proceedings it was clearly perceived that there must be a compromise in some way, or the high contracting parties must fail in their negotiations.

Sam seemed calculating and pondering some further suggestion, when he proposed that, if the Captain would hand over to him so much money, the men would bring their own grub, and then it would not matter to him what they did with the cash. The Captain found it necessary to yield his point, though he handed over the amount to Sam with great reluctance, accompanied with sage advice and good counsel. But the Captain might as well have spoken to the passing breeze, for any good effect it produced on Sam. Sam triumphantly carried back his prize to his companions, who celebrated the victory he had won, by an uproarious shout of applause.

The men now held a consultation among themselves, to determine what each man should bring in the way of eatables the following morning. One was to bring a boiled ham; another, a piece of beef and a roasted sucking-pig; another, a roasted turkey: and then there was to be a plentiful supply of boiled and roasted chickens. Pies, puddings, and cakes were promised, for all these were plentiful in the bush.

After this understanding, the motley group of men and boys soon separated, each wending his way to his

own cabin, to give directions to his domestic circle to make preparations for the feast of good things on the following day.

Many were the hands and heads busily engaged in almost every cabin through the entire settlement. For great were the pleasures anticipated on such a gala-day in the bush, where was to be assembled so large a company.

It might have proved highly amusing, could we have taken a peep into some of those cabins on that memorable night—witnessed the perspiring dames, and their beautiful and agile daughters, racking their brains in the effort to excel in the variety, quality, and quantity of their pastry. The aim was to make their things "good." One object they had in view was to astonish the new-comers at the fatness of the land. A very high opinion had already been formed of the character of the strangers, from the reports of the general appearance of their outfit; and each of the ladies, young and old, wanted to make a favorable impression, to gain their special notice.

Now that our party were left alone to pursue their own routine, they felt more at their ease; and many were the remarks made respecting the appearance of their new home, and the character and conduct of those who were to be their future neighbors, if not their associates and companions. It might have been clearly seen by the look and manner, if not by the words of Captain Walters, that he did not feel altogether in his right place, or among those suited to the cast of his own mind. For there had not, as yet, been a single individual among those who had been presented to him, with

whom he could enjoy the pleasing interchange of profitable thought. It was true, he had held a conversation with Obadiah Crooks, but there was something so cold and formal, yea, even repulsive in his manner—entirely opposed to his own warm, impulsive, and confiding nature—that he could look for nothing like friendship there.

All this, however, had the direct tendency to cut off all earthly resource, and to lead Captain Walters' mind to higher and nobler thoughts, so that when the moment for the evening devotions of himself and wife arrived, his spirit was in that frame of resignation to the Divine will, that he felt as though he could lay all his earthly interests on the altar of self-sacrifice. And, indeed, this feeling was mutual—a sympathy and melting tenderness, yea, an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence. So that, although they were in the darkness and solitariness of the primeval woods, and far away from any stately edifice where fashionable congregations meet, yet in their loneliness they could say, "Lo, God is here." And this was enough to calm every fear, and hush to silence every doubt, so that heart and tongue were in full accord, to praise and adore. Never had the echoes of those woods been awakened to such strains of rapturous melody before; it was indeed the first dedication and consecration of that spot to God. Thus, calm and serene, they retired; and sweet were their slumbers on this the first night spent in their western home, for they felt the assurance that underneath and around were the everlasting arms.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the following morning, according to arrangement, the company was at the place of rendezvous at a very early hour. As usual on such occasions, four of the most skilful men are first selected to take the entire management of the four corners of the building. These see that the timbers are properly half-notched, so that their fitting may be all right when the alternate round logs are laid: the notching at the ends forms the corners, and holds them firm in their place. The men are then divided into squads, and these squads are told off, and each assigned to the work he is best qualified to perform. An eligible site being selected, the space is cleared of trees, or other encumbrances, and all things are now ready to begin the erection of the log-cabin. Young elm-trees are chosen, if possible; and if there are enough of these at hand, they are soon brought down by the sturdy axe-men, and dragged by oxen to the spot where they are wanted, either to the sides or the ends of the building.

Where skill and numbers are employed, rapid progress may be expected. This is especially the case where a *bee* is called to raise a log-cabin; for by noon the four walls are nearly up, and ready for the roof. And, what with the satisfaction they feel in the contemplation of the work done, together with the free circulation

of whiskey, they begin to have a lively time of it by midday.

During the morning there has been flocking to this centre of attraction the wives and families of the men who have been at work, bearing along with them the provisions prepared the night previous, and which they intended should be ready by noon for the assembled company, who, when the hour arrives, gather to the feast with keen appetites, glib tongues, and vociferous voices. The scene now presented to *our* party exhibited to their contemplation an entirely new phase of social life. With becoming dignity they stood aloof from the frivolous and childish hilarity of the rustics, though at times it was with very great difficulty that the Captain repressed a manifestation of his wounded feelings.

On one occasion Tom Wilson, who seemed to be the bell-wether of the party, had heard Mrs. Walters call her husband "Robert." This was enough for Tom, who, in a few minutes after, came to the Captain with a glass of whiskey, and in a coarse husky voice, and with excessive rudeness, said—

"Come, Robert, tak a glass wi' me." But almost in the same breath said—"Robert is too big a word for my toong. I shall ca' yo' Bob, 'case you're goin' to be one o' us."

This was a home-thrust at the Captain's self-respect, but with gentle firmness he said—

"My good friend, I do not drink that kind of liquor—it would make me very ill indeed."

But the Captain was not to escape with the boorish rudeness of Wilson. A kind of half-grown lad, with

scared and deeply pock-marked face, and enormous outstanding teeth, stood gaping with eyes wide open, and mouth distended with a hideous grin, observing the doings and sayings of Wilson. This fellow, shortly after—when the Captain, wishing to throw off a little of his conventional stiffness of manner, was in a friendly and familiar way speaking to one of the men about the dexterous way in which he handled his axe—invited him to try *his* hand at the same exercise, especially as he was going to be a farmer himself. The Captain, taking the axe, planted several strokes, putting in with all his might, but made little impression on the log, scarcely penetrating the bark, when all eyes were at once directed towards the novice axe-man. Seeing the small results of such great exertion, and the awkward manner in which he wielded his instrument, there was a general laugh at his expense. But what gave a cast of the ludicrous to the scene was that the lad above alluded to, as the Captain was about to give another stroke with the axe, bawled out—

“Hold on, Bobby; there is a fly there, and if you hit it you’ll sure hurt it!”

In a moment the axe fell from the hands of the Captain,—this piece of coarse wit and gross rudeness being too much for his nerves, especially as it brought forth a burst of uproarious merriment at his expense from the lookers-on. He appeared confounded for the moment, but soon regained his self-possession. But this incident seemed to make a deep impression on the heart of Mrs. Walters, who would much rather it had been directed against herself than her husband.

But others present were not inattentive spectators,

and not a little disturbed at this indecorous proceeding. Brown and Jones could ill brook the indignities, as they considered them, directed against their captain, and were not backward in giving expression to their feelings; but they might as well have spoken to the oxen that were drawing the logs to the building as to men oblivious to all sense of right from frequent potations of whiskey. Presently, Tom Wilson, and Jim Roberts (who seemed to be the equal of Tom in down-right ruffianism), pitted themselves against Jones, taking courage from mutual support. But Jones, though naturally mild and gentle as a lamb, was not the man to allow things to go too far without his "John Bullism" showing a little of his prowess. At length, emboldened by Jones's apparent shyness, the two men actually approached him in a menacing manner. Jones retreated a little, which only tended to increase their boldness. On their nearer approach, the form of Jones seemed to swell to gigantic proportions, and, quick as thought, catching them by the back of their necks, one in each hand, he shook them as though he would shake their very bones asunder. He then brought their heads together with such force that the concussion was heard by all the company on the ground. After repeating this for five or six times, casting them from him with herculean strength, they went whirling, and fell full length on the ground at a distance from him. Jones now walked coolly away from the spot, as composed as if nothing had occurred to ruffle his temper. Not so, however, the two men; for Tom Wilson, raising himself upon one elbow, said—

"Golly, Jim, don't that big fellow squeeze!"

"I guess he does," said Roberts. "It was all your

fault ; he warn't goin' to be ugly till yo' bothcred him—and that's jist so."

Wilson acknowledged the truth of these words, and quickly raising himself from the ground, started off towards Jones, followed by Roberts, and said—

"By golly ! big un, but yourn are pretty strong arms ; but it was all our fault—give us yourn fist, old fellow," at the same time holding out his hand. Jones kindly took the proffered hands of the two men, one in either of his own, and drawing their heads towards him, said, in a loud whisper—

"Remember that our Captain is neither Robert, Bob, nor Bobby, but Captain Walters—do you understand me ?" He made them repeat the name and title after him several times, to impress it on their memory. Thus these men, and others present, were taught that they could not with impunity overstep the bounds of good behavior.

After this, the main business of the day went bravely on to its completion. The roof of the cabin was covered with large sheets of birch bark, which had been stripped whole from the trunk of the tree. The door and window-places were furnished with pieces cut from the solid round logs. The party having the construction of the fireplace and chimney in hand, had it run up above the roof by the time the rest of the cabin was completed.

Here, then, was the first great requirement of bush life begun and finished in one day—a log-cabin forty feet by twenty-five, divided in nearly the centre in the same way, and with like kind of material, as the ends ; and these rooms divided off into separate apartments—

as sleeping-rooms or otherwise, to suit the wish or convenience of the occupants—by hanging up sheets or counterpanes from the rafters overhead.

Mrs. Walters had made up her mind, during the day, to give the party, and especially the ladies, young and old, an agreeable surprise in the evening. So, she had the large canvas tent which they had brought with them from Montreal, taken out of the wagon and erected by Brown and Jones, under the superintendence of the ever-active Baptiste, at a distance from the place where the cabin stood. In the centre of this tent a large table was placed, formed by adjusting the boxes and cases that contained the articles they had brought with them.

Among the latter, Mrs. Walters had several china tea-sets. These she arranged with such taste upon the very handsome table-cloths which covered the temporary table, that the whole thing presented an appearance of real elegance. And then the tent was lighted up with a number of wax-candles placed in beautiful branch candlesticks.

Mrs. Walters had supplied herself with an assortment of very choice tea before leaving Montreal; this being now brought out, the capacious tea-urn was put in requisition, and filled to its brim with the fragrant and delicious beverage. Baptiste was in his glory, with his ruffle-shirt, white apron, light pantaloons and jacket—he was here, and there, and everywhere. The men had cut a number of round logs about the height of chairs, on which boards were laid, to form seats around the table. A large side-table was also erected on one side of the tent, on which was spread out, on trays and dishes, the cakes and bread provided by the ladies. It

must be acknowledged, that Mrs. Walters was greatly and agreeably surprised when she saw the profusion in which every thing had been supplied—new-laid eggs, the sweetest of fresh butter, and the richest of cream, forming a very conspicuous feature in the feast.

The arrangements all finished, and the grand display made, Mrs. Walters felt her woman's pride in no small degree excited when she contemplated the scene, and considered the impression all this would make on the minds of the assembled rustics. Brown and Jones, under the ever-vigilant eye of Baptiste, acted as sentinels, to prevent the intrusion of any person before the appointed time, that the surprise might prove the more complete. And, indeed, all that was anticipated was more than realized, in the astonishment and bewilderment exhibited by the rustics, for they apparently felt, and really acted, as if they had been introduced into a fairy palace. Where such things could have come from, and how they could have been made, far surpassed their comprehension. But when the fragrant tea was served out in those delicate and beautiful china cups and saucers, they gave vent to their feelings, and were loud in their praises. But of the eagerness with which they quaffed the delicious beverage, vociferously calling for more and more, we shall not attempt a description. This was little like the decorous tea-parties which the refined and accomplished Captain and Mrs. Walters had been used to giving and attending.

Long some of this unique party sat, and it was with great reluctance they retired, to make room at the table for the younger branches of their families. These had for some time exhibited, outside the tent, an impatience

difficult to restrain ; and when admitted, any attempt at restraint was utterly futile. They could only be compared to a company of wild, unbroken colts—some of them dirty and ragged as they were wild. Captain Walters stood by his wife at this moment, and whispered in her ear—

“My dear, one of the negative blessings of heaven will be, that there will be no unruly half-grown boys and girls there.” She nodded her assent with a smile.

It was not long before the exultant feelings of Mrs. Walters received a check, as was evidenced by the gloom, and indeed momentary frown, upon her countenance. And no wonder ; for, at the first round of the cups of tea, served out to this herd of young incorrigibles, one of the boys struck the elbow of the girl who stood next to him, splashing the scalding hot tea over her face and hands, and dashing the beautiful china cup and saucer upon the fine table-cloth, and thence to the ground, in a thousand pieces. This was followed by a loud laugh by all the gawky and giddy throng, who appeared quite unconscious of the mischief they had done in breaking a part of a beautiful and expensive china tea-set, and which could not be replaced under the circumstances. As misfortunes seldom come alone, we would say that through the recklessness of this untamed herd—no other term could so appropriately designate them—at the very least half a dozen mishaps occurred of a character similar to the one above described, during the evening.

At length the toils, the pleasures, and the vexations of this eventful day came to a close, and the company, with different and very conflicting feelings, separated.

But before doing so, the men had built up a large log-fire in the capacious fireplace of the newly-erected cabin.

Weary, and more than ordinarily thoughtful and sad, our company, after reading the Ninety-first Psalm, and committing themselves to the safe-keeping of their heavenly Father for the night, retired to their places of rest.

Early on the following morning, the Captain and his wife entered the new log-cabin, and examined it and its surroundings with serious and thoughtful faces. It was evident that their minds were ill at ease, that something was pressing heavily on their hearts ; and especially was this the case with the Captain, who said, in a soliloquizing way—

“This puts me in mind of the old song, of the neat little cottage with the ground for the floor. This, I must say, is a neat cottage indeed ! How it can in any way be made fit for human beings to dwell in, I am at a loss to tell.”

Then turning to his wife, with a melancholy smile on his face, he said—

“My dear Eliza, where will you place your piano, and where shall we put the library ? I must tell you candidly, my dear, that I begin to be afraid we have missed our way ; that we did not give ourselves time to reflect—to view things as they are—to think coolly and calmly ; that we acted upon the spur of the moment, and were too much under the influence of our imagination. We were captivated by the thrift and domestic peace and comfort of Captain Baldwin and his family. And then we thought it would be something great and respect-

able to have a farm of a thousand acres, and be able to lead an independent and happy life. We have a farm, indeed, and it may be a thousand acres for aught I know ; but I know, too, that there is not the thousandth part of one acre on which we might raise a single mess of vegetables, or even herbs sufficient to render savory a single pot of soup, without the expenditure of great toil and a good amount of cash. I feel, at this moment, like a fish out of water. I am out of my proper place. It seems as though I had awoke from a deep sleep, a bewildering dream ; and now that I am come to this state of consciousness, I think I see things in their true light, and as I see them, I feel confounded. I see now that we have taken the entire direction of our affairs into our own hands, and have left the path in which a kind Providence had placed us, and for which our education and habits of life had fitted and prepared us. We were perplexed and frightened with a comparatively few unpleasant trials and difficulties with which that path was strewn ; but now we are in a path in which we find real troubles, and in which, I am afraid, we shall meet insurmountable difficulties. Unfitted as we are by education and habit for the labors and duties that will be demanded of us, I feel that the prospect before us is at once gloomy and disheartening. Surrounded, too, by a herd of untutored and uncouth boors—I had almost said savages—both young and old, my dear Eliza, my patience is nearly exhausted, although I have been so short a time amongst them. But as all other avenues, save the one we have chosen, appear closed against us, we are denied the liberty of choice. But were it otherwise, what are we fit for, either in the

departments of manual or mental employment? The mechanic, by continual toil, procures a comfortable subsistence for himself and family. The patient drudge, cooped up in his little store, begins life with small capital, and, by successive turnings of his peany, eventually attains to competence and a respectable position among his fellow-men. Happy men! Alas! at this moment I am almost led to envy the day-laborer, with pick and spade, pursuing his allotted toil, who, albeit his earnings are small, yet has robust health, with sound and refreshing sleep at night."

"My dear Robert," said his wife, "you are at this moment in a morbid state of mind—you are looking at things on their dark side. How do you know but that Providence has had very much to do in bringing us to this place, and putting us in our present position? For there are higher and vastly more important duties and labors than the menial or even the mental avocations of life; and a class of mind with clear moral perceptions and convictions, and a strong sense of duty, is required to occupy that position and to perform that work. My dear husband," said she, "we have been led by a train of circumstances and events which it would be hard to undo; it would indeed be difficult, if not utterly impossible, for us to retrace our steps. If this be the case, then would it not be the part of true wisdom and high manly courage to awake still more to your present moral position, and arouse yourself still further to your present duties and high responsibilities? You seem to bewail your lot in life, that you have not the kind of talent and the physical hardihood that is required in this place; and thus you quail before the magnitude of

the labor before you. You are supposing that you are unfitted to fell trees in this forest; that you cannot wield the axe; that you cannot cultivate the soil; and that you cannot plant, and sow, and reap. The dark, and dense, and tangled woods alarm you; you are measuring your strength with those giant, massive oaks, with their gnarled and knotty trunks; and then you suppose that this cabin, built of such rough material, and of such rude workmanship, is unfit for a habitation. It is my impression that there is a denser and ranker growth of moral evils to be eradicated, compared to which this dense and tangled forest presents but a vague and faint idea of labor. The woodman may, with his axe, his strong muscle, and determined will, make sure headway with his work in felling these trees. But what are his labor and its results, compared with the mightier and nobler task of operating on the mass of mind that we saw here yesterday, and with which you were so much displeased? And then you seem to despair of this building ever being made sufficiently comfortable, or even fit to dwell in. Why, my dear Robert, you may hew, and paint, and beautify the roughest and most unshapely log that forms a part of this cabin, and by labor, with skill, render the whole building one of comfort and convenience. Yet how impotent is human zeal, intelligence, and labor, in the great task of preparing the ignorant, rough, and uncouth beings we had here last night to become fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in! But what is impossible to man is possible with God. We know that He makes use of human instrumentality and agency to accomplish His purposes. And if we should be so far honored as to be made His

instruments in enlightening and saving one of those precious, priceless, blood-bought, deathless spirits, God would be more pleased, angels will have more cause to rejoice, and we ourselves, in time and eternity, shall recollect the event with more real and substantial delight, than if you had with one swoop levelled this entire forest."

"Now, my dear Robert, it is well to have a clear view of one's mission; and," said she, looking her husband steadily in the face, "Robert, can you have any doubt of yours; or can you plead as an excuse a want of talent, or in any way an unfitness, to go forth with the sword of the Spirit—the all-powerful weapon of Divine truth—to cut down and clear away the tall and strong trees of error, and uproot the thick and tangled undergrowth of vice; and, under Divine aid and influence, to labor to so cleanse, build up, and beautify these souls, so as to render them habitations for the Holy Ghost; to endeavor to break up the fallow-ground of their hearts, and to plant and sow the seeds of every virtue? Now what do you say, Robert—will you, like Jonah, flee from your responsibilities, and thus incur the Divine displeasure, deterred from their performance by difficulties, or frightened by their magnitude? Or will you say with the great Apostle, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I may win souls to Christ?'"

At the close of this warm and impassioned address, the Captain stood before his wife as though spell-bound: after musing for a few moments, he said—

"My dear Eliza, you have touched the right chord in my heart. I was wandering away; I was forgetting

myself; but you have, by your clear statement of my work, my duties, and high responsibilities, brought me back to a state of mind proper for their due performance; though you have not at all diminished the magnitude of the work to which I alluded, nor shown my ability to be adequate to its accomplishment. Yet, you have shown me where my real strength is to be drawn from; and you have opened up a new field of thought, and given abundant food for reflection. I trust I shall henceforth not only be diligent in the business of life, but likewise fervent in spirit, and endeavor to carry out your suggestions, and enter every open door that may be presented where good may be done; and that, depending on our blessed Lord, I shall be more determined than ever to go forth, making mention of His righteousness, and His only."

After this, there was no hanging back from duty, and no shrinking from the heaviest cross-bearing. Oh! happy the man who has such a wife as was Mrs. Walters, to stand by him in his dark moments; to urge him on in the right; to counsel and lovingly assist him in all the onerous duties of life! The Captain now felt that the best place for him was, where he might be the means of accomplishing the greatest amount of good, both by precept and example. And surely there was full scope for his largest desires in the settlement in which he had cast his lot, for the families there were as sheep without a shepherd.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE now set to work, with a right good-will, to render his new home as comfortable as the nature of things would admit. All the party had learned to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

The Captain engaged men to cut down the trees, and clear a large space, and prepare it for a crop. He made arrangements with a carpenter to erect a commodious framehouse, with suitable out-buildings, from drawings he had himself executed.

A few days after the erection of the log-cabin, the Captain was observing the men at work felling trees and clearing a space of ground for a garden, when he saw Obadiah Crooks coming towards him. The Captain advanced to meet him, and greeted him by a right hearty shake of the hand, and a warm and friendly salutation—presenting a perfect contrast to the cold and formal approaches of the Quaker. Obadiah, taking a glance at the cabin, and at the men at work, said—

“I see, friend Walters, thee has been making a little progress. I sent my yoke of oxen, with a man to drive them, to assist thee in the raising of thy cabin: I trust thee was pleased with the way in which they did thy work.”

The Captain was warm in his acknowledgments of the kindness of Obadiah, and praised highly the way in

which the oxen and their driver had gone through their day's work ; when Obadiah said—

“Friend Walters, will it be agreeable to thee to take a walk a little way with me in this direction?” pointing to a part of the woods where the eight horses were grazing on the scanty supply of grass, or browsing on the low and tender branches of the trees.

When the Captain and Obadiah had got a little way from the men at work, as already alluded to, one of them ill-naturedly said—

“Tom Wilson said, ‘Crook has got our new master in tow, and he’ll bleed him as sure as my name’s Tom.’”

The Quaker had already been looking at the horses, very narrowly and closely noticing all their points, for he was a thorough judge of horse-flesh. And to say the truth, he was no less a judge of human nature ; for he knew well all the arts by which the cunning and unscrupulous man lures his victim into his toils. But after all, to speak truth, Obadiah was a good man, as a general thing : it was only where there was any bargain-making on hand, that an all-grasping selfishness gained the mastery over him. Coming up with the horses, Obadiah said—

“Friend Walters, I suppose thee finds that my words were true, that thy horses will prove a great encumbrance to thee. Hast thou thought of any way of disposing of them ?”

“Why, no,” said the Captain ; “I should not like to part with my horses, they are such very choice ones. You see that they are of the pure Normandy breed : you can tell that by their small head, short, thick-set neck, and clean, strong limbs. And then it will not be very

expensive to keep them, even should I have to purchase their food through the winter, as they will maintain their present good condition on very little feed."

The remarks of the Captain, and especially those in praise of his horses, had made a deep impression on Obadiah's mind; and although he maintained a cold impassiveness in his manner, yet his eyes twinkled and snapped again, as he continued, looking at the fine animals—

"All that thou says may be very true; but thee sees that a less number than eight horses will serve thy purpose for some years to come. And then," continued Obadiah, "thee must have at the least one yoke of oxen, as thee will find that horses are not steady enough to work in the bush, as that kind of work will harass them, and fret them to death; so that, as I say, thee must have one yoke of oxen."

"Well," said the Captain, "I suppose that I must have some oxen, as you say; they are better adapted for the work in the bush by their patient drudgery than horses, and I might then, as you say, do with a less number than eight horses."

"That is just so," said the Quaker, at the same time drawing nearer to the Captain; and lowering his voice with an apparently confiding look and manner, he continued—

"Friend Walters, I shall have it in my power to do thee many a kindness, and in many ways, and I have a strong wish to be a good neighbor with thee. I have been thinking, as I have two yoke of very fine young oxen, I will let thee have my best yoke for that span of horses"—at the same time pointing to the span of horses

he had already selected from the lot—"thee knows that my oxen are young and strong."

The Captain looked, first at the Quaker and then at the horses, and then back at the Quaker, as if in great perplexity. At length he said—

"But, Mr. Crooks, I do not know what my horses would sell for in this neighborhood, and I am quite as ignorant of the value of your oxen."

"That may be all very true," said the acute Obadiah; "but thee can judge which will do thy work in the bush the best, and so give thee the most satisfaction."

Finally, after much chaffering, the Captain, though not very willingly, acceded to the wishes of the wily Quaker, who departed with the span of horses for the yoke of oxen—the former of a value, at the least, thrice that of the oxen.

This transaction was soon noised abroad throughout the Concession, and very freely commented on, in every variety of language and spirit; though it was plain that the best-disposed individual in the neighborhood, while blaming the overreaching spirit of Obadiah, would have had no objection to making the same exchange, could he have had the same favorable chance. But, wisdom is seldom good till it is bought: and so it proved in this case; for, dearly bought though it was, it turned out to be a valuable lesson to the Captain. While it proved that he, from his inexperience and simplicity, was no match for the keen trading propensities of his neighbors, it placed him fully on his guard. He ever after made it a standing rule never to trade with any one in the Concession in the way of barter; but, if he was in want of any article, be it food or whatever else, to take it at its

cash value, and pay for it on the spot. The same rule he observed when he had any thing to dispose of. In this way he soon established a character for straightforward, honest dealing.



CHAPTER XIV.

As the Captain had, from the very first Sabbath after leaving Montreal, appropriated that day to its proper sanctified use, so he continued to do now that he was settled in his new home in the bush. And, at the suggestion of Mrs. Walters, who said that they did not wish to eat their morsel alone, the canvas tent was fitted up with desk and seats, for the accommodation of any one of the neighbors who might feel disposed to join with them in their Sabbath exercises. The very novelty of the thing was a sufficient attraction to many, who came to see and hear what new thing had come among them; and then, the majority who came were especially delighted with the singing. But, as for the weighty and important truths that were enunciated by the Captain, though delivered with affectionate fervor, and addressed home to the heart with great force and point, they were listened to with impatience by the gaping and wondering company.

But, notwithstanding this unpropitious state of things, the meetings were continued for a number of weeks, though the minds of many who participated therein seemed to be utterly impervious to moral or religious impressions. One day, however, late in the afternoon, the wife of Sam Barker came to request the Captain to go with her to see her husband; saying he was sick,

and at the same time expressing serious apprehensions that he was "losing his head;" that for some time he had had scarcely any sleep at night, yet was half asleep through the day; that he went moaning about, and talking to himself in a most awful way; that she had once or twice caught him on his knees, or laying at full length on the ground behind some bushes, and for the life of her she could not get a sensible word out of him; and he was moaning and crying 'most all the time. And she wanted the Captain to come and see him, as he was a very knowledgeable man, for she could not tell what in the world was the matter with him herself.

The Captain smiled at the simplicity of the woman's narration, and, truly surmising the real nature of the bodily and mental malady of her husband, unhesitatingly accompanied her to her home. When he arrived at the place, he found Sam in a wretched state of mind: his heart had been stricken, and the strong man bowed before the stroke. He felt unable to account for, or to explain the nature of his malady, or the state of his mind: he could only say he had been a bad man all his life, that he felt sure of going to hell, and knew that he deserved it. The Captain found him excessively ignorant, but adapting, as near as he could, his remarks to the man's capacity and present state of mind, he sought to explain to him the way of salvation, pointing out to him that Jesus came into the world to save just such as he, for He came to save sinners; and after reading to him portions of the word of God suited to his case, and spending a short time in prayer, left him to the further workings of his own mind, and to the leading and enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit.

On the day after the above occurrence the wife of Tom Wilson came to the Captain, in a very disconsolate state, declaring that something very bad was come over her man ; that she thought he was surely lunny ; that he said that God was awful cross with him, and that the devil was going to be no use to him no more, and he warn't going to be no use to the devil, any how you can fix it.

"Oh, sir," said she, "he is in a awfu' bad way ; he's a' the time doin' the wrang thing first and the first thing wrang, so yo' see that things are out a' round."

"Well," said the Captain, "shall I go and see your husband, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Oh, golly, no !" said she, "for he ain't at a' pleased wi' yo' ; for he said that yo' talked a' about him in yer preach last Sunday. And that he knowed that Jim Roberts had bin tellin' yo' a' about him ; but he says yo's a mighty smart man."

"Well, if that is the case," said the Captain, "I owe it to my own character to go and see your husband, and at the same time I can vindicate Mr. Roberts. The fact is, Mrs. Wilson, your husband now sees himself in a glass that he has never looked into before, and he is alarmed at what it shows him."

"Oh, no, sir, that ain't so, cause we ain't got only one glass i' the shanty, and that's a' broke !"

"But that is not what I mean, Mrs. Wilson," said the Captain ; "I mean that the Divine Spirit is enlightening his judgment, and alarming his conscience, by holding up before his newly-opened mind the purity of the Divine law, and showing how he has exposed himself to its condemnation by having broken its enactments."

"Well," said Mrs. Wilson, "we ain't got no larnin' here i' the bush, but maybe a' yo' say is just so."

The Captain went with Mrs. Wilson to see her man, as she called her husband, and found him under deep convictions of soul for sin.

Wilson seemed much surprised to hear that the Captain had not spoken on the last Sabbath from any special personal knowledge of his case, and that neither Roberts nor any other person had had any communication with him on the subject.

One very remarkable circumstance made a deep impression on the mind of the Captain—namely, that not only was there a great change in the manner and conduct of these two noted men, from the wild, reckless abandonment that had so offended him when he first saw them; but their softened countenances and subdued spirits, evidenced a transformation of the inner man to such an extent that they would hardly be recognized as the same men.

After talking, reading, and praying with Wilson, he turned his steps towards his home. His own soul deeply imbued with the spirit of his Divine Master, with ardent, grateful emotions he cried out: "What hath God wrought!" These things were no less gratifying to Mrs. Walters than they had been to her husband. Jones and Brown united with their wives in a full chorus of glory to God for His marvellous goodness. Our old friend Baptiste had also come to know the value of experimental religion. Thus, the whole of our company, firm in faith and ardent worshippers, were continual in prayers, unitedly and singly, in private and in public, beseeching God to deepen, extend, and continue His

work in His own way, irrespective of the meanness or ignorance of the instrumentality employed.

