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EDITED BY

ROBERT RIDGWAY.



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He sat down beside her on a felled log.—See page 140.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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H A N N A H.

3 Nobel.

By MRS. CRAIK, (MISS M'LOCK), Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER V.

Miss Thelluson had always been lamentably deficient in the quality which is called "respect of persons." She tended her servant half the night through, as carefully as if poor Grace had been her personal friend, and lady born. There was, indeed, much of the lady about the girl, which was Hannah's great comfort in having her as nurse—a refinement of manner and feeling, and a fine sense of honour, not always found in her class. For since she had been mistress of a large house, and many servants, Miss Thelluson had discovered to her grief that, in these days, the moral standard of kitchen and parlour was not always the same. Still, in her nurse she had always comfort; and Grace, probably on account of this difference, or from other reasons—now patent enough—had seemed to dislike mixing much with the other servants. Her mistress could trust her thoroughly. She was, indeed, quite a personal friend—as every faithful servant ought to be.

When the poor girl came to herself, she poured her whole sad story into her mistress's patient ear.

"I had no idea I was doing wrong—no, that I hadn't!" moaned she. "Two or three in our village had married their sister's husband. What can a poor working-man do when he is left with a lot of children, but get their aunt to come and look after them? And then, if she's young, or indeed anyhow, people are sure to begin talking. Isn't it better to stop their wicked tongues by marrying her at once, and

making all right and comfortable! For they're not comfortable--I wasn't. And they're not real brother and sister, whatever master says. And I'm sure they can be married: for there was our old squire, he married two sisters and had two families—one all girls, the other boys. And the eldest son by the second marriage--young Mr. Melville,—came in for the property, and is the squire now. And nobody ever said his mother wasn't lawfully married, no more than, when I came home from London, the neighbours said I wasn't married to Jim. Married in church, too,—though we were Methodists both; and neither the parson nor our own minister ever said a word against it."

Though the poor girl talked in a wild, rambling, excited fashion, still there was some sense in her arguments; and when she implored Miss Thelluson to speak to Mr. Rivers again, and repeat all she said, and ask if there was not a chance of his having been mistaken, or if he could not, at least, prevent the marriage with Mary Bridges, Hannah scarcely knew what to say. At last, just to soothe her—for, out of consideration to her mistress, Grace had kept her misery to herself for a day and a half, till it had almost driven her frantic—she promised to do her best in the matter.

"And you'll do it at once, miss; and tell master that whatever is done should be done at once, or Jim will get married, and then what is to become of me and my poor child? It isn't myself that I care for. I didn't do wrong—God knows I didn't! And I don't mind what folk say of me; but it's my poor boy. And it's Jim, too, a little; I don't want Jim to do wrong either."

And she shed a few tears, over even the bad fellow, who, she confessed, had in his drunken fits beaten her many a time.

"But I forgive him; for he was drunk," said she, using that too common, but mistaken excuse. "And, then, I had the children to comfort me. Such dear little things they were, and so fond of me! And he'll go and bring that woman Bridges to be step-mother over them, and she is a bad temper, and she's sure to ill-treat them, poor lambs! Jenny's poor little motherless lambs! I must go back to them directly." And she sat up in bed, in an agony of distress. "Oh, miss, please give me my clothes, and I'll get up and dress, and be off by daylight."

This bitter grief, not over her own boy—who, she said, was safe with his grandmother—but over her dead sister's children, touched Hannah to the quick. She could understand it so well.

"You must lie quiet," said she; "or rather you must go back to your own bed beside Rosie. You have quite forgotten Rossie."

The right chord was struck. The young woman had, evidently, a strong sense of duty, besides being excessively fond of her charge; for Rosie was a little creature that won everybody. So she sat up, fastened back her dishevelled hair, and with her mistresses help tottered back to the nursery. Soon she settled herself in her customary corner, stretching out a caressing hand to the crib beside her bed, where, sleeping quite alone, but as sweetly as if all the angels of heaven were watching over her, little Rosie lay.

"Ah, baby, baby," Grace sobbed, "what would have become of me all these months without you, baby!"

What would become of many a miserable woman? if it were not for the baby!

How Grace had ever left her own, Hannah could not imagine; but found afterwards it was the hard necessity of earning money, the grandmother being very poor, and Jim Dixon having gone off in search of work, and left the whole combined families on the old woman's hands. Now he reclaimed his three eldest; but disowned Grace's unfortunate babe.

"My boy—remember my boy!" implored she, as in the dim dawn of the morning her mistress left her, hoping her utter exhaustion would incline her to sleep. "Promise me that you will speak to the master, if only for the sake of my poor boy."

Hannah promised; but when she went back to her room and thought it all over—for she could not sleep—she was sorely perplexed. There might be some mistake, even though Mr. Rivers, who was a magistrate as well as a clergyman, spoke so decidedly. Grace's arguments were strong; and the case of Mr. Melville, whom she had herself met at the Moat-House, was, to say the least, curious. She herself knew nothing of the law. If she could only speak to anybody who did know, instead of to her brother-in-law! Once she thought of writing to Lady Dunsmore; but, then, what would the Countess imagine? No doubt, that she wanted the information for herself. And Hannah grew hot all over with shame and pain, and another feeling which was neither the one nor the other, and which she did not stay to analyse, except that it made her feel more reluctant than ever to name the subject again to Mr. Rivers.

Still, Grace was so unfortunate; so innocently wicked—if wickedness there was. And the projected marriage of Dixon seemed much more so.

"Mr. Rivers will never allow it in his church. He surely would not sanction such a cruel thing, even if it be legal. And there is no time to lose. Whatever it costs me, I must speak to him at once."

With this resolution, and deadening her mind to any other thoughts, Hannah lay down, and tried to sleep, but in vain. After an hour or two of restless tossing, she dressed herself, and descended to the breakfast-room.

There she found Mr. Rivers playing with little Rossie—contrary to his habit; for he seldom saw her of mornings. He looked a little confused at being discovered.

"I sent for the child," said he. "Don't you think, Aunt Hannah, she is old enough to come down to breakfast with us?"

"Not quite," said Hannah, smiling; "but she can stay and play about on the floor. I daresay she will be good—won't she, auntie's darling?"

And auntie clasped fondly the little thing, who had tottered up to her and hid the pretty fair head in her gown-skirt. Mr. Rivers looked at them, and turned suddenly away—as he often did now.

Rosie behaved beautifully—for about five minutes!—and then began to perpetrate a few ignorant naughtinesses; such as pulling down a silver fork, and a butter knife, with a great clatter; then creeping beneath the table, and trying to stand upright there, which naturally caused a bump on the head and a scream so violent, that Aunt Han-

nah, frightened out of all proprieties, quitted her seat and walked up and down the room, soothing in her arms the piteous little wailer.

"This will never do," said papa sternly. "Pray take the child upstairs."

When Hannah thankfully did, and staid away some minutes; feeling that, after all, the nursery was the safest, the most peaceful, and the pleasantest room in the house.

When she came back, her brother-in-law had finished breakfast, and was standing, gazing out of the sunshiny window in a sort of dream. His temporary crossness had subsided; his face, though grave, was exceedingly sweet. Now that she had grown used to it, and it had gradually brightened, if not into happiness, at least into composure and peace, Hannah sometimes thought she had seldom seen so thoroughly sweet a face—such a combination of the man and the woman—that beautiful woman whose picture at the Mount-House she often looked at, and wondered what kind of young creature the first Lady Rivers had been. Apparently, not like the second Lady Rivers at all.

It was exactly his mother's smile with which Mr. Rivers turned round now.

"So the little maid is comforted at last. What influence you women have over babies, and what helpless beings we men are with them! Why, it is as much as papa can do to keep Miss Rosie quiet for five minutes, and Aunt Hannah has her the whole day. Do you never tire of her?"

"Never. Nor more does Grace, who has an instinctive love for children—which all women have not, I assure you. This is what makes her so valuable as a nurse."

Hannah said this intentionally; for, not two minutes before, the girl had run after her with a wild white face. "Have you spoken to the master? Will you speak to him? Don't forsake me! Ask him to help me! Oh, Miss Thelluson, I'm fond of *your* child—think of mine!" Even if Hannah had not liked and respected Grace so much, to her good heart, now open to all children for Rosie's sake, this argument would have struck home.

"I hope the young woman is better this morning, and that you did not fatigue yourself too much with her last night," said Mr. Rivers coldly; and then began speaking of something else. But Hannah, bracing up her courage, determined to discharge her unpleasant duty at once.

"Have you ten minutes to spare? Because I have a special message to you from Mrs. Dixon."

"What Mrs. Dixon?"

"Grace. She insists upon it she has a legal right to the name."

"She is under a complete delusion, and the sooner she wakes up out of it the better. Pray, Hannah, do not, with your weak womanish pity, encourage her for a moment."

Mr. Rivers spoke sharply—more sharply than any gentleman ought to speak to any lady; though men sometimes think they are justified in doing so—to wives and sisters. But her brother-in-law had never thus spoken to Hannah before—she was not used to it; and she looked at him, first surprised, then slightly indignant.

"My pity is not weak or womanish, nor do I call it pity at all. It is simply love of justice. Either Grace is married or not married. All I want is, for her sake and the child's, to find out the exact law of the case."

"Which is just what I told her last night. No doubt she was married, as she says; only the marriage being illegal, is null and void."

"But she says such marriages are not uncommon."

"I believe they are not, in the lower classes." Nevertheless, those who risk them must take the consequences. The wife is only the mistress, and the children are base-born. I beg your pardon for putting plain facts into plain language, but you compel me. Why will you meddle in this unpleasant matter? It can be nothing to you." And he looked at her keenly as he spoke, but Hannah did not perceive it just then. Her interest was too strongly excited for the cruel position of poor Grace. She recalled involuntarily an old argument of Lady Dunsmore on this very subject—whether any wrong could be exactly "nothing" to any honest-minded man or woman, even though he or she were not personally affected thereby.

"Pardon me," she answered gently, "it is something to me to see any human being in great misery, if by any possibility that misery could be removed. Are you quite sure you are right as to the law? It cannot always have been what you say, because Grace tells me of a certain Mr. Melville who visits at the Moat-House"—and Hannah repeated the story. "Can it be possible," added she, "that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor?"

"No. But in 1835 the law was altered, or at least modified: all such marriages then existing were confirmed, and all future ones declared illegal. Melville escaped by a hair breadth only, his parents having been married in 1834."

"Then what was right one year was wrong the next? That is, to my weak womanly notions, a very extraordinary form of justice."

Her brother-in-law regarded her inquiringly. Evidently he was surprised; did not at first take in the intense single-mindedness of the woman who could thus throw herself out of herself, and indignantly argue the cause of another, even though it trenched upon ground so delicate that most feminine instincts would have let it alone. He looked at her; and then his just nature divining the utter innocence and indifference out of which she spoke, he said nothing—only sighed.

"You are a very good woman, Hannah—I know that, and Grace ought to be exceedingly obliged to you. But you cannot help her—not in the least."

"And cannot you? Could you not, at least, prevent the man's marrying another woman—as he means to do in your very church next Sunday?"

"Does he? The brute!" cried Mr. Rivers passionately. Then, relapsing into his former coldness—"I fear nothing can be done. The former marriage being invalid, he can contract another at any time—legally, I mean; the moral question is a different thing."

"So it seems," said Hannah bitterly; for she was vexed at his manner—it seemed so hard, so unlike his usual warm, generous way

of judging matters. "But," she argued, resolved to leave not a stone unturned for her poor servant's sake, "if the marriage with Grace was unlawful, why cannot he be prosecuted for that, as for bigamy or similar offences? Either it was a crime or it was not. If it was, punish it by the law; if not——"

"You reason like a woman," interrupted Mr. Rivers angrily. "When I, a man, have already argued the question with myself in every possible way——" He stopped abruptly. "I mean, that you women will only see two sides of a subject—the right and wrong."

"Yes, thank heaven!"

"Whereas there are many sides, and a man requires to see them all. But we are slipping into ethical discussion, which you and I are rather prone to, Aunt Hannah. Suppose, instead, we go and look at our roses?"

Go and look at roses when a fellow-creature was hanging on every breath of theirs for hope or despair! Hannah had never thought her brother-in-law so hard-hearted.

"I can't go," she said. "I must first speak to poor Grace. What shall I say to her?"

"Whatever you like. But I think the less you say the better. And perhaps, if you could gently hint it, the sooner she leaves us the better. Of course she will have to leave."

"Leave!" repeated Hannah, much startled by the new phase which this most unlucky affair was assuming. "Why 'of course?' I never thought of her leaving."

"Do you not see? But no, you cannot—you see nothing at all!" muttered Bernard Rivers to himself. "Do you not perceive," continued he earnestly, "that we live on a house on a hill, morally as well as physically? That a clergyman must keep himself out of the slightest shadow of evil comment? I especially, both as rector of Easterham and as Sir Austin's son, must expect to have my acts and motives sharply criticised, and perhaps many a motive ascribed to me which does not exist. No; I have been thinking the matter over all morning, and I see no alternative. Grace ought to go. I believe Lady Rivers and all at the Moat-House would say the same."

Hannah drew back. She had never resisted her brother-in-law before—not even in cases where she had thought him a little wrong; though this happened seldom. She had found out that, like most men who are neither selfish nor egotistical, he was remarkably just. Now she felt him to be unjust. To send away Rosie's fond and faithful nurse would be to the child herself a very harmful thing—to Grace, in her circumstances, a bitter unkindness not to say an actual wrong; and Miss Thellusen was not the woman to stand tamely by and see a wrong done to any human being if she could help it.

Still it was needful to be very guarded, and she might even have been less courageous, had not the allusion to the Moat-House and its opinions—always more or less shallow and worldly—stirred up, in her something of that righteous indignation which blazed up, quite unexpectedly sometimes, in Aunt Hannah's quiet bosom.

"Excuse me," she said, more formally than she was used to speak, in the free and pleasant, even affectionate relations that now subsisted between Mr. Rivers and herself. "Lady Rivers is mistress of the

Moat-House, but not of the House on the Hill. When you did me the honour to give me that position, you distinctly said I should manage it as I chose. I claim my right. For Rosie's sake I must beg of you not to send away her nurse."

"Good heavens! you will not see! How can I, placed as I am, keep in my house a woman who is disgraced for life?"

"Not disgraced; only unfortunate. She is a very good girl indeed. She protests solemnly she had not an idea that in marrying James Dixon she was doing wrong."

"How you women do hold to your point!" said Mr. Rivers in great irritation, almost agitation. "But she has done wrong. She has broken the law. In the eye of the law she is neither more nor less than a poor seduced girl, mother of a bastard child."

Now Hannah Thelluson was an exceedingly "proper" person; that is, though not ignorant of the wickedness of the world—the things "done in secret," as St. Paul terms them—she agreed with St. Paul that it was a shame to speak of them, unless unavoidable, and for some good end. If duty required, she would have waded through any quantity of filth; but she did not like it: she preferred keeping in clean paths if possible. Oftentimes she had been startled, not to say shocked, by the light way in which some fast young ladies who came about the Moat-House, and even the Misses Rivers themselves, talked of things which she and the girls of her generation scarcely knew existed, and certainly would never have spoken about, except to their own mothers. And among the qualities in Mr. Rivers which first drew her towards him was one which women soon instinctively find out in men—as men, they say, in women—that rare delicacy of thought and action which no outward decorum can ever imitate, because it springs from an innate chastity of soul. Thus, when in his excitement Mr. Rivers used such exceedingly plain, ugly words, Miss Thelluson looked at him in intense astonishment, and blushed all over her face.

Some people called Hannah a plain woman—that is, she was tall, and thin, and colourless, not unlike the white lily she had been compared to; but when she blushed, it was like the white lily with a rosy sunset glow upon it. For the moment she looked absolutely pretty. Something in Mr. River's eyes made her conscious that he thought so—or, at least, that he was thinking of her, and not of poor Grace or the subject in hand at all.

"Why do you not oftener wear white, I like it so much," he said, softly touching her gown, a thick muslin, embroidered with black, which she thought would be a sort of mediæval compromise. She was so fond of white, that it was half-regretfully she had decided she was too old to wear it. But among her new dresses she could not resist this one. It pleased her to have it noticed, or would have done, had not her mind been full of other things.

"I was going to the pic-nic in Langmead Wood, you know: but never mind that just now. Before I start I shall have to tell poor Grace her doom. A heavy blow it will be. Do not ask me to make it worse by telling her she must leave us."

Bernard was silent.

"I cannot bear to resist your will," pleaded she. "When I first

came here, I made up my mind to obey you—that is, in all domestic things, even as *she* would have done. But even she would have resisted you in this. Were she living now, I am sure she would say exactly as I do—dear, tender-hearted Rosa!”

“Why do you name her?” said Mr. Rivers in a low tone. “Are you not afraid?”

“Afraid! Why should I be! Of all women I ever knew, my sister had the truest heart, the quickest sense of justice. If she thought a thing was right, she would say it—aye, and do it, too—in face of the whole world. So would I.”

“Would you? Are you one of those women who have courage to defy the world?”

“I think I am, if I were tried; but I never have been tried. I hope I never may be; and I hope, too, that you will save me from doing any more in the defiant line,” added she, smiling, “by retracting what you said, and letting Grace stay.”

“But how can she stay? How can you keep her miserable story a secret?”