On the following Sabbath, at the stated time of meeting, a greater number of hearers assembled than ever before. But that was not all: so great attention was paid to the speaker, there was such a drinking in of the word spoken—this reacting on the mind and manner of the speaker—that a sympathy was felt, a sense of the Divine power and presence, such as was experienced when, in the days of old, God appeared to be vindicating his own name. Sinners were pricked to the heart, and pleaded earnestly for mercy. One remarkable feature in this scene was, that Tom Wilson and Sam Barker, with faces radiant with smiles, were actively and earnestly employed in going from penitent to penitent, endeavoring, in their simple way, to direct them to Jesus.

What a striking and delightful contrast this scene presented, to that of the day on which the *bee* was called to erect the log-cabin! But such is the change the gospel invariably produces, when it has free course and is glorified; when it is divested of the clumsy and cumbering machinery—the contrivances of short-sighted man. This appeared to be the beginning of good days, but oh! how often are our brightest prospects and sweetest hopes blighted—ending in disappointment!

Captain Walters had for some time exhibited indications of failing health, which, sensible as he was of his physical condition, he endeavored to screen, if possible, from the observation of his wife. But her eye, with delicate scrutiny, penetrated the secret; yet she hid her fears from her husband, and only exhibited her anxiety

by increased tenderness, and attention to all his wants and wishes. Though she ever approached him with loving words and winning smiles, many were the tears she shed in secret on his account.

The Captain, notwithstanding his feeble health, continued in labors more abundant. His frame house and out-buildings were urged rapidly to completion, as he wished to occupy them before the severe weather of winter set in. He had also a number of men at work felling trees on his land. As it would be too late to burn the logs that season, green as they were, he was advised to have them *slashed* that fall and through the winter. The Captain, at a loss to know what was meant by *slashing*, was informed that it was merely to cut down the trees, and let them lie just where they fell: not to lose time in lopping off the boughs or cutting up the trunks into log-lengths, but to allow them time to dry as they lay: then, early in the spring, to cut them up, and form them into winrows, so that he might take advantage of the first spell of fine, dry weather, to burn them off.

But what appeared to exert an influence the most absorbing on the minds of Captain Walters and his wife was the spiritual well-being of their neighbors; and if ever laborers in their Lord's vineyard had cause to acknowledge the hand of God in their work, Captain and Mrs. Walters undoubtedly had. They felt the tremendous importance of their high mission. In his view the sacred desk was not designed to be an arena in which to exhibit any of the clap-traps of the mere orator, for the purpose of creating a sensation. Nor was the Captain like the pseudo-divine, who fritters away his pre-

cious moments in the discussion of some comparatively frivolous point of school-divinity. No! Well read, and thoroughly versed in the divine word, he made that the man of his counsel, and the armory out of which to select his most potent weapons. The burning, fiery, flashing missiles that he threw amongst his hearers were the weighty truths of revelation. Salvation, through the all-atoning blood and sacrifice of Christ, was the theme on which he delighted to dwell, and of which he never tired. True it was, he had not been licensed, nor had he received his commission from man, or been ordained by those high in clerical office. It was the finger of God that had written the divine law upon his heart, and the inspiration of His Holy Spirit that had opened up before his willing and inquiring mind the precious truths of revelation; and thus inspired and equipped, many were the wounded, and the slain, and the healed, through his instrumentality, in his short but eventful Christian warfare. He had balm as well as bane for the human heart. Yes! having startled the sinner's soul with the thunders of Sinai, he led his stricken, smitten, and bleeding heart penitent to Mount Zion.



CHAPTER XV.

ON a very bright day in the month of November, during that period known in North America as Indian summer—when a general lull, a serene quiet, pervades all nature, with scarcely enough breeze to stir the tiniest twig—when the feathered tenants of the grove have migrated to softer climes and sunnier skies—a stranger approached the new habitation of Captain Walters. The Captain was at that moment in the front of his new dwelling, giving some directions regarding a picket-fence which two men were employed in erecting. On the approach of the stranger, the quick eye of the Captain could discern at once that he was well-bred, and he soon found him to be a highly educated gentleman—a very rare sight in that place. His dress, his manners, his words of introduction, and indeed his very spirit, as it beamed through his noble countenance, all spoke unmistakably in his favor. The ease of the gentleman was exhibited in the simple movement of the hand, as it was put forth to meet the free and hearty salutation of the Captain. It required but a short time for two intelligent and well-instructed men to flow, as it were, into each other's good graces. But this was especially so, under the circumstances, with Captain Walters, who of late had been completely cut off from intercourse with

superior minds, excepting his own wife. In this respect he had been like a chained eagle, or a giant among dwarfs. The cramped and tiny minds of those by whom he was surrounded, and with whom he must hold much intercourse, were clouded by vague and vulgar prejudices, and all their action prompted and urged on by the low incentives of selfishness. It is true, a great and salutary change had been effected in the moral aspect of things, that grace had in a good degree subdued their passions and even new-moulded their hearts ; but it was not within its province to inform and expand their intellect. And so the Captain, while he rejoiced in the evidences of grace around him, felt deeply the need of association with some congenial intellect. It was now his great good fortune to meet with a friend such as he had been wishing for ; and it was equally gratifying to the stranger that Providence had directed his steps to the dwelling of this estimable couple.

We have already partially indicated the general appearance of the stranger. Tall and stoutly formed, he evidently possessed great strength. His hair was long, straight, and black ; his eye black and piercing, and restless at times ; his forehead high and broad, with the remainder of the head well balanced ; the color of his face approaching a brown, yet with mixture of a whiter cast. In fact, it might have been seen from the general cast of his features, as well as from his personal appearance, that he was of Indian descent, and one of nature's noblemen. Without further noticing his personal appearance in this connection, we would state that his father was an Indian chief, and one of the most remarkable men of his day and nation—noted at once for his

bravery in war, and wise counsel in peace. His mother was French, and had been the wife of a French officer who was wounded in the wars with the Indians, and in that state was captured by them, together with his young and beautiful wife, who evinced her love by her determination not to leave her husband under such very trying circumstances. During the confinement of the young French officer by his wounds, the chief of the tribe of Indians exhibited more than ordinary humanity and intelligence, and was at once assiduous in his attentions and gentle in his spirit towards the captive officer and his amiable spouse. But notwithstanding the soothing presence of a loving wife, and all the remedies that the Indian chief could apply, his wounds at length proved fatal, and dying, he left his wife to the tender mercies of the red-man. But the red-man's breast, as well as that of a whiter skin, may be swayed by gentle emotions. He had compassion ; he soothed the sorrows of his fair captive ; he gained her confidence by his delicate guardianship of her honor ; and feeling safe in his keeping, she confided in his plighted vows. After this, the step was short but sure, for they loved ; and when two hearts are thus closely knit, seeming incongruities are lost sight of, for the union of hands follows where the heart leads the way. In the course of time, the result of this union was the birth of a boy. It might have been expected that this boy would possess and exhibit some of the general traits of character of each of his parents : and indeed it was so ; for the vigor of the father's mind and person was strongly marked in him, and this, united with his mother's vivacity and sprightliness, tended to produce a character of quite an original

cast. Very early in life there were developed that daring courage and strong will, together with personal dexterity, that soon placed him at the head and far in the front in all the athletic sports of Indian pastime and practice. He would lead the way in the hazardous enterprise, and carry away the palm of victory from older and stronger boys than himself. He was, though so young, always alert in the hunt of the wild beast of the forest, and the celerity of his movements ever placed him first in the chase. Indeed, it appeared that he possessed all the germs of greatness; that required only a congenial soil and fostering influences to mature. And then the kindlier feelings and emotions of the heart had no small share in softening the rougher and wilder instincts of his nature; so that, to see him under the influence of the extremes of his nature—of his dark and turbulent passions on the one hand, and of his better feelings and sentiments on the other—one could scarcely be persuaded that he was one and the same person. But there was a trait in his character that gave value and force to all the rest—he was at once attentive and obedient to his mother, and she exercised unbounded influence over him for good.

Very early in life, this boy gave marked evidence of sterling mental talent, and his mother being a woman of cultivated mind and high attainments, was fully capable of nurturing and directing the aspirations of the eager youth. When she had exhausted all her own intellectual resources, her boy was sent, through the influence of a Catholic priest, to the Montreal College, where he won laurels, and established a name. And his fame as a scholar, and a youth of remarkable shrewdness and

great prudence, being at the same time intimately acquainted with the French, English, and Indian languages, clearly pointed him out as an eligible and fit person to act as agent of the English Government to the various tribes of Indians then scattered through Upper Canada. So, without any solicitations on his own part, at the close of his college studies he was selected by the representatives of the British Government, and endowed with full powers as chief agent and superintendent of all the Indian tribes in Upper Canada. The office itself brought him into frequent and close intercourse with the officers of the government, which had the tendency, together with the polish of the French manners and spirit, that he had drunk in, as it were, with his mother's milk, to give a high degree of refinement to his general deportment.

The native goodness of his own heart had induced him to introduce many ameliorations into his charge, so that he had become quite a popular favorite wherever his name and work had become known. And although we have introduced him as a stranger personally to Captain Walters, yet his fame had already reached there before himself, and he had only to mention his name to render the introduction complete. He, too, had no need to be informed about Captain Walters and his amiable and very excellent wife, for he had already heard pleasing representations of their present doings, as well as of their antecedents while residing in Montreal ; and it was owing to the high notions he had formed of their character that he had thus sought this interview with them : and he ever after congratulated himself that he had been so highly favored in forming such a friendship.

We would say, that the Indian name of this young man's father was indicative of the character that he bore in his own tribe as a stanch and unflinching warrior, and signified, "The rock that breasts the storm." His mother's name was Le Clair, and that was the name given to her son, and by which he was known. And, as Mr. Le Clair resided at quite a distance from the home of Captain Walters, and being on this day of his introduction on a mission of some importance, he had but a short time to spend with them, beyond partaking with them of a very excellently cooked dinner: after which he took his leave, with many and pressing invitations to renew his visit, and prolong his stay; which was responded to with strong assurances as to the high degree of pleasure with which he should avail himself of the privilege.



CHAPTER XVI.

On the day after the visit of Mr. Le Clair, there were two visitors who in character and personal appearance were the very opposites of that gentleman. These were a decrepid and aged female, accompanied by a no less infirm old man, with clothes much the worse for wear. They slowly approached the house, scrutinizing the surroundings—the female closely enveloped in a black cloak, and peering from a large hood. They made their way to the door of the new dwelling, and requested a drink of water. Mrs. Walters invited them in, and handed each of them a chair. Regardless of pressing solicitations, the female would not divest herself of her hood and cloak. She was keenly observant of every movement made by the members of the family, and scrutinized every part of the room, and every object it contained. A short time after these strangers had been seated Captain Walters entered the room, and at once attracted the intense gaze of the stranger. She kept her black and piercing eyes so steadily upon him—as if reading him through and through—that the Captain felt really uncomfortable. Soon after, hastily rising from their seats, the strangers abruptly left the house, rejecting pressing invitations to partake of refreshments ; and it made their conduct the more strange, that dinner was already on the table. Many were the sur-

mises as to who they were, whence they were, and what could have prompted them to act so strangely. Another thing made a deep impression on the minds of the Captain and his wife—that although the two mysterious beings, on their arrival, seemed so decrepid that they could scarcely walk, yet, when they left, they skipped along as nimbly as if running for a wager. The mystery was still further increased, when, as Mrs. Brown was cleaning up the room after dinner, and adjusting the cushion of the chair on which the strange female had sat, there fell from under the cushion a letter, which, on taking it up, she found was addressed, “Mrs. Eliza Walters,” to whom she straightway took it. The moment Mrs. Walters looked upon the letter she became enervated, her color came and went, her lips moved involuntarily, yet had lost the power of utterance; her whole frame, indeed, was in a violent tremor, and she had almost lost the power of self-support.

At this moment the Captain entered the room, and seeing her in so alarming a condition, he sprang to her side, but such was the perturbed state of his own mind, that he was quite unable to articulate an inquiry as to the cause of what he witnessed. Mrs. Brown was no less confused: all that she could do, when she had rallied a little, was to point to the letter that lay on the floor. The sight of the letter increased the perplexity of the Captain, for it brought vividly to his mind, as it had already to that of his wife, former incidents of the same kind.

This state of things—all this agitation and confusion—was not simply the result of the presentation of the letter by Mrs. Brown. On the contrary, it was the sud-

den flash of memories and convictions through the brain, and instantly associating these with the mysterious female and the letter, that produced all this mental perturbation. Mrs. Brown rightly judged, when she concluded that to bring the mind of each to its wonted tone the surest restorative would be a short and quiet repose. So, laying Mrs. Walters gently on the couch, she left her and the Captain in silence, that their agitated minds and perturbed feelings might spend their force, and subside of themselves.

After Mrs. Brown had left her patients, and again went about her work of clearing up and setting things to rights, the little daughter of Mrs. Jones came to her and said—

“Mrs. Brown, that was not an old woman that had that big cloak on.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Brown, “go away, what do you know about it?”

“Why,” said the little girl, “I do know; 'cause I could see, for I stood close beside her, and I was looking right in her face, and I'm sure that she wasn't an old woman, but a very nice young woman; and when she seen me looking at her, she jumped up and went right away.”

This simple and straight forward tale of the little girl set Mrs. Brown musing, and guessing, and wondering; and when the first chance offered, she related her statement to the two most interested parties. It tended not in the least, however, to dissipate the darkness by which they were surrounded.

After Mrs. Walters had somewhat recovered her composure of mind, she said—

"My dear Robert, am I always to be made the sport of these very singular and mysterious doings? Is there not in the world a spot to be found sufficiently retired to hide us from the intrusion of that horrid black phantom?"

"Why, my dear Eliza," said her husband, "I can assure you that I am as much at a loss to answer that question as you are. But I, however, feel disposed, if I could only see the way, to use every means within my power to unravel the enigma. I am completely at a loss to account for the motive that can induce these erratic beings thus to follow and act towards us in the way they do. Let me look at the letter, and see if that will afford us any clue, or throw any light on the subject?"

The Captain took the letter, and saw that, as all the others had been, it was directed in a remarkable neat and beautiful female hand. Breaking the seal, he found that its contents were the counterpart of the previous ones. The same aphorism, a quotation from the Ninety-seventh Psalm, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice;" and a quotation from the Gospel of St. John, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and, as before, a Bank of England five hundred pound sterling note. Having read and re-read the letter, the Captain sat musing in silence for some moments, and then handed the note and the letter to his wife, who received them as if in a state of listless stupor.

At this stage of things, Mrs. Brown came into the room, and reiterating what Mrs. Jones's little girl had said, about the age of the strange woman as she called her, she said she felt inclined to believe her, for she was always a prying little thing; and then she was sure the little puss told the truth—she would sooner trust to

her word than many a grown-up person's. This, without removing any difficulties, or solving any of the perplexities by which they were surrounded, gave a new turn to their thoughts. At length, Mrs. Walters said with a kind of half-musing, vacant look—

“Is it possible! Not an old woman? Will my past life furnish any clue that will lead my mind to fix on any person whom I could suppose capable of acting in so erratic a way as this—tantalizing me with these dark and hidden doings, and such vague promises of future developments—first wounding my very heart, and then applying the salve of her lavish wealth?” On uttering these words—holding up the sterling bank-note, looking at it herself, and calling the attention of her husband to it—with a sorrowful look, and a mournful expression, she said—

“I have no recollection of any mother or father, any sister or brother—who am I, what am I, where am I from?”

These words were expressed with so much feeling, yea, with such agony, that they seemed as though wrung from her inmost soul. Her husband throwing his arms around her, exclaimed—

“My own dear Eliza, you are the wife of Robert Walters, is not that enough, and better than father or mother, or sister or brother?”

“Oh!” said she, “was it not sufficient for me to bear my lot alone, instead of linking the destiny of another to my sorrows? Better had he sought the hand of some rustic maid, who had been nurtured in a domestic circle that was blest with the sweet memories of a father's and a mother's love; but my being is a blank, with no ves-

tiges of the early loves of kindred to relate to my husband !”

“Oh, my own dear Eliza !” said her husband, “if you have no loved relatives to praise, you have none to blame ; and if you have none to cherish and bless you, you have none to discard and malign you. But, my own dear love, there is one heart that feels for you, and there is one bosom on which you may recline with perfect freedom, and with entire safety, and which you may make the depository of the inmost thoughts of your soul. There is one who is fully able to appreciate your worth, and who sympathizes with you in all your sorrows—you have a husband.”

At the utterance of these expressions by her husband, her whole frame shook, and with an utterance, half-aloud, half-choked with grief, she questioned with herself—

“Yes ; but how long shall I have him ? Oh ! the future, still darker than the past !”

Catching the import of these words, and noticing the manner in which they were spoken, her husband was confounded ; for they revealed to his mind that she had penetrated what he deemed a secret buried within his own breast. To meet this new development he had no soothing balm to offer—no word or sentiment that would reach the case. With an almost involuntary motion he fell on his knees, and drawing his wife gently down to the same position, at that fountain of hope and consolation always accessible to the sorrowing and the suffering, they mutely and unitedly breathed forth the aspirations of their sadly smitten hearts.

CHAPTER XVII.

As there appears to be considerable importance attached to the doings of the two strange beings who have caused such consternation in the new residence of Captain Walters, we will just follow them, and if possible overtake those fleet horses, as they are moving eastward, in the direction of the town, or rather the village of Kingston. But surely they are not the same persons. Instead of a black cloak and large hood, the lady has a neat travelling-dress, with a plain but handsome bonnet: the man, a suit of livery, as being the servant of some titled and wealthy family.

They arrived at a small tavern by the roadside, where they intend to remain for the night, and where it appeared they had remained the night previous, with the understanding that they were to return and spend this night also. Of course, suitable preparations had been made for their reception, as they appeared to be above the common grade of travellers in that section of country. After partaking of a supper that would have done no discredit to a hotel of more pretentious appearance, the servant-man was summoned into the presence of the lady, who was seated in the best room of the house, though of rather circumscribed dimensions. When the man entered, the lady interrogated him—

“Well, Thomas, what do you think of the new home of Captain Walters?”

"Why, my lady," said the man, "I was thinking what would the neighbors consider about such a grand house as that in the bush. I should think that they would conclude it was something above their log-shanties."

"Yes," said the lady, "but you know that Captain Walters is a man of correct taste and large views, and that nothing less would satisfy him."

"Yes, and Mrs. Walters, too," said the man. "In that respect, as well as in many others, they seem as though their minds had been cast in the same mould. And then if the house presents such a fine appearance now, what will it be when it is all finished? But, I am afraid Captain Walters is not going to enjoy it long, even if he lives to see it finished, if I may judge from his looks."

"Ah! did you notice that, Thomas?" said the lady. "I can assure you I was so greatly shocked when I saw him, that I could not take my eyes off him; and I have no doubt he observed my viewing him so intently. Thrown off my guard by that pretty, intelligent-looking little girl who so steadily gazed into my face, and almost so far forgetting myself as to take her in my lap and give her a kiss, and becoming alarmed lest Captain Walters and his wife should notice the way in which I acted, I jumped up and left."

"Well, my lady," said the man, "you took me by surprise; and I was still more astonished to see that you had forgotten your lameness. Compelled to follow your example, my crutch was of no use, any further than to enable me to keep up with you. I have no doubt they consider us two most remarkable beings, judging from our droll appearance and strange conduct."

"Well, I suppose they do, Thomas," said the lady;

"and it may be a long time before they will have any explanation from me, for Providence sometimes moves slow; but I am not doubtful of the result. Although the present state of things may appear dark and mysterious to them, yet eventually the truth and justice of God shall shine forth as the light."

"But, my lady," said the man, "what if the Captain and Mrs. Walters should be both dead and in their graves, before these great results that you look for are realized—what good will it do them?"

"Well, Thomas," said she, "if there were no hereafter, they alone might be the sufferers, and without the least chance of enjoying any compensation; but the clearest and brightest display of results is reserved for a more fitting place, and a more appropriate season, and where the innocent and the guilty will be far more capable of appreciating the blessings they enjoy, or the evils they endure."

"Well, my lady," said the man, "not knowing the object you have in view, of course I am not able to give an opinion as to the propriety of your present proceedings; but I am satisfied in my own mind of your prudence and the soundness of your judgment. From this persuasion, I have no doubt that if I could see things in all their bearings as I suppose you see them, I should act just as you do."

"Thomas, the views and feelings you have expressed are right," said the lady; "for, from your knowledge of me you conclude that I act from just principles, although you are not able to look through my present actions to the far-off results that I contemplate. The proceedings of Providence are frequently dark and mysterious,

and often involve the innocent and the virtuous in labyrinths of sorrow and distress, from which the sufferer can see no possible way of extricating himself. In such cases, would it not be wise to say, with humble resignation to the stern necessities of the moment, 'It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth wise or good in His sight?' and then to ask for patience to fortify the soul, that it may, without a murmur, wait the full developments that Heaven contemplates. Thus, whether Captain or Mrs. Walters, or you, or even I myself, live or die, and though hand join in hand against it, the will of God will and must be vindicated, though it were necessary that He should use the entire universe as agents to accomplish His purposes. In fact, Thomas, the state and circumstances of man in this world are ill-adapted for the full apportionment of rewards to virtue or punishment to vice. We see men, pure and holy though they be, become the victims and the sport of bad men, who plague, distress, and torment them, throughout the whole course of their earthly existence. These, without a higher state, could have no compensation for their sufferings. Reason, and all the better impulses of our nature, revolt at such an idea. It is in strict accordance with the highest and purest aspirations of the best and noblest minds, that there will be a loftier and wider sphere, where the now latent powers, and the clipped wings of man's higher nature, will be brought out and let loose amidst a boundless range of untold delights. And then, earthly courts cannot apportion punishment to crime. A man, if guilty of taking the life of one of his fellow-men, may pay the forfeit of his life for the crime: he can lose no more from earthly justice

if he takes the lives of a hundred. But it may be expected to be far otherwise in the punishments inflicted by infinite justice, at the bar of God, where duration can be added to intensity of suffering. It may appear strange to us, that there are men who would try to persuade us that there is a universe without law, or a law without penalty.

“But now, Thomas, I wish to start early in the morning on our journey homeward, and of course you will strictly observe your usual silence and secrecy as to where we have been, or any of our doings—so, good-night.”



CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW days after the appearance of the strange man and woman at the residence of Captain Walters, Mr. Le Clair again gave them a call, on returning from his mission to a tribe of Indians located near the shore of Rice Lake. It might have been supposed, from the very familiar way in which he introduced himself, and the equally hearty reception that was given to him, by both Captain and Mrs. Walters, that they had been friends of long standing. The address of both was easy and cordial, without the most distant approach to formality. Whether they sat enjoying themselves in a colloquial way in the house ; or without, in surveying the great improvements by which the Captain had in so short a time made such a transformation in his surroundings ; or ascended the little eminence close by, which afforded a view of a wide expanse of Lake Ontario ; or contemplated the dark woods in the rear of their house—either of these themes was sufficient to put in requisition those fine conversational powers with which they were blessed. And then they mutually took great pleasure in surveying the beauties of nature ; and few localities could have been selected where such an assemblage of beauties were to be seen.

So very pleasant and agreeable was the companionship of these choice spirits, that they made the most

of the high intellectual treat thus afforded them. As it was now Saturday afternoon, but little persuasion was found necessary to induce Mr. Le Clair to prolong his stay until Monday morning. After the toils of the week, the preparations for their evening's devotions were attended to with a proper and becoming spirit. The Saturday night's gathering of the domestic circle was usually one of peculiar interest and enjoyment, and, according to their designation, emphatically the preparation of the Sabbath. This was an entirely new thing to Mr. Le Clair, and it might have been supposed, judging from his strict Catholic education, and, indeed, from all his previous life and associations, that there would be a little reluctance evinced on his part to joining such exercises. But, as there was no alternative, without a violation of good manners, he acquiesced rather than concurred,—keeping his attention fully directed, however, to every thing done, and the utterance of every sentiment. The Captain was a little nervous, feeling that his Christianity was on trial, not only before a keen judge, but a deathless spirit, that might hear on that night for either weal or woe. And his heart was all aglow—not with any exhibition of rant or wildfire, but with a spirit of devotion, kindled up by flashes of fire, as it were from the very altar of God. And soon this was felt by, and even actuated every spiritual worshipper there, for there was freedom of spirit and softening of hearts. It might have been seen that there was already a strong conflict going on within Mr. Le Clair—between his heart, his intellect, and his strong will ; which, though he restrained himself, and observed rather an awkward silence, was evinced more plainly by his manner than it could have

been by words. The services of the evening closed, and each one retired to rest, without eliciting from Mr. Le Clair a syllable as to the estimate he had formed of this to him novel proceeding. He found, however, on his retirement to the silence of his own room, and when left to his own undisturbed reflections, that the impressions on his mind were deep, but at the same time quite undefinable. Entirely new developments of his inner nature seemed opened up to his view, of the existence of which until now he had been utterly unconscious. He now saw and felt that he occupied an entirely new position—to himself, to his God, and to the world: that the whole of his life had been little better than that of a visionary dreamer. His heart was troubled with convictions of his responsibilities, and his soul smitten with overwhelming thoughts of its utter barrenness of the appropriate fruits now demanded, and dread of the consequences, if the enactments of the divine law against the transgressor should be put in execution. These distracting and bewildering thoughts drove sleep from his eyes, peace from his mind, and rest from his body. Thus he passed the night in a state of great disquietude, for which neither his former views of religion nor the maxims of his philosophy, furnished a remedy. It was the conflict of a strong mind grappling with mighty truths. But, the combatants were unequal, for his heart eventually succumbed to the superior power, and he fell as one slain by the Spirit of God.

The next day, the Sabbath, dawned clear and bright, though there had been some heavy gusts of wind and a shower of rain during the night. And in keeping with this outward appearance of things, the dwellers in that

habitation still retained the spiritual fervor acquired on the previous evening. This was evinced at very early dawn, by the songs chanted by the melodious voices of the women, while employed in their domestic avocations ; and the men at their necessary labor of feeding and attending to the horses and cattle, made the neighboring woods ring while singing the praises of their God and Father.

When the mind and body are in possession of ordinary health and vigor, even the preacher of the gospel may go through the labors of his sacred office on the Sabbath in a kind of cold, professional, routine way ; but when health is failing, and death, looming up in the distance, is approaching with certain and rapid strides, it gives earnestness of manner and unwonted pathos to the preacher in the enunciation of truth. This was especially the case with Captain Walters on this highly interesting and memorable Sabbath. Indeed there was a combination of circumstances and influences that tended to increase and intensify this feeling, and give his mind unusual fervor. His was at all times an active mind ; but on this day it might have been seen, to use an apt figure, that "the sword was far too keen for the scabbard."

The Captain had been impressed with feelings of sanctified delight, within the past few days, on observing the power of divine truth over the hearts of some of the rough, uncultivated beings who have already passed before us. And now he gathered from the unmistakable manner of Mr. Le Clair that deep impressions had been made on his mind, although he had not, by the utterance of a word, alluded to the subject. But it was evi-

dent that he was nursing his grief, and that the barbed arrows of the Almighty were rankling in his heart. The Captain had been so blessed on the night before, and had received such clear evidence of the Divine favor, that now, on this beautiful Sabbath morning, his assurance of the smiles of God was without a cloud to disturb his serenity. Thus prepared, with his work before him, and his armor all bright and ready for the contest, difficulties vanished before him like the mist receding before the piercing rays of the sun. He was serious without being morose, and cheerful without being frivolous; for there was Christian joy in his heart which smoothed his spirit, illuminated his countenance, and dictated all his words. How fully he exemplified, on that morning, the spirit and disposition of his divine Master! And again, when the hour of their morning family devotion arrived, they had still further evidence that the resources of divine love had not been exhausted by the abundant blessings they had received on the previous evening; and this was felt by each in the speechless awe that pervaded every mind present.

When the time of public service arrived, the large room that had been fitted up for the purpose was now filled by an orderly company of men, women, and children,—so thorough had been the reformation of manners through the neighborhood, the gospel having brought within its benign influence almost every member of every household. Here it was made evident that the gospel has a moral moulding force, far surpassing in its prompt and direct action the best-devised educational system, and the most stringently enforced police laws.

A good part of the company now before us were under

the influence of their first love, for they listened to the word spoken with such fixedness of attention that every word seemed to tell, as it met with a hearty response,—though this was evidenced rather by manner than by words. Even the hardest sinner there gave clear evidence that his heart was not altogether without susceptibility—some little spot where the good seed might germinate, however much he struggled to smother his convictions, and thus involve himself in a more serious responsibility by quenching the Spirit.

At the close of this day, on which the arm of the God of Israel had been so signally made bare, and quite a number brought within the consecrated circle of divine influence, all acknowledged that it had been as one of the days of the Son of Man with power

But not the least-interesting case was that of Mr. Le Clair, who had come merely as a casual visitor, had partaken of the hospitalities of Captain Walters and his wife, and, with more than ordinary relish, enjoyed some hours of social intercourse. But all this was as naught to the discoveries that had now been unfolded before his awakened conscience, and those whelming influences which had swept before them as cobwebs his long-cherished opinions, and even broken up the deep caverns of his heart, and probed all the profounder recesses of his soul, so that things long buried there and forgotten were thrown up to the surface, and there exposed before him in all their sad and hideous deformity; while, to give a still deeper shade to this dark picture, the contrast was presented to his startled soul of the enactments of the divine law of God, that requires truth and purity in the heart, and strict righteousness in the whole

conduct. In this state of utter consternation, looking around him for some support, some refuge, some consolation, and finding none, he cried out in the bitterness of his spirit, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?"