“I should not keep it a secret at all. I would tell everybody the whole truth, explaining that we drew the line between guilt and innocence; that you refused to marry James Dixon to this new wife of his, but that the poor creature whom he had made believe she was his wife should stay under the shelter of your roof as long as she liked. That, I am sure, would be the just and right way to act. Shall it be so?”

“You are a courageous woman, Hannah. But,” added he, with a sad kind of smile, “it is like the courage of little boys venturing on our frozen pond there; they do not know how deep it is. No, no; I cannot thus run counter to my own people and to all the world. In truth, I dare not.”

“Dare not!” Hannah blazed up in that sudden way of hers, whenever she saw a wrong done—doubly so when any one she cared for did it. She had lived with Mr. Rivers nearly a year now, and whether she cared for him or not, she had never seen anything in him which made her cease to respect him,—until now. “Dare not!” she repeated, almost doubting if she had heard truly. “When there is a certain course of conduct open to him, be it right or wrong, I always believed that the last reason an honest man gave for declining it would be, ‘I dare not!’”

The moment she had made this bitter speech—one of the old sarcastic speeches of her girlhood—Hannah saw it was a mistake, that she was taking with Mr. Rivers a liberty which even a flesh-and-blood sister had no right to take, and she was certain he felt it so. All the proud Norman blood rushed up to his forehead.

“I never knew I was a coward, Miss Thelluson. Since you think me one, I will relieve you of my company.”

Opening the French window at once, he passed out of it into the garden, and disappeared.

Hannah stood, overwhelmed. During all the months they had lived under the same roof, and in the close intimacy that was inevitable under the circumstances, she and her brother-in-law had never had anything approaching to a quarrel. They had differed widely some-

times, but always amicably, and upon abstract rather than personal grounds. Those "sharp words," which even the dearest friends say to one another sometimes, had never passed between them. His extraordinarily sweet temper—oh, how keenly Hannah now appreciated her sister's fond praise of the blessing it was to have a sweet-tempered husband!—his utter absence of worldliness and self-conceit; and that warm good heart, which, as the cloud of misery slowly passed away from him, shone out in everything he did and said;—all these things made quarrelling with Bernard Rivers almost impossible.

"What have I done?" thought Hannah, half-laughing, half-crying. "He must think me a perfect virago. I will apologize the minute he comes back."

But he did not come back; not though she waited an hour in the breakfast-room, putting off her household duties, and even that other, as painful as it was inevitable, speaking to poor Grace; but he never came. Then, going into the hall, she saw that his hat and coat had vanished. She knew his appointments of the morning, and was sure now that he was gone and would be away the whole day.

Then Hannah became more perplexed—thoroughly unhappy. Even Grace's forlorn face, when she told her—she had not the heart to tell more—that Mr. Rivers could promise nothing, but that she hoped he would prevent the marriage, if possible,—failed to affect her much; and Rosie's little arms around her neck, and the fond murmur of "Tannie, Tannie," did not give nearly the comfort that they were wont to do.

"Tannie has been naughty," said she, feeling a strange relief in confessing her sins to the unconscious child. "Tannie has vexed papa. When Rosie grows up she must never vex papa. She must try to be a comfort to him: he has no one else."

Poor Hannah! She had done wrong, and she knew it. When this was the case, nothing and nobody could soothe Hannah Thelluson.

With a heavy heart, she got ready for the picnic—a family affair between this house and the Moat-House, which was still full of visitors. The girls were to fetch first their brother from the school-house, and then herself, but when the carriage came round, Mr. Rivers was not in it.

"Bernard is thoroughly sulky to-day," said the eldest sister. "He doesn't seem to know his own mind at all, whether he will go or won't; but perhaps he may turn up by-and-by. Don't let us bother about him. Such a splendid day it is for a picnic, and Langmead Wood at its loveliest time! Do let us enjoy ourselves."

They did enjoy themselves, and certainly, Hannah thought, were not much "bothered" by their brother's sulkiness, or afflicted by his absence. The fraternal bond is so free and easy, that, except in cases of very special affection, brothers and sisters can speedily console themselves with somebody else.

But with herself it was not so. She thought the girls rather heartless in missing Bernard so little. She missed him a good deal, and set down her regrets as conscience-stings. They hindered half her enjoyment of the lovely wood, just putting on its green clothing, full of primroses and hyacinths, and nest-building birds pouring out on all

sides a rapture of spring-tide song. She scarcely heard it, or hearing it only gave her pain.

"I was unkind to him," she thought; "unkind to a man whose wife is dead, who goes lonely through the world, and needs every allowance that can be made for him, every comfort that can be given him. He, too, who is always so considerate and kind to me! How ungrateful I have been!"

So absorbed was she in her contrition that she did not notice for ever so long what otherwise would have interested her much—a very patent love-affair now going on between Adeline Rivers and this same Mr. Melville, the young squire whom Grace had mentioned. To bring him "to the point," as one of the girls confidentially told her, this picnic had been planned, hoping that the tender influence of the woody glades of Langmead would open his heart, and turn it from nebulous courtship to substantial marriage—a marriage evidently highly acceptable to the whole family. Which Hannah thought rather odd, considering what she knew of the family opinions, and that it was but the mere chance of a marriage happening before instead of after the year 1835, which saved Herbert Melville from being in the same position as poor Grace's son—a "base born" child.

Late in the afternoon, Bernard appeared. They were all sitting in a circle round the remnants of the dinner. He shook hands with everybody, ending with Miss Thelluson. Words were impossible there; but Hannah tried to make her eyes say, "Are we friends? I am so sorry." The apology fell hopeless; he was looking in another direction, and she shrank back into herself, feeling more unhappy, in a foolish, causeless, childish sort of way, than she remembered to have done for at least ten years.

If

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

—to be wroth with ourselves for having wronged one we love is pretty nearly as bad; except that in such a case we are able to punish ourselves unlimitedly, as Hannah did, with the most laudable pertinacity, for a full hour. She listened with patience to endless discussions, *tele-a-tele*, among Lady Rivers and her girls, upon the chances and prospects of the young couple for whose benefit the picnic was made—who, poor things knew well what they were brought there for, and what was expected of them before returning home. At any other time she would have pitied, or smiled at, this pair of lovers, who finally slipped aside among the trees, out of sight, though not out of comment, of their affectionate families: and she might have felt half-amused, half-indignant, at the cool, public way in which the whole matter was discussed. But now her heart was too sore and sad; she just listened politely to everybody that wanted a listener, and meantime heard painfully every word her brother-in-law said, and saw every movement he made—not one, however, in her direction. She made a martyr of herself, did everything she did not care to do, and omitted the only thing she longed to do—to go up straight to Mr. Rivers and say "Are you angry with me still? Do you never mean to forgive me?"

Apparently not, for he kept sedulously out of her way, and yet near

her, though not a word between them was possible. This behaviour at last tantalized her so much, that she fairly ran away : stole quietly out of the circle, and hid herself in a nut-wood dell, filling her hands with blue hyacinths.

"Hannah, what are you doing?"

"Gathering a nosegay to take home to Rosie."

A brief question and answer. Yet they seemed to clear away the cloud. Mr. Rivers stood watching a little while, and then began helping her to gather the flowers.

How continually you think of Rosie's pleasure. But you do of everybody's. What a warm good heart you have."

"Have I? I doubt it," answered Hannah, with a faltering voice. for she was touched by his gentleness, by that wonderfully sweet nature he had—so rare in a man, yet not unmanly, if men could only believe this! Hannah had long ceased to wonder why her brother-in-law was so universally beloved.

"I think you and I rather quarrelled this morning, Aunt Hannah! We never did so before, did we?"

"No."

"Then don't let us do it again. Here is my hand."

Hannah took it joyfully, tried to speak, and signally failed.

"You don't mean to say you are crying?"

"I am afraid I am. It is very silly, but I can't help it. I never was used to quarrelling, and I have been quite unhappy all day. You see,"—and she raised her face with the innocent child-like expression it sometimes wore—more child-like, he once told her, than any creature he ever saw over ten years old,—“you see, I had behaved so ill to you—you that are unfailingly kind to me.”

"Not kind—say grateful. Oh, Hannah!" he said, with great earnestness, "I owe you more, much more, than I can ever repay. I was sinking into a perfect slough of despond, becoming a miserable useless wretch, a torment to myself and everybody about me, when it came into my head to send for you. You roused me, you made me feel that my life was not ended, that I had still work to do, and strength to do it with. Hannah, if any human being ever saved another, you saved me."

Hannah was much moved. Still more so when, drooping his head and playing absently with a mass of dead leaves, from under which blue violets were springing, he added—

"I sometimes think *she* must have sent you to me,—do you?"

"I think thus much—that she would rejoice if I, or any one, was able to do you any good. Any generous woman would, after she had gone away, and could do you good no more. She would wish you to be happy—even if it were with another woman—another wife."

Hannah said this carefully, deliberately; she had long waited for a chance of saying it, that he might know exactly what was her feeling about second marriages, did he contemplate anything of the sort. He evidently caught her meaning, and was pained by it.

"Thank you. Rosa said much the same thing to me, just before she died. But I have no intention of marrying again. At least, not now."

Hannah could not tell why, but she felt relieved—even glad. The

incubus of several weeks was taken off at once, as well as that other burthen—which she had no idea would have weighed her down so much—the feeling of being at variance with her brother-in-law.

He sat down beside her on a felled log ; and they began talking of all sorts of things—the beauty of the wood, the wonderfully delicious spring day ; and how Rosie would have enjoyed it, how she would enjoy it by-and-by, when she was old enough to be brought to pic-nics at Langmead. All trivial subjects, lightly and gaily discussed ; but they were straws to show how the wind blew, and Hannah was sure now that the wind blew fair again—that Mr. Rivers had forgiven and forgotten everything.

Not everything ; for he asked suddenly if she had told Grace the bitter truth, and how she bore it ?

“ Patiently, of course ; but she is nearly broken-hearted.”

“ Poor soul ! And you think, Hannah, that if she—Rosa—had been here, she would have let Grace stay ? ”

“ I am sure she would. She was so just, so pure, so large in all her judgments ; she would have seen at once that Grace meant no harm—that no real guilt could attach to her, only misfortune ; and therefore, it was neither necessary nor right to send her away.”

“ Very well. I came to tell you that she shall not be sent away. I have reconsidered the question, and am prepared to risk all the consequences of keeping her,—for my little girl’s sake,—and yours.”

Hannah burst into broken thanks, and then fairly began to cry again. She could not tell what was the matter with her. Her joy was as silly and weak-minded as her sorrow. She was so ashamed of herself as to be almost relieved when Mr. Rivers, laughing at her in a kindly, pleasant way, rose up and rejoined his sisters.

The rest of the day she had scarcely ten words with him ; yet she felt as happy as possible. Peace was restored between him and herself ; and Grace’s misery was lightened a little, though, alas ! not much. Perhaps, since even her master said she had done no intentional wrong, the poor girl would get used to her lot in time. It could not be a very dreary lot—to take care of Rosie. And Aunt Hannah longed for her little darling,—wished she had her in her arms, to show her the heaps of spring flowers, and the rabbits with their funny flashes of white tails, appearing and disappearing beneath the tender ferns that were shooting up under the dead leaves of last year,—life out of death, and joy out of sorrow, as God meant it to be.

Nay, even the Rivers family and the rest seemed to drop a little of their formal worldliness, and become young men and maidens, rejoicing in the spring. Especially the well-watched pair of lovers ; who had evidently come to an understanding, as desired ; for when, after a lengthy absence, they reappeared, bringing two small sticks apiece, as their contributions to the fire that was to boil the kettle, their shyness and awkwardness were only equalled by their expression of blushing content.

Why should not old-maid Hannah be content likewise ? though she was not in her teens, like Adeline, and had no lover ! But she had a tender feeling about lovers still ; and in this blithe and happy spring-time it stirred afresh ; and her heart was moved in a strange sort of way—half pleasant, half sad.

Besides, this day happened to be an anniversary. Not that Hannah was among those who keep anniversaries; on the contrary, she carefully avoided them; but she never forgot them. Many a time, when nobody knew, she was living over again, with an ineffaced and ineffaceable vividness, certain days and certain hours, burnt into her memory with the red-hot iron of affliction. The wounds had healed but the scars remained. For years she had never seen yellow November fogs without remembering the day when Arthur sailed; nor cowslips, but she remembered having a bunch of them in her hand when she got the letter telling her of his death—just as he was “getting up May-hill”—as they often say of consumptive people. And for years—oh, how many years it seemed—after that day, spring days had given her a cruel pain; as if the world had all come alive again, and Arthur was dead.

To-day, even though it was the very anniversary of his death, she felt differently. There came back into her heart that long-forgotten sense of spring, which always used to come with the primroses and cowslips, when Arthur and she played together among them. The world *had* come alive again, and Arthur had come alive too; but more as when he was a little boy and her playfellow than her lover. A strange kind of fancy entered her mind—a wonder what he was like now—boy, or man, or angel; and what he was doing in that land, which, try as we will, we cannot realise, and are not meant to realise, in any way that would narrow our duties here. Whether he still remained the same, or had altered, as she was conscious she had altered; grown as she had grown,—and suffered; no, he could not suffer, as she had suffered these ten, eleven years? Did he want her? or was he happy without her? Would they, when they met, meet as betrothed lovers, or as the angels in heaven, “who neither marry nor are given in marriage.”

All those thoughts, and many more, went flitting across her mind as Miss Thelluson sat in a place she often took—it saved talking, and she liked it—beside the old coachman, on the Moat-House carriage, as they drove in the soft May twilight, through glade and woodland, moor and down, to Easterham village. And when far off, she saw the light shining from a window of the House on the Hill, her heart leaped to it—her heart, not her fancy—for there was her warm, happy, human home. There, under that peaceful roof, centred all her duties, all her delights; there, in the quiet nursery, little Rosie lay sleeping, ready to wake up next morning fresh as the flowers, merry as a young lambkin, developing more and more in her opening child-life—the most wonderful and lovely sight God ever gives us, and He gives it us every day—a growing human soul.

“Oh, if Rosa could only see her now—the daughter for whom she died!” sighed Hannah; and then suppressed the sigh, as irreligious, unjust. “No. I think if Rosa came back to us, and saw us now—him and her baby, and me—she would not be unhappy. She would say—what I should say myself, if I died—that when God takes our dead from us, He means us not to grieve forever, only to remember.”

CHAPTER VI.

HANNAH was fond of the Moat-House ; in the way that we are often fond of people thrown temporarily in our way, thinking : " I should like you if I knew you," but well aware that this will never happen. Often, as in her walks she passed by the grey old walls, she could quite understand Mr. Rivers's strong clinging to the only home he ever knew, the resting place of his family for generations. She sympathized keenly in his admiration for its quaint nooks and corners within—its quaint aspect without ; for the moat had been drained, and turned into a terraced garden, and the old drawbridge into a bridge leading to it : so that it was the most original and interesting house possible.

Miss Thelluson would have gone there often, but for a conviction that its inhabitants did not approve of this. Wide as their circle was, and endless as were their entertainments, it was not what Hannah called a hospitable house. That is, it opened its doors wide at stated times ; gave the most splendid dinners and balls ; but if you went in accidentally or uninvited, you were received both by the family and servants with civil surprise. Hannah was, once calling of an evening after an early dinner ; when the effort to get her an egg to her tea seemed to throw the whole establishment, from the butler downwards, into such dire confusion, that she never owned to being " hungry " at the Moat-House again.

Nor was it a place to bring a child to. Rosic, always good at home, was sure to be naughty at the Moat-House ; and then grand-mamma and aunts always told papa of it, and papa came back and complained to Aunt Hannah ; and Aunt Hannah was sometimes sorry, sometimes indignant. So the end was that she and her child never went there unless specially invited ; and that paradise of most little people—" grandmamma's house " and " grandmamma's garden "—was to Rosie Rivers a perfect blank.

Nevertheless, Aunt Hannah never looked at the lovely old house without a sense of tender regret ; for it was so very lovely, and might have been so dear. Perhaps it would be, one day, when Rosic, its heir's sole heiress, reigned as mistress there. A change which another ten or fifteen years were likely enough to bring about, as Sir Austin was an old man, and young Austin, the hapless eldest son, would never inherit anything. Everybody knew, though nobody said it, that the Rev. Bernard Rivers would be in reality his father's successor. Even Lady Rivers, who was a rich young widow when she became Sir Austin's wife, and had a comfortable jointure house in another county, openly referred to that time, and as openly regretted that her step-son did not turn his thoughts to a second marriage.

" But he will soon, of course ; and you ought to take every opportunity of suggesting it to him, Miss Thelluson ; for, in his position, it is really his duty, and he says one of the great advantages you are to him is, that you always keep him up to his duty."

To these remarks Hannah seldom answered more than a polite smile. She made a point of never discussing Mr. Rivers's marriage ; first, because if his family had no delicacy on the subject, she had ; and,

second, because every day convinced her more and more that he was sincere when he told her he had no present intention of the kind.

Yet he was perfectly cheerful now—not exactly in his old buoyant fashion, but in a contented, equable way, that Hannah, at least, liked much better. Theirs was a cheerful house, too. “Use hospitality without grudging” was Bernard’s motto; and he used it, as she once suggested to him, principally to those “who cannot repay thee.” So the House on the Hill—the clergyman’s house—was seldom empty, but had always bed and board at the service of any who required it, or enjoyed it. Still, this kind of hospitality, simple as it was, kept Hannah very busy always. Not that she objected to it: nay, she rather liked it; it roused her dormant social qualities, made her talk more and look brighter and better—indeed some people congratulated her on having grown ten years younger since she came to Easterham. She felt so herself at any rate.