It was well for him that there were not those present who would have imposed on him the performance of some penance, the endurance of some severe bodily pain; as a remedy for his spiritual diseases and mental afflictions. But happy indeed was it for him that there were those there who were able and willing to point him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, whom, by simple faith in His merits and atoning sacrifice, he would find an all-sufficient Saviour, ready to meet his every requirement. And so it proved; for, although it was difficult for him fully to comprehend at first the simplicity of saving faith, still, when he got a glimpse of the Redeemer—as having fulfilled the demands of the divine law by dying in his stead, and saw that through the shedding of His precious blood the sinner might go free, he grasped at the idea as if in desperation, and at that instant light broke upon his mind, and divine love filled his soul—he was indeed a new man. Now he breathed in a higher, purer moral atmosphere; new and nobler thoughts struck athwart his brain; strange emotions swayed his soul; feelings full and strong welled up from the deep fountains of his heart, and his tongue became eloquent with praise.

But the labors of this day proved too much for the enfeebled and exhausted frame of Captain Walters. It is true, his joy was full, but his physical strength was not equal to the demands of the spirit. He therefore found

it necessary to retire early to bed. But even when there, the activity of his mind drove sleep from his eyes, and he passed a weary and restless night. And it was not till his mind had attained its ordinary composure, that rest came to his wearied frame. Thus it is evident that any unusual, long-continued strain upon our spiritual susceptibilities must be at the expense of our physical force.

During the prostration of the Captain's physical strength, his wife proved herself indeed a ministering angel. So attentive was she to his least want or faintest desire, that no mother could have hovered over the priceless object of her affections with more yearning of soul ; and unbounded was her delight when, after a few days of quiet and rest, accompanied by her own assiduous attentions, he appeared to be fully restored to his wonted strength, and to give flattering indications of returning permanent health.

When Monday morning arrived, Mr. Le Clair, having important business on hand which required dispatch, felt it his duty to depart ; but strong ties now bound his heart to the spot where he had so unexpectedly become possessed of hitherto unknown joys. He appeared to linger in a state of painful suspense ; nor was it without a strong effort that he finally tore himself away from the place, accompanying his farewell with an expression of gratitude, and that he must be permitted often to call and see his spiritual father and mother, and the place of his second birth—a place that must ever be dear to him while memory remained.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW weeks after the circumstances occurred as narrated above, an event transpired which we must state, as it will so clearly portray the frame of mind of Captain Walters, and the correct moral principles on which he acted, and how strongly the love of God and man swayed his heart and regulated his whole conduct.

In the Concession, where the Captain had fixed his residence, there was a family who had recently arrived from England. The husband and father of this family was apparently above the common average of men of his class, in endowments of mind and general intelligence; and he was at once prudent, sober, and highly industrious. But his wife was not at all adapted for a rough-and-tumble strife with the world. With a weak, diminutive body, and a more imbecile mind, she was by no means a meet companion for her husband. And then she was of a remarkably cold temperament, consequently heartless and selfish, and unappreciative of any tenderness or kindness shown to her. Her habits, in her domestic relations, were not those that became a wife and a mother. She was improvident and thriftless, knowing not the value of money. She seemed not to feel the importance of instilling the principles of truth and right into the minds of her offspring, and this was a source of continual disquietude to her partner. And not

only was she thus deficient in mental, moral, and physical qualities, which had a direct tendency to counteract the influence of her husband, who was especially desirous to maintain a standing in society ; but there was a still greater evil superadded, the source of pungent sorrow and heart-consuming grief—she was a confirmed inebriate. She was equally deaf to remonstrance, threats, persuasion, or entreaties.

Thus; not having the co-operation and support of his wife, this afflicted man flagged in his efforts to rise in the world ; and under the pressure of these untoward influences and circumstances, was fast making his way with gray hairs and sorrow to the grave. But he wished to make an effort, before his death, to place his children, if possible, under a more healthful moral atmosphere, as he had an interesting family of three daughters and one son. At the earnest request of the father, Mrs. Walters had taken the eldest daughter, that she might, as he said, have an opportunity of learning something that would qualify her for filling some useful position in life. Her name was Elizabeth, but she was always called by that of Betsey. She was a girl of some pretensions to beauty, but had inherited from her mother one dangerous weakness—an empty pride, that exhibited itself in inordinate fondness of dress and show. This had been the cause of great anxiety to her father, and he desired that Mrs. Walters would do her best to restrain this baneful propensity.

Betsey was remarkable for a lively and active spirit. Her disposition was one of the best, for she neither thought nor said evil of any one ; and never returned evil for evil, however ill or harshly she might have been

treated by them. Her ringing, merry laugh, and native wit, spread sunshine wherever she was. Hence, she soon became a general favorite with the family, and with all who knew her. It was Betsey here, and Betsey there, and with light heart and nimble foot did she respond to every call. She would often exclaim: "Dear me, I wonder what would be done if you had no Betsey to call upon!" She was remarkably clean in her person, and particular in her dress; every pin was attended to, and every string properly tied. Such was the confidence placed in her fidelity, that distrust or doubt was never thought of in connection with Betsey. In this way, the domestic affairs of the house went on smoothly and regularly, without jar or discord. But, in the course of time, a little trinket or two were missing from the place of safe-keeping, where they had been put by Mrs. Walters. Then another, and still another disappeared. This caused much talk and no little flutter among the members of the household. Mrs. Walters had often spoken of the thing to the Captain, and received from him a strict injunction to say as little about it in the house as possible, but to leave the management of the whole thing in his hands.

The Captain was, from first to last, perfectly silent on the subject, but always on the alert. He thought that he saw a great change in the spirit and manner of Betsey; for instead of being lively and merry, she had become mopish and taciturn. She was pettish in her conduct, and pert in her words to all around her. From being prim and neat in her dress, she had become careless and slatternly; and her fine head of dark-brown hair, that had always been tastefully done up, was now

left loose and tangled. And then there was an evident sign of guilt in her countenance; for she could no longer, as had been her wont, look with the steady and fearless gaze of innocence in the face of one with whom she was talking. All this had not escaped the scrutinizing eye of the Captain, who judged, and judged rightly, that there must be a cause for all this change in Betsey. But still, he was at a loss as to the best mode of procedure under the circumstances; knowing well, that if questioned about the missing articles, she would deny all knowledge of them. At length he formed his plan of operations, and the result will show that it was no less the dictate of prudence than of mercy. Looking out for a favorable opportunity of having a word with Betsey in private, it was not long before it offered itself; and going close up to her, he said in a quiet, calm way—

“Betsey, I want to have a word with you—come along with me.”

Betsey, it was evident, was greatly alarmed; but, assuming the tone and manner of over-done confidence, said in a pert way—

“What do you want with me?”

The Captain, without appearing to notice her embarrassment, said in a more commanding way, and in a firmer tone—

“Betsey, come this way.”

She promptly obeyed the summons, and moving in a dogged way, followed him into her own room. On their arrival there, the Captain locked the door, putting the key in his pocket; and then turning to her, he said—

“Betsey, I want to look in your trunk; let me have the key.”

Betsey, with a face of crimson hue, her eyes flashing with passion, her lips quivering, and all her frame trembling with rage, said—

“No, indeed; no person shall look into my trunk. What do you want with my trunk? There is nothing in it belonging to you; and if there is, I have not put it there.”

All this outburst of fury was met with calm and cool resolution on the part of the Captain, who said, without the least movement of a muscle of his face—

“Betsey, I demand your key; or, if you refuse to give it to me, I will break it open myself;” at the same time taking out of his pocket a hammer, a pair of pin-cers, and a stout chisel.

At the sight of these implements Betsey quailed, and stood confounded before him, but drew the key from her pocket and handed it to him; at the same time most strenuously declaring, that if there was any thing therein belonging to him, it must have been put there by some one else.

The Captain heeded not a word she said, but deliberately unlocked the trunk; when, lo and behold! stowed away in different parts, were all the lost articles, wrapped up in bits of rags. Among them was a number of valuable trinket presents, that had been given to Mrs. Walters in her young days, and which were prized by her above all money value. All were brought out of the trunk, and laid upon the table before Betsey, who was still stout in protestations of her own innocence, charging the crime to some other person. But the Captain, pointing to the things on the table, and looking Betsey steadily in the face, said—

"Now, Betsey, I suppose you expect that I will send for an officer of justice to take you to jail, and have you tried for this very grave offence, the penalty for which would be a long imprisonment; but no, Betsey, I will not do this, I will not so expose you. If I do not send you to jail, I suppose you conclude that I will send you home to your father and mother, with my reasons for such a step. That might prove the means of breaking their hearts, and bringing down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. No, Betsey, I will not do this. But, if I am thus lenient, you cannot but expect that I will by all means inform Mrs. Walters. And then, of course, all in the house must know about this, that all suspicion may be removed from them, and placed where it rightfully belongs. But no," said the Captain, "this is between you and me, and shall ever remain so; I will not expose you, Betsey."

At the utterance of these words Betsey showed evident signs of relenting; when the Captain taking a neatly bound Testament from his pocket, presented it to her, saying—

"Betsey, I have learned the sentiments that have prompted my conduct from this Book. Take you this and read it, and treasure up its truths in your heart; and in all your future days regulate your conduct by its precepts; and you will then be kept from the power of temptation, and forever free from any fear of exposure."

All this was spoken with so much feeling, and with such deep sympathy for the erring girl before him, that her heart was softened, and her stubbornness vanished. He had won on her better nature; her pent up feelings burst forth, and a copious flow of tears came to her

relief, and, falling down before him, she clasped his knees in her arms, and with an agony of soul cried out—

“Oh, Captain Walters, you have saved me from ruin. My father, my more than father, how can I ever repay you for all this?”

The Captain very tenderly raised her from her knees, and told her that she should thank God and not him. All, he said, he should exact of her was, that she should keep her own counsel, and replace every article where she found it. Before he left the room he prayed with and for her; and then unlocking the door, he left her to her own meditations. Agreeable to his directions, every article that had been so mysteriously taken away, was silently and secretly deposited in the places from which they had been taken, to the astonishment of every member of the family. And this was often spoken of by Mrs. Walters to her husband, but he himself observed the strict secrecy he had imposed on Betsey.

After the occurrence of the above circumstances, it was really astonishing to see the transformation in the appearance and general behavior of Betsey. She had not been restored to that buoyant hilarity that so strongly marked her character when she was first introduced to our notice; there was not that hearty, ringing laugh, that gave token of the innocent and light-minded girl. But she had now entirely lost that guilty look, that sideward glancing of the eye, when spoken to. Her dress gave evidence of more thoughtful care, without any of the show-off air that had been so noticeable before. Yet there was nothing of the prim and precise prude about her; every thing was easy, steady, and

natural—she had become so womanly, so thoughtful, and even graceful. And when there was any thing of a pleasing nature introduced, her intelligent face was immediately lighted up by a smile as sweet as it was natural. And then she moved about the house with so noiseless a tread, and every department of her duty was performed in so satisfactory a way, that she elicited praise from every one. At the least intimation given by the Captain of a wish or a want, Betsey flew, as it were, to its performance. But while she was thus prompt, there was care observed, as if nothing could be done too well for Captain Walters. Indeed, she was so completely controlled by the desire to serve and gratify him, that if she thought he had any unexpressed wish, it was a source of pain to her. This change was a subject of wonder and remark to all in the house; but they knew not the secret spring of action that moved so sweetly the grateful heart of Betsey. In her feelings and expressions of sorrow she was only second to Mrs. Walters herself, as she saw the daily, and indeed hourly waning health and strength of the Captain. This proved a strong tie between Mrs. Walters and Betsey, for the former could not be insensible to conduct exhibiting so strongly a desire to serve him who was the chief object of her own love and solicitude. And such was the confidence with which she had inspired the heart of Mrs. Walters, that the latter always felt easy in her mind when she knew that Betsey was within hailing distance of her husband. What tended to raise still higher her appreciation of Betsey's worth as a tender nurse, was that on several occasions of late, when, on gently opening the door which opened into her husband's room, she

had observed Betsey on her knees, deeply engaged with the Captain in an act of devotion. Betsey was at once tireless and sleepless in her attentions to the Captain, for it mattered not whether it was night or day, when there was a demand for her services, she was ever at hand.

Fortunate indeed was it for Mrs. Walters that she had such an assistant in this time of her sore affliction, feeling as she did that she was about to be left lonely in the world, and cut off as it were from civilization. There was not in the world, so far as she knew, a single individual with whom she could claim kindred. No wonder if at times she was sad and melancholy. But her husband's mind was calm and serene, so far had the grace of God gained the control of his soul. However, he still felt, and felt deeply, for his wife. Knowing that he was about to leave her a widow indeed, and lonely in the wide, wide world, he endeavored, feelingly and affectionately, to soothe her sorrow. With perspicuity and force he often adduced those precious promises suited to her case. Sorrowful and sad as she might be on her own account, she could not but rejoice on behalf of her husband, seeing him so confident in Jeshurun's covenant-keeping God.

It was now nearly the close of the winter season, and at times, such was the flattering appearance of the disease of Captain Walters, they were led to hope that, on the arrival of the warm and inspiriting weather of spring, he might rally, as he was yet comparatively young. But as often were these flattering and deceptive expectations cut off by a relapse that generally left him still weaker. The hectic flush on his cheek, and

the large, clear, but glassy eye, told all too plainly that the destroyer was pursuing his track with undeviating and unfaltering step. But still he lingered on and on. The balmy breezes of spring and the enlivening warmth of the vernal sun exerted their magic influences over the face of nature, inviting the feathered wanderers to return from the too ardent south; inducing the various chrysalids to open their prison-doors, and send forth their gaudy, spangled inmates, to give variety and beauty to the scene; and more than all, renewing the glories of the vegetable world: but all these were powerless to allure or bribe from his purpose the foe that was preying upon the vitals of Captain Walters.

It may be supposed that, under the circumstances, the immediate family of Captain Walters were not the only ones who felt a deep anxiety on his behalf. No. He had been the chief instrument, under God, of a movement of no ordinary magnitude and importance, and which had been the means of associating him with the destiny of the deathless spirits of some of those who resided in the neighborhood. And it would be no wonder, then, to find that many and anxious were the inquiries daily made regarding his health, and that numerous and fervent were the prayers continually ascending to the throne of grace for him and his. It was not that they, in their beneficence, had clothed the naked and fed the hungry, or visited the sick and suffering in their cabins, though this had been done; but that they had been instrumental, in the hand of God, in bringing them to the knowledge of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, and of putting them in possession of the peace of God that passeth understanding. These people, so lately

immersed in semi-barbarism, were now so far humanized that their hearts were ready to break at the thought of losing by death him whom they could call father in the Lord. And their sympathies were not the mere expressions of their lips, but were evidenced by the presentation of many little trifles—not of much worth in themselves, but of value as showing a disposition in the giver, that said in the very act, I would do more if I could. But neither the affection of a tender-hearted wife, the ever-ready assiduities of the members of his own family, nor the prayers, sympathy, and ardent solicitude of their neighbors, could stay the onward march of the foe, for nearer, and still nearer, he comes.

On a day in the early part of June, when all nature was dressed in her gayest attire, radiant with beauty and teeming with life on every hand, the carriage of Mr. Le Clair was driven into the yard. On entering the residence of Mr. Walters, what a contrast to the outside appearance of things, as he had just viewed them, is presented! There every thing is bright and joyous: here there is sadness on every face, and every tongue is held as by the very spirit of silence; and whoever he speaks to responds in a low whisper, and all seem as though afraid of hearing the sound of their own footfall.

Mr. Le Clair was introduced into the room of the dying man of God, and found him with his faculties in full vigor, his soul all aglow with love to God, and his confidence strong in His promise that He would support him while passing through the dark valley of death. He informed Mr. Le Clair that he had selected him to assist in the last sad duties required for the dead,

and trusted he would see that his remains were deposited in the little mound he had himself selected, and where he had superintended the planting of a number of young trees that in time would grow up and form a shade over the resting-place of all that remained on earth of Robert Walters. And those green trees would be all the monument he desired to be raised to his memory.

"Except the monuments that have been raised in many a human heart," said Mr. Le Clair, "and cemented by tears of true and sincere affection, that will be more durable and of higher estimation than tablets of marble or brass."

At this Captain Walters said, with a pleasing smile lighting up his noble and intellectual face—"Not unto us, O Lord ! but unto Thy name be all the praise."

The Captain continued, with ebbs and flows of feeling, sometimes reviving, and then again subsiding from very weakness, when his words were few and his voice feeble. But, with what little strength he had, his words were full of fervor, and his visions of glory clear and beautiful ; for his spirit was fully ripe for association with the blessed.

The best criterion, perhaps, by which to judge of the esteem in which a man has been held in life, is by the numbers who attend his funeral, and especially when that attendance is associated with the deep sympathies of their hearts. If this be true, never was man more highly esteemed than in the instance before us, for if every mother there had lost the darling of her heart, and every father his first-born, their sorrow could not have been more deep or general than it was at the funeral of Captain Walters.

The scene beggars all description, for the requiem there chanted was the wailings of riven hearts, and the ritual rehearsed was the sobs of pure affection. But chief among the mourners was Mrs. Walters and Betsey. The contrast presented by these two was so strongly marked as to be noticed by a number of persons. While the sorrow of Mrs. Walters was evinced by deep emotion, there was yet a strong controlling power that held a tight rein upon her feelings; and then she mourned as one not without hope. But, on the part of Betsey, there was a wild abandonment to feeling that was alarming, and it seemed as if coercion might be required to get her from the coffin. Indeed, many thought her reason was dethroned, for, in the bewilderment of her frenzy she cried out—

“Oh, he saved me from ruin, my more than father!
How can I part with him, my best, my very best friend!
What should I have been but for him?”

This was considered by the lookers on as the wild ravings of a maniac; but still, it was treasured up in the memory of more than one of those who were present. Poor little Baptiste exhibited somewhat of the keen sensibility of a woman, by the pungency of his sorrow, and the abundant flow of his tears. And the two trusty men who had been the stalwart companions in arms of Captain Walters, Jones and Brown, stood like two statues beside the coffin; but they were swayed by deep inward sorrow, though with less outward manifestation. But their wives and their two little children were quite obstreperous under their sad bereavement. A fine specimen of dignity and manly sorrow, there stood Mr. Le Clair, and perhaps no opportunity could

have been given to show the genuine firmness of the Indian character like the present. All the characteristics of the two nations from which he derived his origin were strongly portrayed in him—there was a ready and pleasing affability softening the sterner sadness of the moment.

Keen and deep as was the sorrow of all present, there was a stern necessity for terminating this scene, for the shades of evening began to notify them that time was moving onward ; and when the last kiss was imprinted on that fair and noble forehead by his stricken-hearted widow, the remains were forever closed to the contemplation of human eyes, and solemnly conveyed to their last resting-place, a spot which had been selected, as has been already noticed, by the Captain himself, and one of surpassing beauty—a mound of considerable elevation, supposed to have been the burial-place of some ancient tribe of Indians. Besides being a place strongly marked by nature, it had been further ornamented by the planting of a choice selection of young trees, that would eventually add greatly to the picturesque beauty of the spot. There rests, in that ancient mound, the ashes of the late Captain Robert Walters, and there they will remain until the trump of the angel of God shall call them forth, to join in the glories of the first resurrection.

Right faithfully and delicately had Mr. Le Clair carried out the wishes and injunctions of his late friend, and after offering his condolence, and giving his advice on some subjects that had been submitted to his judgment by Mrs. Walters, he departed to attend to the transaction of business connected with his own affairs

But before his departure a promise was given, and with mournful pleasure responded to, that he would occasionally call, and thus keep up the friendship that had been formed under more pleasing auspices. At the same time, Mr. Le Clair said that should any emergency arise in which she might need the advice or assistance of a friend, it would always afford him high gratification to serve her.



CHAPTER XX.

DEEP, wide, and long-enduring was the chasm that had been made in that once happy family circle. That significant old Saxon term *house-bond* well expresses the close relationship, the strong controlling tie that binds the household together—the man at the head of the family, the *husband*. When he is removed by death, or otherwise, the family union is in a good degree disrupted, and is often subjected to disintegration. That this was not the case with the family circle of the late Captain Walters, was owing to the strong mind and controlling influence of Mrs. Walters. She had clearness of perception to see her proper woman's sphere, and strength of will to enable her to meet all the demands of her responsible position. She now found that the domestic knowledge she had acquired under the tuition of the skilful and prudent Mrs. Baldwin, might be put in requisition with the best effects. What she had often said was now verified—that there was a providence in her having been so mysteriously thrown into the company of that estimable lady. And it was with no small profit to herself, and to her family, that she had so closely studied the precepts of poor Richard, and stored up in her memory and reduced to practice the numerous recipes so carefully written out for her by Mrs. Baldwin. She showed herself, indeed, by her aptitude and her

ability to accommodate herself to circumstances, a superior manager of a farm-house. And then she had such nerve and such mental energy, and had so increased her muscular force, that she was placed far in advance of those puny females who are startled by every breath of cold air, or shrink from a storm that might reach their dainty persons or ruffle their dress. Yet, with all this, there was nothing coarse, or rough, or masculine in her appearance or manner. No! there was associated with the busy and thrifty housewife, the high polish of a cultivated taste, and the amiability of disposition of a Christian lady. And while she bore herself with dignity, from an innate sense of self-respect, yet she would listen kindly to the plaint of sorrow or the tale of woe, when uttered by the humble and the poor, and her hand was ever ready to obey the dictates of her compassionate heart.

Under her able management, all the plans and contemplated improvements of her late husband were prosecuted and consummated with becoming vigor—giving employment to a number of poor but industrious men, and thus sustaining their dependent families. And such was the willing deference paid to her, that she had only to indicate a wish, to meet with a ready and swift compliance. Some minds are so peculiarly fitted to rule, that without apparently exercising authority, they bend all wills to their purposes. So it was with Mrs. Walters; and hence it may be supposed that things moved on smoothly, with little friction, both within-doors and on the farm. Carrying out the intentions of her late husband, one hundred acres of the bush were cut down by the opening of spring, and all ready to be burned off at the first spell of fine weather.

An event of no small moment now occurred in the family—the sickness and death of Betsey, and this under very remarkable and exciting circumstances. After the death of Captain Walters, there appeared to be deep and undefinable effects left upon her mind. She seemed to be brooding over some inward sorrow, other than that occasioned by the death of Captain Walters. The minds of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had become possessed of very strange notions from the wild manner and incoherent expressions that she let fall at the funeral. In about three months after that event, she was seized with violent typhoid, apparently the effects of the deep sorrow that overwhelmed her, which soon reduced her to a state of childlike helplessness, and disturbed the balance of her mind. During this state of mental aberration, she would start as if seized with excessive terror, and cry out—

“Yes, it was I who stole them—I took every one of them !”

She would then subside, and remain for a short time in a state of stupor ; and then again shriek out—

“It was the devil prompted me ; he helped me to take them, and my own wicked heart said, ‘Yes, take them !’ Oh ! I was foolish and wicked !”

After this, in a calm manner, and with a subdued tone of voice, she would say—

“I wonder who it was that told Captain Walters that I had them all in my trunk ! Oh ! it was God who told him, to save me from going to hell !”

And then, in a softer and more gentle way, she would say—

“Oh ! how good it was in Captain Walters not to tell

my father and mother, and not to send me to jail! And then he told me that he would not tell Mrs. Walters—neither did he; was not that good of him! But I put them all back again where I got them. And was not that a pretty Testament he gave me! Oh! what a sweet prayer he made to God for me, when we knelt down before he left the room!”

All this was spoken in short, broken sentences, at different times through the days and nights of her sickness. She had indeed filled her soul with remorse, and embittered her last moments. Often, as she lay, she seemed as if talking to some one, with her eyes fixed on vacancy; and the theme of all her talk was the crime of which she had been guilty, in purloining the articles intrusted to her care.

But the ears of Mrs. Walters, as well as of the two women, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones, were attentive to catch every word, yea, half a word. All this was associated with the wild words and frantic actions of Betsey on the day of the funeral; and they now concluded that there had been good reason for her conduct. Mrs. Walters said very little on the subject, except words of pity and compassion. But when Betsey alluded to the silence of her late husband, and of his goodness in not exposing her, she said—

“Yes, it was just like the goodness and the tenderness of his heart. He was like his Lord and Master—he would not break the bruised reed.”

But Mrs. Brown was full of all sorts of surmisings, and wonderings; and suggestions. And Mrs. Jones, at every wild expression uttered by Betsey, would raise her hands, expressive of holy horror, and give still

greater expansion to her large eyes, soliloquizing in an undertone—

“Well, who would ever have thought it! Dear me, I'm sure there's no knowing who to trust! Mercy upon us! surely, the world must be coming to an end, there is so much wickedness now-a-days!”

The fever was of such a virulent type that it made short work with Betsey. Although she had a few lucid moments, yet these were embittered by the recollection of her sins. They had indeed planted her dying pillow with thorns. She had, however, done all that lay in her power to rectify the crime of which she had been guilty, and as some small atonement, she had made a full and clear statement to Mrs. Walters before her death; and under her clear and pointed instructions, had been able to throw her soul, with all its interests, on Christ. Yet her death was not like that of Captain Walters—calm, clear, confident, and gloriously triumphant.



CHAPTER XXI.

BETWEEN three and four months after the death of Betsey, Mr. Le Clair paid a visit to Mrs. Walters; and though he was received with great cordiality by her, yet there was an apparent restraint at times in the manners of both. It was true they held friendly and familiar converse on general subjects. On one occasion they walked in company to the little picturesque mound where lay entombed the remains of her late husband. Both exhibited great propriety in their conduct. While she evinced a true womanly feeling on her part, there was on his an exhibition of becoming respect to her heart-sorrows. It might have been that they both felt a delicacy, induced by the change in their relative position. She was now free from her marital bonds, and yet in the bloom of youth, and withal of a highly sympathetic nature. He was one year older than she, and with a heart as tender as it was good and pure. So devoid was he of all guile, that he carried truth and honesty in his very looks; and the words of prudence and wisdom were ever flowing from his lips.

The time came for Mr. Le Clair to leave. Mrs. Walters gave him an invitation to renew his visit, to which he warmly responded, promising that he would most assuredly avail himself of the privilege.

Mrs. Walters felt still more lonely for the visit of Mr. Le Clair, as it had been to her a momentary gleam of

sunshine, which, vanishing with his departure, had left, by contrast, a deeper gloom upon her mind. Her feelings were disturbed, and her thoughts all confusion, and she now felt her loneliness pressing with crushing weight upon her spirits. Of all the desolation felt at any time by the human heart, that of the mourning widow is doubtless the deepest, especially where she mourns the loss of such a partner as Captain Walters. But the heart is so self-adjusting, that it bends and soon accommodates itself to circumstances; and especially as in the case of Mrs. Walters, who was governed by an enlightened acknowledgment of, and trust in, the all-disposing providence of Heaven. But, with all her trust and resignation, she was still a woman, and now felt her woman's need—a sustaining arm on which to lean. She felt that she was still in the world, and had to contend in the world's battles. And she found that, however highly organized and endowed, physically and mentally, woman has her own sphere of action, and out of it she is out of her place. She had learned, too, that to meet all the requirements of a household, and to complete the arrangements of a home, a sterner and sturdier nature is required than woman's.

Mr. Le Clair, after his departure, felt somewhat at a loss to define his state of mind. He had been pleased, it was true, with the mental resources, and the endowments of mind of Mrs. Walters, and by her fine personal appearance; but her moral virtues, which are the greatest ornament of a woman, had, unknown to himself, completely carried him captive, so that she had now entire possession of his heart, and was the object that, day and night, occupied his thoughts.

Mr. Le Clair was not long in determining on another visit to the home of Mrs. Walters. But he found his business such, that his time would be fully occupied for the coming two weeks. He questioned with himself, audibly—

“Is it possible that two whole weeks must pass before I can see her again?”

A gentleman close at his side, and who had observed his very unusual manner and absent-mindedness, caught up the words, and said to him in a kind of bantering, half-serious way—

“Why, what is come over you, Le Clair; who is this bewitching fair one that has thus been drawing on your head and heart, and whom you so ardently desire to see again so soon?”

Le Clair started as though he had been caught in the commission of a grave offence, and his face became suffused as if he were stricken with a deep consciousness of guilt. He stammered out some incoherent remark that only made matters worse, and, hanging down his head, tried to hide his confusion by fumbling among some papers in his desk. The gentleman read his thoughts as if they had been written on his brow, and with tormenting coolness said—

“Why, Le Clair, I have always imagined your heart to be made of stone, and that you were doomed to live and die a batchelor. Who can this be, that has thus caught you in the silken meshes of her toils?”

Mr. Le Clair protested upon his word and honor that his friend was never more mistaken—that he had never yet seen the woman who offered sufficient inducements to him to take her as his wife. It might be from fas-

'tidiousness of taste, but he had ever turned with a kind of loathing from the excessive frivolities of the opposite sex.

All this was said with a calm and candid seriousness that threw his friend altogether off the track ; but he said—

“Well, we shall see what we shall see, however. All that I have got to say is, that you are either in love or something worse.”

Although Mr. Le Clair had been so positive in his denial of his being in love, he spoke in all sincerity, for his feelings and the state of his mind were a mystery to himself. He was in such a state that nothing went right with him. If he wrote, there was confusion of ideas, and he made sorry work with his books ; and as to running up a column of figures, why, he might as well have attempted to grasp the passing cloud. He could not fix his mind for two minutes in succession. It was far away—at, as he called it, “Sweet-brier Grove,” a name he had given to the residence of Mrs. Walters, on account of the abundance of that shrub growing in the neighborhood. Suffice it to say, he passed the fourteen days most restlessly. He seemed relieved when the morning at length dawned on which he had proposed to himself to renew his visit to “Sweet-brier Grove,” and for which, the past week, he had been making more than ordinary preparations.

On the morning in question, under considerable trepidation, he started on his eventful journey. It was a very beautiful day in early autumn, and the various foliage of the forest was tinged by gentle touches of frost. The hues of the surrounding woods were a lively

representation of Mr. Le Clair's mind and heart, agitated as they were by conflicting thoughts and feelings, from the sombre shades of doubt to the florid tints of hope. In this state, nearly at the close of day, he arrived in sight of "Sweet-brier Grove." There now appeared to be something strange and unusual disturbing his inner self—there was a fluttering of the heart, a bewilderment of ideas. He had heretofore always gone up boldly to the house of Mrs. Walters, without hesitancy; but now what a change had come over him! ~~Long~~ might he have remained in this state of bewilderment, sitting in his vehicle in the silent and solitary wood, had not our friend Baptiste very opportunely come up, returning from a commission on which he had been sent by Mrs. Walters. On recognizing Mr. Le Clair, he introduced himself very politely in fluent French, which in a moment broke the spell by which the former had been bound. This was a very fortunate circumstance for him, for Baptiste's loquaciousness provoked a similar vein of talkativeness in Mr. Le Clair; and thus occupied, in a short time they arrived at the house, where Baptiste, ever ready and alert, took the horse of Mr. Le Clair under his special management. The door was promptly opened by Mrs. Walters, for his approach had been observed by the little daughter of Mrs. Jones.

The door being thrown open, it must be confessed that Mr. Le Clair, on meeting Mrs. Walters, manifested some confusion. On the part of that lady it must be said that she was not altogether devoid of embarrassment: but she put out her hand, which was taken and held by her visitor in a manner that conveyed the unmistakable language of the heart; while a smile played over her

features, the beaming forth of a pure soul, the simple but certain language of ingenuous love.

Mr. Le Clair now found that it was not by set speech, or by formal words, that the soul can divine the meaning of a kindred soul. He learned that there is a mute eloquence, far more expressive than the language of the tongue.

Little ceremony was necessary to induct the welcome visitor : not so easy, however, to calm the gentle flutter, or to hush the soft whisperings of the little winged myth that was nestling so cozily in each of their hearts. But at this stage of their acquaintance it was evident that, although they could not fully decipher the characters that were being written on the inner scroll of their own natures, they could read distinctly the true devotion of their honest purpose.

Although every thing appeared propitious to the views and wishes of Mr. Le Clair, yet there was a restraint upon his own freedom of speech that he could not throw off. He was no bold and artful pretender, with a flow of flowery flattery upon his tongue, or words expressing feelings that were foreign to his heart. So far from this being the case, he was all true and genuine emotion ; but this emotion, pent up in his own breast, actually became painful for want of utterance ; and he was often on the point of making a declaration of his attachment, but as often his courage or self-confidence failed him.

This was observed by Mrs. Walters, who, with woman's penetration and adroitness, but without making any direct advances, sought to remove any little impediment that she supposed calculated to embarrass him. But all this was to no purpose ; for while there was elo-

quence in the eye, in the whole countenance, and in all his manners, still words were not at his will. And this state of things continued during the whole of the time allotted for his stay, and he actually left Mrs. Walters without having made any explicit expression of his sentiments.

Before he left his home, he had made arrangements with the subordinates in his office for his return at a certain time, as there was urgent business on hand requiring his presence. When the stated morning arrived, the indications of the weather were any thing rather than pleasant—in fact, there were signs of an impending storm. But as Mr. Le Clair was a man of business, and at the same time full of vigor, no trifle could deter him when his purpose was once formed. But in this case he had to encounter the entreaties and persuasions of Mrs. Walters; for she felt for his health and comfort, and even for his safety. It would be so very dangerous for him to venture out on such a morning, when vast volumes of dense black clouds were looming up in the distance. She declared that if he did go, she would have no peace of mind; and she would be so impatient to hear if his health had suffered from exposure to the cold and wet! All this was expressed by Mrs. Walters with more than ordinary feeling, and it so touched the heart of Mr. Le Clair that he asked, in faltering tones—

“Then, are the health and safety of Charles Le Clair so very precious in the estimation of Mrs. Walters?”

This was spoken in such a tone of voice, and with so much meaning in his countenance, that, in a moment, her face and neck were suffused with a crimson flush. This involuntary exhibition was a sufficient and a signifi-

cant answer to his question. Yet this chance was lost to him by his extreme diffidence, and she adroitly turned the subject by some off-hand remark. It so happened that Mrs. Walters was relieved of her fears as to the storm, and Mr. Le Clair was enabled to carry out his original resolve, as, contrary to their expectations, the clouds dispersed, and it proved a bright and pleasant day. After his departure, she followed him with her eyes until intervening objects shielded him from her sight.

It will of course be supposed, from the character of our narrative, that the attachment of Mrs. Walters and Mr. Le Clair was strong as well as mutual : and, indeed, no wonder, for each had been captivated by the goodness of the other's heart and many sterling virtues. The longer they were in each other's company, and observed the developments of each other's true character, the more deeply they were enamored ; and it must be remembered that neither of them was of an age to be pleased by vain fancies or allured by trifles. It must have been something really genuine, and far above the common order of person and of intellect, to exert such a controlling influence on two such minds. It may not be altogether a mere play upon words to say that, in reality, it was Mrs. Walters who went away, and Mr. Le Clair who remained at "Sweet-brier Grove ;" for they had so completely merged their identity, that self in each was lost in contemplating the other. Such being the case, it may be supposed that but little time would be allowed to transpire before Mr. Le Clair would so bend circumstances as to enable him to go where such strong attachment led the way ; and Mrs. Walters was astonished and delighted to see Mr. Le Clair return in

but a few days after he had left her. It might be now said that Mr. Le Clair was the formal and acknowledged suitor of Mrs. Walters. A great change had taken place in his spirit and manners, for he appeared inspired with greater confidence, though devoid of any approach to a vain presumption. At the first opportunity that offered, in a calm and modest way he informed Mrs. Walters of the purport of his visit, and that he had been impelled to this step by the deep impression that her virtues had made upon his heart. Mrs. Walters, responding with great dignity, but at the same time with much feeling, said she could not be insensible to the high opinion of her to which he had been pleased to give expression; that she held his word and his integrity in the highest estimation, believing that he was not one to lightly use words in a sense he did not intend, and to which his actions would not conform. Thus, then, this remarkable pair had at length come to a full and intelligent understanding with each other as to their wishes and purposes. But theirs was not a love that exhibited itself only in words or unmeaning outward manifestations. In the case of Mr. Le Clair, moulded as his nature and character had been, there was something startling in his earnestness when he was once fully aroused to action. But while he was impelled onward by the force, and indeed at times fury, of that part of his nature derived from his Indian ancestry, this was modified and elevated by the high-toned gallantry which he had inherited from the nationality of his mother. In making a proffer of his hand to Mrs. Walters, she was quite sure that his whole being was included, and that his faith would be as stable as the

laws of the universe ; and Mr. Le Clair had no less confidence in the faith of Mrs. Walters.

These being the feelings, and this the relative position of the parties, the final result can hardly be a subject for conjecture. In the course of some three months after the avowal of their attachment, and a little more than two years after the death of Captain Walters, this noble pair were united in the bonds of holy wedlock. From what the reader has learned of Mr. and Mrs. Le Clair, for we must now give her that designation, he will naturally infer that their character, as it has been developed, was carried out in their wedded life. And that was the case ; for their affections were based upon a mutual and just appreciation of their matured judgments and cultivated minds. And while these endure, reciprocal admiration and love must endure. Their love was of natural growth, sprung from a germ that had taken deep root in their warm, sympathetic hearts, and been favored by congenial influences, which now so matured the appropriate fruit, that it promised to be both abundant and perennial in its supply. Unlike the tender hot-house plant, which withers and dies when it comes in contact with the icy winds that before swept around, but could not touch it, it appears more beautiful and vigorous from the storms that visit it. In this case there was an amiable urbanity, a moral beauty, a vigor and vitality, exhibited in all their intercourse and relationships in life, that not only endeared them to each other, but to every one with whom they came in contact. And then, unlike the young and inexperienced couple, who, having just left the parental roof, are about to encounter untried labors, responsi-

lities, and duties, they had been severely schooled in the great battle of every-day life, and their mental and moral resources were adequate to every demand that might be made upon them.

Mr. Le Clair now found that it would prove more to his convenience, as well as be more in accordance with his inclination, to break up his establishment in Kingston, and remove his office to his new home; especially as the greater number of the Indian tribes over which he had superintendence were located within a short distance of "Sweet-brier Grove." By making this change in his residence and his place of business, all the requirements of those Indians might be more promptly attended to. It was soon found that the Indians themselves were pleased with this change, from the facilities it gave them. Great numbers, also, now called daily at the office of the "Chief," as they styled Mr. Le Clair.

But while this arrangement afforded greater convenience, it had not only greatly augmented the business of Mr. Le Clair, but had also subjected him to numberless annoyances. Every little want, every frivolous dispute, and all kinds of imaginary grievances, were carried at once to him. Though his patience was often sorely tried, yet his firmness, decision, discriminating judgment, and, above all, his cool and even temper, generally enabled him to succeed in satisfying all parties.

There was a very perceptible change in the home establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Le Clair; although there had been no lack of vigilance and energy on the part of Mrs. Le Clair prior to her marriage, for, considering her antecedents, she had certainly accomplished wonders.

But after Mr. Le Clair assumed authority, with his natural energy, he brought his peculiar habits of system to bear on the out-door operations of the farm, and the effect was almost magical. The attention of Mrs. Le Clair was given to her own special department, and more congenial sphere. Consequently, all things were done to better purpose, in-doors as well as out. Thus, from their combined exertions, they soon became patterns of thrift, and models of general good management. Mr. Le Clair was not slow in discerning the value of the services of our little French friend Baptiste. And Baptiste himself felt as proud, and appeared as dignified in his department, as though he had been a first minister of state. He was a kind of generalissimo over all the operations, both in-doors and out, ever as faithful and prompt in all things, as if his life depended on their correct performance. Jones and Brown also became strongly attached to Mr. Le Clair; and docile in their temper and disposition, were patient in pursuing all the labors of the farm. The women, too, while busy with their hands, were as glib with their tongues as ever.



CHAPTER XXII.

WE must now refer to an event that will have an important bearing, and exert a controlling influence on the future of our narrative—an event that might have been expected under the circumstances.

Mrs. Le Clair, in the course of time, found herself as women wish to be who love their lords; and at length, to the great joy of every member of the household, gave birth to a girl-child. This, a strong bond of union, drew still closer the hearts of the parents. Many were they who came to offer their congratulations. But the more numerous were the poor Indians, the untutored children of the forest, who seemed to vie with each other in their expressions of exultant joy at the birth of a daughter to their Chief. They had made preparations to celebrate the auspicious event in their own way, and appointed their own time. They came on the day designated, in full Indian costume, determined to give full scope to their feelings in the performance of their characteristic sports—the festive dance, feats of strength, wrestling, showing their fleetness in the foot-race; but, above all, their favorite ball-game. A serio-comic turn was given to the sports by the introduction of an old, shrivelled, and withered crone, who was led into the chamber where lay the mother and infant daughter. This old woman was accompanied by a number of squaws. She was

formally introduced to Mrs. Le Clair by the wives of two Indian chiefs. On approaching the couch, while she was going through a course of strange and uncouth gesticulations, she uttered what appeared to be a kind of cabalistic terms. She closely examined the child, peered into its eyes, looking for marks on its forehead, and scrutinizing each of its hands. She then stood musing for some time, apparently pondering the character and portents of the marks and signs she had been tracing on the person of the infant before her. At length she burst out into a loud laugh, trying to mimic childish gayety. Then she wept bitterly, wringing her hands, pulling at her hair, and going through many other gestures, as though she were the subject of deep sorrow. With a sudden transition, she then burst into loud and long-continued laughter, at the same time pointing towards the rising sun, and making an attempt to walk majestically; and, as though she were grandly dressed, adjusting the different parts of her dress, shaking it, and laying the folds in proper trim, all the time looking into the large mirror. All this, and more, that she went through, indicated, according to the interpretation of one of the squaws present, that the infant would enjoy much pleasure in early life; but later, experience deep sorrow for a time; which would, however, unexpectedly and suddenly, be turned into joy and gladness. Through the whole of her after-life, she would be surrounded with pomp and splendor, and occupy a position of high dignity and social respectability. All this would occur in a far-off eastern direction. At the conclusion of this ceremony, several of the young squaws stepped forward, and presented beautiful Indian trinkets and ornaments,

placing them on the head, arms, and neck of the infant, giving her a most grotesque appearance. The ceremony shocked the religious sensibilities of Mrs. Jones, who, raising her hands in holy horror, and uttering short ejaculations of bewildered astonishment, left the room, declaiming against such blasphemous proceedings, as she termed them. But Mrs. Brown enjoyed the thing vastly, as merely an innocent amusement, gratifying to the poor ignorant Indians. The judgment of Mrs. Le Clair vibrated between that of her two women. She was not altogether pleased with the cabalistic incantations of the old crone, yet she had too much prudence to attempt to arrest her proceedings; for the Indians, both male and female, regard with veneration the senior female member of their tribe. They place implicit faith in her oracular character, being persuaded that she is gifted by the great Spirit with second-sight, and the interpretation of signs. And to have called this in question, might have so raised their passions, as to make them irreconcilable and vindictive enemies.

Among the company crowded into the chamber of Mrs. Le Clair, was an old woman, in a black cloak, with a large black hood. This person appeared to pay marked attention to every object in the room, as well as to listen attentively to every passing remark. But the great centre of her scrutiny was the mother and her infant, for she seemed determined to carry away with her every lineament of their features, deeply imprinted on her own mind.

In the evening of the day on which these events occurred, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones were sitting working at their sewing, with other members of the family.

The conversation very naturally turned upon the remarkable incidents of the day. They dwelt more especially upon the strange doings and sayings of the old Indian fortune-teller, as they called her. We have already alluded to Mrs. Jones, whose religious sentiments were so shocked by what she considered the blasphemous utterances of the old witch. It may be thought that she still felt the abhorrence she manifested when they were first uttered. Not so; for after sitting some time in a musing mood, she at length made the remark, "Dear me, it would be very strange, if all that the old woman said about baby was to come to pass—would it not?" This remark proved a key-note, for incident after incident was now narrated, in confirmation of a once popular belief, that some old people were gifted with second-sight, by which they were able to read the destiny of others. Mrs. Jones herself was as positive as any of the company in affirming these things; and even Mrs. Le Clair was impressed somewhat in the same way; at least, she hoped that her darling was born to a better state of things than had fallen to her lot, and that the brightest visions depicted by the old woman might be more than realized by her darling infant daughter. In fact, the entire party, who were at first startled by the actions and declarations of the ignorant old Indian, were now willing to be persuaded that there might, after all, be some truth in what she had prognosticated. And we might here ask, where is there a mind, however intelligent or highly cultivated, that is entirely devoid of superstition and credulity?

On the following morning, there was a new excitement, but of a different character from the one above

alluded to. Far on in the morning, as the women were putting things to rights, and clearing up the chamber of Mrs. Le Clair—and it must be remembered that it was the same room in which the Indian women had assembled, together with the old woman with the black cloak and hood—as the little girl of Mrs. Jones was carrying a chair across the room, there fell from underneath the cushion a letter, which she picked up, and handed to her mother; and Mrs. Jones seeing that the letter was directed to Mrs. Le Clair, gave it to her. The peace and tranquillity reigning in that room prior to the appearance of the letter, were now broken by one who seemed smitten with a sudden and heart-rending sorrow. The two women were confounded, feeling their inability to arrest, by any condolence they could offer, the torrent of tears they saw falling before them. They were alarmed for the personal safety of Mrs. Le Clair, the event happening at so critical a stage of her convalescence. In the height of the excitement and confusion, Mr. Le Clair stepped into the room, whence he had retired but a few minutes before, leaving his wife composed and tranquil: now, to his astonishment, he found not only his wife, but all the family, affected by a common sympathy, bathed in tears. Mr. Le Clair, in the excitement of the moment, asked a series of questions, before one could be answered. Was his wife in danger, was the baby taken suddenly ill, or what other sad calamity had befallen the family? The only answer he received was given by his wife, who simply pointed to the yet unopened letter, which lay by her on the bed. Mr. Le Clair took the letter, and, holding it up between his finger and thumb, said—

"Why, my dear, your alarm is all imaginary, for there is nothing here to affect you thus."

"My dear Charles," said his wife, "it is the mystery, it is the black phantom, that I have so fully explained to you before!"

"Why," asked Mr. Le Clair, "has she been here to-day with this letter?"

"Oh, no!" said his wife; "yesterday she was among the crowd. I noticed her; and now, I recollect, I had strange emotions on seeing the black cloak and hood. At the time, I took her to be some one connected with the Indians, and so thought no more of her. But when the letter was produced, the whole thing flashed upon my mind—I saw and felt that I was still the victim of that mysterious being—who is ever near me, ever active. My dear Charles, am I thus to be followed to the grave; is there no possibility of my eluding her, or of discovering her home, if she has one on earth?"

After musing for some time, Mr. Le Clair at length said—

"Yes, I think there is a possibility of finding out who she is, and where she comes from. I will put upon her trail some of my keenest, shrewdest Indian scouts. Perhaps," he continued, "the letter itself contains a solution of the enigma—let us see," at the same time handing it to his wife, saying, "It is your letter, my dear."

"My dear Charles, I give you full liberty to peruse it."

Opening it, he found it to contain, as all the others had, a sterling five hundred pound Bank of England note, with the Scriptural quotations as before; but to the note was attached a slip of paper, on which was

written, "To purchase a new frock for your little daughter." For some time Mr. Le Clair sat pondering the contents of the letter. He at length said—

—"Well, my dear, there is really great mystery in this, and I do not wonder at your anxiety of mind, when I consider all the circumstances. But at all events, whoever and whatever she may be, she appears to take a deep interest in your well-being; and it is my impression that she has some object in view which will ultimately be found of great importance. It is my counsel that you wait patiently for the full development of events. We might reasonably presume that if she has hitherto been able to elude all your attempts to unmask her, she will be equally successful in the future. That consideration, however, shall not deter me from my purpose of discovering, if possible, her hiding-place. If necessary, I will scour the whole country, for I have the right agents for that work at my command."

The views of Mr. Le Clair met the approbation of his wife; and she well knew that what her husband had with such emphasis declared to be his purpose, he would execute with his accustomed energy.

Mr. Le Clair forthwith made, from among the Indians within his district, a selection of men at once shrewd and of tried courage and endurance. Giving them precise instructions, he allotted to each the portion of country he was to investigate, and sent them forth, inspired with somewhat of his own zeal in the cause.

That the reader may be somewhat informed of the proceedings of the mysterious being who caused all the anxiety and unhappiness of which the home of Mr. and Mrs. Le Clair was now the scene, we will introduce him

to a party and a place with whom and which he is already acquainted. At a small tavern by the roadside, on the way to Kingston, and about half-way between that town and "Sweet-Brier Grove," the people were all hurry and activity on the night in question ; for a lady-traveller, with her man-servant, had arrived, and was to take supper, and remain for the night. Some time after the lady had partaken of a sumptuous repast, and retired to the sitting-room, her man-servant was summoned to her presence.

"Well, Thomas," she inquired, "what do you think of the home of the late Captain Walters, and the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Le Clair?"

"Why," said the man, "I could not have supposed it possible that skill and labor could have made such a wonderful transformation in the short space of a little more than five years."

"I presume," said the lady, "that the skill should mostly be credited to Captain Walters, and the principal part of the labor, in carrying out the original design, to the present occupants."

"That may be so," said the man ; "and if Captain Walters could only see how completely his plans and purposes have been carried out, it would afford him high satisfaction."

"Yes, indeed," said the lady ; "but I see a vast difference between the late Captain Walters and Mr. Le Clair ; for the first, with all his endowments, natural and acquired, was of far too keen susceptibilities for the rough-and-tumble wrestling with the world. But I see that Mr. Le Clair grapples with his opponents—men, and things, and circumstances—without gloves.

His stern will, clear perceptions, and sound judgment, are powerful aids in the contest. These impressions lead me to conclude that we must, in the future, be more cautious in all our movements; and I have resolved to move far away from my present residence to some more retired locality. But, Thomas," continued the lady, "did you make the acquaintance of any of the Indians, male or female?"

"Not much, my lady," said the man; "but I heard some of the women say, that one of the old Indians had prophesied that the little daughter of Mrs. Le Clair was born to be a great lady some day—somewhere a great way off."

"Yes, I heard her," said the lady. "It seems all very strange. I am not superstitious, nor ready to give heed to old wives' tales or fables, but somehow, that old woman's sayings and doings have found a weak spot in my nature—I know not what to make of them. Her sayings seem to give nerve and force to my present purpose, for, if her predictions do come to pass, it will only be the fulfilment of my present expectations, and the realization of my long-cherished hopes. But I feel perfectly willing to wait, and allow providence to work out its own purposes; and when I see the result, I shall be satisfied, whatever it may be.

"But now, Thomas," said the lady, "we must be away early in the morning; our present and future plans and purposes admit of no delay; for, depend upon it, we may expect untiring pursuers on our path, so that we must endeavor to have the advantage of a good start. To this end, we must put to the test the fleetness of our horses, as well as our own skill and prudence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE must now return to the main object of our narrative. It was soon found that the little stranger proved to be a great centre of attraction. Each day brought some new visitor to the mansion, with a contribution of good wishes and admiration of the beauty of the baby; and each was delighted with the privilege of fondling with it on their lap, or cutting antics with it around the room. There was considerable discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Le Clair as to the name that should be given to their young daughter. It was at length decided that she should be called Lillian. This met with universal approval; but she was generally called by its abbreviated synonym, Lilly.

Mrs. Le Clair had now added to all the duties and labors incident to a large family and the management of a farm-house, those of a maternal character; and she fully realized and felt the weight and importance of her new responsibilities. She began early with the determination, as far as lay in her power, to mould the mind of her tender charge in some conformity to her own will. She soon found, however, that there were strong antagonistic powers, and deep-rooted principles of evil in the very nature of the child, that would exercise to the utmost her love, her wisdom, and her patience. She found, too, that nature had been lavish of her favors in

the moulding of the person of her daughter. This was often a source of intense anxiety ; for people, unmindful of the radical injury they were inflicting, would often praise her beauty, at the risk of prompting her pride and inflating her vanity. Thus, the mother had a double task, in trying to counteract the influence of the inconsiderate conduct of others on the mind of Lillian, and in curbing those passions which, if allowed to gather strength, would not only prove destructive to her own peace, but be a torment to all connected with her.

It was an enlightened policy in the mother that induced her to cultivate at once, in the mind of her daughter, a proper and wholesome degree of fear, not to loosen for a moment or injure in the least those tender cords of affection, that entwine and bind fast together the hearts of a mother and her child. But, at the same time, she let her distinctly understand, that passion was a fault in her nature that must be curbed ; and that disobedience to her word and wishes must not go unrebuked. At the same time, to correct any waywardness, she lent all assistance possible to her child, by leading her by gentle admonition, rather than driving her by boisterous commands or angry threats. She made it a point, in all her intercourse with Lillian, never to wound her sensibilities, or blunt those sweet affections that spontaneously gush forth from the young heart, in the early recognition of the mother. But, by every little art that a mother's love could devise, she tried to keep these in their early freshness ; and threw out those slender tendrils, each slight indeed, but which, combining at length, form a band of love, that time, nor distance, nor untoward circumstance can sever.

We are not here going to introduce any remarks as to the superlative beauty of this or that baby, or that there is only one beauty, and every mother has it; but we do say, that nature really did make an extra effort when Lillian was produced. And as she advanced in age, and her form became developed, each successive month seemed to add some new feature, and to give a higher degree of perfection to her entire being.

As we have already noticed in the case of Mr. Le Clair, that his personal appearance gave clear indication of his Indian and French origin, developing traits of both, which, harmoniously mingling, resulted in a high degree of beauty; so in the case of Lillian, she gave clear proof that she had a good share of Indian blood in her veins, while some of her features evidenced a derivation from the same source. But all this was considerably modified by the moulding she had received from her English mother. As the Indian features and nature had been softened and refined in Mr. Le Clair by his French mother, so this process of transformation had been carried on in the person of Lillian, producing one of those brilliant and charming creatures so often to be met with in the South, the result of a mixture of races. Lillian, growing apace, soon gave evidence that she had an imperious nature. When quite young, with an irascible temper, she could assume a terrible sternness of countenance, and a masculine rigidity of muscle that was as unyielding as her despotic will. At times, coercion was of no avail; and soft, affectionate words, had no more influence over her than they would have had on the passing wind. Often, when this was the case, would Mrs. Le Clair clasp her child to her bosom, and in an

agony exclaim, "Oh! what have I done to bring such a being as this into the world!" But the mother's love bore her up, and with untiring patience she urged both mental and moral influences; and, as the child's intellect expanded, she instilled the sentiments and imparted the instruction suited to its comprehension. On this point, however, the mother appeared to have but little trouble, for Lillian's mind, like her person, proved to be above the common cast, with a memory most accurately retentive. Thus the labor of instruction, while it was a duty, became a pleasure, because the pupil was apt at learning and eager to advance. And then, this acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of her mind, proved to be a powerful weapon in her own behalf, that she was taught to wield against her passions; and as her mind became informed, and her judgment matured, she did arrive at the conviction, that her passions were her frailties, and, in part, her deadliest foes.

Deep was her mother's commiseration as she saw evidences of the fierce strife that was being carried on in the mind of Lillian, between the convictions of her better judgment and her deplorable passions. After an access of passion, when reflection came, and the calmer mood of her mind returned, the mother's love would prompt those feelings that soothed and swayed the softened heart of her child. And at such times, and under the influence of such impressions, often would that subdued girl bury her face in her mother's lap, and weep bitter tears over these sad exhibitions of her turbulent nature.

Oh, what opposites met in that nature, that girl of bright and sparkling genius, possessing those amiable

qualities of mind and disposition, and such surpassing beauty of person! If any other woman than Mrs. Le Clair had had this mysterious being under her charge—this incongruous creature, this inexplicable mixture of opposites—the better part of her nature would have been irretrievably overborne by her lower propensities. It was, under God, the wisdom and patience of Mrs. Le Clair, prompted by her untiring love, that not only saved Lillian from such a fate, but eventually sent her forth as a beautiful example of what a mother may accomplish, under the most unpropitious circumstances, with untractable and forbidding materials.

It must, however, be said in Lillian's favor, that, notwithstanding the extreme unevenness of her nature, she was a general favorite, owing to her ingenuousness and the open honesty of her heart. To guile, or deception of any kind, she was a perfect stranger, and she despised them in others. But however much she was the favorite with others, she was especially so with the Indians, for these simple children of the forest seldom visited the office of Mr. Le Clair without bringing some little token of their regard to Lillian; and from this source she had accumulated quite an extensive and valuable assortment of Indian curiosities. These consisted of every variety of needle-work in beads and moose-hair, and beautiful specimens of work with birch-bark.

What seemed to be received with the most delight, and enjoyed with the greatest glee, was a beautiful and elaborately ornamented bow with a quiver full of arrows. This present suited exactly the restless and rampant spirit of Lillian, for confinement, for any length of time at once, was to her unendurable. And this bow, with

the quiver slung over her shoulder, was her constant companion. By continued practice, so proficient did she become as an archer, that but few of the Indian boys or girls could surpass her in the exercise; and many a bird and squirrel, and other small animal, became victims to her correct and steady aim. This, beyond doubt, was in part owing to the minute instructions of the Indian from whom she received the gift, as to the proper position, the right handling of the bow, and adjusting of the arrow. It was with this, as with every thing else to which she turned her attention—that one thing or subject, or whatever it might be, monopolized for the time the concentrated force of all the powers of her mind.

Such was the ardor of Lillian's nature, the energy she put forth, and the clearness of her perceptions, that the tedious process of patient mental drudgery was unnecessary, for she reached results by intuition, as it were. Her mother had from comparative infancy, by a gradual, easy, and pleasant process, opened up to the mind of her daughter the general elements of knowledge; so that she could at a very early age read with fluency, and understand clearly what she read. But music seemed to captivate her the most, for her emotional nature was stirred through all its depths when listening to others, or when her own nimble fingers were sweeping over the keys of the piano; and for brilliancy of execution she bid fair to rival even her mother. Her voice, too, while yet uneducated, gave promise of being one of surpassing power and sweetness. This proved a kind of safety-valve for her passionate and vehement spirit; for the gushings forth of her wild nature in song often rapt her

own soul, while they held those who listened spell-bound with delight.

It was often a source of unalloyed pleasure to Lillian to sit and listen to the old Indian squaws, while they related to her the legendary tales of battles, victories, triumphs, and exciting love-stories still current among the neighboring tribes. These, together with memorable incidents and thrilling narrations of the adventures of remarkable individuals, were interwoven with the history of some of the tribes connected with her own ancestry, and, depicted in their glowing and expressive language, and adorned with the florid imagery peculiar to these depositaries of Indian lore, so infatuated Lillian, and so fired her imagination, that she gloried in, and would often boast of her descent from a long line of intrepid warriors. Thus, by intercourse with the Indians, both young and old, she not only became initiated in all the mysteries of Indian lore, and an adept in all their sports, but could converse with fluency in their language.

The restless and roving disposition of Lillian kept her so constantly on the move, that in walking, and in exercises demanding agility or fleetness, she would weary the most robust and active of her playmates. She at length found a companion and playmate who was her equal in feats of agility and fleetness, and one that she could not so easily out-exercise, and with whom she could romp, jump, wrestle, and run to her heart's content. This playmate was a fine, young Newfoundland dog. She soon succeeded in making Rollo her obedient servitor, as well as faithful friend, which had not always been the case with her former playmates. The

sagacious and docile animal seemed to take a special pride in going through all the tricks and pranks that Lillian taught him ; and some of these were of a marvellous kind, exhibiting great intelligence. One great delight of Lillian was to go to the shore of the neighboring Lake Ontario, in the waters of which, clad in her light bathing-dress, she and Rollo would enjoy themselves in sports, as they had done on the land ; and it was not easy to decide which of the two was the better swimmer, Lillian or Rollo.