Besides this outside cheerfulness in their daily life, she and her brother-in-law, since their quarrel and its making-up, seemed to have got on together better than ever. Her mind was settled on the marriage question, she dreaded no immediate changes, and he seemed to respect her all the more for having “shown fight” on the question of Grace Dixon—alas, Mrs. Dixon no longer now!—she took off her wedding-ring, and was called plain Grace; she had no right to any other name.

“And my boy has no name either,” she said once, with a pale patient face, when the worst of her sorrow having spent itself, she went about her duties, outwardly resigned.

“Never mind!” Hannah replied, with a choke in her throat. “He must make himself one.” And then they laid the subject aside, and discussed it no more.

Neither did she and her brother-in-law open it up again. It was one of the sore inevitables, the painful awkwardnesses, best not talked about. In truth—in the position in which she and Mr. Rivers stood to one another—how could they talk about it!

The Rivers’s family did sometimes; they had a genius for discussing unpleasant topics. But happily the approaching marriage of Mr. Melville and Adeline annihilated this one.

“Under the circumstances nobody could speak to him about it, you know; it might hurt his feelings,” said the happy bride-elect. “And pray keep Grace out of his way, for he knows her well; she was brought up in his family. A very nice family, are they not?”

Hannah allowed they were. She sometimes watched the dowager Mrs. Melville among her tribe of step-daughters, whom she had brought up, and who returned her care with unwonted tenderness,—thought of poor Grace, and—sighed.

Adeline’s marriage was carried out without delay. It seemed a great satisfaction to everybody, and a relief likewise. Young Mr. Melville, who was rather of a butterfly temperament, had fluttered about this nosegay of pretty girls for the last ten years. He had, in fact, loved through the family—beginning with the eldest, when they were play-fellows, then transferring his affections to Helen, and being supposed to receive a death-blow on her engagement; which, however, he speedily recovered, to carry on a long flirtation with the

handsome Bertha ; finally, to everybody's wonder, he settled down to Adeline, who was the quietest, the least pretty, and the only one out of the four who really loved him.

Bertha was vexed at first, but soon took consolation. "After all, I only cared to flirt with him, and I can do it just as well when he is my brother-in-law. Brothers are so stupid ; but a brother-in-law, of one's own age, will be so very convenient. Miss Thelluson, don't you find it so ?"

Hannah scarcely answered this—one of the many odd things which she often heard said at the Moat-House. However she did not consider it her province to notice them. The Riverses were Bernard's "people," as he affectionately called them, and his loving eye saw all their faults very small, and their virtues very large. Hannah tried, for his sake, to do the same. Only, the better she knew them the more she determined on one thing—to hold firmly to her point, that she, and she alone, should have the bringing up of little Rosie.

"I daresay you will think me very conceited," she said one night to Rosie's father—the winter evenings were drawing in again, and they were sitting together talking, in that peaceful hour after "the children are asleep"—"but I do believe that I, her mother's sister, can bring up Rosie better than anybody else. First, because I love her best, she being of my own blood ; secondly, because not all women—not even all mothers—have the real motherly heart. Shall I tell you a story I heard to-day, and Lady Rivers instanced it as 'right discipline ?' But it is only a baby-story ; it may weary you."

"Nothing ever wearies me that concerns Rosie—and you."

"Well, then, there is an Easterham lady—you meet her often at dinner-parties—young and pretty, and capital at talking of maternal duties. She has a little girl of six, and the little girl did wrong in some small way, and was told to say she was sorry. 'I have said it mamma, seventy-times-seven—to myself.' (A queer speech ; but children do say such queer things sometimes ; Rosie does already.) 'But you must say it to me,' said mamma. 'I won't,' said the child. And then the mother stood, beating and shaking her, at intervals, for nearly an hour. At last the little thing fell into convulsions of sobbing. 'Fetch me the water-jug, and I'll pour it over her.' (Which she did, wetting her through.) 'This is the way I conquer my children.' Now," said Hannah Thelluson, with flashing eyes, "if any strange woman were ever to try to 'conquer' *my* child——"

"Keep yourself quiet, Hannah," said Mr. Rivers, half smiling, and gently patting her hand. "No 'strange woman' shall ever interfere between you and Rosie."

"And you will promise never to send her to school, at Paris or anywhere else, as Lady Rivers proposed the other day, when she is old enough ? Oh, papa" (she sometimes called him "papa," as a compromise between "Bernard," which he wished, and "Mr. Rivers") "I think I should go frantic if anybody were to take my child away from me."

"Nobody ever shall," said he, earnestly pressing her hand, which he had not yet let go. Then, after a pause, and a troubled stirring of the fire—his habit when he was perplexed—he added, "Hannah, do you ever look into the future at all ?"

"Rosie's future? Yes, often."

"No; your own."

"I think—not much," Hannah replied, after slight hesitation, and trying to be as truthful as she could. "When first I came here I was doubtful how our plan would answer; but it has answered admirably. I desire no change. I am only too happy in my present life."

"Perfectly happy? Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I suppose I ought to be."

Yet he sighed, and very soon after he rose with some excuse about a sermon he had to look over; went into his study, whence, contrary to his custom, he did not emerge for the rest of the evening.

Hannah sat alone, and rather uncomfortable. Had she vexed him in any way? Was he not glad she declared herself happy, since, of necessity, his kindness helped to make her so? For months now there had never come a cloud between them. Their first quarrel was also their last. By this time they had, of course, grown perfectly used to one another's ways; their life flowed on in its even course—a pleasant river, busy as it was smooth. Upon its surface floated peacefully that happy, childish life, developing into more beauty every day. Rosie was not exactly a baby now; and often when she trotted along the broad garden walk, holding tightly papa's hand on one side and auntie's on the other, there came into Hannah's mind that lovely picture of Tennyson's:—

"And in their double love secure
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure,"

That was the picture which she saw in a vision, and had referred to—why had it vexed the father? Did he think she spoiled Rosie? But love never spoils any child, and Aunt Hannah could be stern, too, if necessary. She made as few laws as possible; but those she did make were irrevocable, and Rosie knew this already. She never cried for a thing twice over—and, oh, how touching was her trust, how patient her resigning!

"I don't know how far you will educate your little niece," wrote Lady Dunsmore, in the early days of Hannah's willing task; "but I am quite certain she will educate you."

So she did; and Hannah continually watched in wonder the little new-born soul, growing as fast as the body, and spreading out its wings daily in farther and fairer flights, learning, she knew not how, more things than she had taught it, or could teach.

Then Rosie comforted her aunt so—with the same sweet, dumb comfort that Hannah used to get from flowers, and birds, and trees. But here was a living flower, which God had given her to train up into beauty, blessing her with twice the blessedness she gave. In all her little household worries, Rosie's unconscious and perpetual well-spring of happiness soothed Hannah indescribably, and never more so than in some bitter days which followed that day, when Mr. Rivers seemed to have suddenly returned to his old miserable self, and to be dissatisfied with everything and everybody.

Even herself. She could not guess why; but sometimes her brother-in-law actually scolded her, or, what was worse, he scolded Rosie; quite needlessly, for the child was an exceedingly good child. And then Aunt Hannah's indignation was roused. More than once she thought of giving him a severe lecture, as she had occasionally done before, and he declared it did him good. But a certain diffidence restrained her. What right indeed had she to "pitch into him," as he had laughingly called it, when they were no blood relations?—if blood gives the right of fault-finding, which some people suppose. Good friends as she and Mr. Rivers were, Hannah scrupled to claim more than the rights of friendship, which scarcely justify a lady in saying to a gentleman in his own house, "You are growing a perfect bear, and I would much rather have your room than your company."

Which was the truth. Just now, if she had not had Rosie's nursery to take refuge in, and Rosie's little bosom to fly to, burying her head there oftentimes, and drying her wet eyes upon the baby pinafore, Aunt Hannah would have had a sore time of it.

And yet she was so sorry for him—so sorry! If the old cloud were permanently to return, what should she do? What possible influence had she over him? She was neither his mother nor sister, if indeed, either of those ties permanently affect a man who has once been married, and known the closest sympathy, the strongest influence a man can know. Many a time, when he was very disagreeable, her heart sank down like lead, she would carry Rosie sorrowfully out of papa's way, lest she should vex him, or be made naughty by him; conscious as she clasped the child to her bosom, of that dangerous feeling which men sometimes rouse in women—even fathers in mothers—that their children are much pleasanter company than themselves.

Poor Bernard! poor Hannah! Perhaps the former should have been wiser, the latter more quick-sighted. But men are not always Solons; and Hannah was a rather peculiar sort of woman. She had so completely taken her own measure and settled her voluntary destiny, that it never occurred to her she was not quite the old maid she thought herself, or that, like other mortal creatures, her lot, is well as her individuality, was liable to be modified by circumstances. When Bernard once told her she was a well-liked person, growing very popular at Easterham, she smiled, rather pleased than not; but when he hinted that an elderly rector, a rich widower, who had lately taken to visiting constantly at the House on the Hill, did not visit there on his account, but hers, Miss Thelluson at first looked innocently uncomprehending, then annoyed, as if her brother-in-law had made an unseemly jest. He never made it again. And soon afterwards, either from her extreme coldness of manner, or some other cause, the rector suddenly vanished, and was no more seen.

Presently, and just at the time when she would have been most glad of visitors to cheer up her brother-in-law, their house seemed to grow strangely empty. Invitations ceased, even those at the Moat-House being fewer and more formal. And in one of her rare visits there, Lady Rivers had much annoyed her by dragging in—apropos of Adeline's marriage, and the great advantage it was for girls to get early settled in life—a pointed allusion to the aforesaid rector, and his persistent attentions.

"Which of course everybody noticed, my dear. Everybody notices everything in Easterham. And allow me to say that if he does mean anything, you may count on my best wishes. Indeed, I think, all things considered, to marry him would be the very best thing you could do."

"Thank you; but I have not the slightest intention of doing it."

"Then, do you never mean to marry at all?"

"Probably not," replied Hannah, trying hard to keep up that air of smiling politeness, which she had hitherto found as repellent as a crystal wall against impertinent intrusiveness. "But, really, these things cannot possibly interest any one but myself. Not even benevolent Easterham."

"Pardon me. Benevolent Easterham is taking far too much interest in the matter, and in yourself, too, I am sorry to say," observed Lady Rivers, mysteriously. "But, of course, it is no business of mine."

And with a displeased look, the old lady disappeared to other guests, giving Hannah unmistakably "the cold shoulder" for the remainder of the evening.

This did not afflict her much, for she was used to it. Of far greater consequence was it when, a little while after, she saw by Bernard's looks that his spirits had risen, and he was almost his old self again. It always pleased him when his sister-in-law was invited to the Moat-House, and made herself agreeable there, as she resolutely did. The habit of accepting a man's bread and salt, and then making oneself disagreeable in the eating of it, or abusing it afterwards, was a phase of fashionable morality not yet attained to by Miss Thelluson. She did not care to visit much; but when she did go out, she enjoyed herself as much as possible.

"Yes, it has been a very pleasant evening; quite lively—for the Moat-House," she would have added, but checked herself. It was touching to see Bernard's innocent admiration of everything at the Moat-House. The only occasions when it vexed her was when they showed so little appreciation of him.

"Oh, why can he not always be as good as he is to-night!" thought Hannah, when, as they walked home together, which they did sometimes of fine evenings, instead of ordering the carriage, he talked pleasantly and cheerfully the whole way. They passed through the silent, shut-up village, and up the equally silent hill-road, to the smooth "down" at its top. There the extreme quietness and loneliness, and the mysterious beauty of the frosty starlight, seemed to soothe him into a more earnest mood, imparting something of the feeling which bright winter nights always gave to Hannah—that sense of nearness to the invisible, which levels all human griefs, and comforts all mortal pain.

"Perhaps, after all," said he, when they had been speaking on this subject, "it does not so very much matter whether one is happy or miserable during one's short life here; or one is inclined to feel so on a night like this, and talking together as you and I do now. The only thing of moment seems to be to have patience and do one's duty."

"I think it does matter," Hannah answered; but gently, so as not

to frighten away the good angel which she rejoiced to see returning. "People do their duty much better when they are happy. I cannot imagine a God who could accept only the sacrifices of the miserable. We must all suffer, less or more; but I never would suffer one whit more, or longer, than I could help."

"Would you not?"

"No; nor would I make others suffer. What do you think the child said to me yesterday, when I was removing her playthings at bed-time? I suppose I looked grave, for she said, 'Poor Tannie! Isn't Tannie sorry to take away Rosie's toys?' Tannie was sorry, and would gladly have given them all back again if she could. Don't you think," and Hannah lifted her soft, grey truthful eyes to the winter sky, "that if Tannie feels thus, so surely must God?"

Mr. Rivers said nothing; but he pressed slightly the arm within his, and they walked on, taking the "sweet counsel together," which is the best privilege of real friends. It was like old days come back again, and Hannah felt so glad.

"Now you may perceive," Bernard said after a little, apropos of nothing, "why the charming young ladies who come about my sisters, and whom they think I don't admire half enough, do not attract me as I suppose they ought to do. They might have done so once, before I had known sorrow; but now they seem to me so 'young,' shallow, and small. One half of me—the deepest half—they never touch; nor do my own people neither. For instance, the things we have been talking of to-night I should never dream of speaking about to anybody—except you."

"Thank you," replied Hannah, gratified.

Had she thought herself bound to tell the full truth, she might have confessed that there was a time when she, on her part, thought Mr. Rivers as he thought these girls, "young, shallow, and small." She did not now. Either he had altered very much, or she had much misjudged him. Probably both was the case. He had grown older, graver, more earnest. She did not feel the least like his mother now; he was often much wiser than she, and she gladly owned this. It would have relieved her honest mind to own likewise a few other trifles on which she had been egregiously mistaken. But in some things, and especially those which concerned herself and her own feelings, Hannah was still a very *sure* woman.

"Not that I have a word to say against those charming girls," continued he, relapsing into his gay mood. "No doubt they *are* very charming, the Miss Melvilles and the rest.

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
And a coral lip admires,"

may find enough to admire in them. Only—only—you remember the last verse?" And he repeated it; with a tender intonation that rather surprised Hannah—

"But a true and constant mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts in equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires."

"That is my theory of loving—is it yours?"

"I should fancy it is most people's who have ever deeply thought about the matter."

"Another theory I have, too," he went on, apparently half in earnest, half in jest, "that the passion comes to different people, and at different times of their lives, in very contrary ways. Some 'fall' in love as I did, at first sight, with my lost darling,"—he paused, a full minute. "Others walk into love deliberately, with their eyes open; while a few creep into it blindfold, and know not where they are going till the bandage drops, and then——"

"And which of these do you suppose was the case of Adeline and Mr. Melville?"

"Good heavens! I was not thinking of Adeline and Mr. Melville at all."

He spoke with such needless acerbity that Hannah actually laughed, and then begged his pardon, which seemed to offend him only the more. She did not know how to take him, his moods were so various and unaccountable. But whatever they were, or whatever he was, she felt bound to put up with him; nay, she was happier with him in any mood than when far apart from him, as when he had held himself aloof from her of late.

"You are very cross to me," said she simply, "but I do not mind it. I know you have many things to vex you, only do please try to be as good as you can. And you might as well as not be good to me."

"Be good to you!"

"Yes; for though I may vex you sometimes, as I seem to have done lately, I do not really mean any harm."

"Harm! Poor Hannah! Why, you wouldn't harm a fly. And yet——" he stopped suddenly, took both her hands, and looked her hard in the face, "there are times when I feel as if I hated the very sight of you."

Hannah stood aghast. Such unkind, causelessly unkind words! Hate her—why? Because she reminded him of his wife! And yet, except for a certain occasional "family" look, no two sisters could be more unlike than she and Rosa. Even were it not so, what a silly, nay, cruel reason for disliking her! And why had not the dislike shown itself months ago, when he seemed to prize her all the more for belonging to the departed one, whom he still fondly called his "lost darling."

Miss Thelluson could not understand it at all. She was first startled; then inexpressibly pained. The tears came, and choked her. She would have run away if she could; but as she could not, she walked on, saying nothing, for she literally had not a word to say.

Mr. Rivers walked after her. "I beg your pardon. I have spoken wildly, ridiculously. You must forgive. You see, I am not such a calm, even temperament as you. Oh, Hannah, do forgive me. I did not mean what I said—I did not indeed."

"What did you mean then?"

A question which some people, well versed in the science which Mr. Rivers had just been so eloquently discussing, may consider foolish in the extreme, showing Hannah to have been, not merely the least

self-conscious, but the most purblind of her sex. She was neither. But there are natures so exceedingly single-minded and straightforward, that what seems to them not a right or fitting thing to be done, they no more think of doing themselves, or respecting others of doing, than of performing that celebrated feat of "jumping over the moon." Besides, her idea of herself was, in many ways, as purely imaginary as her idea of her brother-in-law. The known, notable fact, that "hate" is often only the agonized expression of a very opposite feeling, never once suggested itself to the innocent mind of Hannah Thelluson.

They had by this time reached their own gate. Her hand was on the latch, not reluctantly. He took it off.