Lillian was again fortunate in discovering a pet, a wild creature, with a disposition almost a match for her own—a young colt, untamed, and apparently untamable. This colt, of a vicious disposition, would permit no one to approach her without an exhibition of her fiery spirit. But, by some mysterious impulse or freak, the colt was attracted to Lillian, who was quite willing to improve the opportunity, and she did all she could to ingratiate herself in her favor. Soon the friendship became so strong, that neither was contented apart from the other ; so that Lillian, the dog Rollo, and the colt, to which Lillian gave the name of Polly, were almost constant and congenial companions. But Lillian was the controlling spirit of the trio, and it must be admitted that she, at times, was rather imperious in her sway. But, notwithstanding this, Polly could ill brook the first attempt that Lillian made to put bitt in her mouth, or saddle on her back. Polly seemed to look upon this attempt to control her freedom as a step too far. The brute soon found, however, that Lillian was master of the situation, that her will was law, and that she herself, rebellious as she felt, must submit. But when

Lillian carried her authority so far as to place herself on that saddle, Polly could restrain herself no longer, but breaking out into open rebellion, pranced and reared, exhibiting in every way her impotent rage. If the colt had been tame and submissive, it would not have been in accordance with the taste of Lillian ; as it was, she was in her element, and the more frantic the steed, the more excited the rider became, until she screamed with delight. The colt and Lillian, however, soon came to an understanding with each other—one was to rule, the other to obey.

It was one of the chief delights of Lillian—accompanied by Rollo, and mounted on Polly, with her bow in hand, and her quiver full of arrows slung over her shoulder—to exhibit her skill in archery, or the use of the bow.

Many were the wild adventures and narrow escapes of Lillian. We will relate a single instance, which will suffice to show her spirit and courage. Early one morning, in the autumn that succeeded Lillian's fifteenth summer, she was taking her accustomed ride on her favorite pony Polly, when she was led by her daring spirit to a greater distance into the woods than usual. When about to return, by a narrow and intricate path, she was met by a full-grown black bear. The brute seemed to be the only one of the party that was at all confused by this unexpected meeting ; for Lillian, calm and courageous as she was, coolly brought her bow to position, and placing the arrow with care, with prompt aim and strong arm sent the missile with such force, that, entering the eye and penetrating the brain of the huge beast, it laid him sprawling on the ground. With

the cool deportment of a veteran sportsman, Lillian surveyed her gamé, and finding it too bulky for her to remove single-handed, she started for home, to relate her encounter and its successful result. A party was promptly dispatched to bring home the valuable prize, the fruit of Lillian's skill and courage. It would be useless here to speculate on the danger Lillian would have been placed in, had the wound inflicted on the bear not proved fatal. All wonder at Lillian's success as an archer will subside, when it is understood that she had been under the tuition of an Indian the most skilful of his tribe in the use of the bow.



CHAPTER XXIV.

DURING all the early days and years of Lillian's life, every faculty of her mother, physical and mental, had been deeply and incessantly exercised in her behalf; and now, as she advanced in years, the mother's solicitude became still more intense, for she saw that a being of such fine personal attractions must be exposed to great perils. But her fears were calmed and her misgivings silenced by the reflection, that although the personal beauty of Lillian was so admiringly recognized by every one else, yet she herself seemed utterly unconscious of its possession. And then, the purity of her mind was evinced by a frankness and artless simplicity of manners, that irresistibly commanded the respect and esteem of all who made her acquaintance.

In all the intercourse of Lillian with the youth of the neighborhood, as she felt, so she ever exhibited her superiority, and they were quite willing to yield her proper homage. From her nature, it was not possible she should treat them otherwise. Yet her conduct was devoid of all arrogant, supercilious assumption. She owed this, in part, to the wise tuition of her mother, but more, perhaps, to the nobleness of her own mind, and the dignity of her nature.

Lillian was now approaching a critical period of her life, when, according to the decision she should make, she would direct her bark for sunny seas or stormy

gulfs—for weal or woe. Her heart as yet was callow, fresh, mirthful, and girlish. Wild she was, and playful as the young fawn. It might be said that love, with her, was out of the question, as, among the rustics of the neighborhood, there was no youth who durst aspire to her hand. But she was happy, for she was approached by no evil, guarded as she ever was by her parents' vigilant care. And she was supremely happy in the sweet assurance of her consciousness that she was the centre of attraction to their loving hearts.

This little circle of father, mother, and daughter, was now the centre of admiring observation to their own domestics, as well as to their neighbors for a wide circuit. Every thing, both within doors and on their now large and well-cultivated farm, bore the marks of high prosperity. Providence seemed to smile upon them, and the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Le Clair were at ease with regard alike to the present and to the future. But they did not, like too many under similar circumstances, arrogate to themselves the praise for the acquisition of so many blessings. They knew who it was that thus caused their cup to run over, blessing them in basket and in store.

It has doubtless been observed, from our narrative thus far, that Mr. Le Clair was a man of more than ordinary vigor of body and mind. His official position would naturally enlarge his capacity, and bring his talents to a state of high proficiency. And this was the case; yet his talents were often put to a severe test by the difficult questions he was called upon to solve, in connection with the fierce passions and bitterly vengeful spirits he had to contend against. He

was far more successful than some of his best friends had anticipated ; but, having employed the right means to secure it, they said that he deserved success. Mr. Le Clair found less difficulty in fashioning the general features of his farm to his taste and purposes, than in keeping under proper restraint the passionate and obdurate natures of the Indians under his charge. A case soon arose that defied his skill and tact, and which he failed amicably to adjust to the satisfaction of the parties interested. Two of the most turbulent beings among all the tribes within his jurisdiction had had a serious disagreement about the division of the spoils of a hunting excursion. After long wrangling between themselves without arriving at any result, they agreed to refer the subject in dispute to the decision of their Chief. When the case was brought up for his adjudication, Mr. Le Clair, fearing the worst effects, whichever way it might terminate, formed the resolution, let the consequences be what they might, to judge between the two litigants according to the principles of strict justice. After hearing both sides of the case, he found, as he had anticipated, that the Indian who had the weakest side of the plea was in almost continual altercation with nearly every member of his tribe, and was at once hated and feared by them all ; and that, consequently, the case must be decided against him.

Mr. Le Clair gave his view of the case in a frank and clear statement, and awarded the disputed points so as to satisfy every member of the tribe except the irritable savage who had lost his suit. This fellow left the company and the presence of Mr. Le Clair with a ferocious look, muttering threats of vengeance against some one.

The thing passed over for the time being, and little was said or thought on the subject. However, deep, black revenge was rankling in the bad heart of the desperate Indian. Within a month after the decision in the above case, Mr. Le Clair was found lying dead at a short distance from his own house, with his heart pierced by an Indian arrow.

The news of this dark deed flew in every direction, causing consternation and the deepest indignation wherever it came. So general and overwhelming was the sorrow, that every private interest was lost sight of, and tears flowed freely,—a deserved tribute to the memory of the lamented dead. But, as may be supposed, nowhere did this calamity press so heavily as in his own home, on the hearts of his own sorrow-stricken loved ones. Mrs. Le Clair received the fatal news with blank paralyzing dismay. No tears would come to her relief. Oh! that silent agony of the soul! There was little outward manifestation of her feelings, scarcely a ripple on the surface; it was all deep down in those depths where the inward nature is wrung with unutterable torture—evidenced by the unstrung and nerveless frame, the blanched countenance, the fixed and glassy eye, the bloodless and wordless lips. Her recognition of person and place seemed lost; her whole being was stunned and blasted, as if the withering hand of fate had struck her down. That wise, that good, that virtuous woman, who from early youth had obeyed the dictates of an enlightened conscience, and followed the leadings of a higher intelligence—on her had fallen a train of evils beyond her own power to remove, without fault on her part, either in their origin or consummation.

Why is it, O Heaven! that the good, the noble in heart and soul, are made to pass through the fire, and wade through such deep waters?

But, how was it with Lillian? The contrast was great between Mrs. Le Clair and her daughter. The one, bowed down and thoroughly broken in spirit, was the personification of deep, silent sorrow. The other was terrible as the roused tigress. She wished to hunt down the murderer of her father. If she could only catch him, she would tear him to pieces—she would torture and slay him. Nothing could allay her maniac fury and soothe that terribly excited being, until the fires raging in her breast burned themselves out. Even then, her entire frame shook and heaved with convulsive throes, long after the first paroxysms of her wrath had subsided—like the dead swell of the ocean, after having been lashed to fury by the storm.

How changed was that so lately quiet and happy home! Every member of that family circle was prostrated by the fatal blow. They mourned the loss of one whose place could not be supplied.

After a searching investigation of the cause and manner of the death of Mr. Le Clair, but one conclusion could be arrived at; and that was, that he had been murdered by the dark-minded villain against whom, in the litigation of his suit, Mr. Le Clair had so righteously decided. The next point to be considered was, how to arrest the guilty fugitive. He was known to be daring, cunning, and unscrupulous, and no one would dare to attack him openly. As to stratagem, he was a match for the whole tribe. It was concluded by the neighboring tribes that they would hunt him down like a wild beast.

Though thus united in purpose and prompt in action, they soon found their design not easy of accomplishment; for, after the perpetration of the foul deed, the fiend had started off in a direct northern line. It was not possible to find his trail, as he had left no footprints or any other indications that marked his line of progress through the dense and tangled forest. Weeks and months passed, but without any trace or tidings of the outlawed vagabond. At length a party of his tribe, far away in the North on a hunting excursion, had their attention attracted by the trunk of a large oak-tree which had been riven and prostrated by a stroke of lightning. The party approached the spot to examine the thing more closely, and found, to their utter astonishment, close to the shattered and blasted tree, the entire bare and bleached bones of what, on examination, proved to be the remains of an Indian. Their suspicions were at once excited that these bones might prove to be the remains of the man who had murdered Mr. Le Clair. A bow and arrows, and a number of Indian ornaments and other articles, found at the spot, confirmed them in the correctness of their conjecture. Another proof this, that though the guilty one may escape punishment by his fellow-man, he is sure at length to meet the vengeance of Heaven. It was generally supposed that the wretch had taken shelter under the spreading branches of the tree, to screen himself from a passing storm, and that, being attacked and devoured by wolves, his shelter proved his ruin.

But, to return to the home of the late Mr. Le Clair. Fearful indeed to his family were the results of their sudden bereavement. Before this calamity, Mrs. Le

Clair had known what it was to endure the loss of a fond husband in the death of Captain Walters. But that affliction came upon her by slow degrees, so that she had time and opportunity afforded her to nerve herself, and to brace her mind to meet it. But in this case, so sudden was the shock, that it gave her mind no chance to rally its forces ; and her native energy, which had so often carried her triumphantly through other trying scenes, was now paralyzed-and impotent. Both mother and daughter seemed at times as if brought to the very verge of life. But their vigorous constitutions, with tender care, carried them through, and they were soon in the enjoyment of their wonted health. Yet, a chill had passed over their spirits that seemed to have new-moulded their natures, and to have given a subdued tone to their whole being. Mrs. Le Clair was most certainly a sadder woman. She sometimes thought, she would say, that she was a centre where the ills of life converged, directing their barbed shafts at her very soul. In spite of her efforts to fortify her mind with the higher sentiments of divine truth, these thoughts would too often intrude. But this sad event had accomplished for Lillian what other occurrences in her past life were powerless to effect, for she came out of this fiery ordeal a sedate and thoughtful woman. Prior to this, no sorrow had ever touched her heart ; but now her nature was softened, her spirit humbled, and her slumbering sympathies for her mother fully aroused. The memories of her father were now clustering around her heart, affording inexhaustible and elevating subjects for reflection. She now saw his virtues, which she had not appreciated in the living parent, stand out in bold and striking promi-

nence. And these sympathies and memories proved, as it were, a ballast, to steady her hitherto wild and erratic nature. She had grown wiser, at a fearful expense, but the lessons she had learned, and the discipline she had been subjected to, might yet be of priceless value to her. To employ language that will fully meet her case, we would say that she was decidedly more domestic in all her habits.

Lillian had, by nature, a strong and vigorous intellect, and her mind had been highly cultivated by both father and mother. Her imagination had been excited and fed by listening to the old Indian squaws, who related the glowing legendary tales current among their tribes; and her fancy was of the liveliest type. As she had become of late more reflective, she would often sit by herself in silence, as though musing on some deeply absorbing subject. Then again, she would warble some plaintive tune, as though actuated by a superhuman agency. Indeed, she seemed inspired by the very spirit of song, for she would often breathe forth her very soul in entrancing melody.

One day, when Lillian was bordering on the age of seventeen, she had wandered away some distance from the house, near to the neighboring woods, and within sight of the banks of Lake Ontario. Sitting down on the trunk of a fallen tree, while the luxuriant foliage of a large maple formed a canopy that shielded her from the rays of the sun, she was soon lost, in this seclusion, in one of her dreamy fits, her eye wandering over the expanse of water before her. She plucked a beautiful wild-rose from its stem, and, in a state of mental abstraction, separated the rose leaf by leaf, laying the leaves

on her lap. She would now and again raise her eyes, survey the lake and the woods, and then look towards the house, her home. A deep sigh would now and then escape her, when she would pluck another rose, then another, and still another, until on her lap, and all around her, lay the wreck of many roses. At length, as though she had been seized with somewhat of her old wild spirit, she struck up one of her favorite love-ditties. At once, she seemed to be completely beside herself; her soul seemed rapt, and her spirit ready to take wing and fly away. The very woods, too, seemed inspired, for echo answered to echo, with such varied cadence, that it was as if a company of minstrels were chanting praises in unearthly strains. When she had finished the song, she again relapsed into silence and musing as before. But hark! what is that she hears? It was surely the same tune that she herself had just been warbling. Was it the Great Spirit of whom the old squaw had so often spoken, who was thus answering her from his dwelling-place? If not, what could it be, she had never heard any thing like it before? Her mind, impressed with a kind of awe, was agitated, and in this state she started for her home. It was more of a religious feeling with which she was impressed than alarm, for she was not so easily frightened; but this was so very strange! When she arrived at home, she tried in the best way she could to explain to her mother this strange and wonderful music; but it was utterly unexplainable, it was so unearthly—it must be the Great Spirit. Her mother came to the conclusion that Lillian, falling asleep in one of her musing fits, had been dreaming, and awaking from her dream, had started home

in a fright. Lillian's protestations to the contrary did not change the mind of Mrs. Le Clair, who still believed her daughter must in some way be mistaken. Though fully satisfied, Lillian determined on investigating the matter further, and for this purpose visited the same place on the following afternoon. Arriving there, she chanted one of her sweetest songs, which she had no sooner concluded, than she heard the same strain repeated, but with a soft, flowing sweetness to which her ear was a stranger. She now became fully enlightened as to the nature and source of the sweet strains with which she had been so enraptured—some person, hearing her sing, had responded by repeating the same tune on the flute. Her curiosity was so far excited, that she wished for a more intimate knowledge of the performer who could produce such dulcet melody from his instrument. Her wish was sooner gratified than she had anticipated. On turning her attention and directing her steps towards a narrow path that led through a dense undergrowth of brush into the woods, a man emerged from this path, and fully confronted her. He was dressed in the prim uniform of a sergeant of the English army. They were both greatly confused, standing silently contemplating each other, as if, for the moment, they had lost all power of utterance. At length, the sergeant, raising his cap in a very graceful manner, said—

“Excuse me, Miss ; I hope I am not rudely intruding myself on your privacy ?”

Lillian, greatly embarrassed, and with face suffused with blushes, replied—

“I have been too venturesome, I fear, in coming thus

far alone ; but I was attracted by music executed by some person playing on the flute."

"Yes," said the sergeant, holding out a beautiful silver-mounted flute, with a number of silver keys attached, "it was I who was playing, in response to some delightful vocal strains that reached my ear from this direction. I heard a melody that used to be a favorite one of my mother's—one with which she used to delight me when a boy. You may be sure that, as I listened, my mind was stirred with sweet memories of other days and places, and of loved ones I may never see again. If I have grown too stern for tears, believe me, Miss, that I find my heart still in possession of all its native tenderness."

As he uttered these words, gazing upon the lovely girl before him, his soul seemed speaking from every feature ; so that it was not so much the words as the impressive manner of their delivery that gave a still deeper tinge to the blushes on the face of Lillian. He had excited her sympathy, and with much feeling she asked—

"Have you a mother?"

"I had," was the laconic reply.

"Have you a father, then?" asked Lillian, with much simplicity and assured confidence.

"I had one," was again the reply of the sergeant.

At this stage of the interview Lillian began to show signs of restlessness, and, looking in the direction of her home, said, with much feeling—

"Excuse me, sir, I must be going ; my mother will be expecting me, and will consider me as tarrying too long ;" at the same time, with a gentle movement of

her hand and an inclination of her head, in her tender musical tones taking leave of him with, "Good-day, sir," she turned to go towards her home. The sergeant, respectfully raising his cap, and with much gallantry thrown into a graceful bow, bade her adieu. But the sergeant found it not easy to leave the spot, for he stood there, looking after Lillian, admiring the dignity and grace of her movement as she receded from him. The words escaped his lips, "What a beautiful girl! what a brilliant creature!" We would inform the reader that Sergeant George Hargreaves belonged to a regiment then stationed in Canada, and the company of this regiment to which he was attached was then on detached duty close by the residence of Mrs. Le Clair. They had been placed there, only a few days before the above interview took place, in consequence of some apprehended difficulty with one of the tribes of Indians and some of the farmers on the outskirts of the white settlements.

As Lillian wended her way homeward, she found that she carried with her a new image imprinted on her heart. When she arrived at home, she informed her mother that she had found out all about the music she had heard in the woods—that it was a person playing on a flute; but she said as little as possible about the performer himself. However, if she said little, she thought much, and felt still more; for Cupid had shot his arrows, and they had entered her heart. Previous to the above interview, Lillian had had little if any intercourse with people of the outside world. Her acquaintance had been confined to the sons and daughters of the neighboring farmers, and to the Indians who visited her father's office on affairs connected with their own personal inter-

ests, or those of their different tribes; so that, when she first saw Sergeant Hargreaves, with his handsome, manly form and features, his neat-fitting dress, his superior action, and his dashing manner, she at once concluded that he must, of course, be of high rank in the army, and that he must be good, as he spoke so tenderly of his mother. With this general outline, her imagination was not slow in filling up a picture suited to her fancy, and this picture was engraven in deep and ineffaceable characters on her soul. - It was the same with Hargreaves in regard to Lillian: although he had travelled and seen much of the world, and his heart had been thus far impervious to the charms of the fairer sex, yet now, when he saw Lillian, it yielded like the delicate rose to the influence of the genial shower and the life-awakening rays of the sun. The appearance and manners of Lillian had carried his heart captive; but there was a doubt whether she could ever be his. He was but a sergeant; and if she belonged to an aristocratic family, might not his profession and inferior position prove insuperable obstacles to his suit? At all events, on the morrow he would call at their residence. Sleep made but fitful visits to the eyes of Hargreaves during the intervening night—his thoughts were with Lillian, fluttering in ecstasy around her, admiringly contemplating her fine form, her lofty mien, the sparkling splendor of her eyes, every feature of her noble countenance.

Hargreaves paid the purposed visit on the following morning, with a trembling heart and many misgivings. He did not forget, however, to take his flute with him, the magic influence of which had already been acknowl-

edged by Lillian. He introduced himself with a courteous freedom, explaining the cause of himself and his company being in the neighborhood; then, in an off-hand way, alluded to his interview of the previous evening with Lillian, attracted thither by hearing her sing an air with which he was familiar, having learned it from his mother when a boy at home.

He kept the conversation going in a spirited and agreeable style for some time, when, observing the elegant piano, with a pile of music close by it, he, without showing much apparent interest in the thing, approached it, and, sitting down on the stool, swept his fingers over the keys, eliciting a burst of admiration from both Lillian and her mother. Then, playing the tune he had heard Lillian sing the day before—exciting and interesting still more deeply those whose good opinion he wished to secure, and having, as he no doubt divined, made an impression on their minds favorable to himself—with all the suavity that he could throw into his manner, urging the calls of duty, he left them. But he was not allowed to depart without receiving an invitation; while his company remained in the neighborhood, and as opportunity offered, to pay them a visit.

After Hargreaves had left the house, Mrs. Le Clair and Lillian expressed the opinion that, while a finished musician, his manners were those of a polished gentleman. In the course of their conversation, Mrs. Le Clair was pained by the revelation of a fact she had before little dreamed of. Lillian, she saw, from her exaggerated praise of the personal appearance and mental attractions of the gay-looking and gifted sergeant, had lost control of her feelings; and she began to throw

out words of caution, and to urge disparaging probabilities in regard to the stranger. The difference, she said, between the rank and position of her first husband, Captain Walters, and this Hargreaves, who was only a sergeant, was too great. But this was now a waste of words; it came too late, for the mischief was already done, if there was mischief in it; it was like throwing oil upon the smouldering fire. As usual in such cases, her mother's words but increased her fervor in defending Hargreaves. A man who so prided himself in recollections of his mother, she pleaded, and cherished such feelings in her regard, must have a pure and tender heart, and certainly could not be a bad man.

Sergeant Hargreaves visited the house of Mrs. Le Clair on the following morning; for, with heart enthralled and vibrating between hope and fear, he could have no happiness but in assurance of the success of his suit. He was yet ignorant of the influence he was exerting over the heart of Lillian. When he made his appearance, he might have perceived by her manner, and the hearty reception she gave him, that his presence was not unwelcome. Though Mrs. Le Clair exhibited her usual affability, and seemed to give a cordial reception to Hargreaves, yet there was a strong under-current setting in an opposite direction. She, however, knew the resolute mind and determined will of Lillian, and rightly concluded, that if the passion of love once gained possession of her heart, it would overbear all obstacles, and even a mother's arguments, commands, and entreaties be powerless to control it or change its course—it would burn on. As we have said before, if there was mischief in that, it was already accomplished. Lillian had lost

all control over her feelings, so strong was the passion of love in her heart. The presence of Hargreaves had now become necessary to her peace and happiness; for, during his absence, she was restless and unsatisfied with every thing. It was the same with Hargreaves, who was never himself while out of the company of Lillian; hence all the time he could command was spent in her society.

Mrs. Le Clair observed with a painful interest the scene passing before her in her own home, and in which Lillian was, to her, the most prominent object, but which she had been powerless to change in any way. She dreaded the loss of her only child, in her now widowed and lonely state. And then she knew, herself, what it was to be a soldier's wife, to have no settled resting-place, but to be a wanderer over the world, even with the privileges and advantages at the command of a captain. Then, how must it be with the wife of a sergeant, at the best but little superior to one of a private soldier? It was agonizing to reflect on the exposure to temptation, the dangers and discomforts to which Lillian would be subjected. All this she urged on her daughter, but to no purpose. She frankly and calmly informed her mother, that but one choice was left her—between George Hargreaves as her husband, with whatever consequences might follow, or an early grave. Mrs. Le Clair was eventually compelled to yield, though with a tardy and unwilling acquiescence.

When things had come to this state, Hargreaves himself began to take a more sober view of circumstances than he had hitherto done; and asked himself, what, if he did marry Lillian, would he do with so beautiful a

creature, either on the march, in camp, or in barracks? So perplexed was his mind with these thoughts, that he ventured to throw out a hint on this subject to Lillian. He soon found that he was stepping on sacred ground. His thought was no sooner broached, than Lillian, fully comprehending its import, directed a look towards him that seemed to penetrate his inner being, for he quailed before her. She proudly asked him if he doubted the purity or the sincerity of her love, or the strength of her mind? But the candid and manly avowal of his full and entire confidence in her at once calmed her excited spirit, and the current of their love went smoothly on as ever.

After this, not a day passed without their spending a portion of it in each other's company; and at each interview some new feature in their character was developed, which tended to strengthen their attachment: they each found in the other some mental excellence, some accomplishment, that they little dreamed of at their first acquaintance.

When he first met Lillian, Hargreaves saw she was beautiful, but she might prove to be an uninformed rustic girl, brought up in the woods, and who had associated only with the untutored youngsters of the neighborhood. What was his surprise when he found her able to converse fluently in several languages, while her knowledge of music was of a high order; with a voice, in power and sweetness, of rare excellence, and nothing of the rustic in her bearing and manners! She, on the other hand, found in the sergeant at once the polished gentleman and the ripe scholar.

In this connection, we may as well give the reader some general idea of the antecedents of Hargreaves.

He was a younger son of an aristocratic family in the south of England, which had been reduced in circumstances by being engaged in a long and expensive lawsuit, the whole estate having been thrown into the Court of Chancery. Although he had received a high classical education, yet Hargreaves had been so reduced as to be without any present means of obtaining a living. Being of too proud a spirit to labor in a subordinate position, or to be dependent on relatives without labor, and also of a romantic turn of mind and fond of adventure, he went to a distant part of the country, where he was not personally known, and there enlisted as a common soldier, with the determination of raising himself in the army by his own merit. At the time of his first introduction to our notice, in his interview with Lillian, he was about twenty-three years of age; and in the short space of two years, had, by good behavior and strict attention to the duties of his station, risen to the position of sergeant in the company to which he belonged, with a fair prospect of still further advancement.

Here, then, Hargreaves and Lillian are presented to us, as a couple of young, ardent, and romantic beings, comparatively ignorant of the world, and of the stern realities and demands of the world's life. Hence, to rush into each other's arms and link their fortunes for life, was a present bliss; and they were not anxious to pry far into the future. As usual, in such cases, the good wishes and congratulations of the young and unthinking outweigh the doubts and surmisings of cooler and more thoughtful heads. But, be it for weal or for woe, the union was now a fact, to the joy of the two

most deeply interested. After the nuptials, none could be more happy than the wedded pair just launched upon a summer sea, with a favoring breeze, their bark well-provisioned, and bound for elysian climes. But, metaphor apart, as far as material necessities and even luxuries were concerned, they were amply provided ; and so on that score their hearts were at ease.

Lillian, soon after her union with Hargreaves, was deeply pained by the arrival of marching orders for the company to which he belonged. Of course he had to go with the command. Here was now realized one of the contingencies that had so perplexed and afflicted the mind of Mrs. Le Clair, and now it came home with all its distressing force to the mind and heart of Lillian. She had to leave her mother, and her home, with all its tender associations and terrible recollections. She visited the grave of her murdered father, and, as she had often done, bedewed it with her tears. But, when the moment came for her to bid adieu to her fond mother, she manifested intense sorrow. In a paroxysm of agony she cried out—

“My mother ! oh, my mother, how can I leave you ! you, to whom I am so deeply indebted—you, who have borne so mildly with my wild freaks, and so patiently striven to inform my ignorance, and correct all my waywardness—you, to whom I owe whatever of good I possess ! But I know the nature of the vows I have assumed ; and I know, too, that my heart and my person now belong to another, and duty demands our separation, however painful it may prove to our feelings. But, mother, when I cease to remember you, when my warmest affections cool in the least towards you, may

Heaven no longer smile upon me! But, mother, that can never be; no, never will I forget you, my mother!"

Her mother was deeply moved at this passionate display of Lillian's vehement feelings, and the wounds of her heart seemed to be opened afresh. She, however, had more command over herself than had Lillian; for she had already been led through deep waters, had been in many a fiery furnace, and had not come out of them altogether unscathed, and still bore the marks of them burned into her very soul. Bowing with deep submission to this heavy affliction, she held her peace, fully believing and acknowledging that this, as well as other bereavements she had endured, were among the "all things" that would eventually work together for her good.

After the departure of Lillian with her husband, Mrs. Le Clair calmly considered her situation, and felt all the loneliness of her condition. But a comparatively short time previous to this, she was happy in the possession of every earthly good,—with a loving and tender husband, and a daughter, who, with unsurpassed attractions, had a heart as pure as it was affectionate, she was rich in all the blessings an indulgent Providence could bestow. But now she was a widow; and, to add to all her other sorrows, she had lost her daughter, her only child—leaving a dreary blank in that household of which she had been the chief ornament. But, stricken and smitten as she was, she bravely bore up, and with her usual fortitude met every duty, assiduously supervising every department of labor that required her attention on the farm, as well as the more immediate household work. As if a stranger to fatigue, she was up early, and late

took rest ; and she had the pleasing satisfaction to know, that not only was hers the largest, but that it was also the best cultivated farm in all that district, and promised the finest and most abundant crops.

There had been a good deal of private gossip at Lillian's expense between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown, both before and after her marriage with Sergeant Hargreaves. It had been a matter of astonishment with them that Lillian did not look higher than a sergeant for a husband ; and they were much surprised that Mrs. Le Clair did not use her authority, and not allow her daughter to marry a stranger like Hargreaves. Why, in their estimation, it was no better than if she had married a private soldier !

"As to that," said Mrs. Jones, "he may be reduced to a private yet, for what one knows, if he should get out with any of the officers."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Brown, "for I've often and often known that to be the case."

"Yes, indeed, and so have I," said Mrs. Jones ; "and then what'll become of all the fine things the old Indian witch said about her ? But," she continued, "I always thought, and said, that it was nothing but downright blasphemy ; and it has all come to what I always thought it would—that it would all end in smoke."

We give merely an outline of what was the general tone of their conversation ; but, as we have said, this was all private.

CHAPTER XXV.

WE will now follow Lillian and her husband, and learn how circumstances go with them. Lillian had been provided with a private conveyance to Montreal, she not wishing to go with the baggage of the company. When they arrived in Montreal, Hargreaves procured private lodgings for his wife, in a retired place not far from the barracks; and in this place, free from the intrusion of the inquisitive and the prying eyes of the curious, they enjoyed themselves and were happy. But Lillian, who had aforesaid roamed abroad at will, and breathed the pure and invigorating air of heaven, could not act the recluse. By the directions of her husband, as well as to gratify her own wishes, she would often stroll along the bank of the noble St. Lawrence, admiring the grandeur of the scenery, and rambling whithersoever her inclination led her. But a person of her appearance could not long pursue this course without attracting the observation of men, and especially that of the officers of the regiment to which Hargreaves belonged. One might presume that it was (at the latter part of the last century, though, of course, it is not so now) the main object of the lives of a majority of the officers of the British army to find out, to admire, to insult, if not to seduce, beautiful women. It appeared that one of the younger officers had noticed Lillian while

on one of her excursive rambles. He was especially attracted by her fine figure and majestic mien: of more than these he was not able to judge, for her face was covered by a heavy veil. But he had seen enough to excite his curiosity, and was not long in communicating the knowledge of his discovery to some of his chums. This information caused quite a flutter among the members of the officers' mess-room. Inquiry was made, and conjecture exhausted, as to who this strange beauty could be. On the morrow, to learn who she was and her place of residence, scouts were thrown out in every direction, who visited every place where it was understood she was in the habit of taking her accustomed walks.

The mystery these conspirators against female virtue had set out to solve remained for some days undeveloped; but this was not for want of vigilance in the pursuers of mischief. At length, however, these harpies were so far successful as to find out that Lillian was a married woman, the wife of Sergeant Hargreaves. They were surprised at this discovery, and disappointed; but they were not dismayed, for it could not be supposed that a sergeant would be allowed to stand as an obstacle in the way of the attainment of the wishes of his superiors. They therefore laid their heads together and set their wits to work to obtain possession of the coveted prize. Many schemes were suggested, discussed, and then laid aside, as being impracticable. But there was one of these officers—and we are not sure that he was more deeply steeped in vice, or that his soul was more oblivious of virtue than the rest—who suggested that Hargreaves should be dispatched on some message that

would require his absence from the regiment for ten days or a fortnight. This would afford them ample time to accomplish their diabolical purpose. The scheme so deliberately planned was soon in process of execution. Hargreaves, with a file of men, was sent to a distant locality to arrest a deserter, who, the command had lately been informed, was residing at the place indicated in the warrant. No sooner had Hargreaves been started on his journey, than the officers who had joined in this nefarious plot were all on the alert. They visited all the places which Lillian was known to have frequented, but to no purpose. She was not to be found for some time, and that for the very good reason that she had never left her own room since her husband went away. But at length, her patience having been severely tested, and anxious for the return of her husband, Lillian stepped to the door, and was standing there, her eyes glancing one way and another, when one of the boldest and most dashing officers of the regiment came suddenly up to her, and in a very polite and gallant way raised his hat, and making his obeisance, said—

“Mrs. Hargreaves, I presume?”

Lillian, with a dignified air, and without much embarrassment, said, “Yes, sir.”

He then said, “I have, for some time, felt a strong desire to make your acquaintance, I have heard so much of your personal attractions; but now I find that the half has not been told me. Where has so much excellence been hiding itself until now, my sweet creature?”

As the officer was thus proceeding with his empty and fulsome flattery, Lillian kept stepping backwards, while the officer continued his advance towards her, until they

were both within the room, when he closed the door. Lillian's face became suffused with a deep scarlet; but this was not like the blushes that often came in response to the fond caresses of her husband. It was an unmistakable indication of stern resentment, and an indignant rebuke of her insulted womanhood. Her eyes flashed dreadful fire—her whole frame became rigid, and seemed to assume vaster proportions. The officer seeing this, and supposing it to be evidence of fear, presumed to place his hand upon her bare shoulder, saying at the same time, "Do not be alarmed, my sweet angel." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Lillian exhibited somewhat of her old rage, for, like the aroused tigress, she flew at him, and caught him with a gripe from which he was utterly unable to extricate himself. And then, with more than masculine strength, she dashed him with such force to the floor, that for a moment he appeared stunned. Now, with one hand she held a firm gripe on his throat, and plied his face with the other with such vigor, that it was soon so disfigured that his friends would hardly have recognized him.

At this stage of things, who should open the door and step into the room but her husband. As may be supposed, he stood there confounded, immovable, for a moment. But when his first feeling of amazement, which was but for a moment, had subsided, he sprang forward and endeavored to lift his wife from off her prostrate victim; but so tenacious was her grasp upon his throat, that it was only by an exertion of his main strength he could make her let go her hold. And even then he with difficulty restrained her, as she seemed determined to take his life. In fact, there was something superhu-

man in her wrath and in her whole appearance—so much so, that even her husband was terrified at the sight. Her Indian blood was boiling within her—her brain was on fire—and she was consequently regardless of any results that might follow. It was fortunate for the officer, and even for Lillian herself, that Hargreaves made his appearance when he did, for the officer might, otherwise, in a short time have been with those beyond the flood.

While Hargreaves and Lillian were thus wrestling, he to restrain her, and she, fierce as a tiger, striving to renew the attack, the officer, thus liberated, was not slow in making good his retreat, with his handkerchief over his disfigured face, making his way as best he could to his quarters. When there, he sent for the surgeon of the regiment, to whom he made a lame and impotent excuse for the condition in which that gentleman found him; and it was only to two or three of the officers, who were in the secret of the plot, that he made a statement of his experience in his encounter with Lillian. He declared that Lillian was, beyond all question, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; but, he said, she is a perfect she-devil.

It was some time before Lillian calmed down sufficiently to give Hargreaves any thing like an intelligible statement of the above circumstances, a part of which he had himself witnessed. Having heard the whole story, he could not but approve of the conduct of Lillian, although he foresaw that trouble to himself was almost sure to arise out of this untoward event. And it was not long before he found, to his intense mortification, that nearly all the officers of the regiment made it a

point to outrage his feelings in every possible way. They soon found a paltry pretext as an excuse to break him as a sergeant, and reduce him to the ranks, although he had purposely been on his guard, highly exemplary in all his words and actions, and attentive to his duty. But, guilty or not, they had injured him, therefore they could not forgive him. They had been disappointed in their nefarious schemes upon the honor and virtue of his wife, therefore they made him the object at which they aimed their envenomed darts. The military profession, through all its grades, is a system of espionage and sycophancy, the inferior cringing to the superior, and the superior lording it over the inferior. Hence, if it was desired by a superior officer to make his inferior an offender for a word even, he had always his tools at hand, to assist him in carrying out his purpose—ready to swear away the character of the innocent. And oh, how sadly, was this put in practice in the case of George Hargreaves! Every ear being closed against him, there was no tribunal to which he could submit his complaints. He was but a private soldier, and it was his duty to submit without a murmur, however harsh and overbearing might be the conduct of his superiors. Such was the dictum of his self-constituted judges. He now clearly saw that evil was hedging him around, and that he was without any way of escape. With feelings tortured by the insults and contumely he was daily suffering, it would be no wonder if a word should escape him, in some measure expressive of a sense of the unmerited wrongs he was enduring. We give an instance in point. The second lieutenant, a small, beardless upstart, was inspecting the

arms and accoutrements of the company, and on coming to Hargreaves, who was always one of the trimmest, and cleanest-looking men of the company, unjustly taunted him with being negligent and dirty. On hearing this aspersion cast upon him, Hargreaves turned, and said, with some abruptness, that when he cleaned them, he left not a spot upon them. The boy-officer, with an assumption of false dignity, and his face reddening with rage, said, "Do you charge me with being a liar, sir?" and calling a corporal and a file of men, ordered them to take Hargreaves to the guard-house. It was easy for the officer to bring witnesses who, with a little coloring of the circumstances, could make out of this a gross act of disobedience when on duty and in the ranks; and, as the maintenance of strict discipline in the regiment was indispensable, this aggravated case could not be overlooked, and must not be allowed to pass unpunished.

A case was soon made out against Hargreaves, and a court-marshal convened for his trial. We would remark here, that Hargreaves had scrupulously kept from Lillian the knowledge of all the annoyances he had endured, from a fear that she might charge herself with being the cause of all his suffering, by the deserved chastisement she had inflicted on the officer who insulted her. When she did first hear that he was placed in the guard-house, and was about to be tried by court-martial, she was greatly excited; and with untiring solicitude, availing herself of every chance to obtain a hearing, she pleaded earnestly for his release. But she sued in vain; they were determined on avenging the shame and suffering of a brother officer. Nothing, therefore, would

satisfy them but the disgrace of their victim, as a fitting atonement for their wounded pride and disappointed lust. As the self-created judges of Hargreaves had all things their own way, it was easy for them to select their tools as members of the court-martial.

When the day arrived for this court to convene and sit in solemn dignity to carry out the farce of a trial, the manacled victim was brought before them; and while he stood there, in all the dignity of conscious innocence, not one of his guilty judges could meet the steady gaze of his flashing eye. But the purpose of these men was to try, to condemn, to punish, and it was to mask their purpose with the forms of law, that the Judge-Advocate delivered his pompous harangue, and the few suborned witnesses were all examined. From the address of the Judge-Advocate, one would have thought that the prisoner had been guilty of treason, or some other high crime against Government. He especially dwelt upon the great necessity of curbing the insubordination of the common soldier; and descanted upon the great disparity that existed between them and the officers of the British army, who were invariably selected from the upper and educated classes. And that the different grades might fully understand their proper level, and the duties of their separate stations, and that the lower might not infringe upon the upper with impunity, he called upon the members of the court-martial to make an example of the prisoner before them, as a warning to every common soldier in this, or any other regiment under the British crown. After this insult to humanity and common sense, to say nothing of justice, the court were left alone with closed doors, to

bring in their finding, which was an easy matter, and quickly done. The findings of the court were, that the prisoner, George Hargreaves, had been guilty of gross insubordination in the ranks, using impertinent and insulting language to his officer, while that officer was performing his official duty, according to the usages and general practice of the British army. And that the said court, each and all of them, declare the prisoner guilty, and adjudge him to the infliction and punishment of nine hundred lashes, to be received on his bare back. Praying that this verdict may be sanctioned and approved by the general commanding this military district; and that he appoint the time and place for said verdict to be put in execution.

At the time when this transaction occurred, Montreal was included in the military district of Quebec, in which city the general commanding then resided. As, however, the general was expected to be up in Montreal in a few days, the case of Hargreaves was kept in abeyance until his arrival. The general came as expected, and, without inquiry or investigation, endorsed the findings of the court-martial, by affixing his signature, and appointing Monday morning of the following week as the time, and the barrack-yard as the place, for the consummation of this iniquitous and inhuman infraction of the laws of our common humanity. On the finding of the court, the sentence, and the order of the general in command being communicated to Hargreaves, as he lay in the dark, damp dungeon of the guard-house, the only expressions to which he gave utterance were, "My God! is it so? can it be possible?" However deeply his mind may have been exercised, there was no perceptible alter-

ation in his outward appearance. It was not a stolid hardness or stoical indifference that supported him, but a manly courage, inspired by a consciousness of his innocence of any actual or intended wrong. The only request he made was, that he might be permitted to see his wife. He knew well that the principal aim and design of his persecutors was to punish him, in order to bring grief to her heart, as the only satisfaction they could obtain to their fierce hate.

When the deeply stricken Lillian entered the cell where her husband was confined, and was made fully aware of the lengths to which these fiends in human form, defiant at once of all right, of truth, and of justice, were determined to go, her heart sank within her, as she hung upon his breast and wept bitter tears. With deep emotion, she asked: "Oh, my dear George, do you blame me for all this?" Tenderly and affectionately he begged her to banish all such thoughts from her mind; counselling her, as they had been brought into this inextricable and inexplicable maze of suffering without any misdoings on their part, to allow providence to solve its own enigma; that, if it should be that we can have no redress or satisfaction in this world, we may be sure there will be full compensation in the next. After deeply sympathizing with each other, and piously committing their cause into His hands who seeth the end from the beginning, Lillian left her husband; and with hasty steps and a sad heart retired to her own room. And when there, as soon as she could collect her thoughts, she sat down and wrote to her mother a statement of the above painful events.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As there will be some time intervening before the carrying out of the sentence in the case of Hargreaves, we will take advantage of the interim to pay a visit to the upper province, and learn how things are progressing on the farm of Mrs. Le Clair, the late home of Lillian. It must be understood that the events of our narrative which are now being developed, are at least twenty years in advance of the arrival of Captain and Mrs. Walters at their new home. At that time it was a dense forest; the woodman's axe had scarcely made any impression; and it was difficult for a novice to thread his way through the tangled brush, or to follow the winding and intricate paths that had been formed by the red-man, and the scarcely less savage animals with which it abounded. But now there was a complete transformation: fruitful fields and smiling plenty blessed and rewarded those who had spent years of patient toil for this pleasing result. The ornamental trees and shrubs that had been planted by Captain Walters, or soon after his death, now, by their vigorous growth, their luxuriant and beautiful foliage, lent a special charm to the scene, that captivated the eye and gratified the taste of the lover of the picturesque. And as may be supposed, great and important changes had taken place in the personal and relative positions of all the parties composing

the original company. Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones had each been presented with valuable allotments of land by Mrs. Le Clair; and by their industry and skilful management, had brought their improvements to a high state of perfection. The son of Brown and the daughter of Jones, arrived at mature age, had linked their fortunes for life; and having been presented with a snug little farm by Mrs. Le Clair, were living in hopes of soon being surrounded by little pledges of their affection, to sweeten and adorn the future of their domestic life. Our old acquaintance, the facetious little Baptiste, now grown gray, feels the weight of years pressing heavily. Still, he appears to be a useful appendage to the home of Mrs. Le Clair. There was not much of him to look at when in the prime and vigor of life; but he is now dwindled down to a mere shadow. Small in person as he may be, his consequential dignity and self-importance have expanded to vaster proportions. But Baptiste must soon be gathered to his fathers, and these pages may be the only voucher of his ever having lived. The one who has been the principal theme of our narrative, does not present the bloom and vigor that she did when she first came under our notice. A period of more than twenty years has elapsed, and made sad work with the frame and figure of Mrs. Le Clair. But it has not been effected so much by the wear of time, as by the events through which she has had to pass. Her heart-sorrows have borne heavily upon her; and though her tongue may be mute and uncomplaining, still that noble countenance is a teller of sad tales. Although presenting the appearance of a careworn matron, yet she has such elasticity of mind and mental vigor, that, if her

words are few, they are weighty. And her personal influence is greater, as there is a more implicit obedience accorded to her wishes; indeed, a profound deference is paid to her. This was seen in the progress made in all the operations on the farm in the year that Lillian left her home. It had been better and more extensively cultivated, and had yielded a more abundant crop than in any former year. And that crop had been carefully gathered and successfully garnered, so that her mind was comparatively at ease as to the future, and her time was more at her own command. She was thus left at liberty to give full scope to the benevolence of her disposition; and as Providence had been so bountiful to her, she felt and acted as though she were only the almoner of Heaven. Many a naked family were clothed, many a sad and sorrowful heart was made glad, by her sympathy and her material aid.

One day Mrs. Le Clair started on one of her errands of mercy to a poor family in the neighborhood, and her own heart felt, as the good and pure under like circumstances always feel, that in blessing she was blest. On returning, when at some distance from her home—that home which, but a few hours before, she had left abounding with such plenty—she was alarmed at seeing dense volumes of smoke filling the entire atmosphere. Her worst fears were excited; for, judging from the direction in which the smoke was blown by the wind, it might prove to be her own property that was then in flames. And sure enough, as she emerged from the woods, there was spread out before her one vast sheet of flame, enveloping all that she possessed on earth, excepting what she then had with her. She saw all her

own domestics, as well as numbers of her neighbors, running about in a state of bewilderment, and unable to arrest the devouring element, or to save any of her property, either from the house or any of the outbuildings. Owing to the long spell of dry weather, and the consequent parched state of every thing, the flames made very quick work. Horses, cows, grain, fodder of every kind, the house, with all its valuable furniture, and many souvenirs that she prized above all money value, all were swept away, nothing remaining but a smouldering heap of ruins. Baptiste had been with Mrs. Le Clair as her driver, and on seeing the extent of the disaster he wept bitterly. Mrs. Le Clair herself sat motionless and speechless, more like a statue than a living human being, so apparently lost was she to all consciousness. The vast clouds of smoke soon attracted the attention of the neighboring farmers, who crowded to the spot, on foot, on horseback, and in wagons. But so complete and quick had been the work of destruction, that all these parties could do, was to utter lamentations at the desolation. They expressed themselves as being ready and willing, by all the means in their power, whether by personal exertions or by material aid, to contribute towards the restoration of the home of one whom they all respected and admired, for the largeness of her benevolence and the overflowing goodness of her heart.

Mrs. Le Clair still sat in her wagon, silent and immovable, until Mrs. Brown directed Baptiste to drive her to her own house. So prostrated was she on arriving there, that she was carried from the wagon to the house like a child. This was another severe blow to her mental and

physical constitution, and she lay for some days without exhibiting much thought, or expressing any anxiety respecting the irreparable loss she had sustained. But at length, her mental forces rallying a little, she asked where she was, and why they had brought her there. Then, in a thoughtful mood and with a serious look, she said she had been in a dream, and had dreamt that she saw a large fire. In this way she passed through successive stages of mental recuperation, until full consciousness returned. At length, when fully restored, she was informed of the nature and extent of her misfortunes. All were surprised at the submission with which she bowed to the dispensations of Providence, for she murmured not, but said—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

When she became able to leave the house, she requested Baptiste to hitch the horse up to the wagon, and drive her to see the place of her former but now desolate home. While she was contemplating the scene, a falling tear now and then evidenced her regrets. In the sadness of her mind, and the desolateness of her more than widowed heart, she was driven to the place where the remains of her two husbands lay in their beautifully-sequestered graves, and where she herself, too, expected soon to retire to her final rest. And now, on returning to the comfortable home of Mrs. Brown, her mind was depressed with a deep sense of her own homeless and desolate state.

In this state of mental depression, with gloomy forebodings as to the future, Mrs. Le Clair began to think of Lillian. A number of letters had already passed between

them, breathing all the tender sympathies that we might suppose would flow from two such hearts, and one detailing to the other their daily experiences, and the course of events as connected with themselves. Mrs. Le Clair concluded to sit down and write to Lillian, giving her a full statement of her late disastrous misfortune. The letter finished, she dispatched it by the first conveyance. On the third day after sending her letter she was gratified by the receipt of one from Lillian, supposing it contained some cheering news that would exercise a soothing influence over her own mind. But when she opened and read it, and found it to contain a narration of the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted—the rude attack on her own person by the officer, the subsequent ill-treatment to which her husband had been subjected in consequence, his being reduced to the ranks, the false and malicious charge brought against him, his trial by court-martial, and his sentence to undergo the infliction of nine hundred lashes—when Mrs. Le Clair had read this fatal letter, her cup of sorrow was full and overflowing. No tears came to her relief when she was struck down by her own late misfortune; but now, when she read of the distress and sufferings of her own daughter Lillian, she wept as though her heart would break. She was now more deeply impressed with the thought of her own utter helplessness; for she had no means at her disposal, and indeed no resources whatever, wherewith to supply the wants or assuage the sorrows of her suffering and dear daughter Lillian.

Mrs. Le Clair had for some time sat steeped in sorrow and affliction, having read and re-read the letter of

Lillian, and so deeply absorbed in her own sad thoughts as to be entirely oblivious of every thing around her—when, in this state of sad and perplexed reflections, a carriage of more than common beauty and finish, and drawn by a pair of dashing, spirited horses, drove up to the wicket-gate in front of Mr. Brown's house, and from it alighted a lady, attired in a rich and fashionable travelling dress, who straightway approached the door and inquired for Mrs. Le Clair. On being introduced to Mrs. Le Clair; she took her hand and saluted her with a warm and hearty kiss, saying that she was sorry to find her in such deep distress. She bade her to cheer up, for brighter days were now before her, and she would be compensated for her long years of suffering. All this, however, fell upon the ears of Mrs. Le Clair as words without meaning—in her case especially, for, as she said, her life had been one of sorrow, and, so far as this life was concerned, she had scarcely a gleam of hope in the future; but still she felt thankful that she could look forward with confidence to that world where the weary were at rest, and where the wicked would cease from troubling. On saying this, she handed the letter of Lillian to the lady to read, who, after reading it, returned it to Mrs. Le Clair, at the same time assuring her that she had long sympathized with her in her sufferings; that she had never lost sight of her; that she had always kept a watchful eye over her from her childhood; that, though unknown to her, she had ever taken a deep interest in her welfare; that she had always seen that she was well cared for, and all her wants fully supplied. All this seemed very strange to Mrs. Le Clair, who rose from her chair, and

looking steadily at the lady, asked, in an earnest manner—"Why, who are you?"

At this, the lady stepped outside the door; and in a few minutes returning with her driver, presented a complete transformation in appearance—dressed, in fact, as the reader will remember to have seen them in other parts of our narrative. The grotesque-looking couple approaching Mrs. Le Clair, asked if she had ever seen them before. Mrs. Le Clair, looking at them in a kind of dreamy bewilderment for some moments, cried out, with much agitation in her manner, "Why, it is the black phantom! What can all this mean?" and again sat down in her chair, overcome by her feelings.

The lady, throwing off the cloak and hood, and clasping Mrs. Le Clair in her arms with affectionate tenderness, said—

"My dear, I am your own father's sister, and have from your infancy been as a mother to you: for the secrecy I have maintained, I will give you reasons hereafter. But we have other and more important work on hand to occupy our immediate attention. However, bear this in mind, that all your present wants of every description are cared for; and I now trust that, by the blessing of God, your future days of happiness and peace will prove some compensation for the sorrows you have endured. As I have always written in the letters you have received from me, 'What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.' There will be a full development of my wishes and plans, which, I trust, will not only satisfy you of the propriety of my conduct under the circumstances, but which will make it clear that Providence will not allow the wicked so far to

triumph in their selfish and nefarious schemes as finally to escape punishment; or virtue eventually to go unvindicated and unrewarded. It is true, your patience has often been put to a severe test, and my faith sorely tried; but, my dear, I firmly believe that your Christian virtues and graces will come out of this fiery ordeal as gold purified, and that you will yet be able to say, as I wrote in my letters, that 'Jehovah reigneth, let the earth rejoice.'"

The news was soon spread abroad that an important change for the better had taken place in the circumstances of Mrs. Le Clair, and hearty were the greetings and congratulations she received. So deep and widespread had been the sympathy in her behalf, that preparations had already been extensively made to replace by new buildings those that had been destroyed by the late fire. But now these preparations were rendered unnecessary; yet her gratitude to her numerous friends was none the less, though their aid was not needed.

Divested as Mrs. Le Clair had lately been of every kind of movable property, there was but little labor and preparation required to get her ready to depart with her aunt, the Lady H., on her journey. At the suggestion of that lady, deeds were made out, conveying the farm to Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, and their married son and daughter, it being to be divided among the three, as a memorial of her gratitude to them for their attentions to her, and also in remembrance of the connections that subsisted between them and her first husband, Captain Walters. All this done, they were ready for their departure; for Mrs. Le Clair, as well as Lady H., was anxious to leave, that they might afford some consol-

tion to Lillian and her husband in their sad condition. Before bidding a final adieu, however, they made another survey of the place and its surroundings, where Mrs. Le Clair had spent so many happy days, and where she had endured so many sorrows. They lingered long at the graves of those who, each in their time, had been the beloved idols of her heart, and beside whom it had been her wish and expectation that she might one day be laid. On leaving the justly revered spot, she plucked a few wild-flowers, the lingering relics of departing summer, placing them between the leaves of her Pocket-Bible.

The state of things, as we have revealed them to the reader, was a perfect enigma to Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown. They were involved in a perplexing maze, on learning the contents of Lillian's letter, in which she mentioned the reduction of Hargreaves to the ranks, and all the painful circumstances connected with that event. These, to their minds, were a justification of their fears and prognostications, as well as proofs of the short-sightedness of both mother and daughter—of the one, in marrying a sergeant; and of the other, in allowing her daughter to take so imprudent a step. They were also, in their estimation, a refutation of the wild predictions of the old Indian witch. But then, something might come to pass yet to bring about the fulfilment of what the old Indian said about Lillian, from the unexpected change that had taken place in the circumstances of Mrs. Le Clair. With many hopes, fears, and doubts in regard to Lillian and her husband, these two gossips were forced to leave things as perplexed as they found them, for they were not, like the old Indian, gifted with second-sight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHILE Mrs. Le Clair and Lady H. are on their eventful journey, driven by the faithful and long-tried Thomas, we will again return, and learn how things are progressing in Montreal, with George Hargreaves and his beautiful and affectionate, but now suffering wife. It will be remembered that we left Hargreaves in his cell, under sentence to be flogged on the following Monday morning; and Lillian, weighed down in spirit by her heavy sorrow, in the retirement of her own room. We have already mentioned, that at the time to which our narrative now refers, Montreal was only a military outpost of Quebec. Of course, the general in command of the military district resided in Quebec, the headquarters of the district. The general, as we have already stated, was now in Montreal transacting important official business connected with his department, and had affixed his signature to the finding of the court-martial in the case of Hargreaves. It was now Sunday evening, and all the officials of the military department were busy, as there had just arrived from England a heavy mail. Such an event, at that time, was one of very great importance; it was necessary for every one to be at his post, the general no less than his subordinates. In turning over the papers and letters addressed to himself, he found one marked *special*, which induced him to pay his

first attention to that. This package contained several documents, apparently of very great importance, as they were signed by the commander-in-chief, at the Horse-Guards, London, with the seals of that officer affixed thereto. Turning the documents over one by one, he examined them with great care, becoming, as he read, more and more deeply excited by their contents; as if they contained information of appalling import. Scrutinizing again the seals and signature, and reperusing the documents with increasing agitation, he arose from his seat, and calling the orderly, who was waiting his commands at the door, asked him if he knew a soldier of the name of George Hargreaves.

"Yes, sir," was the response; "it is he who is sentenced to be flogged to-morrow morning."

"I thought so," said the general. "That was my impression, as I have a faint recollection of signing the finding of the court," his words half-choking him.

He returned to his desk to examine the documents still more closely, but only became more bewildered than ever. He walked the room back and forth, in deep thought, muttering to himself the while, with now and then a horrid oath, uttered with a sharp, hissing vehemence, while his face was crimsoned by passion. He seemed pondering some movement, and undecided what course to adopt; for he told the orderly to call a sergeant and a file of men, and then, with much confusion in his words and manner, countermanded the order. Then giving him the necessary written notice to the officer of the day, he bade him go to the guard-house and bring the prisoner Hargreaves before him. But he had no sooner given this order, than he demanded it

back, and in a passion tore it up, and threw the fragments on the floor. At last, calling for a sergeant and a file of men, and putting on his military overcoat, he commanded them to lead the way to the guard-house. On their arrival at that place, they found the sentinel walking his silent and solitary beat. He called out, "Who comes there?" The response to which was, "Rounds;" when the further demand was made, "What Rounds?" to which the reply was, "Grand Rounds." The order was now given, "Advance, Grand Rounds, and give the countersign." This was accordingly done, while the startling information was given that the general was in waiting, to be admitted to the guard-house. On the reception of this news, the sentinel called out at the top of his voice, "Guards, turn out to receive the General." Prompt as well as exact in all their movements, the guard was soon in line in front of the guard-house, with their arms brought to the position of salute, a necessary manœuvre to do honor to a superior officer.

The general was promptly introduced into the guard-house by the officer of the day, with his sword brought to the salute. It may be supposed that some trepidation would be manifested by the guards, at this unexpected visit of the general, at so unseasonable an hour of the night. But they were still more astonished when he gave the order to bring the prisoner Hargreaves from his cell. The huge key was soon turned in the lock, and the strongly-barred door thrown open. The poor manacled prisoner was brought forth, and he now stood before the general. There was no tremor in his well-built and firmly-knit frame, nor any thing like conscious guilt in his manly countenance. But it was noticed by the

lookers-on that the general was ill at ease, as he gave the command to take the fetters from the prisoner. Then writing an order for the release of Hargreaves, and signing it with his own name, as military commander of the district, he handed it to the officer of the guard. What greatly increased the amazement of all present, was that the general, on leaving, took Hargreaves with him, and treated him with respect.

After the departure of the general and Hargreaves, with the sergeant and file of men leading the way in the dark, the minds of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and the privates on guard, were fertile in conjectures as to what all this could mean.

Early on the following morning, when all were awaiting the performance of what was likely to prove a tragedy—the soldiers pained at the infliction of such a punishment on one of their comrades—the strange proceedings of the previous night were noised abroad. Coming to the ears of the officers who had been the guilty actors in the dastardly and iniquitous plot, their guilty souls quailed within them, for they saw nothing before them but exposure, disgrace, and ruin. But we must now follow the general to his own rooms. We would here say that Hargreaves himself had been taken by surprise. Without a hope, as he was, of escaping the infliction of the threatened punishment, all the preparations for carrying out his sentence having been made, what, he thought, could be the purport of this strange conduct on the part of the general? It was utterly beyond his power to divine. He would wait patiently the solution of the enigma.

On their arrival at the general's office, there was no

one present but his private secretary. Hargreaves having been requested to take a seat, the general himself took another close at his side. He asked Hargreaves a number of questions about his family, which he promptly and candidly answered. He informed the general, in this conversation, that he was a younger member of an aristocratic family in the south of England, which had been reduced to comparative poverty by a long course of litigation; and, as his own personal interests had suffered in the disaster which had overtaken his family, he resolved to enlist as a private soldier, with the hope that he might, by his own talents, raise himself to distinction, if not to fortune. He then gave a detailed statement of his meeting with Lillian, of his marriage, their arrival in Montreal, and all the painful incidents which finally resulted in the mock trial, his sentence, and his incarceration, until his liberation that night by the general himself. This statement was given with such an honest and fearless boldness, that the general seemed agitated during its delivery, and self-condemnation was visible in his countenance. The general then informed Hargreaves that his two senior brothers were dead; that the suit in the court of chancery had come to a close, and had been decided in his favor; that he was the rightful heir-at-law to all the family estates, as well as to the title; and that he was now Sir George Hargreaves. The general then presented him with an honorable discharge from the British army; and moreover enclosed with the necessary legal documents which he handed him, an order for one thousand pounds sterling, to be paid him out of the military chest. These documents being delivered into

Hargreave's hands, he gave the general a receipt for the same.