"Don't go in—not just this moment, when you are displeased with me. The night is so fine, and there is nobody about." (What would that matter? Hannah thought.) "Just walk a few steps farther, while I say to you something which I have had on my mind to say for weeks past:—a message, no, not a message, but a sort of commission from a friend of mine."

By his hesitation, his extreme awkwardness and uncomfortableness of manner, Hannah guessed directly what it was. "Et tu, Brute!" she could have bitterly said, remembering the annoyance to which she had just been subjected by Lady Rivers; whom she had seen afterwards in close conclave with Bernard. Had he, then, been enlisted on the same side—of the obnoxious rector? Well, what matter? She had better hear all, and have done with it.

But there was delay, and for fully ten minutes; first by Bernard's silence, out of which she was determined not to help him in the least; and secondly, by their encountering a couple out walking like themselves, the village apothecary and the village milliner,—known well to be lovers,—who looked equally shy at being met by, and astonished at meeting, their clergyman and his sister-in-law out on the hill at that late hour. Mr. Rivers himself looked much vexed, and hastily proposed turning homeward, as if forgetting altogether what he had to say, till they once more reached the gate.

"Just one turn in the garden, Hannah—I must deliver my message, and do my duty, as Lady Rivers says I ought. I beg your pardon," he added formally, "it is trenching on delicate ground, but my friend, Mr. Morecamb, has asked me confidentially to tell him whether you have any objection to his visiting our house."

"Our house? Certainly not."

"But the house means you,—visits paid to you, with a certain definite end,—in plain terms, he wishes to marry you."

"And has confided that intention to you, and to all Easterham! How very kind! But would it not have been kinder to put the question to me himself, instead of making it public through a third party?"

"If by the 'third party' you mean me, I assure you, I was no willing party, and also, that I have sedulously kept the secret forced upon me. Even to-night, when Lady Rivers was questioning me on the subject, I was careful not to let her suspect, in the smallest degree, that there was any foundation for the report beyond Easterham gossip at Morecamb's frequent visits. I kept my own counsel

ay, and submitted to be rated roundly for my indifference to your interests, and told that I was hindering you from making a good marriage. Is it so?"

"You ought to have known me better than to suppose I should ever make a 'good' marriage; which means in Lady Rivers's vocabulary, a marriage of convenience. She is very kind, to take my affairs so completely into her own hands. I am deeply indebted to her—and to you."

The tone was so bitter and satirical, so unlike herself, that Bernard turned to look at her in the starlight,—the pale pure face, neither young nor old, which, he sometimes said, never would be either younger or older, because no wear and tear of human passion troubled its celestial peace.

"I have offended you, I see. Can it be possible that ——"

"Nothing is impossible, apparently. But I should have supposed that you yourself would have been the first to put down all remarks of this kind; aware that it was, at least, highly improbable I could have any feeling concerning Mr. Morecomb—unless it was resentment at his having made me a public talk in this way."

"He could not help it, I suppose."

"He ought to have helped it. Any man who really loves a woman will hide her under a bushel, so to speak,—shelter her from the faintest breath of gossip, take any trouble, any blame even, upon himself, rather than let her be talked about. At least, that is how I should feel if I were a man and loved a woman. But I don't understand you men—less and less the more I know of you. You seem to see things in a different light, and live after a different pattern from what we women do."

"That is only too true,—the more the pity," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "But as to gossip: the man might not be able to prevent it. There might be circumstances—— What do you think Morecomb ought to have done?"

Hannah thought a moment. "He should have held his tongue till he knew his own mind fully, or guessed mine. Then he should have put the question to me direct, and I would have answered it the same, and also held my tongue. Half the love-miseries in the world arise, not from the love itself, but from people's talking about it. I say to all my young friends who fall in love, whether happily or unhappily,—Keep it to yourself: whatever happens, hold your tongue."

"Oracular advice—as if from a prophetess superior to all these human weaknesses," said Bernard bitterly. "A pity it was not given in time to poor Mr. Morecomb. What do you dislike in him—his age?"

"No; it is generally a good thing for the man to be older than the woman—even much older."

"His being a widower then?"

"Not at all; but—" and Hannah stopped, as indignant as if she had really loved Mr. Morecomb. That her brother-in-law should be pleading the cause of a gentleman who wanted to marry her, or that any gentleman should be wanting to marry her, seemed equally extraordinary. She could have laughed at the whole matter had she

not felt so strangely, absurdly angry. She stood—twirling her hands in and out of her muff, and patting with fierce little feet the frosty ground, and waited for Mr. Rivers to speak next. He did so at length, very formally.

“I have, then, to convey to my friend a simple negative, and say that you desire his visits here to cease!”

“Not if he is your friend, and you wish them to continue. What right have I to shut the door upon any of your guests? My position is most awkward, most uncomfortable. Why you did not spare me this? If you had tried, I think—I think you might.”

It was a woman's involuntary outcry of pain, and appeal for protection—until she remembered she was making it to a sham protector: a man who had no legal rights towards her; who was neither husband, father, nor brother; who, though she was living under his roof, could not shelter her in the smallest degree, except as an ordinary friend. He was that anyhow, for he burst out in earnest and passionate rejoinder.

“How could I have spared you—only tell me? You talk of rights—what right have I to prevent the man's seeking you—to stand in the way of your marrying, as they tell me I do? Oh, Hannah! if you knew what misapprehension, what blame I have subjected myself to, in all these weeks of silence. And yet now you—even you—turn round and accuse me.”

“I accuse you!”

“Well, well, perhaps we are taking a too tragical view of the whole matter. You do not quite hate me?”

“No; on the contrary, it was you who said you hated me.”

And that sudden change from pathos to bathos, from the sublime to the ridiculous, which, in talk, constantly takes place between people who are very familiar with one another, came now to soothe the agitation of both.

“Let us make a paction, for it will never do to have another quarrel, or even a coolness,” said Mr. Rivers, with that bright, pleasant manner of his, which always warmed Hannah through and through like sunshine; she whose life, before she came to Easterham, had been, if placid, a little sunless, cold, and pale. “I know, whenever you tap your foot in that way, it is a sign you are waxing wrath. Presently you will burst out, and tear me limb from limb, as—allegorically speaking—you delight to do, you being a ‘big lion,’ as Rosie says, and I as innocent as a lamb the whole time.”

Hannah laughed, and “got down from her high horse,” as he used to call it, immediately. She always did when he appealed to her in that irresistibly winning, good-humored way. It is one of the greatest of mysteries—the influence one human being has over another. Oftener than not, because of extreme dissimilarity. Upon Hannah's grave and silent nature, the very youthfulness, buoyantness, and frankness of this young man came with a charm and freshness which she never found in grave, silent, middle-aged people. Even his face, which she had once called too handsome—uninterestingly handsome,—she had come to look at with a tender pride—as his mother (so she said to herself at least) might have done.

“Well, papa,” she replied, “I don't know whether you are a lamb

or a lion, but you are without doubt the sweetest tempered man I ever knew. It is a blessing to live with you, as Rosa once said."

"Did she say that? poor darling! And—and do you think it? Oh, Hannah!" and he lifted up in the starlight a suddenly grave, even solemn, face; "if you knew everything—if she were looking at us two here—would she not say—I am sure she would——"

But the sentence was never ended; for just as they stood at the hall door, a scream resounded from within—an unmistakable woman's scream.

"That is Grace's voice. Oh, my baby, my baby!" cried Hannah, and darted away, Mr. Rivers following her.

TO CLORINDA,

WHO ATTENDS THE LADIES' LECTURES.

Ah no, Clorinda! pout or frown
 Won't alter my determination:
 I'm most inexorably down
 On 'Woman's Higher Education.'

This heart was once serenely gay,
 But now it's positively bleeding,
 I date my sorrow from the day
 Clorinda took to heavy reading.

You once (and would you did so still!)
 Thought Wisdom much the same as Folly,
 Before you worshipped J. S. Mill,
 And voted Logic 'awful jolly.'

The 'MAJOR PREMISS' you inclined
 To fancy held the Queen's commission,
 And such were never in your mind
 Connected with a *Proposition*.

But now you argue this and that,
 In terms obscure and cabalistic;
 And prove me ignorant and flat,
 By rules severely syllogistic.

And figures did not once, you know,
 (Except quadrilles) employ your leisure;
 You thought the *Vulgar Fraction* low,
 And you disclaimed the *Common Measure*.

But now you feed your tender mind
 On Cubic Roots: you try Quadratics:
 With secret pleasure, too, you find
 I'm shaky in my Mathematics.

Oh happy days, before you proved
 The laws of Astronomic action !
 You cared not how the planets moved,
 And Gravity had no attraction.

But now you roam the Milky Way,
 And realms of science roll between us ;
 And how shall I aspire to play
 The satellite to such a Venus ?

I have the wedding-ring, it's true,
 (I rather think you'd like the pattern)
 But rings can have no charm for you,
 Except, perhaps, the rings of Saturn.

And so farewell, too-learned fair !
 Farewell ! I feel you can't have still a
 Love for one who, you declare,
 Is but a civilized gorilla.

Oh Woman ! all our woe and pain
 Arose from your desire for knowledge ;
 Then do, for pity's sake, restrain
 This fatal zeal for Class and College.

But let them smile, or let them frown,
 I make this solemn declaration :
 I'm most inexorably down
 On 'Woman's Higher Education.'

ALLAN A' DALE.

THE SUN AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM

BY OMRICON.

SECOND PAPER.

When we look at the sun through a good telescope, we find that it is not a body of spotless light as it appears to the naked eye ; scattered here and there, spots are seen, intensely black at the center, surrounded by a margin of lighter shade ; they are of various sizes, some of them many thousands of miles in diameter, others so small, that in the most powerful telescopes they appear as mere points. A careful study of these spots has given additional light on many questions connected with the sun.

First. It has been found that the spots move across the sun's disc ; we see a spot on the sun's edge, and we find that every day it gets nearer the center of the sun ; then passes outward, and after moving

across is left at the opposite side. The time of the transit of these spots has been carefully watched, and it has been found that in some cases it is greater than in that of others; the shortest transit of a spot across the sun of which we know is 12 days, 1 hour, and 6 minutes; and the longest, 14 days, 5 hours, and 30 minutes. The motion of the spots is direct, or in the same direction in which the planets move.

The foregoing fact shows that the sun must rotate on its axis and carry the spots around with it; this may be regarded as the first lesson which sun-spots teach us.—*The sun rotates.*

But we have just alluded to a very important fact: *the spots do not cross the sun's disc in equal times.*

This fact teaches us a second lesson: the spots cannot be fixed bodies like the *lunar mountains* but must, some of them at least, have a motion of their own.

K. C. Carrington of England has carefully watched and mapped the spots which appeared on the sun for several years in succession, and his observations lead to the following very interesting result.

The spots which are nearest the sun's equator moves more rapidly across the disc than those near the poles. In other words, the greater the solar latitude in which a spot may happen to be situated, the longer it will be visible from the earth. Spots then have a proper motion of their own; and this motion is in the opposite direction to the sun's rotation; its motion is direct, that of the spots retrograde.

It would thus appear, that spots may have about the same amount of proper motion; and as a given number of miles at the equator, is a smaller arc of the sun's surface, than the same number of miles will be near the poles, spots at the poles are longer visible than those on the equator.

It is by observing the time of the passage of spots across the sun's disc, that astronomers find the time of the sun's rotation; but it is plain from the foregoing, that till we know the rate of the proper motion of spots, the time of the sun's rotation *cannot be certainly known.*

But another fact which may prove of importance is this; spots do not break out on every part of the sun's surface, so far as latitude is concerned. They form two belts, one on each side of the equator; and what is strange, those belts of spots sometimes approach each other, and lie near the equator, then they separate again, and are seen at a greater distance from each other. It is surmised that this is in some way, directly or indirectly, produced by planetary influence, but so far as the writer is aware, on this point nothing has been proved; it remains to reward some future investigator, and perhaps when the numerous beautiful solar photographs, taken by Mr. Ashe, our Astronomer at Quebec, are published to the world, this question, and many others of equal importance may be answered.

But another fact in relation to sun-spots must be noticed. They are not always equally numerous. Sometimes we see the sun crowded with spots; at other times we may look for spots in vain, none are visible.

Schwabe, of Dessau, has shown that the appearance of spots in great numbers, is subject to a kind of irregular periodicity. He commenced observations in 1826, and has continued them without

interruption up to the present time. In 1826 one hundred and eighteen spots were observed, the number had increased in 1827, and in 1828 it amounted to two hundred and twenty-five. During the next five years there was a gradual decrease, until in 1833 only thirty-three new groups were seen. The number then increased gradually, and in 1837, three hundred and thirty-three new groups were observed. The number then decreased and reached the minimum in 1843, when an increase again commenced.

Wolf, of Zurich, has collected and carefully tabulated all the records of sun-spot observations during the last 130 years, and from the evidence before us we learn the following lessons :

First—The number of spots on the sun's surface are subject to periodical change.

Second—The interval between the maxima (in other words the period) is not regular ; for instance, there was a maximum in 1788, the next took place in 1804, showing an interval of sixteen years ; but there was a maximum in 1829, and another in 1837, in which case the interval was only eight years. The sun-spot period then is *irregular*.

Third—There is another important fact to be noticed in this connection. *The minima scarcely ever occur midway between two maxima.*

During the few last sun-spot periods, the interval between a maximum and the following minimum has been greater than the interval between the minimum and the following maximum. But this is not a necessary consequence of any law ; nor has it always been the fact. In the interval between 1823 and 1833 the opposite was the case, there being only about three years from the maximum to the following minimum.

Though these facts may seem rather dry, we shall find them important, should we ever endeavor to find the cause of this strange phenomenon, the *periodicity of solar-spots*.

The size of some sun-spots has been truly enormous. Schwabe speaks of one whose diameter was 74,000 miles ; and in the telescope these spots are sometimes seen to undergo tremendous changes. They not only shift their position in relation to each other, but they often undergo extraordinary changes in themselves. The black centre, or umbra, has been seen to divide, and portions to drift outward into the sun's photosphere, and undergo many other changes. Such was the case in relation to one observed by Mr. Ashe, in April, 1866, and by the writer, in September, 1870.

Sun-spots are not formed immediately with their full dimensions. The writer has seen them grow from very small black points, having no penumbra, to spots of considerable size. Chacornac says that a number of small spots usually appear, first of all isolated and devoid of penumbra ; then they gradually become surrounded with the grey tint which characterizes the latter, whilst the spot continues to increase in size. The nearest of the small spots are connected together by portions of penumbra, and they at length unite into a common penumbra ; and, finally, the increasing nuclei blend into one spot of large dimensions. Sir W. Herschel has actually seen *large spots formed by the augmentation of a small black point* ; and he has also witnessed the disappearance of spots by a gradual shrinking of the

nucleus, which often divided itself into several distinct nuclei. A spot is at present breaking up in this manner. I first noticed it when near the limb on the 10th of July, since which time it has greatly enlarged, and now—July 19th—seems to be breaking up and dissolving.

Whatever theory we adopt to explain the nature of sun-spots, the foregoing appearances must be accounted for.

We have been speaking of spots which appear dark on the sun's surface, but there are other spots of quite a different character near the edge of the solar disc, and, especially about spots approaching the edge, very bright streaks of diversified form, sometimes entirely separate, at others uniting in ridges and network. These appearances, termed *faculae*, are the most brilliant parts of the sun.

Faculae are of all sizes, from softly-gleaming, narrow tracts 1,000 miles long, to continuous complicated heavy ridges 40,000 miles in length and more than a thousand broad. Such ridges often surround a spot, and hence appear more conspicuous.

The reader will now doubtless be ready to enquire, what are these spots? But before we answer this question we must look at a few more facts.

Two eminent astronomers, Secchi and Chacornac, have found that sun-spots are the coolest portions of the solar surface, and the latter tells us the faculae are the hottest parts of the sun. We must pass onward and glance at the discoveries of the last two or three years.

It has been long known that during solar eclipses some appearances become visible which are overpowered by the sun's light at other times. Red flames have been seen extending outward some distance from the sun, they had been carefully examined and drawn by the Astronomer Royal, Airy, and others; and since the discovery of the spectroscope they have been subjected to close investigation by Lockyer, Janssen, and other observers. Those *red flames or prominences*, as they have been called, assume many fantastic shapes, sometimes rushing outward from the sun to an enormous distance, and they have in a few instances been seen to detach themselves from the solar surface, and appear to float in what seems to be the solar atmosphere. In 1868 one of these flames, observed in India, had somewhat of a spiral shape, rushing outward and turning round at the same time; the base of these flames is usually connected with an envelope of the same matter which is seen to surround the sun; and to which the name of chromosphere has been given; in fact these flames seem to be portions of this solar envelope driven outward by some enormous force which seems to come from the body of the sun.

From the observations of the solar eclipse of 1868, it has been proved that those red flames are not solid or liquid particles in the sun's atmosphere; the light emitted by them is not continuous, but concentrated in a few bright lines, proving the flames to be glowing or incandescent gas; and the position of the lines shows the gas to consist chiefly of hydrogen.

We must refer to another fact now clearly established. Those flames are usually seen in the neighbourhood of spots, and appear to be in some way connected with them. Prof. Respighi, who has devoted much time to the observation of these flames, says that they usually come out around the margin of the spots, not through them, ex-

cept in rare cases ; and other observations appear to corroborate the same view.