At the conclusion of the matters they had had in hand—the general still exhibiting extreme nervousness, while Hargreaves, if possible, showed a higher degree of intrepid boldness, the latter said—

“Then it appears, general, that I do not owe any thing to your official interference on my behalf as a common soldier, falsely charged with crime—as you must have known, if you had investigated the case—unjustly tried, and cruelly sentenced to be flogged. No, it is to Sir George Hargreaves to whom you have been so very attentive. Providence interfered in my behalf; you would never have done so. The poor, condemned, suffering private soldier, might have died under the inflictions of the lash, and you, regardless of his case, of the justice or injustice of his sentence, would have stood aloof from the suffering wretch—if by so doing you could have kept or won abettors of the intrigues by which you have been raised, step by step, over the heads of more deserving men. But now, general, you have taken the final step. There is not a man, private or official, in all the command now in the barracks, who is not fully acquainted with your antecedents, and all your tyrannical and corrupt course. Owing to their subordinate position, however, they have been impotent to resist your tyranny, or to call in question any of your corrupt practices. But now, by your agency, though not through any good feeling or designed kindness on your part, I am put in possession of the power, and be assured, general, that I have the will, to avenge the moral worth you have so long trampled upon, and the inno-

cence you have insulted and injured, in the course of your official government. And believe me, general, that I will leave no stone unturned to bring you to justice, by having a thorough official investigation into all your actions."

With this fearless declaration of his purposes, inspired by the recollection of the wrongs he himself had endured, Hargreaves left the presence of General H., and made his way to his beloved Lillian, who had spent the most of the night upon her knees, asking her heavenly Father to grant that patience and endurance for her beloved and suffering husband which, in all probability, he would so much need on the morrow.

But Lillian had had other and severe sorrow to endure besides that on account of her husband, for the past three days; for she had received her mother's letter, wherein she detailed the disaster which had befallen her in the destruction of her property by fire. This letter had passed on the road the one she had sent to her mother with an account of her own sorrows. On reading her mother's letter, the poor girl, as may be supposed, was deeply affected; for she now felt more keenly than ever that she was a stranger among strangers, with no one to whom she could go for comfort or consolation, or on whom she could lean for support, while her husband was a prisoner, awaiting a severe and degrading punishment. Was it possible for a human being to descend lower in the scale of adversity? Years seemed to have been added to her age, as the direct result of the sufferings she had undergone. Her heart was destined to suffer still another pang; for a little after midnight a number of the officers of the regiment passed her dwell-

ing, singing their ribald songs, and giving vent to their feelings in fits of boisterous laughter. Whether this was merely one of their thoughtless drunken frolics, or intended as an insult to her, already deeply lacerated feelings, she knew not.

When Hargreaves arrived at his own quarters, he could scarcely realize the sudden change in his circumstances, and that it was not, after all, a dream. What, then, must have been the impression upon the mind of Lillian, receiving in the depth of her sufferings so wonderful a revelation? She at first supposed that the sufferings of her husband had made him frantic, and that in his madness he had overpowered his keepers and made his escape; and that, under the influence of a bewildered brain, he was talking unreasonably of his discharge, his sudden possession of great wealth, his property, and of his accession to the title of his ancestors. In truth, Lillian's alarm greatly diminished her joy at thus unexpectedly seeing her husband; and it was only after her collected thoughts enabled her to give a close and critical scrutiny to all the documents placed in the hands of her husband by General H., that she could be fully persuaded that there was indeed a reality in the strange and romantic narrative just related by her husband. But when the truth was fully brought home to her mind, and she realized that there could be no room for doubt, her joy was unbounded. She told her husband that she had all along been impressed with the thought that Providence would in some way interfere in their behalf, and not allow wicked and bloody-minded men to triumph in their wanton cruelty and villainy. After recovering somewhat from the first feelings of joy

at their deliverance from such dreadful evils, present and future, Lillian handed to her husband the letter she had received from her mother. Here was intelligence which, under other circumstances, would have filled him, as it had Lillian, with dismay; but as it was, it only required a moment for Hargreaves' kind and tender heart to propose their immediate departure, to carry to their mother the glad tidings of the change in their circumstances, to alleviate the heavy sorrow pressing upon her. Things were soon put in train for their journey, for a soldier's outfit is but light, and his encumbrances few at most; and in this case their affection gave activity and speed to all their movements. They were soon on their western route, with their rude, homely-built vehicle, but with a splendid span of horses, bought by Hargreaves for the purpose.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

Now that Hargreaves and his young wife are started on their western journey, we will again take a look into the room of General H., and learn something of his doings and sufferings. After Hargreaves had left him, writhing under the scathing that he had received from the released prisoner, he paced the room in great perturbation of spirit, conscious as he was that the declarations of Hargreaves were all too true. His thoughts at length becoming somewhat settled, he took his seat at his desk, for the purpose of further investigating the matters brought to his notice by the dispatches he had received by the last mail from England. As he turned over one paper after another, he found a letter from the steward of his own father's estate. He eagerly opened it, and read its contents. This letter contained the astounding news that his elder brother had lost his life by the upsetting of his carriage, and his sister, who was with him at the time, though still living when the letter was dispatched, was supposed to be fatally injured. And then there was the further startling information, that a claim had been set up to a great part of the estate by a daughter of his father's deceased brother. It appeared from this letter, that some mysterious doings had been lately brought to light—some foul dealings on the part of his father, in connection with the death of his

brother nearly forty years ago. The father of General H. had supposed that the infant daughter of his brother had perished with her father and mother, when their residence, by some mysterious agency, was destroyed by fire. Now, however, that daughter had turned up somewhere in Upper Canada, bearing the name of Le Clair, and it was believed she was on her way to England, to claim in her proper person the restitution of her father's property. His father, under the influence of remorse of conscience, and fearful of consequences, had yielded his claim to the property, and it was now in the hands of the attorney of the claimant.

Here we might as well relieve our narrative of a little of its obscurity, by informing the reader that General H. is the same person who, more than twenty years before, joined, as lieutenant, the regiment to which Captain Walters then belonged; and that lieutenant H. and Mrs. Walters are first cousins, being own brothers' children.

The startling revelations of the above letter brought vividly to the mind of General H. the statements of Hargreaves; for the letter gave the former and present name of the claimant of his father's estate. So that he saw clearly she could be no other than Lillian's mother. He now saw the wrong he had done to his own cousin, when Mrs. Walters, and to her husband, Captain Walters, and the gross injustice he had, through his guilty indifference, been the means of doing the innocent daughter of his cousin, and especially her husband, Hargreaves. These things were no light burden upon his mind. But superadded to all this, his whole life had been one continued series of wrong-doing. Like his father, he was

the slave of every vice. Now he could take no praise to himself for the act by which he liberated Hargreaves, for his punishment would most certainly have taken place but for the timely arrival of the English mail.

Now what should this wretched, guilty man do to avoid exposure, and dismissal from the British army with disgrace, or, it might be, a fate even worse than that? He determined to anticipate the awards of justice and the approaching storm of execration which he saw looming up in the distance, by adopting the remedy of the desperate and despairing. On retiring to his room at night, for the purpose of repose it was thought, it was observed that he carried with him a bottle, from which, on entering his room, he took a draught. On the following morning he was found dead in his bed, and the report was circulated that he had died of a fit of apoplexy. The public prints, in noticing his death, extolled him as an intrepid soldier, and a faithful and efficient servant of his sovereign. His loss, they said, was great, and his place could not be supplied by his equal. In all the walks of life, filling every office and performing every duty, as a man, a soldier, and a Christian, he was held up as a pattern and example worthy the imitation of all.



CHAPTER XXIX.

WE have already informed the reader that the letter written by Mrs. Le Clair to Lillian, and the one written by Lillian to her mother, passed each other on the road. It so happened that each received her letter on the same day. It occupied both about the same length of time in making preparations for their journey. Each, it must be borne in mind, was uninformed as to the changed circumstances of the other. Thus, Lillian and her husband supposed they would find their mother domiciled in the house of some friend, near her late residence, and involved in deep distress, mourning over the loss of her property. Mrs. Le Clair and her aunt, Lady H., were equally certain that they were going down to Montreal to soothe the sorrows and assuage the grief of Lillian, as well as to convey some comfort and consolation to the lacerated and disgraced George Hargreaves.

The reader may perhaps recollect that when Captain and Mrs. Walters, and their party, were on their journey to their new home in Upper Canada, they remained for a few days at a house on the margin of a river, about half-way between Montreal and the place of their destination, and where several French Canadian families resided. At the time of which we are now writing, considerably more than twenty years had come and gone since this place was first brought under our observation.

The general features of the locality, however, are nearly the same ; a small extent, only, of the rich soil is cultivated, and that surrounded by the dense, primitive woods. But the social condition of the people has, since the period to which we refer, greatly changed. Of the few families then residing here, some of their members, who were past the middle age, have since filled up the measure of their days, and stepped from the stage of life ; and another generation has sprung up to hale and hearty young manhood and womanhood, to supply their places. Those with whom we formed an acquaintance then—the busy, active members of these families—have advanced many stages in the march of life. It so happened that, starting from the adverse points of Montreal and Upper Canada, both parties met at this place, and that each was ignorant of the near proximity of the other. The reader may therefore imagine the feelings of each, at the first moment of their mutual recognition, in such an out-of-the-way place, and under such remarkable circumstances. The first to arrive at this place was George Hargreaves and his wife Lillian ; and in about two hours after them, Mrs. Le Clair and her newly found aunt, Lady H., in her carriage driven by her servant-man in livery. This last party had been ferried over the river in the flat-bottomed boat, and the first to step on the bank of the river, in full view of the front of the house, were the two ladies.

The attention of every member of the French families was soon directed towards the new-comers, and among the rest, that of Lillian and her husband, who were observing them from the front-room window. No sooner did Lillian get a glimpse of the persons of the approaching

ladies, than she passionately exclaimed, clasping her hands, and pressing them convulsively against her forehead—

“Can it be possible—can that be my mother!”

Hargreaves noticed the violent emotion of Lillian, but was at a loss as to the cause of her excitement; while Lillian, under the influence of her surprise, and oblivious of all around her, darted from the room, and made her way towards the approaching strangers. Ignorant of the favorable change in Hargreaves' affairs, and meeting Lillian so suddenly and unexpectedly, Mrs. Le Clair lost her self-control, and in a state of alarm endeavored to avoid the impetuous advances of Lillian, wild and frantic with delight. Recovering her self-possession, however, in an instant they were locked in each other's arms. With a vehement but half-choked utterance, Lillian cried out—

“My mother! my mother! Oh, my mother!”

Mrs. Le Clair, with less apparent fervor, but still with strong inward emotion, exclaimed—

“My Lillian! my own darling daughter!”

They hung long in each other's embrace, and wept tears of joy. After the subsidence of the first gush of their affectionate feelings, caused by this transcendently delightful surprise, it was with extreme difficulty that each could convince the other of the reality of the astounding train of circumstances that had reversed so completely and happily all they had believed they would have to encounter in the revelations of the future. At first, this new state of things broke upon their minds dimly and vaguely, like the glimmer of dawn upon our half-awakened vision. After a full explanation on each side

and a clear realization by all of the true state of things, they marvelled exceedingly at the course of events, and expressed their devout gratitude for the happiness in which they had resulted. Lady H. exclaimed with vehemence—

“This moment, this happy unfolding of things, is an ample reward for all the time I have waited, the toil I have endured, and the means I have expended; for it is a consummation, in part, of my utmost and best wishes. I now feel that I can say with more assurance than ever, ‘Jehovah reigneth, let the earth rejoice.’”

The utterance of these words, with the manner in which they were spoken by Lady H., caused Mrs. Le Clair to cover her face with her handkerchief, and sob aloud, so overcome was she by her emotions

When the members of this now happy group came to understand their several wishes and purposes, it was found that the ruling desire of all of them was to visit Europe at as early a period as possible.

Lillian and Hargreaves, accompanied by Mrs. Le Clair and Lady H., with her man-servant, the trusty Thomas, had now to retrace their steps to Montreal. But, before starting from this place, they concluded that, as the party was small and the carriage of Lady H. was a roomy one, they would dispose of the rude vehicle brought by Hargreaves from Montreal, and placing the horses in one team, drive down four-in-hand. This plan was soon adjusted, and all made ready for departure. So far as the party themselves were concerned, the journey could not be otherwise than an agreeable one. But, as it was getting late in the fall, and the roads were not in good condition, they had to make the best of their

time by putting their horses on their mettle. Overcoming all difficulties, they at length reached Montreal in safety. Arriving just in time to take advantage of the sailing of a government ship that was then on the point of leaving for Europe, the horses and carriage were soon sold, all arrangements made, and the party quickly stepped on board, when the anchor was raised, and they were soon on their long and perilous journey. Starting on their voyage at so late a season of the year, the passage must have been far from being a pleasant one. On descending the noble river St. Lawrence, they had a fine southwest breeze in their favor, which carried them far out on their way, and soon gave them plenty of sea-room.

Previous to leaving Montreal, Mrs. Le Clair wrote, for the information of her friends, a clear statement of events in regard to herself, since she left Sweet-brier Grove. But she dwelt more especially upon the remarkable circumstances connected with the changed position and prospects of Hargreaves and Lillian. Nor did she neglect to mention Hargreaves' newly acquired title, that he was now Sir George Hargreaves; that he had inherited this title, and all the estate, which had been borne and possessed by men of whom honorable mention was made in history; and that he was then on the eve of his departure for England, for the purpose of assuming his rightful possessions. She concluded by stating that it was her intention to write to them again on her arrival in England, or as soon after as circumstances would allow. For, as she said, she felt a very strong attachment for the place and people, where and among whom she had spent so many years of her life.

On the reception of this letter by Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown, they carefully read and seriously pondered its very significant contents. For a while they were at a loss what to say, as they had so unreservedly committed themselves with regard to Lillian and Hargreaves. But with her usual boldness and reckless inconsistency, Mrs. Jones, in the face of her previously expressed opinion, said—

“Well, I always thought that there might be something in what the old Indian said about Lillian, and it is now very likely to be all fulfilled. And dear knows,” said she, “I do hope and trust it will be so, for, poor thing, she has seen a mighty sight of trouble already, and her so young.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Brown, “that was just what the old woman prophesied, that she would have trouble first. After all,” said she, “it is real queer how things does turn up sometimes.”

We have little inclination to dwell upon the recital of the incidents that occurred on the passage, as these are of the same general character, and are attended with discomfort at all times—though with more, doubtless, at the period of which we write. But they passed securely through every storm, bravely encountered every privation and inconvenience, and arrived safely at the port of their destination.

No time after their arrival was lost by any one of the party, as each of them had important business to transact. But, as there are distinct interests in view, those of Mrs. Le Clair and Lady H. on the one hand, and those of George Hargreaves and Lillian on the other, and as Mrs. Le Clair and Lady H. have the prior claim on our atten-

tion, on account of their seniority, we will first notice the doings of these.

It was necessary, on the part of Lady H., to make the best of her way up to London, in order to consult with her attorney. We would here say, that she had been fully informed as to the exact state of things, from month to month, by this faithful and trusty man of business; and she had also fully informed him of all the movements of her niece, Mrs. Le Clair, from the day she landed in North America until a short time before leaving it. There could not, therefore, be any successful opposition raised as to her identity. But, should attempts be made to dispute her claim to being the reputed daughter of the brother of Lord H., there were certain marks upon her person which could be referred to as indisputable evidence on the point, known as they were to reputable parties who had been in the secret. As the sequel will show, nothing of this kind was necessary; for, according to the information of the attorney, his lordship had been so completely foiled in all his schemes of personal aggrandizement, his children having been cut off one after another as by some mysterious providence, that he himself had been actually appalled at the fearful array of circumstances against him. So that further mischief on his part, or the perpetration of any additional villainy by him, was now out of the question. The attorney, as well as Lady H., had been fully persuaded that if any opposition were raised against the wrong-doing of her brother, Lord H., in the first place, it might utterly frustrate all their hopes of ever putting their charge, the then infant Eliza, in possession of the property of her father. Consequently it was their

first and main object to place the rescued infant in some place of safety, out of the reach and beyond the knowledge of her cruel and avaricious uncle. And in order to carry out this plan the more effectually, her aunt, Lady H., proposed to take upon herself the entire oversight and charge of the infant. For this purpose, she proposed to devote the whole of her private fortune to the accomplishment of this noble purpose. Well knowing that to attain his ends and to accomplish his sinister purpose he would put conscience and all principles of justice aside, they concluded that it would be the best policy to stand out of his way, and thus afford providence full sway to deal with this unprincipled man in its own way, and to bring home to him the deserts of his crimes in its own good time.

As the tiger, after roaming forest and plain, and spreading death and destruction, is checked in his career by the decay of his powers, and retires to his lair to die ; so this overbearing monster, who had revelled in crime, with no human power to stay his hand—who neither feared God nor regarded man—was now reduced to almost childish imbecility, both in body and mind. But the vital spark still animated and informed in some degree the emaciated old man, until the arrival at the old family mansion of the attorney-at-law, Lady H., and Mrs. Le Clair. By direction of the wretched imbecile, they were introduced into his room. He sat there more an object of pity and commiseration than of anger or vengeance, with grim despair holding undisputed sway over his haggard countenance. Still, he fully comprehended the purport of their visit, and was quite ready and willing to attach his signature to the documents

that gave full and undisputed possession of all the family estates to Mrs. Eliza Le Clair. After this important transaction, Lady H. caught the hand of Mrs. Le Clair, and, with features expressive of extreme happiness, said—

“My dear, this is the crowning act that I have so long waited for ; and this the happiest moment of my life. These things will explain what you always found in my letters to you, ‘What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter ;’” and pointing at the pitiable, cowering wreck of humanity before them, she said, “This is also a full attestation of that other sentiment, ‘Jehovah reigneth, let the earth rejoice.’”

All that Mrs. Le Clair could do or say in answer to this was, “Amen,” accompanied by a gentle pressure of the hand, while her eyes were swimming in tears.

After this Lord H. survived only a few days, but there was crowded into that short space of time, in mental agony and remorse, suffering that would tax the capacity of an angel to endure—giving clear and strong evidence that the way and the end of transgressors are hard.

After the death of Lord H., the people under his control, tenants or otherwise, seemed to breathe more freely ; for he had been a terror and a scourge to them all, avaricious, grinding, and oppressive. Hence, it is no wonder there was such a universal and spontaneous outpouring of good feeling, in the first greetings of all, on the advent of Mrs. Le Clair. And she now found herself in a position congenial to her feelings, for it was the delight of her heart to redress the wrongs, to rectify the evils, to relieve the wants, and to assuage the

sufferings of those whom Providence brought under her charge. We cannot in this place refrain from making special note of an individual who was one of the first, as well as one of the most obsequious, in paying his respects to Mrs. Le Clair. This was no other than the Rev. James Wilson, with whom the reader is already somewhat acquainted, as the chaplain of the regiment to which Captain Walters belonged, and from whom both she and her first husband had received such personal indignities, on account of their more strict observance of the duties enjoined by the gospel.

It appeared that this reverend gentleman had been so successful in worming himself into the good graces of Lord H., through the influence of his son, General H., that on the death of the late incumbent of the rich living in the Church in the gift of Lord H., he had been inducted. This, while it shows a remarkable turn in affairs, will indicate the position of the parties now before us. We have said that this gentleman was one of the first, as well as one of the most obsequious, in his attentions to Mrs. Le Clair. But, with all his cringing, he could not erase from her mind the deep impressions made by the taunts and jeers he had directed against her first husband, Captain Walters. But Mrs. Le Clair was of too noble and magnanimous a nature, by her tongue, or in any other way, to give Wilson an indication of the opinion she had formed of his disposition and general character. Mr. Wilson was the same sleek, smooth-tongued person as formerly, to those of the same way of thinking as himself. He was at once a fawning flatterer to those occupying stations above him, but imperious and overbearing to those below him. Where

there was the least antagonism in religious sentiment or opinion, he would, if he could, have been a persecutor even to death. But as things were now, Mrs. Le Clair was his superior, and he knew it, and was so much influenced by that knowledge, that he became a marvel to many; and it was generally thought that a gentle hint from Mrs. Le Clair, on the subject of his official extortions, had induced him to remodel his tactics.

One very signal benefit arising from Mrs. Le Clair's acquiring the estates of her father, with those of her uncle, was the clearing and fencing in of many of those useless appendages termed "preserves for game," and erecting neat and comfortable cottages thereon, with a good space of land attached, and placing the most deserving and industrious of the laboring poor upon them; and she soon had the happiness of receiving the grateful acknowledgments of a thriving and prosperous company of poor men and their families. These were acts more in accordance with the mission of wealth and position than the breeding of pheasants and partridges.

But we must now leave Mrs. Le Clair, secured in the possession of her newly-acquired position, which she adorned with true dignity and every womanly grace. She had passed through a severe course of training in the school of adversity, and emerged from the ordeal subdued and mild in her disposition, humble in her deportment, and meek in spirit.



CHAPTER XXX.

WE have already mentioned that, on landing in England, Sir George Hargreaves and his wife made their way at once to London. When there, they went to the office of the attorney who had brought his suit to a successful issue, giving him a clear title to the estates so long in litigation. The greetings and congratulations were mutual and hearty, and, after making some necessary business arrangements, the attorney accompanied Hargreaves and his wife to their new home, to put them in legal possession. On their arrival there, they found that extensive preparations had been made to give them a befitting reception. The old family mansion, with its surroundings, had been trimmed up and beautified, and presented an entirely renovated appearance. But all this was as nothing in comparison with the hearty goodwill and exuberant joy exhibited by all connected with the estate.

A few days after Hargreaves' arrival, a committee waited upon him, as a deputation from the principal tenants of the estate, requesting him to appoint an early day when they might all assemble to celebrate his advent among them. This request was no sooner made than granted; and the time named was the first day of May, which appeared to meet the wishes and approval of all. Nothing that had happened in that

part of the country during the generation then living had caused such a profound sensation as did this expected gala day. Of course, appropriate preparations were made, and these on a scale of magnificence that would fittingly display the joy that swayed all hearts. It may be supposed that the farmers, together with the younger branches of their families, would wish to do all honor to their new and young landlord; and, so far as display in dress and of blooming youth and beauty were concerned, this would be abundantly manifest. Sir George himself gave instructions to have extensive temporary booths built upon the spacious lawn in front of the old mansion, and these decorated and festooned with branches of the liveliest evergreens. But these evergreens were almost a work of supererogation; for, on the first of May, in the southwest of England, to which our narrative now refers, nature is clothed in her holiday attire, and presents the appearance of one universal flower-garden. And then Sir George issued a long programme of rural sports, suited to the tastes and inclinations of the rustic mind. Ample provision was also made for satisfying the cravings of the inner man.

When the anxiously awaited morning arrived, it was all that could be desired—one of those bright and glorious mornings that cause the blood to flow freely and briskly through the veins, giving hilarity to the spirits, a livelier play to the feelings, and filling the soul with delight. And then, all nature, both animate and inanimate, appeared to partake of the pervading influence, for the air was redolent with sweetness, and resounded with the melodious song of birds. It was, indeed, a

special day in that sweet and picturesque valley of Devonshire.

The gathering crowds in the early part of the day, with their earnest and anxious faces, gave full attestation of the deep interest felt by the people for miles around. When the company had all gathered and the sports were at their height, the scene was most delightful to contemplate. The fun and frolic, the abandonment to innocent mirth, so characteristic of the gatherings of the rural population of England, marked this as a day long to be remembered. The young Sir George Hargreaves, with his erect, tall, manly figure, moved among the dense and delighted assemblage the most delighted of the throng. His hand was freely extended, and received many an honest, hearty, and congratulatory shake, while to every request he lent a willing ear. But, amidst all this, the great centre of attraction and admiration was the beautiful Lillian; for wherever she moved among the group of delighted visitors there was a buzz of involuntary admiration. She was attired in a plain but rich dress, for she required no meretricious ornaments to set off her native beauty. And then she was as buoyant and blithe as the lightest heart there, and entered with equal glee into all the mirth of the moment. What gave Lillian a keener relish for this festive scene was the presence of her mother; and if ever mortals were brimful of joy, that was now the state of Lillian and her parent. To them, under the influence of those higher and finer sensibilities which only deeply susceptible natures can experience, it seemed the culmination of earthly bliss, after the trials and sorrows through which they had been brought.

Once, in the afternoon, Lillian approached her mother, her face beaming with smiles, and with an arch, roguish twinkle of her eye, whispered, "Mother, what do you think of the prophecy of the old Indian witch now?" This allusion to what at one time appeared so improbable, at first somewhat disconcerted Mrs. Le Clair; but recovering her self-possession, she said, with a significant look, and her face lit up with a smile, "Yes indeed, my dear, I have often of late thought on the same subject myself."

At the close of this very memorable day, when the sun was sinking from their sight, this company of happy spirits wended their way to their respective homes. None but pleasant memories remained as subjects for the neighboring gossips to while away their evening hours for many a month and year afterwards.

Sir George and Lady Hargreaves were now destined to occupy a higher sphere, and the circle of their acquaintance to be much enlarged; for the neighboring gentry, prompted by various and conflicting motives, sought their friendship. The high standing, in the county of Devonshire, of the family from which Hargreaves himself had descended, gave him position in their estimation. Quite a number were attracted thither by the fame that was spread abroad of the surpassing beauty and rare accomplishments of Lillian; and scarcely a day was allowed to pass without a social party being formed, meeting in succession at each other's mansions. Whether Lillian went on the visit alone or accompanied by her husband, she was always driven in almost regal state in her carriage and four; and wherever she went, she was the centre and life of the circle, for, with her

general knowledge and native wit, she was capable of supporting the most varied and intelligent conversation. She generally took the lead in music, both vocal and instrumental; usually extorting the admiration of her lady friends. The few who spoke disparagingly of her performances were of that narrow-minded class who depreciate in others whatever they cannot themselves equal. Envy eclipsed their judgment and their taste. This was perceived by Lillian, for she was quick at discerning the characters and dispositions of her associates; but it had no other effect than to urge her onward to the attainment of a higher excellence, as will be evidenced by a few instances illustrative of the nature and extent of her triumphs.

Practice with the long-bow, a very healthful sport, is quite popular among some of the aristocratic families of England. Hence, many of the nobility have shooting-butts regularly laid out, where both ladies and gentlemen resort to exercise their skill in archery. Among the associates of Lillian there were many who stood high as accomplished archers; and of course these, feeling confident in their own skill, and ever ready to enter the lists against all comers, soon gave the challenge to Lillian, being unaware that she was an adept in that sport. Nothing daunted, she accepted it, without dropping any hint that she had ever practised with the bow and arrow.

On the arrival of the company of ladies and gentlemen at the shooting-butts, they each of them, out of respect to Lillian, proposed to give her the privilege of the first shot. She modestly but firmly declined, stating that she would prefer seeing the others commence, as she would then know better how to act.

When the members of the party had given evidence of their skill, with a wide margin as to results, the bow and arrow were handed to Lillian. On receiving these, she minutely examined the bow from nock to nock, and then the arrow, from head to feather. She then placed the arrow in its seat with care, and tried the spring, so as to adjust her own strength to the strength and spring of the bow. Putting herself in position, she now fixed her eye on the target, and taking a cool and steady aim, sent the arrow to the golden centre. Some of the gentlemen exclaimed: "Well done, Lady Hargreaves!" Several of the ladies, however, who had been considered, and who considered themselves, extraordinary shots, felt no little pique at being thus shorn of their laurels; and they insinuated that it was more good luck than good shooting on the part of Lady Hargreaves. Whereupon, when it came to Lillian's turn again to try her hand, purposely taking her stand ten yards further from the target, she placed the arrow precisely in the same spot as before.

This feat called forth a stronger expression of admiration from the gentlemen, and from a few of the ladies. But a few of the latter, who had hitherto carried off the palm in their contests at these exercises, manifested some mortification, and made remarks aside, in accordance with their feelings. The sport was carried on to a further trial; and Lillian again receding ten yards, placed the arrow as before, without deviating a hair's-breadth. It was now fully conceded by all present, that Lady Hargreaves must receive the crown, and henceforth be considered the champion archer of the district.

On observing evidences of wounded pride in some of

the ladies, and a wish, on their part, to depreciate her skill, a spirit of rivalry took possession of Lillian ; and at times it might have been thought that she acted with too masculine an energy, and exhibited too eager a desire to excel. A little of this may perhaps be discovered in the following incident. One day in early autumn, a number of gentlemen were assembled for the purpose of having a day's sport, and before leaving they formed quite an interesting group in front of the Hall. A number of ladies were attracted to the place to witness the departure of the sportsmen, and, as usual on such occasions, the jest and the merry laugh lent their aid to enliven the interview. One of the ladies made the remark, that she would like to go with them, if she had a fowling-piece, and knew how to use it. "Oh," said Lillian, laughing, "I can use one," and requested a gentleman to lend her his double-barrelled Manton. Looking out for a bird on the wing, which she soon discovered, she brought the piece to her shoulder and fired, and the game came fluttering to the ground. Then turning to the opposite direction, and seeing another bird, she repeated the action with the same result ; when she returned the piece to its owner, saying—

"Did not I tell you that I could use a fowling-piece?"

"Upon my word," said one of the gentlemen, "Lady Hargreaves is not less accurate in her use of the fowling-piece than of the bow and arrow." With these and other feats, Lillian excited the admiration of some, and the jealousy of others of the company.

At the commencement of the acquaintance of Lillian with the ladies of the neighboring noble families, she acted in her own natural, unassuming way ; but finding

them growing jealous of her superior skill, although she had the prudence and self-restraint to hide from others her impressions, she yet felt her Indian blood wrought upon so far, as to inspire her with a full determination to excel. And once imbued with this spirit, she lost no opportunity of showing her superiority. And she felt almost contempt for these ladies, puffed up as they were by their inflated imaginations, with ideas of their immeasurable superiority to the poor, untitled common people. If they spoke to or of these, it was with a patronizing air, indicative of superiority on the one side, and of inferiority on the other.

How different from all this were the manners and behavior of Lillian! Her kind and gentle heart was of a far different mould. She would give heed to the humblest, without any appearance of hauteur, and yet without sacrificing her native dignity. Nay, indeed, never did she display so much of grace and moral beauty as when holding familiar converse with some poor woman, listening with deep interest to some story of personal or domestic sorrow, and by kind and gentle words, and often by more substantial appliances, soothing the sorrows of her afflicted heart.