One fact more must be referred to, and before we bring the present paper to a close. During total solar eclipses, the darkened sun is seen surrounded with a radiance or glow of light, known as the *corona*. It has been questioned whether this light was a solar appendage or an atmospheric phenomenon. This point would seem to be settled by the observations made in December, 1870 ; at least, the weight of evidence seems to favour the idea that this appearance is really connected with the sun.

We have stated many facts, but offered very few explanations. The questions : What are the spots ? Why are they more numerous at some periods than at others ? Are the changes on the sun's surface in any way connected with changes in the earth's atmosphere?—are full of interest ; but these, and many others equally important must form the subject of another paper.

A SEPTEMBER SONG.

BY MISS EMMA J. M. R.

Glad September ! thou art come,
 Welcome as a lov'd one home,
 Month of beauty, pleasant time,
 Choice of seasons in thy prime.

Woods and orchards in full leaf,
 Dressed in sweetest hues, too brief,
 With their loads of nuts and fruit,
 Giving food to man and brute.

Summer's fierce heat now is gone,
 Milder radiance rests upon,
 All the landscape, in a glow,
 Rich in colour, form and show,

All around seems to rejoice,
 Shall we join the general voice ?
 Join the chorus, sing the song,
 Swell the anthem loud and long.

Thou art not a reverie dream,
 But a beautiful living theme ;
 May thy glories never fail,
 Sweet September thee we hail !

TORONTO, August, 1871.

GRIMSBY SCENERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES ON THE HUDSON."

With the exception of the world-renowned Falls of Niagara, few localities in Canada have greater natural attractions than the country surrounding the little village of Grimsby. True, its renown is not very wide-spread, for it is a place of little commercial importance; but those who visit it, whencesoever they come, speak loudly in its praise.

Let me invite my readers to a ramble with me in this vicinity.

Here we are at the depot, and our train has hurried away, leaving us to pursue as best we can, our trip in search of the beauties of Canadian scenery.

The village itself presents little of interest, but yonder mountain, rising up boldly near it, at once arrests our attention. To climb that steep must be our first achievement. It is not a mountain, properly so called, but a prominent part of that great and singular escarpment which may be traced from the Manitoulin Islands of Lake Huron, around the head of Lake Ontario, and far into the State of New York. At Hamilton it forms the well-known Burlington Heights, famed as the seat of a military camp during the war of 1812. At the Niagara river it is known as the Queenston Heights, also still more celebrated on account of the gallant bravery of Sir Isaac Brock; which is commemorated by a suitable monument.

At Grimsby the "mountain," as it is popularly called, is about three hundred feet high, and is almost a perpendicular elevation. As we approach it on this hot July morning, how attractive look its leafy coverts, for its sides are densely crowded with tall trees, that almost totally exclude the burning rays of the sun. We must climb however to yonder summit that we may feast our eyes upon the view it presents.

Various kinds of vegetation, peculiar to the woods, lie under our feet, and make us wish it was the season when wild flowers abound, that we might search for some new species to add to our Herbariums. As we near the top the ferns become very abundant, and especially are we delighted to find some very beautiful specimens of the lovely Maiden Hair (*Adiantum pedatum*), so universally admired wherever found. Now the ascent grows more and more difficult, and we must drag ourselves up this well-worn pathway by the roots and branches of fir and cedar trees that grow out among the rocks. But now at last we have reached the top. A few steps more, and we stand gazing upon the beautiful view below us.

Of course it is by no means so grand as the view from the Catskill Mountains on the Hudson, which embraces an area of nearly 4,000 square miles, and parts of four States, nor is it at all to be compared in sublimity to the views among the magnificent Alps of Switzerland,

but for quiet and picturesque beauty of landscape, I know not where to find it surpassed.

Yonder lies beautiful Ontario, the pride of the Province which bears its name. It seems more beautiful than ever from this point of view. Its peaceful waters lie quietly below us, and stretch away to the eastward far as the eye can reach. Not a ripple even mars its placid surface; it is resting—basking in the sunshine.

Far out on the deep blue waters, we see ships that look like specks of white, and seem not to move; while yonder, plying its daily course between Niagara and Toronto, rides a steamer well known to tourists.

On this clear day we can see, in places, the other shore. Yonder glittering dome, just visible, and almost directly opposite, is the Lunatic Asylum of Toronto—thirty miles away. And, as we turn our eyes westward, we see the blue line of coast, where lies Oakville, Port Credit, and Wellington Square.

That dimly visible line across the head of the lake is a sand-bank, called "the Beach," covered with fishermen's huts; and the part of the lake cut off by it is Burlington Bay. This narrow strip of land between the mountain and the lake, and reaching far as we can see both east and west, is a delightful picture. From this eminence it appears as perfectly level as the lake beyond. It is variegated in colors, each division of farm and field, orchard and wood, presenting a different shade. The fences, too, appear mere lines, and the herbage, which gives the variety of colors, is scarcely distinguishable. Here grow fruits of every kind for which the climate is adapted. The peach, the pear, the apple, and the quince, among the larger fruit, and the strawberry, the raspberry, the cherry, the blackberry among the smaller, are cultivated in abundance. This region along the south shore of Lake Ontario, is well known to produce the finest apples for exportation, of any part of Canada: and being protected from early and late frosts by the united influence of the lake and the mountain, peaches and grapes are here largely grown, while a mile south these fruits cannot be cultivated with any success. So remarkably is this part of the Niagara peninsula adapted to fruit, and so luxuriant is the vegetation both natural and cultivated, that it has become known as the "Garden of Canada." Turning our eyes to the east, and following the brow of the mountain as far as it is visible, we can just discover a tall needle-like object, that excites our curiosity. Fortunately one of our company has brought a telescope, and by its aid we discern "Brock's Monument."

Wandering back from "The Point," as this height is called by the villagers, we follow a narrow footpath winding along the side of a deep ravine. Through this ravine a creek has been flowing for ages, until what may once have been a fall rivalling Niagara in height, is now a diminutive one, a mile back from its original falling place. Along the sides of the ravine, so-called "petrified moss" is to be found, formed by deposits of lime in the growing moss. Some fossils of lily encrinites and brachiopods are found here among the rocks of the Niagara formation; and now and then a beautiful specimen of fucoid (*Arthrophyucus Harlani*) marks the Clinton division.

Returning from "Beamer's Falls," as these are locally designated, we rambled along the brow of the mountain westward. The thick

growth of trees makes the way almost impassable, unless we follow a narrow footpath. Now and then an opening between the trees and bushes gives us charming views of the lake and country below us. We are in quest of one more place of interest before we leave the mountain. It is called "The Fair View," because of the clear and delightful view which it affords.

It is almost sunset ere we reach it. A few clouds are hovering in the western sky, and Phœbus is driving his golden chariot behind them. We shall miss the great object of our long ramble, viz., to behold a sunset from "The Fair View." But no! as if pitying our disappointment, he again emerges below the clouds, and is sinking away in unsurpassed glory. These clouds are edged with gold and silver, and a fiery band lies parallel with the horizon—But why attempt to describe the indescribable! The glory of God's works is beyond description. It brings to mind those beautiful lines by Moore:—

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through golden vistas, into Heaven,
Those hues that mark the day's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine."

From this same Fair View, in 1868, I witnessed the eclipse of the sun—now I have beheld his setting; and it seems to me that from no other point of view in Canada would these scenes have appeared, the one so awfully grand, the other, so rich in splendour.

But the day is almost gone, and we must seek some resting place for the night. Near by a carriage road winds along by a gentle descent down the mountain, and of it we take advantage. At the foot is a cosy cottage, nestled away behind locust spruce and fir trees; half hidden from sight. It is the home of one of our party, who with generous hospitality desires us to rest beneath his roof.

To another day, then, we must leave the rest of our rambler in quest of Grimsby scenery.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

(AN ADAPTATION FROM OVID, METAM. IV.)

BY WILLIAM BOYD.

Fair Thisbe breath'd a thousand sighs,
So slowly passed the day;
And, like as watchers wish its rise,
She wished it were away.

Keen anticipation speeds
 Swifter than those matchless steeds
 Which Phœbus drives at equal pace with time :
 So the maiden sighed for night,
 Yet she sighed at thought of flight,
 Restless as one who meditates a crime.

But when Proserpine's sceptre sway'd,
 And day in night was lost,
 The daring Babylonian maid
 Her father's threshold cross'd ;
 Nerved by conscious helplessness,
 Urged by ardent love no less,
 With winged step, and beating pulse, she sped ;
 Braving night and parents' wrath,
 Wondrous power that Eros hath !
 She passed the gates, and from the city fled.

And through the desert night she hied,
 Tho' grimpest terrors hover
 Around each bush the maid descried,
 Her thoughts were of her lover.
 Hela lit the desert night
 With her hallow'd silver light,
 And guided Thisbe to the place she sought,
 Where, a limpid fountain nigh,
 Spread a lofty mulberry ;
 But only she had reach'd the appointed spot.

At length strange sounds her ear impell'd,
 And creeping fears encroach ;
 Lo! horror-stricken, she beheld
 A lioness approach ;
 Stalking to the forest spring,
 Fresh from recent slaughtering,
 Its shaggy front still dripping with the gore.
 Startled by Thisbe's sudden flight,
 Slow it woke to wrathful might,
 And, springing forth, her fallen mantle tore.

When slaked her thirst, the lioness
 Departed to her lair,
 Came Pyramus, all eagerness,
 No Thisbe found he there !
 When he mark'd upon the ground
 Tracks of savage beast, and found
 The well-known mantle, torn, and stain'd with gore,
 He exclaimed, "O wretched I !
 Have I brought thee here to die ?—
 This night shall see us twain cross Lethe's flood !"

With mortal wound he smote his side,
 And sank upon the ground ;

When to him came his stricken bride,
 And thus her loved one found.
 Who can tell her wild despair?
 Who own fathom love so rare?
 She laid her down close by her lover's side;
 Grief so great from love so deep,
 Sorrow that forbids to weep;
 Unwounded, save by hapless love, she died!

EASTERN OFFICIAL LIFE.

BY RAMSAWMY SIVAJEE, ESQUIRE.

SLAP BA—a *thousand* pardons for this *lapsus calami*! My natural *penchant* for slang—I mean, for the discarded beauties of popular parlance—sometimes leads me beyond the strict limits of parliamentary diction. With this neat apology for a rudeness which I had so unwittingly approached, I think I may safely assume that the reader has already anticipated my most respectful *salaam** in conjunction with “*the assurance of my highest consideration and esteem.*”

[I shall not, I think, be accused of egotism (but only a pardonable pride), if I remark *en passant* that the foregoing little “gem” is not *wholly* unworthy of the earlier literary traditions of the House of SIVAJEE.]

I will now ask the reader to accompany me through that pretty little bungalow in which I received such kind hospitality on my first arrival at Madras, and which was described in the City House-Register as “*The Dove's Nest*”; premising my observations with the remark that the description thereof will apply generally to the domiciles of all Indian bachelors.

There were *three* occupants—my swell guide (*Mr. Benjamin Beauclerk Spiffin* was the name with which he usually retired to rest); his chum (*Mr. Arthur Wellesley Jones*); and my humble self—all government servants, and no mere “pop-guns” either in the estimation of the sable inhabitants of the locality in which we resided.

Mr. Jones (or “*Nosey*,” as we called him) held a lucrative appointment in the *Foreign* Department, and was exceedingly well posted in

* Eastern usage prescribes this mode of salutation on all occasions. The *MODUS OPERANDI* is thus:—In approaching the object of his respect or friendship, whether it be a god (idol) or man, the Asiatic politely exclaims “SALAAM, SAHIB!” and then (suited the action to the word) bends his body until it reaches the contour of an irregular curve; and at the same instant he raises his right hand, which he places across his forehead and right eye so as to conceal a well-known sarcastic gesture on the part of that facetious optic. Remaining in this position for 4 or 5 seconds, he slowly resumes the perpendicular, folds his arms across his breast, and imparts to his features a “pensive melancholy,” indicative at once of abject servility and deep hypocrisy; the “degree” of the latter being regulated by the circumstances of the occasion, and by the status, divine or social, of the stick, stone, or person greeted. [For further information on this interesting subject, see *MILTON'S “Observations on The Last of the Mohicans,”*—chap. XV., page 55.]

the intrigues and mysteries of the various native courts at which our *Political Residents** were accredited; and was also a high authority on all matters which came under discussion at their respective Durbars.†

The building contained one *sitting-room* (or "parlour" or "drawing-room," whichever you may please to call it), and three separate bed-rooms with a dressing-room and bath-closet attached to each. There was one other room, or rather "crib" which, being fitted up with shelves, we called *The Pantry*. The whole of these apartments were on the ground-floor; the upper storey (so to speak), or space between the ceiling and the apex of the roof, being hermetically sealed in perpetual gloom, and assigned to the incubations of the rats and snakes which held the undisputed fee-simple of that portion of the tenement.‡

The vacant bed-room which fell to my lot was, strange to say, the best situated, best ventilated, most convenient and most cheerful of the three! In the ordinary occurrences of life the last-comer usually takes the refuse or rubbish discarded by those who precede him, but my case was evidently a bright exception to that rule of selfishness which centres in the genus *homo*. Spiffin dwelt in touching pathos on the consideration due to an "illustrious stranger" (for such he termed me), and then expatiated in glowing terms on the disinterested abnegation of self displayed by him in not having hitherto appropriated those "splendid diggings;" while "Nosey" feigned the utmost bewilderment at the fact that *he too* had so strangely, so stupidly, omitted to "stick his spade in *that rare lot*" long before. In fine, the whole affair appeared (to *me* you know) simply unaccountable—incomprehensible! But, *more anon!*

The articles of furniture which ornamented the sitting-room were few and inexpensive. There was a *Sule-board* (an "indispensable" in every Indian bungalow) which was well stocked with "first-chop" *Manillas* and with certain "other supplies," all of which were of the "choicest brands." There were also a half-dozen arm-chairs with cane bottoms (seldom used); 4 easy chairs, with their attendant hassocks (one for each of the *Sahibs*§ and one for any "pop" visitor who might "drop in"; a "Cleopatra" couch; a tea-poy; a card-table; an "Argand" lamp; a round blackwood centre-table; one or two side-tables; a few packs of playing cards; a cribbage board; and a book-case containing a fair selection of standard works, as also one copy of "*The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner.*"

The bed-rooms were furnished as bed-rooms usually are, with the addition of mosquito-curtains, fly-traps, and other appliances which

* The position and duties of these officers are similar to those of British Ambassadors at Foreign Courts.

† The word "DURBAR" in its oriental sense signifies a COUNCIL HALL in which the affairs of the Government are discussed by the Head of the State in association with his Confidential Ministers. DURBARS held by the Governor-General, Governors, and Lieutenant-Governors, &c., of British India, are simply AUDIENCE CHAMBERS in which those exalted personages receive, on behalf of Her Majesty, the fealty and submission of the native Princes, Chiefs, and Nobles of the country. These judgments are usually conducted on a scale of great magnificence and oriental splendour.

‡ There are not (as a rule) any upper storeys in the houses occupied by Europeans, for the simple reason that THE FUN OF CLIMBING STAIRS IS NOT APPRECIATED in any country eastward of the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

§ A term of respect used in addressing persons of superior station. In the case of a lady the words "MA'AM SAHIB" are used.

contributed in no small degree to the comfort of their weary and exhausted occupants. In short, when I say that they were *Sleeping Elysiums*—unmistakable “*duckies*”—I simply state a fact which admits of no question or doubt!

The *Pantry* was—ah! that’s a sneezer!—well, it was supposed to be a receptacle for—let me see—yes! we had a bottle or two of “Crosse and Blackwell’s” *Chutney*, *Pickled Onions* and *Chow-Chow*; one of *Worcestershire Sauce* (the nobleman’s recipe, that of the “*Clergyman of the County*” having been discovered to be a “base and worthless imitation;”) several pots of “*Day and Martin’s Black-ink*”; a *rat-trap**; a *rusty sword*; 4 sets of *boxing gloves* (for in-door amusement during “*the monsoon*;”) a complete *cricketing kit*; a few superannuated *boots and slippers* “of sizes;” besides some pieces of old frayed-out *rope-ends* which, when knotted together did *beautifully* for packing!

The interior management of the household was administered by a Mahommedan butler, who had *carte blanche* to kick, beat, and bully every other domestic on the establishment, without fear, favor, or affection. A list of these blessed encumbrances will doubtless be interesting to “friends at a distance:”—

Barber—To perform the daily duties of the tonsorial department; and to retail the more important items of current gossip.

Water-Carrier—To supply the cook and bath-closets with a mixture of mud, animalculæ, and an aqueous liquid bordering on putrescence.

Sweeper—To protect spiders and their webs from molestation; and to cover the walls and furniture with an adhesive combination of dust and fine sand (a nice yellow.)

Porter—To trim lamps—clean boots—run messages—cut tobacco and fill pipes—and to help the cook in divers capacities, such as cheating the Sahibs and cribbing their “*supplies*” out of the side-board.

Cook—To live, move, and have his being, in an outhouse misnamed a kitchen, (having neither window nor chimney;) and there to cater for the Sahibs in the mysteries of Asiatic gastronomy amid fumes of charcoal and an eternal atmosphere of smoke. (These fellows can stand the “*kicking*” process better than any other class of servants.)

Gardener—To trim the lawn and water the flowers in the early morning; and to chew beetel-nut, and sleep for the remainder of the 24 hours;

Washerman—This gentleman’s sole aim of life was apparently to attack our wardrobes with indescribable, imperceptible astuteness, and to furnish us with food for pugilistic digestion *every tenth day* throughout the year.

3 Horse Keepers—To groom the Sahib’s Arabs; and to eat the grain provided for those noble animals (our grass too, used to disappear *very rapidly*!)

* Our cupboard and meat-safe being usually clear of superfluous viands—that is to say, EMPT—this “*PRIMITIVE ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS*” was seldom patronized. Besides, no rat with any social pretensions, would condescend to visit the lower chambers of an establishment in which the attractions of a good cuisine were by no means evident to the sense of smell.

3 *Personal Attendants*—(body servants)—To attend their masters on all occasions; and to assist the butler in the daily chastisement of the other domestics, *whether they deserved it or not!*

In addition to the *separate* functions here defined, these worthies are bound to perform certain other and not less important duties (which they owe to themselves) in combination with each other, under the general guidance of the butler, whose experience in this *role* eminently qualifies him for operations in which the nicest tact and most consummate address are essential to success. To this end, the whole body corporate are, *practically*, a co-operative association, formed for the benevolent object of preying on the monetary vitals of their respective lords. This beautiful type of moral rectitude is one of those inherent traits of Asiatic character which, being in strict accordance with the precepts of the *Koran*, receives the sanction of time-honored custom, and is therefore shorn of the criminal aspect it would otherwise assume.

Our daily programme was somewhat simple, and (like the *Honorable Company's Regulations*)—uniform; viz. :—

6 a.m., Cup of Coffee; and walk or ride.

7 a.m., Bath and Toilet.

8 a.m., Breakfast; and kick the cook (the latter *only* when necessary or in the interests of discipline.)

10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Office; with *Tiffin* (luncheon) at 2 p.m.

6 p.m., Dress; and drive out.

7 p.m., Dinner; (the "after-dinner kicking" process deputed to the Butler, for obvious reasons.)

The remainder of the evening was devoted to easy chairs and slippers, conversation and pipes, and a certain other solace which revives the drooping energies.

Having arrived in *October*, I was just in time for all the *quieties* of the Madras season. *Spiffin* (or "*Spiff*," for the sake of brevity) was "up" to everything on the cards, and I had therefore little difficulty under *his* tuition in effecting an *entree* to the more select and exclusive drawing-rooms of the "*benighted*"* city. These social gatherings, however, are all very well when taken mildly and in easy doses; but I confess that my physique was not sufficiently enduring to be proof against the evil effects of the incessant round of balls, pic-nics, theatres, and other amusements, for which Madras was then distinguished. Besides they had a tendency to unfit me for the duties of my appointment, not that *they* were very pressing (indeed official duties seldom are), but that somnolent habits were gradually stealing upon me. "*Spiff*" however consoled me by his assurance that when *he* was a "*griff*" (fancy!) he "experienced a similar inconvenience" but that in course of time I should become habituated to the pleasures of the afternoon *siesta*. *Spiff* was quite correct, inasmuch as *he* devoted one hour daily (4 to 5) to a quiet "indulge" just before leaving office; but it is only justice to him to say that in me he eventually found an apt scholar, and a disciple worthy of the doctrine of "masterly inactivity."

The *official* section of Indian society (black as well as white) is an ever-

* This adjective has from time immemorial been placed before the word *MADRAS*—a gross libel on the civilization of that great Presidency!

moving, unsettled, and migratory crop of *waifs and strays*, about whom nobody dreams, cares, or inquires, save those alone who are directly interested in their presence, patronage or protection. Silent, unobtrusive, and seemingly unimpressible spectators of the events which make up the monotonous journal of Oriental life, their supremacy is, nevertheless, *felt*. It permeates every stratum of the social combination, and seats itself at the basis of institutions which have ran their course and survived the despotism and political convulsions of centuries! It exercises a hidden censorial influence over the manifestations of the popular will, and controls the caprices of public sentiment! Hence it is that the waters of so many diverse national currents recede to make way for the great tidal wave that searches out by the mere force of its own irresistible onward impetus the unguarded approaches to the national instincts; imparting as it runs, health, vigor, and tone to the existing standard of public morals!

[I venture to hazard the suggestion that if the foregoing be not "unworthy the earlier literary traditions, &c.," it may, in justice to R. S., be viewed as "gem" No. 2; and I shall therefore feel much gratified if the reader will do me the favor to note it accordingly—(*Sic itur ad astra!*). One more suggestion—the interchange of these innocent and sportive courtesies gives a pleasing charm to newly-formed friendships, which the writer trusts may never be seriously affected by occasional differences of opinion.]

Although no alien to the amenities of eastern life I was nevertheless a stranger to the glorious halo which surrounds domestic independence; that is to say in having unrestricted freedom of action—free to stand—free to sit—free to laugh—free to talk, and free to let it alone—free to give orders in the autocratic and "don't-come-near-me" style peculiar to the genius of the Anglo-Indian, and which, I may add, was, until recently, typical of a peculiar institution of the Southern States of the American Union.

Yes! I felt *liberty* in all its phases of *freedom of speech, conviviality, and unlimited "weels;"* and so I settled softly down on the official couch with a calm and tranquil mind, and thus passed the happy hours away, in sweet unconsciousness of the outer worry and responsibilities of life!

And yet I was not wholly free free from those perplexities which hang like a forbidding cloud over all human affairs! Snug, happy, and indifferent to the fluctuations of the *Madras Exchange* as we three bachelors certainly were "*pro tem.*" (as my respected confrere "Spiff," used to say), still our chronic tranquility of body was not unfrequently disquieted by certain atmospheric disturbances which are by no means uncommon in Southern India during the advent of what is known as "*The Return Monsoon.*"* I have already hinted at the self-denial exhibited on the part of "Spiff" and "Nosey" in their having so deferentially permitted me to occupy the "superior"

* THIS "MONSOON," PAR EXCELLENCE, is a wind which blows from the S. W. of the Indian Ocean, across the peninsula of Hindostan, between the months of April and October, and is called the "Sou'-West Monsoon." During the remainder of the year it blows in a directly contrary direction, from the N. W. of Asia, and is (in its early phase) termed "The Return Monsoon." The S. W. Monsoon is accompanied by incessant rain and thunder-storms of awful grandeur and magnificence; and is therefore distinguished as the "wet" or "rainy" season, in contradistinction to the N. W. wind, which is dry and bracing except in October and November, when its advent is heralded by copious showers at uncertain intervals.

sleeping apartment, which (by the merest chance, of course) *happened to be vacant* on my arrival.

Ah "Spif," you only anticipated the "spats;" and you, "Nosey," just sniffed from afar those watery vapours which annually baptized the "splendid diggings"—the "rare lot"—to which you consigned me in all the plenitude of your benevolence and charity for an "illustrious stranger."

I think I had enjoyed the society of my two domiciliary friends and that of the *beau monde* of Fort St. George for a brief period of, say 11 days—perhaps only 10—it may have been twelve (but I desire to be cautious in committing myself to a statement which might involve my veracity), when I experienced the first "tropical" of the season—"Spiff" assured me it was the first, therefore I have no hesitation in committing myself to a repetition of that assertion.

Being still young, and of course the self same innocent "*stupid of other days*," I had some little difficulty in understanding the precise meaning of the word "tropical" in its relation to a shower of ordinary magnitude; but my ever-faithful friend and tutor was promptly at his post to enlighten me on this point, which he succeeded in doing by means of an historical *fact* which he related, and which I will now take the liberty to record for the information of the reader and for that of posterity. [Your kind attention is respectfully invited to the foot note marked thus †.]

With a laudable inclination to ponder over and digest the *great fact* communicated to me by my esteemed friend (and "pitcher"†) I retired, with a somewhat elevated and *distingue* air, within the territorial limits of that "rare lot" of which I was the reputed tenant-at-will; and having taken a furtive glance at the face of external nature in the vicinity of my window, I calmly and cautiously dropped into the *horizontal*—a position, by the way, which (in *my* case) bore a close affinity to a frog taking preliminary "bearings" for the maritime survey of a pond.

Coeval with my distended recumbency, the "first tropical of the season" was proclaiming itself in rather boisterous accents in the immediate neighborhood of the humble couch on which I was spread. The noise of thunder tearing the firmament and bursting over one's

† The Historical Fact.—HIS HIGHNESS SHIBREN-OW-KOOLA, the second Nizam of the Deccan, was an earnest and faithful devotee at the shrine of Bacchus, and was long distinguished for the right royal "spreads" which he gave at the court of Hyderabad (the "City of Hyder"—the first Nizam). On those occasions the most costly wines that could be procured on the European continent were handed round to his courtiers who sat cross-legged in two concentric circles, and quaffed the rosy nectar out of golden goblets which were placed for that purpose around the outer edge of the royal carpet. Owing to the immense quantities of Port consumed at those festivities H. H. was induced to issue the following edict to the then Lord Steward of the household (the renowned Sulimunjee Bahajee): "With the view of obviating oft-repeated and unnecessary hookums (orders) H. H. hereby commands that all future supplies of Port shall be obtained by the lac (100,000) instead of by the dozen." In complying with the new system thus inaugurated, the untutored merchants who flourished in that memorable reign, billed H. H. for "one lac-i-port" [sic]. As any direct pun upon these words would have been viewed as high treason and punished by the immediate decapitation of the offender, the letters were inverted by the Editor of the "Hookamsnivvey" (one of the dailies of the period) so as to read "tropical," and thus the law of treason was evaded by the adoption of a well-concealed "jeu de mots," which has ever since been applied to all "liquids in a superabundant quantity!"

"You perceive," said Spiffin, "that that fully and satisfactorily accounts for the presence of the cream in the interior of the cocoa nut!"

[Accepting with many thanks the lucid explanation embodied in this interesting and touching narrative, I bowed with becoming dignity and withdrew from "the presence."—R.S.]

† I extremely regret my inability to trace the root or origin of this word, in the sense in which it is here used; but I trust that the fact of my having given it a place in the text may be considered a sufficient proof that the expression is quite admissible and appropriate.

head is not (from a medical point of view) in harmony with the laws which govern a placid nervous system, and is therefore, to that extent *unpleasant*. But when that thunder in all its terrible proportions expends its fury in loud and deafening peals suggestive of the simultaneous crash of ten thousand crates of glass (that side downwards)—when countless arrows of electric fluid shoot forth with uncertain range and plant their fiery lines and bastioned contours in dangerous proximity to—

“The fairy spot
Where steals the soul to sleep.”

—BUNYAN'S PIL. PROG.

—*then—then it is*, that the nervous fabric becomes so paralyzed that the sufferer, in the exercise of a patient resignation, seeks a tranquil solace in the discussion of—a *weel!* [It may not, perhaps, be superfluous to add that I “lit-up” at this critical juncture.]

There is a sublimity—an indescribable sweetness of repose, in the enjoyment of a quiet “puff,” which other and more pretentious occupations do not confer on prostrate humanity. Still, I confess, I felt cheerless and disquieted; for (to quote Chaucer) “ever and anon” amid the tumultuous roar of “Jove’s dread clamours” the celestial flood-gates sent forth their mighty torrents, penetrating every fissure and cavity, transporting pools into reservoirs and brooks into rivers! Such were the features of that memorable storm as I lay in awe-struck contemplation of the grand sublimity of the picture, when—*pat-a-pat! pat-a-pat! pat-a-pat! pat-a-pat!* a succession of lachrymal spurts, entering from the roof above, fell heavily on one of my cheeks and rolled over into the nearest orb—shutting up that delicate organ with the rapidity of a “stopper from the right shoulder!” [“Gem” number three, please—with the usual courtesies.]

Recovering from the effects of this casual inconvenience I took a sweeping survey of “the situation,” and thereby discovered a picture which I will now endeavor to pourtray. I have already stated, and I now repeat—*there was a roof on the house!* That roof had been converted into an enlarged modification of a *duiry-sieve*. Through innumerable ventilators which had been formed and perforated by the action of the previous year’s “tropicals,” that precious roof admitted into my sanctum a series of brooks and rivalets, converging into a central stream or flood which thus received the waters of a thousand slender but faithful tributaries.

Unhappily I was not alone in my misery, for I perceived a mighty multitude of ants moving down the walls in seven separate columns from a *point d’appui* placed beyond the ceiling. Proceeding *en echellon* they bivouacked on the bed-posts, curtains, and mattress, and then quietly located themselves *in, under, around, above, below*, every habitable square inch of that luckless cot and its appurtenances!

Nor was this all. An exodus of rats, accompanied by their respective families, then flew past, in search of happier homes, as if acting in concert with the insect tribes which preceded them. [It is needless to say that the ancestors of these fugitives had in earlier ages excavated certain portions of the foundations, which now afforded ample accommodation for these, the homeless wanderers of posterity.]

But the greatest horror of all had yet to come. The rats had

hardly put their little ones to sleep in their new quarters, when my wretched domicile was invaded by several snakes of repulsive and malignant aspect, which had been similarly dispossessed of their heritage in the rafters. Dropping, one by one, with a splash on the flooded carpet, they crept stealthily along, in quest of any hole or crevice in which to lurk and coil their abominable forms!

Appalled at the bare thought of *night* in such a *House of Refuge* for *criminal destitutes*, I seized my stick, bade "good evening" to "Spif" and "Nosey," and pressing down my "tile" until the circumference thereof rested in depressed security (like myself), I sallied forth into the centre of that ruthless storm, and obtained a temporary habitation in the nearest hotel that lay in my path. This establishment was presided over by a so-called Christian, named Ramchunder Borax, in whom I found that *dry comfort* which had been denied me in the "*Dove's Nest*," (horrid misnomer!)

Being *just* in time for dinner, I had the pleasure (and fun) of "showing off" a little to two or three "unappropriated spinsters," who had put up there for a few days before proceeding to the *mafussil*.† They were of the masculine, full-power type (registered), and had evidently "struck their colours" in despair, as they bore manifest traces of having gone over a considerable distance of the measured pilgrimage allotted to man. Next morning, as they took their seats in the *Dawk Gharree*,‡ *en route* to Bangalore, I had ample opportunity for contemplating the costumes of the previous generation; and the picture (as I viewed it) was one which impressed me deeply with the transient, fleeting character of all things human! Looking at those antique memorials of the past—those faded coiffures and the stunted streamers that flew from their lofty crests—and then giving a passing glance at the curious profiles beneath them—I felt transfixed in contemplation of the scene before me! And *then* I was reminded of the old and favorite college parody on Moore's *Cavaliers of Old*:—

"Oh! for the bonnets of former time,
Oh! for the girls that wore them;
When deck'd with flowers, they look'd sublime,
And lovers fell before them!"

(*To be Continued.*)

KATE'S ALBUM—"COUSIN GEORGE."

BY MISS H.

It is one of the accepted usages of modern society to amuse, or try to amuse, our visiting friends, by placing before them at suitable moments the most select of the photographic albums which adorn our drawing-room tables.

Unquestionably, people *do* find pleasure in looking over strange "collections,"—not that the occupation is always interesting, but that

† Anywhere in the country, beyond the Presidency towns.

‡ Stage-coach.

it affords such excellent pastime in "reading faces," and guessing at supposed peculiarities, temperament, disposition, and other traits of character. In this respect the amusement is, at times, not only entertaining, but instructive; especially so when the "greater orbs and glories" of the book are well-known "*Beauties of the Period*," "*Exquisite Swells*," "*Men of Note*," and other "*Public Characters*" of the generation and circle in which we live and move.

The wear and tear and worry of home life require some relaxation; and surely no in-door amusement can surpass this ideal conversation with the inanimate yet "speaking" shadows of our living contemporaries. These are truly the "*Curiosities of Photographic Literature*," over and amongst whom we hover on the wings of fancy, and sit in judgment on the virtues and the vices, the weaknesses and the susceptibilities of human nature.

To me each carte and its "*niche*" (so to speak) are miniature representatives of Elysian groves and fairy bowers, scattered and dotted over velvet swards and grassy uplands, where the imagination sports and revels with unrestricted freedom. There we can trace with fancy's eye the topographical surface of that living facial curtain which conceals the mind and intellect of man, and is yet an *index* to the propensities and characteristics which lie hidden behind that miraculous work of God. It is thus that we contemplate the unseen faculties of that poor, frail, earthly being whose privilege it is to wield, for good or for evil, those mighty powers which, being neither passive nor unproductive, are ever searching, ever solving, and ever creative of other and mightier forces.

Viewed prosaically, and from a less poetical stand-point, the mere examination of an album, simply as a domestic *Gallery of Art*, is at any rate a *means* of occupation—a *change* in the rotatory motion of our daily labours, which refreshes [the mind and rests the physical powers in a half-hour's quiet intellectual enjoyment. Such, indeed, was exactly my case one day last summer, when I had just arrived on a visit to an old and much-esteemed school-fellow, then living in a little town in North Germany.

I felt rather exhausted after the journey, and so was glad when my young hostess enjoined me to lounge at my ease in undisturbed possession of the sofa and of the pretty album which she had so kindly and considerately placed there for my especial entertainment. She *would* sit close behind me, and was ostensibly engaged in working at a piece of embroidery, but *really* in watching and accompanying me in my photographic excursion, as a kind and faithful "guide." This attention on her part was all the more valued by me, because I felt constrained at intervals to trouble her for information regarding certain "people" in the album; and she usually had a little story to relate of each individual whose portrait I thus presented.