Often would Lillian, in direct terms, place her antecedents in bold contrast with those of her lady companions, by narrating some of those thrilling incidents in which her own ancestors had exhibited their heroism and displayed their prowess. When listening to these ladies boasting of their descent in a direct line from some one of the leading officers belonging to the train of William the Conqueror, Lillian did not hesitate to declare, that she could boast of springing from a line of

princes who flourished long anterior to the existence of William, or any of his officers. And when these ladies were priding themselves on the extent of their possessions, Lillian would place in contrast to these, the wide domain over which her forefathers held sway by the potency of their own strong right arm. She would often insinuate a reproach of the useless and utterly aimless lives they led—spending their days and nights in a continual round of vitiating and enervating gayeties and follies, while there were open to them so many spheres of usefulness more dignifying and ennobling than the boast of ancestry or the possession of lands and houses.

Lillian was at one time on a visit at a mansion some distance from her own home. The conversation turning on the above subjects, one of the young ladies said: "We must take Lady Hargreaves with us when we go to those poor families, with the clothes and blankets Ma bought for them, and then she will see for herself that we do not always spend our time so very aimlessly and uselessly." Accepting their invitation, Lillian ~~and~~ go with them on their message of mercy and labor of love, and was much amused at the pomp and circumstance observed by the ladies, with the design of making an impression of their condescension on the minds of the poor creatures who were the objects of their bounty. They visited several cottages, if filthy mud-holes might be so named, with scarcely an article that had any of the features of furniture within them, and with a few rods of ground attached, which had been rendered as solid as rock, by being used as a common play-ground for years, by a multitude of shoeless and shirtless, wild and untutored children, with scarcely rags enough on

them to cover their nakedness. Abject poverty appeared to be the general characteristic of each and all; and this was associated with idiotic, expressionless countenances, in all the inmates of these miserable dwellings, adults as well as juveniles. To these miserable creatures were doled out a few pairs of coarse blankets, such as the grooms or the coachmen of these proud titled ladies would have scorned to throw over the horses in their stables. A few other cheap articles of clothing were distributed to these comparatively destitute creatures, by these pampered favorites of fortune.

While amused at the frivolous and empty pompousness of these ladies, Lillian was deeply mortified to see them apparently lost to the conviction that they themselves were of the same flesh and blood, deriving their being from one common origin with those whom they seemed to hold at so cheap a rate. But Lillian was a person of prudence, as well as of a bold and fearless independence. She knew how to time her remarks so as to produce the most telling effect. And this was evidenced in the present instance. On the evening of the day on which the above events transpired, a number of the ladies were conversing on the proceedings of the day, when a direct appeal was made to Lillian for her opinion as to what she thought of them. With all her peculiar honesty and frankness, Lillian declared that if she had on former occasions hinted that they were spending their lives to little purpose, she would now say, if she must speak according to the dictates of her judgment, that they had on that day done a serious wrong—that they had fostered the feelings and had encouraged the habits of dependence in those poor creatures; and had thus sapped

the very foundations of manly dignity and conscious self-respect. If they sincerely wished to benefit those people, they should try to place them in such a position as would enable them to cultivate their self-esteem. "Place them," she said, "above the need of charity, and enable them to work out their own salvation."

One of the ladies exclaimed—"Why, bless me, Lady Hargreaves, you are really provoking; we thought we were doing them good, and preparing them to endure the severities of the coming winter! In the name of common sense," she continued, "how could we change their position? Do you wish that we should take all those ignorant and uncleanly beings to live with us in this Hall?"

"Oh no," said Lillian, "by no means; that would, if any thing, be aggravating the case—it would be making matters worse. But I will give you my view of the case. In our rambles to-day we passed a number of places that are now going to waste, and, indeed, worse than that, for they produce only noxious weeds and brambles, and harbor reptiles and vermin, while they are well adapted for profitable cultivation. Instead of being an eye-sore and a disfigurement, as they now are, they might be transformed into real ornaments of the place. And it would add much to the beauty of the locality, by having neatly finished cottages erected on them. You could then transfer the people we saw to-day to these cottages; and by giving them a fair start, by a trifling outlay at the first, you would soon have profitable returns. But, aside from any pecuniary profit to be derived from this source, and the social comfort and happiness of which you will have been the cause, the intellectual

development that would follow as a natural and collateral result, would redound in a still greater degree to your honor. Here you will be erecting monuments worthy of your ambition; for in all the future, in tracing back to discover the cause of results so vast and glorious, the pen of the historian and of the philanthropist will place upon their imperishable records your names among those they chronicle as deserving the admiration of coming generations.



CHAPTER XXXI.

Not only were Lillian and her lady companions widely variant in their opinions on many subjects, but her husband, Sir George Hargreaves, coveted as his company was by an extensive circle of the neighboring gentry, also found subjects which, in the discussion of them, gave rise to clashing of opinion and sentiment. And some of these were of vital interest. It was often the case, that the more benevolent the purposes, and the more large-hearted the views of Sir George, the more bitterly he was opposed by some of the leading gentlemen of the neighborhood. To give the reader some idea of the wordy conflicts in which these parties sometimes engaged, we will just say, that Sir George had been deeply impressed with the neglected state and the gross ignorance of the laboring population on and around his newly-acquired estate. And not only were his own feelings thus wrought upon, but the mind of Mrs. Le Clair, and the noble and active-minded Lillian, were greatly exercised by the state of that unfortunate class. By their joint efforts, plans had been formed, and to some extent been put in operation, by which this deplorable state of things would be rectified. Not only had Sir George and his wife had an eye to the mental and moral culture of the neighboring poor, but they had also formed the purpose of apportioning off the park and the pleasure-

grounds—useless and wasteful appendages in their present form around their mansion—into small allotments of a few acres each, and erecting comfortable cottages on them, as residences for these hitherto neglected poor. Then, instead of these grounds being, as now, but waste places and retreats for destructive animals, they would support a happy, industrious, and thriving population.

Instead of this kind-hearted and benevolent project meeting with the entire approval of the neighboring gentry, it met with their most strenuous opposition, and at all their social gatherings he was bitterly rated for his consummate folly. We will give an instance. In October, on one of those soft delicious days for which that month is especially famed in the southern part of England, a large party of gentlemen had been out, and had seen choice sport, having met with more than ordinary success. Delighted with themselves for accomplishing so much in their few hours of sport, a feeling of good-nature and careless ease pervaded the whole company. Any trifling incident called forth loud and boisterous laughter, and some of the party seemed ready to engage in any lark or piece of senseless mischief. By the road-side on which they were travelling were two or three neglected and dilapidated cottages; and not far from these was a group of dirty, ragged children playing, or rather wallowing in the mud and dirt. On observing these children, one of the gentlemen, in a rough, commanding voice, called out to them to clear away, or he would shoot them, at the same instant bringing the butt of his gun to his shoulder and presenting it towards them; when, to his horror, and to the consternation of every one of the party, the gun went

off. They were all stupefied for the moment, supposing that he had intentionally sent the heavy charge of the gun into the midst of the group of children. But their feelings were relieved on seeing all the children scamper off, their rags streaming in the wind. When they came to understand the cause of the alarming occurrence, they found that, raising his gun to his shoulder in a spirit of merriment, the trigger had been caught by the strap of the gentleman's game-bag, and so caused the discharge; and then, instead of the piece being in a direct line with the children when it went off, the strap pulled it aside, so rendering that harmless which otherwise might have proved a fatal disaster. This incident was the means of abating the exuberance of their spirits, and quieting the noisy clamor of their voices.

But, if the above incident had subdued the ardor and sportiveness of feeling of these gentlemen, it had not in the least affected the cravings of their keen appetites. On their arrival at the mansion of their host, when the varied viands were spread out before them in all their amplitude, little persuasion, it was found, was required to enable them to do justice to the abundant dainties provided. After having partaken of the rich repast, wines of fine flavor and of the choicest brands flowed without stint; and the minds of both host and noble guests were soon oblivious to the requirements of prudence and decorum. Such a company, and under such influences, were likely to find subjects for playful banter, if not for more earnest demonstrations. And as the rather unwarrantable and novel proceedings of Sir George Hargreaves and his active-minded wife had somewhat disturbed the minds of the ladies and gentry

of the neighborhood, what so likely as this subject to occupy a prominent place in the discussions of the evening? Earnest and pathetic appeals had been made, but had failed to deter them from pursuing a course dictated by the promptings of humanity. It had been urged that the plans and purposes of Sir George were fraught with mischief to the upper classes. To carry out those plans would be to mar the beauty and curtail the magnificence of those stately mansions and their surrounding grounds, which the present occupants had inherited, and which they were bound by the considerations of family memories and ancestral fame to hand down to their successors in the line of descent, undiminished in magnitude and undimmed in splendor. Here, then, was a subject connected with the social standing, and that touched the self-interest of each member of the company before us. The minds of these men were moulded in the principles of caste. Yet here was one of their own class, who had presumed to set at naught all the considerations that had hitherto prompted and governed the movements of their order. It was in vain that Sir George urged upon their attention, that wealth and intelligence had a noble and imperative mission; and that, if those upon whom had devolved such responsibilities proved recreant to their duty and false to their trust, as sure as night follows day, so sure will retributive justice demand a reckoning, and the hand of the avenger will execute judgment. They could not revel in wealth, and boast of their knowledge, while at the same time they neglected to care for the destitute poor around them, and be held guiltless before God and man. Their own individual interest, as well as feelings of national

pride; should arouse their sensibilities, and direct their attention to that numerous class, scattered over our estates. It would be really dangerous to our safety, if these men of rude intellect and still ruder passions should become fully sensible of the indignities we have inflicted; and of the wrongs they have endured at our hands, for so many generations. It was his impression that they had better begin to lead them by the silken cords of reason and of love, before that grand crisis arrives—the signs of which are gathering around us—when the distinction of class and caste will be swallowed up and lost in the crash of the very frame-work of society.

At a late hour, and under the influence of a more genial spirit, the company separated for their homes. The clatter of horse-hoofs and the rumble of carriage-wheels awoke the echoes of the woods, and disturbed the stillness of the night for a short time, and then all was silent.

A short time after the above gathering, the same, or nearly the same, party assembled at the mansion of Sir George Hargreaves. Though the strife of words had been warm and earnest on a number of occasions of late, yet it had not led to the estrangement of families. It was nearly the end of October, and, although the day might be said to be fine, still there were fitful gusts of wind, and black, pillowing clouds looming up in the distance, giving premonitory tokens of coming winter. Sir George and Lillian, notwithstanding they were fully aware of the views and feelings of their guests, on the subject of the moral and social improvement of the poor, evinced no desire to hide their light, but rather that it should be seen, and judged of by the influence it was

exerting, and that it might prove as a beacon, either to lead or to warn.

After having enjoyed a social chit-chat within-doors, they invited their company to take a stroll through the grounds that lay but a short distance from the mansion. They had not gone far before they came to a number of cottages. These cottages had been built a number of years, but, by neglect, had become little better than buildings used for the shelter of domestic animals. Since, however, Sir George had come into possession of the estate, by a complete renovation they had been rendered both comfortable and respectable. And then, there had been added to each of these cottages a few acres of land, so that the occupants, by their own labor, were able to supply themselves with the common necessities of life, besides being able to pay a small rent. The inmates, both male and female, were neat and clean, and warmly clad; and, added to all this, they seemed happy and cheerful, and their manners were in strict accordance with their station. The look of deep significance which each face assumed on the entrance of Sir George, and the ladies and gentlemen who were with him, was more than a compensation to him for the expenditure of means and labor that had accomplished all this. Sir George informed his guests that his wife had a number of these cottages on the estate, many of them newly built; but he believed that these would prove fair specimens of the rest. He said that it had long been impressed on his mind that it was full time that the aristocracy of the land should take into their most serious consideration the case of the laboring poor upon their estates. They had, for a long series of years,

been accumulating vast wealth, the product of their patient toil, without giving a thought to their intellectual, social, or moral status ; while in so acting they had deprived themselves of a source of the highest and purest enjoyment. "Tell me not of the ingratitude of the poor," said he ;—" why, for my part, the silent greeting I received from those humble and simple cottagers is of higher value to me than thousands of gold and silver—where the full tide of their grateful feelings welled up from the deep fountain of their souls, while their countenances plainly told unutterable things."

The greatest and most laudable object of Lillian's ambition was a large and a well-ordered school, located at some considerable distance from the above cottages. This school was in a sequestered spot, and surrounded by nature with her most variegated and beautiful handy-work ; while skill and a pure taste had given a high artistic finish to the whole. Close by there was a fountain ; that sent forth a pure bubbling stream, where the youngsters slaked their thirst with nature's nectar. The company were completely surprised and highly delighted in surveying this display of a combination of nature and art. But on entering the school they were spell-bound, seeing so large a company of children, great and small, so neat and clean, so comfortably clothed, and so orderly in their behavior. But the united and unqualified praise of the company was elicited on beholding their rosy, healthy cheeks, their bright, sparkling eyes, and their happy, cheerful, buoyant spirits. It was indeed a scene which, under the circumstances, might gladden the heart of an angel. Here was exhibited the legitimate and most useful employment of wealth and

power ;—and this was a scene which the Christian and benevolent heart that planned and perfected it, could contemplate and reflect upon with a satisfaction angels might envy, and which is alike beyond the experience and the comprehension of those who move in the gay circles of fashion, or of those who patronize the race-course and the gaming-table.

One would have supposed that the party could not have left this arena of moral training, without having imbibed something of the spirit that dictated its inauguration and pervaded its government. And, indeed, a number of them did leave the place with a conviction of its present utility, and persuaded of its ultimate good effects. Soon, however, other feelings intruded, prompted by a few captious minds, which counteracted the convictions of their better judgments. This will be more fully understood, from the conversation of some of the leading gentlemen of the party. We would observe, that among them was a colonel of a regiment of the British army : there was also an officer of the navy, a captain of a British man-of-war. These men were deeply imbued with the spirit that influences their class, and spoke with supreme contempt of any other business or profession than their own ; and they were especially fluent in discussing the merits of the plans and proceedings of Sir George and Lady Hargreaves. They contended that those plans were fraught with evil, and would only lead to evil ; and if generally carried out, would have the direct tendency to raise the lower orders in their own estimation ; and that then they would always be troublesome to manage, in whatever station they were placed. The feelings of the colonel were

quite excited, as he exclaimed : " Poor devils, what are they, and what would they be, without the upper classes to lead and direct them ?" He declared, that if he had to make the choice of lads for his regiment, between those tutored in the school of Lady Hargreaves and those ragged little urchins he was very near shooting the other day, he would, by infinite odds, prefer the latter ; for it takes more time, and is ten times more trouble, to break the spirits of these than of the former. " Those ragged lads you catch wild out of the lanes and streets," he said, " may be like unbroken colts at first, but physical force is all that is required to break them in, which is of easy application. But in these educated lads, you have a moral and an intellectual power to contend with ; and I have found, in my military experience, that ten of such had to be flogged to one of the other."

Here the navy officer chimed in, with a bluff, husky voice : " Aye, aye," said he, " that's so ; I want none of Lady Hargreaves' pious, pet pupils on my ship. Give me the outcasts of society—those rough fellows that nobody cares for, or thinks them worth the trouble of looking after, except as jail-birds. What do I care, if they cannot tell me the difference between a bee or a bull's foot ? All that I want out of them, is, to handle the ropes, and work the guns, and be able to stand fire ; and if they don't or won't do these, why, I know a way of making them."

Very great deference was paid to the opinions of these magnates in blue and red ; for a number of the gentlemen present gave a hearty assent to the views expressed by them—entertaining, like them, the opinion that the

lower orders were of no further utility than so far as their physical powers might be turned to account, or as a kind of useful animal drudges. Sir George made several attempts to argue the point with them, and to prove that there were other pursuits besides those of the soldier and the sailor, and of an importance not inferior to those in sustaining and advancing the prosperity and greatness of the State; and that to make men good citizens was the only sure way to make them stanch patriots.

On the enunciation of the terms *citizen* and *patriot*, some of the gentlemen were beside themselves with rage, and the navy and military officers among the rest. In the most vehement manner, and with a virulent spirit, they cried out—"Oh yes, we know where you were inoculated with these detestable ideas; you have imported them from across the water. We want no such importations into this happy and highly-favored land."

Notwithstanding this antagonism, sometimes strenuous and bitter, Sir George and his able coadjutor Lillian kept on in the even tenor of their way, not in the least deterred in the accomplishment of their noble purpose, and in the fulfilment of their sublime mission; and in this they had the encouragement and example of Mrs. Le Clair and Lady H. They too had consecrated their great wealth and rare talents to the pleasing and praiseworthy task of lightening the burdens of the laboring poor; and of placing within the reach of their offspring the means for acquiring the necessary mental and moral qualifications to enable them to act their part on the stage of life, with credit to themselves and with profit to the world. They justly observed that the intellectual

and moral improvement of the operative and laboring portion of the community, would raise the country higher, not only in the estimation of all right-thinking men, but, what was infinitely more important, in that of Heaven, than all the victories achieved by navy or army since the nation began.



CHAPTER XXXII.

How often are the ways of Providence shrouded in such deep mystery, that we are ready to conclude there is something unjust, if not unwise, in occurrences that take place under our observation! We will see an illustration of this in the painful incidents we are about to narrate.

The reader is already fully informed of the varied vicissitudes through which Mrs. Le Clair has had to struggle during the whole of her eventful life; but after her painful experiences, we have been happily relieved by seeing her emerge from a state of care and suffering to the enjoyment of comfort and the possession of wealth, and scattering the blessings of her bounty with an unsparing hand; and it is delightful to contemplate the vast amount of good that is sometimes accomplished by a single self-sacrificing and generous man or woman. A melancholy and sad sight it is to see a total eclipse of the sun, when that luminary is on the meridian, but it is infinitely more sad to see such man or woman arrested in a career redounding so greatly to their own honor, and so beneficial to their race.

We have been greatly pained, through the whole course of our narrative, in narrating afflicting events in the life of Mrs. Le Clair; but who, under happier auspices, completely absorbed by a spirit of goodness, had

of late, with other able heads, been occupied in maturing in her mind a vast system to accomplish the great work her benevolent heart had proposed. But the labors of the day, as well as sleepless nights, began to tell upon her yet noble frame, and, added to the effects of an over-taxed brain, gave painful evidence that her endurance was not what it had been twenty years before. Yet her active spirit would not allow her to take the repose her physical system now required. It was evident that fatal consequences would ensue from these long-continued labors, resulting in the exhaustion of mental force and prostration of physical energy. And, indeed, so it was ; for in this debilitated state of body and mind, which rendered her keenly susceptible to the attacks of disease, she made her accustomed call on a poor family, some of the members of which were afflicted with a malignant type of scarlet fever. On the night succeeding this incautious visit, she complained of pains in her head and soreness of throat. Still, she added neglect to her temerity ; for she refused, until too late, to seek the relief or to apply the remedies prudence ought to have dictated. Alas ! she felt too self-confident, relying on the strength of her constitution and the vigor of her frame, which had survived so many shocks, and which she believed would now again rally their forces, and bid defiance to the present attack of disease. But, when too late, she was sadly undeceived, and then found the best medical skill completely at fault, and all remedial appliances of no avail.

Before the disease had advanced many stages, Mrs Le Clair was deeply impressed with the conviction that her days were numbered, and that this sickness would

surely be unto death. Notwithstanding this persuasion, however, her mind exhibited more of joy than of any other emotion, so far as her own case was in question. But when the thought of the many pensioners on her bounty crossed her mind, she exhibited intense anxiety. As she expressed herself, she was leaving them as sheep without a shepherd, and as lambs among wolves; and soon, all her expenditure of time, and toil, and means would be, as it were, scattered to the winds, and the bright hopes and pleasing prospects in which many a poor family had been of late luxuriating, would be forever blighted. But so weakened, bodily and mentally, did she become in the progress of the fatal malady, that very soon that good and noble mind was a mere wreck, drifting at random in a sea of wild fancies and incongruous imaginations. But whenever a few lucid moments were permitted her, the same praiseworthy objects and noble themes that had engaged her attention through life, were still the objects of her solicitude and the burden of her thoughts.

That once noble frame and nobler mind at length succumbed to the fiat that had gone forth—the body returned to the dust, and the spirit to God who gave it.

In the death of Mrs. Le Clair we behold the departure of no ordinary character. Her very being was closely linked with the destiny of many others; and the interests that held these parties in so close a bond of union were of so vital a nature, and at the same time so varied and far-reaching in their influence, that it was no wonder the consternation at the sad event was so wide-spread and so overwhelming. And then it must be remembered that it was not the wealthy and the noble of the neigh

borhood who were to be affected by this sad bereavement, and who might have exhibited the appearance of sorrow by outward show and empty pageantry. No, it was the poor and the destitute of the neighborhood, whom Mrs. Le Clair had befriended, and who now exhibited the genuine emotions of their smitten hearts. That was a sorrowful sight indeed, that included in the rank of mourners the man and the woman of gray hairs, borne down with the weight of years, the man and maiden in vigorous youth, and children through all the gradations of age down to lisping childhood—all exhibiting in their countenances, with intense grief for the loss of their best earthly friend, despair of the future. These poor people had of late been living, as it were, in a new world, and had been breathing a heart-reforming, soul-purifying moral atmosphere. Mrs. Le Clair had been their great central luminary, diffusing light and gladness over the dreary wastes of their neglected hearts, and eliciting those moral and social virtues, which had bid fair to remodel the very structure of society itself. But now, that light had been stricken from the firmament of these poor people; and from the bright and beauteous beams of day, by a sudden transition, they had been launched into the gloom of midnight.

But, perhaps the most distressing object presented to our contemplation, is the sorrow and anguish of Lillian—so suddenly and unexpectedly called to mourn the loss of her mother. A special messenger had conveyed the sad and startling intelligence to her. She was already in full travelling dress, and waiting for her carriage to make an already arranged visit to some of the neighboring gentry. No sooner, however, did she comprehend

the character of the distressing message, than she gave a few necessary and hasty instructions to her house-keeper, accompanied with a request for her husband to follow her. Laying strict injunctions on her coachman to drive with all speed to the next post-town, with a relay of fresh post-horses, she urged on her way to the estate where her beloved mother lay in so critical a condition. But, though it was early in the day when she started, owing to the distance and the state of the roads it was just at sunrise on the next morning when she arrived at the residence of her mother. But, wearied as she was with travel, and oppressed as was her mind with grief, quick was her passage from her carriage to the bedside of her beloved parent. Her keen eye soon discovered that her mother was hopelessly ill. It so happened, however, that Mrs. Le Clair was in one of her lucid moments, which alleviated somewhat the sorrow of Lillian ; for she at once recognized her daughter, and in a pathetic manner, and with gentle expression, said : "My own Lillian, my dear Lillian, you are just in time." But, no sooner had she given utterance to these few affectionate words than her mind was again wandering. In vain did Lillian, by various little arts, endeavor to so fix the attention of her mother as to draw a few rational words from her lips ; for the fell destroyer had nearly accomplished his work, and she could only be the passive and grief-stricken spectator of the closing melancholy scene before her.

Just as the pure spirit of Mrs. Le Clair had taken its departure, and while the first burst of Lillian's grief was at its height, her husband entered the room. The sorrow which he very naturally felt at the loss of Mrs.

Le Clair, was now diverted to Lillian, who was in a paroxysm of grief that threatened the stability of her mental powers. The heart and mind of Lillian seemed to be so constituted, that whatever passion had sway for the moment, it usurped the control of her whole being. Whether it was love, or grief, or anger, that was called into action, all other passions and feelings were instinctively held in abeyance.

It was no wonder, under the circumstances, that Sir George was utterly at a loss how to act. It was true he had on one occasion seen his wife in a fit of anger, and was terrified at the sight; but now, touched by a sympathetic feeling, he was subdued before the overwhelming and passionate grief of Lillian. It was the intensity of her love for her mother which gave such point and force to her sorrow, aided as it was by the peculiar traits of her mind. Eventful as had been her life, and trying as had been some of the scenes through which she had been called to pass, there had been no affliction which had made so deep an impression upon her heart as the one that she was now called upon to bear. It was feared by her husband, as well as by her attendants, that the worst consequences might follow this prostration of her mental and physical powers; but what were the feelings of all when they were informed by the physician that she was laboring under an attack of the most virulent type of typhus fever, caught, no doubt, in attendance on her mother in her sickness, and intensified by the morbid state of her own mind! Be that as it may, it was soon found that neither the skill of physicians nor the virtues of medicines were of any avail. The disease, by its rapid strides, gave evidence that all

attempts were futile to stay its onward progress. Lillian had at length found an enemy she could not subdue or bend to her will. On the contrary, this foe soon laid her prostrate at his own feet; for in a little more than a fortnight after the mournful ceremonies of her mother's funeral she herself was numbered with the dead, and soon conveyed to the same resting-place, and laid by the side of her whom she had loved so well.

It is in vain that poor purblind mortals speculate on the doings of Providence. Unquestioning submission is our duty. In this case, as well as in numberless others of a similar mysterious character, we should call to mind and apply the aphorism which Lady H. placed in her letters to Mrs. Le Clair, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."



CONCLUSION.

THE above melancholy events, as might well be supposed, affected painfully the mind of Lady H., who was now far advanced in life, and of course not so able to grapple with circumstances as formerly. From the indications of her character, as they have been unfolded to our view in the foregoing narrative, it must have been perceived that she was a woman of undoubted piety, of great decision, and of strong convictions. To all outward appearance, the great purposes of her life-labor, and the objects of her Christian patience, had equally been doomed to partial disappointment, in so far as she had cherished the hope of placing her niece, Mrs. Le Clair, not only in possession of the patrimony of her father, but in the enjoyment also, through a long life, of her high position, in which she could employ her newly-acquired wealth in supplying the wants and soothing the sorrows of many a child of woe. But, under this painful bereavement, with the consequent prostration of her long-cherished hopes, there was no fretful questioning of the doings of Providence; on the contrary, a meek submission to the dispensation. She remarked, that if she could be favored with a personal interview with her Saviour, and were permitted to interrogate Him on these mysterious doings, He would, no doubt, say to her, "What I do thou knowest not now,

but thou shalt know hereafter." In this spirit of Christian resignation to the divine will she lived but a few months, when she too was gathered to her home in peace.

The same tomb incloses the precious dust belonging to these three choice spirits ; and it shall rest there, till it be reanimated, and raised in the full vigor and glory of the sons and daughters of God, on the morning of the resurrection. To die was gain to these three worthy women, but by their death a void was left in the locality in which they had been so honorably occupied, which, to all appearance, could not again be filled. Sir George Hargreaves, though so stanch and noble in his manhood, had finally to succumb to the overwhelming influence brought to bear upon him by the neighboring aristocrats, and all the improvements accomplished and in progress under the energetic and able administration of Lillian, were swept away. Things again reverted to their old condition, that of a moral and social wilderness. The nobility and gentry of the neighborhood breathed with more freedom, now that the elevation of the lower orders—by education, and consequent moral and social improvement—seemed to be indefinitely postponed. But, ah ! could we have the opportunity of whispering in the ears of these self-deluded dupes, we would tell them that the time is not far distant, when it will not be the influence of a few women with which they will have to contend, but with the stern wills and determined energy of heaven-inspired men. These men may enlist on their side the sympathies, and perhaps the passions, of the masses ; and what then, if the pleadings of reason and the demands of justice should be disregarded ? Why,

the flimsy barriers of conventional lines may prove but as cobwebs before the united demonstration of an indignant nation.

We cannot allow our narrative to close, without a parting allusion to the character and doings of the Rev. James Wilson, rector of the parish, and recipient of large revenues, as the incumbent of the church connected with the estate lately held by Mrs. Le Clair. We have already alluded to the apparent relief experienced by the majority of the neighboring nobility and gentry on the death of the three ladies who have been the subjects of our narrative. Their fears had been excited, and they had been tormenting themselves with all sorts of surmisings, as to what might be the results of the dangerous enterprise in which these benevolent ladies were engaged with so much zeal. But, perhaps, there was not a single individual in all that district of country, whose actions evinced so clearly as Wilson's that he was now relieved from the restraint under which he had been held by the strong mind of the late Mrs. Le Clair. He now felt himself free to act according to the dictates of his own selfish and avaricious disposition. It is really a misfortune when a man of a kind and generous heart is bound down and trammelled by a vicious system, to which he must shape his whole conduct in his intercourse with those from whom he must receive his support. There is almost sure to be engendered a spirit of bitterness, induced by the very workings of the system by which all the business transactions with each other must be regulated. But, in the Rev. James Wilson we find a mind in every way formed, and ever ready, to act in full accordance with the worst features of the

system now under consideration. With a mind stuffed with mental abstractions, with knowledge chiefly made up of technicalities, although well versed in book-logic, he was, nevertheless, utterly unable to read or to understand the logic of events. Hence, we may naturally suppose that he would prove a stickler for all his vested rights, and would, without any scruples, sternly demand his pound of flesh. The vicious system under which he acted, threw a safeguard around all his exactions, and his victims lay utterly helpless at his feet; and to all their appeals to his better nature, he replied by referring them to the laws both of church and state, which secured to him his tithes. At the same time, he could not remove the impression from the minds of his parishioners, that what he extorted from them by tithe-gathering, was nothing less than legal robbery. And at their social gatherings and convivial meetings, with a full glass, and a hearty good-will, they would drink their favorite toast—"To the death of the black slugs that devour a tenth of the poor man's earnings!"



NOTICES.

New York, Sept. 1, 1868.

Rev. N. TIBBELS.

I may say that the Canadian romance entitled "Lillian; or, Woman's Endurance," was read by myself and wife, and pronounced very readable. The scenes and characters are well drawn; the events mostly natural; the style is clear and fluent, and the moral purpose and tendency of the work excellent. It is worthy of any publishing house in the country.

D. D. WHEDON, D. D.

The author has drawn out his story with great naturalness, and so describes his characters as to lead the reader to take special interest in them. The style of his book is, therefore, attractive. He has, also, written with a high moral purpose; and those who study his scenes and incidents will have their aspirations for a noble life-work increased.—*Christian Advocate*.