I was in the act of turning over one of the pages without noticing the particular carte attached to it, when Kate (such was my friend's name), looking up momentarily from her work, caught a glimpse of the passing portrait and exclaimed, "Oh! *do* look at that one *well*; that's 'Cousin George;' you'll see him to-night."

As desired, I *did* look at the likeness again and again, and found it to be that of a gentleman of some 30 years of age, and of the exact

type which foreigners associate with that of the "Englishman." The face was long; the eyes rather good-natured-looking; the nose almost straight; but the mouth was characterized by an *extraordinary want of decision*. There was no moustache, but the whiskers were long and luxuriant, in the style vulgarly known as "Dundreary's." The whole face and figure were stamped with a don't-careish expression which seemed to indicate that the owner was perfectly indifferent as to his own personal appearance. Still, the *tout ensemble* of the man bore all the impress of polish and refinement.

Turning to my friend, I enquired, "Well, Kate, and who is "Cousin George? and what about him?"

The responsive glance that met mine in answer to that very simple question was arch to a degree, as she replied, "Thereby hangs a tale. If you wish me to relate it I shall be happy to do so." (I bowed assent.) "But," said she, "before I commence I must ask you to look at two other pictures."

Here she turned to two photographs which faced each other in the album, and then replaced the book before me.

The cartes represented two ladies, each of whom appeared to be the perfect opposite of the other, not only in character, but in features. One was a young and beautiful girl, with gentle, loving eyes; but with a mouth which indicated so much sensitiveness and pride that a person would pause before breathing a word that might wound the owner. The other was a lady of, say fifty, whose hair was quite white, and surmounted by a large hideous-looking cap. The face was one which (I cannot account for the impression) somehow reminded me of a *cat!* It was not sufficient that I should look at her features *once*. I was induced, or rather impelled, to take a *second* glance—perhaps I took a *third*; and at each scrutiny I felt more and more convinced that that woman had ever made *her* will triumph over that of others. There was something very peculiar in the digital system (if I may so term it) of her hands, which lay strewn about, as it were, all over her dress. In what particular portion of the system the peculiarity lay, I am unable to explain satisfactorily; but those hands *did* seem to hint that they could hold with a tenacious grasp anything they once seized; that those long tapering fingers were but animated wires clothed with human skin, and capable of tracing the finest clue, or of "feeling" the most intricate lines of communication, with the nicest accuracy, and with the precision of the magnetic needle! Pride was not pictured in *her* face; nor did her features show the faintest declaration of will; indeed, a casual observer, looking at that photograph *en passant*, would in all likelihood be impressed with the belief that she had already reached that point in the pilgrimage of life where Pride resigns her long-usurped supremacy, and puts on the habiliments of Reason; when the soul begins to seek peace in meditation; hope, in the untrodden path that lies before her; and solace, in retirement from the strife of a wicked and perverse world.

Would that such a charitable interpretation were correct, and that she were not the monstre—the human boa-constrictor, from whose folds no mortal could escape ere her designs were fully developed and accomplished.

I was slow—very slow—in my scrutiny of the two cartes, and

would probably have continued a little longer in silent contemplation, had not Kate interposed with a remark that "the young lady was our 'Cousin Annie'" (*i.e.*, George's cousin and her's), and that "the other was formerly a 'Miss Carruthers.'"

Resting my hand on the open folio of the album, I withdrew slightly from the book, and reclined backwards, by way of intimation that I was prepared to hear with pleasure Kate's little narrative in connection with Cousin George's carte. She then regaled me with the following interesting story:—

"Cousin George is, and always has been, noted for his piety; indeed, when only a boy of fourteen, he had charge of a Sunday-school class, composed (strange to say) wholly of little girls. He came to live here when about twenty-five years of age; and the nature of his daily occupation was such as to necessitate his travelling about a great deal. Still he generally contrived to be at home on Sundays, when (true to his early habits) he displayed as much interest as ever in the female class of our parochial Sunday-school.

When he had been here about two years, he evinced much anxious solicitude regarding the moral and religious tone of the young lady-residents of the place—that is, the English-speaking ladies, of whom there were many. So he sought permission to form a special class *for them alone*.

Now I must tell you that Cousin George was, and is still, considered to be a most unexceptionable young man in all that relates to the temporal welfare of his fellow-creatures, and the importance of an unceasing preparation for that great eternity which lies beyond the grave. More. His suavity of manner and gentle disposition had made him so great a favorite, that so soon as his intentions were fully circulated, there was a general rush of candidates, all eager to serve under his banner, and to receive from him those quiet friendly admonitions which are so seldom fruitless, when they spring from a pure and spotless heart.

I need hardly tell you that he admitted all of them to his class—gave to each and all a hearty welcome; and, moreover, took the greatest pains with them,—not only in the exhaustiveness with which he treated his little unpretentious "discourses," but in his endeavors to make them interesting, pleasing, and attractive. He visited them at their own homes, and even wrote to them when business called him away from their society. On these latter occasions he kept up a correspondence with them in reference to the progress of his class, individually as well as collectively.

Of course, it was quite natural, and by no means improper, that any or all of the girls should be in love with him; but that he should reciprocate any such earthly passion was at once repudiated as an utter absurdity by all the oldest residents of the parish. Be this as it may, there were no known cases of girls "refusing good offers for his sake." Consequently it was assumed that their lovers were no more jealous of *him* than of any of their dear ones' lady friends.

There was one person, however, whom George could never induce to attend his class—that was *Cousin Annie*! She *would* persist in attending the class of the dear old pastor who had taught her from

childhood. There was nothing unnatural in this ; but it was deemed by many people to be a *strange* persistency, for several good and cogent reasons, one of which was *that Cousin George was in the case*—that was all !

Some persons ventured to attribute her conduct to a want of proper appreciation of George's merits and religious habits. There was nothing to justify such an opinion. Indeed, it would have been impossible to convince George that any person endowed with discriminative visual organs could be so blind as not to perceive that Annie loved him with all her loving and impressionable heart. Miss Carruthers held the same opinion, and, strange to say, *both were correct*, for Annie *did* love him with as deep a love as over woman had for man—and *that feeling was reciprocated by George !*

Annie was just what she looked in her photograph—intelligent, well-educated, and refined. It was with her, as it very often is with really clever women—“her heart had run away with her head”—*she loved George with her whole soul !* But she concealed it so well that nobody, save Miss Carruthers, ever suspected it.

Still, George appeared to be in no hurry to marry. Probably he may have had to contend with constitutional bashfulness, or with that unaccountable hesitation or want of courage which some men exhibit at the very time when they have only to “*go in and win,*” and when “*to propose is to be accepted.*”

George knew well, or had abundant reason to know, that his “*attentions*” were always most graciously and pleasingly accepted by Annie, and that she only awaited *that important question*, for which she was prepared with an ever-ready affirmative reply. But—George was *slow* and (so far as Annie could perceive) *undecided* in his views.

Now I must tell you that Miss Carruthers had been living here for about six months with an old relative of hers ; but in consequence of some misunderstanding which occurred between them she was obliged to leave and to accept a situation as first or principal governess of a school in the interior of Germany. She was then about forty-five (though she looked much older), and was a remarkably well-informed, agreeable woman. She had attended George's class regularly during her six months' stay ; and had during that period watched and studied all the salient points in George's character. Occasionally she would assume an incredulity in respect of some doctrines propounded by George, and then, after an explanation on his part of such matters as were not quite clear to her, she would yield, as it were, in deference to his superior culture, with that childlike simplicity which indicates inferiority of mind and reasoning power ; in other words she never omitted an opportunity of impressing upon George in the most indirect and fascinating manner, his great mental superiority. As George was only human nature, after all, it was not strange that his better judgment and native modesty should fall before an attack so systematically planned—so warily executed ! *She gained his respect ; and thus accomplished by flattery the ulterior designs she had preconceived* at the time of the formation of that special class ! This success, however, was as yet only known to herself.

Before her departure for her new situation, Miss Carruthers had of course to pay her farewell visits ; and it may be taken for granted that

she did not forget to call upon her dear young spiritual guide. She thanked him for his instruction. She blessed him for having been the means of saving her from Rationalism ; and, finally, in friendly conversation, told him of many of her plans for the future, and solicited his advice on several matters of real or assumed importance. In return, George confided to her admiring ear that he himself was hopeful of the future, and that he looked forward with the greatest felicity to the auspicious day when his darling Annie would be his wife ! Miss Carruthers expressed real (or what seemed to be real) delight at this strange news—*so sudden, too!*—she wished him joy, as if he had already been accepted ; and then remarked that *Annie was indeed a fortunate girl!* She then took leave and came direct to this house to pay her last (yes—her last) visit to Annie.

The darling girl was “*at home*” and received Miss Carruthers with more than ordinary courtesy and politeness. After the usual interchange of civilities, Miss Carruthers, without much preliminary ceremony, congratulated Annie on her approaching marriage with a gentleman who had been paying her “*attention*” for some time, and who “*it was even said*” *had made her an offer of marriage, but had been refused.*

Annie assured her visitor that she was quite mistaken on every point—and that she had been grossly misinformed ; whereupon Miss Carruthers merely remarked that she must have misunderstood her informant, but that she was led to believe that her cousin George had said *something of the kind*, and that *he* seemed to think *it* a very good marriage, too.

Annie made no reply to that last observation which had caused her intense mental suffering—so much so that she felt powerless for the moment to enter into further conversation ; and Miss Carruthers, perceiving the embarrassment, immediately rose and took leave. As she passed the front of the house, poor Annie stood at the window, transfixed and immovable as a statue, and gazed with pitiable wretchedness at the departing shadow of that evil spirit !

Sadness now stole upon those lovely features ; and with downcast look and weary step, she turned away to go to her bed-room. I met her crossing the hall, and was rather startled by the expression of her features. She was pale, very pale, her eyes sickly-looking, and the fingers of her left hand stretched without exertion along her cheek as if to give emphasis to the general grief in which she was absorbed. I spoke to her, but she made no reply, nor did she seem to hear or see me. She entered her room, closed and locked the door, and we saw no more of her until the following day, when she appeared to be tolerably well, except that her features bore the trace of that great inward struggle of the previous day. She also seemed to me to be looking a little older and perhaps less animated than before. She was certainly changed in manner, as if still suffering from inward pain. Still, she looked noble and beautiful ; and the very tears which at intervals trickled from her pretty blue eyes only made them look brighter and prettier than before ! And yet she was not crying. Those tears seemed to be but the expiring tributes of a heart already breaking—messages of undying love from that spirit which was then passing on imperceptibly, and in silence, to the tomb—the pulsations

of a visionary dirge uttered in the darkness of despair, and heard and felt by her alone!

I must draw the veil over the few days which followed;—not that anything of importance occurred, as having a direct bearing on the main event of the story. Indeed, one circumstance only deserves to be mentioned. I gathered from her one evening, in the course of conversation, that 'George's cold, unmanly, and dishonoring speech, as conveyed to her by Miss Carruthers, had almost shaken her reason and driven her to madness!'

* * * * *

Well, it was not long after this, when a Mr. Franz Engelbrecht (a gentleman who had on many occasions shown marked attention to Annie, came on a visit to her; and during the interview—*proposed!*

Whether he had ever done so before, and been rejected, I am unable to say. However, he was now *accepted*,—on the condition that the engagement should be kept secret; an unusual procedure in Germany, and one which always involves much pain in the case of an honorable German lover. Still, he loved her intensely, and as he felt confident that he could place the utmost reliance upon her honor, he *assented to that condition!* And so that visit was brought to a close, and he took his leave.

Again a few days elapsed, and another visitor was announced,—Cousin George, this time!

Annie and I were sitting together working, as he walked in; and, after the usual salutations, he took a seat midway between my chair and her's.

I did not notice Annie's manner at the time, as my attention and conversation were just then devoted to George, *who appeared to be a little less self-possessed than usual.* You understand *why*, I suppose?" asked Kate laughingly.

I smiled in response, and she continued:—

Having taken his seat, his eyes wandered in the direction of Anne, when suddenly he drew himself up and looked fixedly at her; and then with a voice full of affection and love for the idol of his heart, he asked her in a low, tender, and soothing tone, 'Annie, have you been ill? you look so changed!'

Annie's features exhibited a subdued and care-worn expression, as she replied, 'Oh no, thank you; I am quite well, only—sometimes—I feel my heart—a—'

She could get no further; and using her handkerchief in the manner of a fan, to moderate the mid-day heat, she resumed her work.

George truly felt for her—he looked intently and compassionately at her—he took her by the hand—and again her gaze met his! He could not speak; but slowly and silently drew from his card-case a recently-executed photograph of himself, which he presented to her with a request that she would accept it as another little souvenir of his love. She accepted it *very graciously, but silently.*

Feeling that under the circumstances three persons were not company on this occasion, I rose to retire; but, strange to say, George did exactly the same thing, at the same instant; and then in the most kind and feeling manner he took leave of Annie, expressing a heart-felt hope that she would be much better next day.

Well, next day came, and so did George. With the same tenderness—the same anxious look—the same affection—he enquired if she felt better than yesterday. And then there was the same reply as before—the same embarrassed look—the same action with the handkerchief.

George appeared to feel the greatest pain, and sat in dejection and silence, contemplating as it were the departing beauty of his love. And then that card-case was again opened, and another souvenir drawn from it, in the shape of a coloured sheet of note-paper. Unfolding it, he presented it to her, and she received it as graciously as she did the photograph. He asked her to read it, but she excused herself on the ground that at present it gave her pain to read anything, either printed or written. George then asked her whether *he* might read it to her, as he felt sure she would be pleased with the sentiments it contained—besides, they were the promptings of his own heart! Yes, he was sure she would be pleased to hear them!

Annie looked up from her work, and with a smile which would have been fascinating and beautiful had it not been spoiled by a sigh, replied: "You are very kind, George. Do, please, read it!"

Drawing his chair closer to hers, and pressing her hand to his lips, he then read the paper, of which the following is a copy:—

Ador'd be Him, whose mighty arm
Descends to shield the poor and weak,
Ere HOPE—that transient blissful charm—
Lights up, and dries, the tearful cheek!
All praise to Him whose boundless love
In mercy wipes that tear away—
Dispels the cloud that hangs above,
Ere sorrow haunts the cheerless way!

Ephemeral bliss! O heav'nly shrine!
Limpid, endless, be that stream of thine!
Ethereal flowers, thy waters ever rear,
And those alone the virtuous ever wear!
No lovelier chaplet doth the brow enshrine,
Or sweeter grows with the onward pace of time!
RADIANT, AND PURE, BE THE HALO EVER THINE!

Desponding thoughts come not from God;
Eternal, infinite, is His love!
Sometimes, indeed, His chast'ning rod
Too surely meets the wand'ring dove.
E'en then, His mercies banish sadness
Relief he gives—and, reconciled,
Restores to boundless joy and gladness
Every wayward, erring child!

Knock at that door, whose portals speak
"Ever—for ever—it is thine to seek—
"EVER—FOR EVER—IT IS THINE TO SEEK!"
Loud be thy knock, and sincere thy pray'r
In thy solicitude to enter there!
Nor cease to ask—nor court despair
GOD GUARDS THAT DOOR—GOD HEARS THAT PRAY'R!

(To be Continued.)

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER OF THE YORK PIONEERS, APRIL 17, 1871.

BY W. B. PHIPPS, ESQ., TORONTO.

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
 And friendship cast away,
 When limbs are growing stiff with age,
 And locks are turning gray ?

Ah ! no : let friendship warmer grow,
 When youth is past and gone ;
 And let the evening's ruddy glow,
 Be brighter than the morn.

Should memory fail to take us back
 To days of early toil,
 When first we sought a forest home,
 To battle with the soil :

When first we struck the sturdy oak,
 And felled the lofty pine,
 And robbed the maple of its sweets,
 In days of auld lang syne.

We struggled through the tangled brake,
 To reach the distant mill ;
 Or chased the shy and bounding deer
 Across the breezy hill.

We gained the treasures of the lake,
 With homely rod and line ;
 And gathered fruit from bush and tree,
 In days of auld lang syne.

And when our country called to arms,
 We met the battle shock,
 And taught the foe a lesson stern,
 Led on by gallant Brock.

And now we meet, a brother band,
 To pledge in rosy wine,
 The memory of the early time,
 The days of auld lang syne.

SKETCHES OF CANADIAN WILD BIRDS.

BY WM. KELLS, NORTH WALLACE, ONTARIO.

In presenting these sketches to the public, my object is two-fold. In the first place, I am desirous of directing attention to Canadian Ornithology; and in the second place, to supply to a certain extent, a vacancy in this neglected branch of Canadian Natural History. I may premise that the subject here treated of has ever been with me a favourite study.

From early childhood, I have listened with delight to the many solos of our feathered songsters, and beheld with admiration their little arts, and the beautiful plumage which adorns many of the winged tribes which yearly visit or permanently remain in the country. The study has afforded me much real pleasure and cheered many a weary hour, which otherwise, might have been uselessly spent.

I have, when opportunity served, taken notes of the various habits of our feathered friends, and often during the cold and long winter evenings, my leisure hours have found ample employment in adding to and revising the work of the past, with the hope that the youthful reader may derive pleasure and profit from its perusal. It may also be the means of interesting them in the study of the beautiful and instructive science of *Ornithology*.

As far as my knowledge extends, this branch of science is almost wholly neglected by *Canadian* writers; every other subject receives some share of attention; but no pen has recorded the simple annals of our field and forest birds and placed their names on the pages of history. Year after year, they come and go with scarcely a passing notice from men whose senses of sight and hearing they were created to delight. This is not the case in other countries; the birds of the *United States*, have been described by *Wilson*, *Audubon*, and others. *Sweden* has had her *Linnaeus*, *France* her *Cuvier*, and *Britain* a host of *Ornithological* writers. Is it because the birds of Canada have no musical powers to charm the lovers of natural melody? Or are they clothed in such homely garbs, that they cease to attract the eye of the beholder, and are therefore, unworthy the attention of the student of nature? Or are their services so small to man that they may easily be dispensed with? None of these charges, though they may be brought against our birds, have any foundation in fact. In confirmation of this statement, I will quote part of an article on the song of birds of Canada, the only article I have ever seen on this subject, from the pen of a *Canadian* writer, previous to my *Sketches on Our Winter Birds*. The writer says:—

“We hear people remark that we have no singing-birds in Canada; or that they do not sing like those in *Europe*; the majority of such persons have never endeavoured to ascertain what constitutes good singers, and what does not, and if they had they would be prejudiced in favour of their own country's birds, which is nat-

ural enough as the songs of their *Larks* and *Thrushes* bring to mind childhood's happy hours, and other kindred associations. Still that is no reason why they should libel our birds as no singers. As songsters the birds of *Canada* compare very favourably with those of *Europe*, and in point of variety and beauty of plumage they far excel them. As yet they are placed at great disadvantage, being strangers to the many, and being known only to the few, while those of *Europe* have not only been voluminously written upon by *Zoologists*, but immortalized by poets as well. The people, too, of *Europe* have the good taste and judgment, to study *Natural History*, a branch of education that is much overlooked in this country. Another reason why the birds of *Europe* are by many considered the best singers, is because they frequent the hedges and open fields, which bring them under more general observation, while most of our song birds inhabit the deep shades of the forest, and are consequently, seldom seen or heard." It is therefore in some measure to fill up this existing vacancy that we give these *Sketches of Canadian birds* to the public, hoping that some more able and eloquent pen may soon be employed in giving this interesting subject the justice which its usefulness and importance demands. The feathered race have an important office assigned to them, for which they are admirably fitted by the hand of nature, and well do they fill their appointed tasks, and exercise the talents committed to their trust. Let us consider the facts, the *Eagle* and the *Hawk* prey much on small animals, which if left to increase would do vast injury to the crops and perhaps render vain the labour of the *Agriculturist*. The *Vulture* and the *Carrion Crow* delight to feed upon filthy and decayed matter, which, if not thus removed, would taint the atmosphere, and render that vital element a prolific source of disease and death. The numerous small birds, which frequent our fields and gardens, and the different species of *Swallows*, which on tireless wings, pursue their insect prey through the pathless air, from early morn until the dusk of the evening, destroy a vast multitude of insects which, if allowed to remain and increase their numbers, would not only be a great source of annoyance to mankind by rendering the air almost unbreathable, but would eventually destroy every green thing, and change the most beautiful and fertile regions into a barren and desolate waste. But besides this, by their varied plumage, they adorn and enliven the landscape, and the sweet melody of their voices makes the wilderness rejoice, and renders glad the solitary places. The various ways, in which many others of the feathered tribes contribute to the comfort and happiness of man, is obvious to all intelligent persons, and need not here be dilated upon, suffice to say, that the service rendered by our wild birds, to the farmers of *Canada* is wholly indispensable. It is true that some birds are mischievous and sometimes commit serious depredations, among the domestic fowls, upon the newly-sown fields and among the garden seeds and ripe fruit; but for all this, as we have endeavoured to show, they make ample compensation. About a hundred different species of wild birds, yearly visit, or permanently remain upon the shores or in the rural districts of *Western Canada*. These represent every

order into which this class of the animal kingdom is divided by *Naturalists*, and of every size from the gigantic White-headed Eagle and great horned Owl, to the little tree-creeper and tiny humming-bird, which darts through the sunbeams on invisible wings and luxuriates among the honey-yielding flowers, and of almost every hue which the brush of the artist can paint. But many of these birds carefully avoid the presence of man, and love to dwell in the most retired and unbroken recesses of the wild woods; naturally preferring such places, to cleared fields and cultivated scenery. An occasional glimpse of their elegant forms and gaudy plumage is sometimes obtained, by the watchful naturalist, as they flit from branch to branch, and suddenly disappear amid the dense foliage of the surrounding vegetation, as if afraid that a close inspection would prove fatal to their wild native freedom. It is consequently difficult to attain a certain knowledge of their habits, and the families and genera to which they belong; though the greater part of them belong to the Passerine (migratory) order. In these researches, however, the persevering naturalist finds much for his active spirit to work upon. He may plunge into the labyrinth of pathless woods, and brush-covered swamps, or marshy grounds, encounter untold difficulties, and suffer many disappointments and discomforts, arising from the obstructing materials he meets with and the vast swarms of tormenting insects which assail every step of his progress; and having, perhaps, obtained a few specimens, discovered and examined some nests, and collected a confused mass of information relating to *Ornithology*, he must breathe over them his own creative spirit, e'er they are exposed to the vulgar gaze. It will therefore be seen that the path of the *Canadian Naturalist*, who would attempt to reveal the mysteries of *Ornithology*, though by him pursued with pleasure, is often a difficult and thorny road.

But what can be more delightful, to an intelligent and educated mind, than a morning walk through our woods and fields in the early part of Summer. The sun is just rising above the eastern horizon, the dew is heavy on the vegetation, the air is calm, and the emerald foliage and blossoms with which the woods, and orchards are clothed, render the scene delightful; but above, all the varied melodies of our wild birds, which greet the ear on every side, enrapture and delight the student of nature. Prominent among our feathered songsters at this early hour, is the Robin, the Bluebird, the Songthrush and Bulfinch; the song, *whistling*, and Woodsparrows, the Fly-catcher, and the twittering Swallow, while as the day advances, the twittering notes of the Wren, the war cry of the King-bird, the pleasant lay of the meadow Lark, the soft melody of the *Scarlet Tanager*, and the flute-like notes of the Oriole, intermingled with the warbling of lesser songsters are heard echoing through the fields and woods. And again when the solar orb is sinking in the western sky, and the shades of evening approach, the feathered tribes pour forth their sweetest notes to the departing day. Not even when the last rays of the setting sun have ceased to illuminate the western horizon, and the dim twilight has wrapt in its dark folds the surrounding landscape, not even then are the feathered tribes wholly silent, for then the Owl sends forth his gloomy notes

and sallies out on his work of nocturnal destruction. The *night hawk* is on the wing in pursuit of his insect prey, and repeating his "beet"-like notes, while in the dark and solitary woods the beautiful *whip-poor-will* begins his evening hymn.

As the Autumn advances, most of our wild strangers become silent, or utter sad and mournful notes, and to a stranger visiting the backwoods during the Winter season they, at a distance, present a desolate and unanimated appearance. Most of the feathered race, impelled by migratory impulses, and the alarms of winter, have fled from our hills and valleys to the more temperate regions of the south. Yet the naturalist finds much to contemplate and admire, even in the depths of winter. There are still some dozen of different orders, who like true friends in misfortune, forsake not their native woods, even when the *Icy Monarch* has divested the trees of their summer foliage, frozen the murmuring brooks, and covered the landscape with a carpet of spotless snow. The loud "caw" of the *Carriion crow* is frequently heard as he roams over the frozen fields in search of his prey; the *White owl* and the *Kite hawk* are often seen on the same mission; the *Cross-bill*, the *Chipping-bird* and the *Snow-bird*, often alight in the barn-yard; the noisy calls of the *Blue Jay*, the loud tapping of the *Sap Sucker* while in quest of his wormy prey, upon some old tree, and the thunder-like noise of the *Partridges* wings are well known to the hunter, while if the weather is calm, though the air is cold and the frozen snow glitters like brilliant gems in the solar rays, the pleasant lay of the *Chick-a-dee-dee*, the laughing ditty of the *Nanny-bird*, and the low melody of the *Tree Creeper* fall on the listening ear and delight the student of nature. A more particular account of some of those birds who thus brave the cold and storms of the Canadian winter, and render vocal our woods and fields during the summer, will be found as we progress onward.

SEPTEMBER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Delightful portion of Canadian clime—
 Subdued, yet gorgeous, beautiful, sublime—
 We hail thee! fairest season of the year,
 September, pleasant, Summer cool, fine, clear.
 We place a chaplet wreath upon thy name,
 And crown thee Queen of Months, and write thy fame.

Laden with luscious fruits and tropic spoils;
 The crowning harvest of kind Nature's toils;
 The ripe, sweet apple, and the mellow pear,
 The plum and peach, the grape and melon, share
 Their well-known riches, and give, what they can,
 Choice, esculent, rich, healthy food to man.

We need not write of other fruits and flowers,
 Strewn, wild and cultured, over fields and bowers,
 Where Nature, in her varied forms, is seen
 In tints of every shade, embowered in green :
 A carpet or a canopy is spread,
 The head to shelter, or the feet to tread.

But thy matured beauty seems to say—
 “ My charms are passing, soon will come the day,
 When Autumn’s chiller breath will bring decay ;
 When lovely forms of petal, leaf, or spray,
 And colours bright as gems in sunlight’s play,
 Shall in their turn have changed or pass’d away.”

So Spring to Summer ripened ; Summer lies
 In thine embrace entranced ! and thus she dies
 A happy death ! with Love’s bright halo crowned,
 A glorious sky, a mystic haze around ;
 Thus Autumn enters with its sober dress,
 From Winter to receive its last caress.

TORONTO, August, 1871.

TO HER.

[“ When will the hour of thy rising be ?”—MRS. HEMANS.]

Lingering round thy lonely grave, these wand’ring thoughts of mine,
 Entice my soul to listen there, for that sweet voice of thine !
 ’Tis vain ! for then thy “ *Kiss of Peace*,” and voice of praise and
 pray’r,
 In mem’ry whisper thou art *gone*, and *I alone* am there !
 They whisper thou wilt *rise again* ! burst thy tomb ! and be for ever
 free,
 In bright and vast eternity, where a *Crown of Glory* waits for thee !
 Awake, my love ! and tell me *when* will that sweet hour of thy
 rising be !

“ When God proclaims the end of Time,
 Of human wickedness and crime,
 Of sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and sea—
 Dear —, THEN will the hour of my rising be !”

TORONTO, August 7th, 1871.

J. S. W.

ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

An Historical Novel.

By the Author of "OCCASIONAL PAPERS," "WHAT SHALL WE DO?"
"WAR SKETCHES," "THE TWO NEIGHBOURS," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

BORDER WARFARE.

During the rebellion of 1745, many families of respectability, owning small landed estates, became involved in the rising in favour of the Pretender, James III. represented by his son Charles Edward Stuart, the 'bonnie Prince Charlie,' the hero of so many Jacobite songs. Among others, there was a family called White; the eldest son of which, more from the persuasion of his friends, than any political bias, joined the ranks of the Pretender in Edinburgh and marched with the army into England.

On reaching Manchester, White visited some relations, who succeeded in persuading him to desert the forlorn ranks, already meditating retreat. His own opinion, privately formed while marching through the various towns on the route, favoured this advice, so laying aside his regimentals, such as they were, he started for home disguised as a pedler: his expedition was such, that he was passing through Westmoreland as the rebels entered Derby.

When he arrived at home, it was deemed advisable that he should leave the country before the prosecutions, sure to follow defeat, were commenced. Acting upon this suggestion, he succeeded in getting away to France, where he had hopes of obtaining some military employment. In this he was much disappointed but at length succeeded in 1746, in getting an appointment in an expedition going to Nova Scotia.

On the third day of May, 1747, they were intercepted by a British fleet under Admiral Anson and Rear Admiral Warren, when out of a fleet of six large men of war, six frigates and four well equipped East Indiamen not one escaped.

A large portion of the transports, numbering thirty merchant vessels, escaped in the darkness, and fortunately for White, he was on board one of these which landed him at Quebec, from whence he was sent, soon after his arrival, to Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. Here he made the acquaintance of an adventurer, named Bent, in company with whom he joined an expedition sent to surprise one of the English posts. In this the French were unsuccessful, and from some cause or other, much blame was thrown on White for the part he took in the attack, some going so far as to openly charge him with indifference, if not with down-right treachery.

Being a Scotchman he was regarded (and not without reason) with a kind of suspicion. He professed to be a follower of James III., called on the Continent the Chevalier de St. George, but the truth was that his sojourn in France, and a few peeps behind the scenes, with which he had been favoured, while there, had modified, if not changed his views respecting Jacobin Royalty; but neither family pride nor personal safety permitted his return to Scotland. Now he was obliged to profess a loyalty, which had certainly lost all its ardor, if it still existed, that he might in safety associate with the French in whose service he was engaged.

His position was not only embarrassing but dangerous, and the expedition in which he had been engaged had nearly proved fatal to his continued concealment. Had it not been for his friend Bent he would most certainly have failed to satisfy the suspicious Frenchmen, and it was considered advisable under the circumstances to make their stay at the fort as short as possible. It may be as well to explain here, at least in part, what this Bent was, for we shall have occasion to say much respecting him. We previously stated that he was an adventurer, but this by no means conveys a proper idea of his true character. He was a smuggler, spy, hunter and trader just as it suited his strange vagaries of temper and eccentricity of mind. He could speak several of the Indian dialects imperfectly, but the Mohawk fluently, and had learnt sufficient *French* to converse in a bungling way.

This man had taken a fancy to White, and by inviting his confidence had learnt not only his history, but his true sentiments with regard to his present position. He told White that the English settlers were preparing to repay with interest the recent inroads, and said that if he was disposed to join them he would assist him in doing so, but he must wait and follow his instructions.

The constant disputes between the French and English colonists respecting the boundary lines, at this period, led to the appointment of commissioners to settle this question but while these commissioners were professedly engaged upon this matter, examining maps, records and documents, the colonists were fighting for what they considered their respective rights. It was a border warfare between the English and French settlements, in which the Indians, on the part of the French, were encouraged to participate and which led to so many dreadful scenes of massacre and inhuman outrage.

The St. Francis Indians were particularly hostile and bloodthirsty to the New England colonists, and some idea may be formed of this from the fact, well authenticated, that when, in 1759, Major Rodgers with his provincial rangers attacked their principal settlement, St. Francis village, he found upwards of six hundred English scalps dangling in their wigwams.

A war party of these Indians, some forty or fifty in number, called one day at the fort, while White was out fishing; this was a marauding party that had been toward Albany, and which, among other spoils had brought two women, two little girls and a boy. After some negotiation with the commandant, they decided

to leave these captives while they went off in the direction of Oswego.

Bent managed to get into conversation with the women, and soon found out where they were from and all the particulars of the outrage, so far as they had seen.

The elder woman was the wife of a farmer called Gordon, and the children were hers; the younger woman was her husband's sister, on a visit at their house when the attack occurred. The house was plundered and then, with the other buildings, set on fire but the Indians durst not stay for further depredations for two of their neighbours, who could see the house, caught the alarm and soon the settlers were on the move. Horns were blowing, dogs barking, and answering shouts were resounding through the clearing, as the men hurried home for their rifles, and other weapons to chastise the invaders. The Indians rapidly loaded the booty, mounted the women and children on horses and started through the woods.

"So," said Bent, "you think that a party have come in pursuit."

"I am sure of it," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Very Good," said Bent, "we must see what can be done, but don't say a word to any one else, as there is but one man in the fort, beside me, you can trust, and he is not here just now."

Bent left the fort and sauntered down in the direction White had taken and soon after joining him he informed him of what had occurred and what he proposed to do, and to do at once.

"Now," he said, "is the time for action. Yon vermin may be back in a day or two, and if we must do anything it must be before anyone else can interfere and forestall us."

"Well," said White, "you know more about such matters than I do, and whatever you think best to be done, I'll assist in as far, and as well, as I can."

"Good," said Bent, "put away your tackle then and let us start; I don't think we shall have far to go, but we had better be on the move."

As he spoke, he raised up a great mass of wild vine, which stretched its luxuriant growth down to, and into, the water, the fishing implements were placed underneath and the two started. Bent led the way with rapid, and unhesitating stride, glancing, occasionally, at the way-marks, to him intelligible, as they moved rapidly forward.

The phrase, "pathless forest" is only correct when applied in a certain sense, for to the experienced hunter there are paths and trails which he can follow, assisted by other signs, such as the streams, the tree moss, and bark, and similar aids which convey, to the unexperienced, no information, and lend no aid.

At the period of which we write there were, many Indian trails between the "Lake-gate of the country," and the head waters of of the Hudson and the Mohawk Valley. It was one of these trails, more recently made, that Bent was following.

As they were ascending a gully leading up to the summit of a small range of hills, Bent suddenly paused, motioned to White and glided behind: a projecting mass of earth formed by the up-

turned roots of a tree and the accumulations of years of growth and decay. White crept behind some bushes, watching and listening, for he was quite mystified, having neither seen nor heard anything to attract unusual attention. He had not to wait long, however, before he thought he could make out something like the quiet, cautious tramp of approaching footsteps; he felt quite excited by the novelty of his situation, not quite assured of his safety, and still not afraid, although he had no weapon more formidable than a strong, hunting clasp-knife.

He kept his eyes fixed upon Bent watching for some movement, for, to outward appearance, he might have been some sylvan statue, motionless and still as the trees around. Suddenly Bent stepped from his concealed position, and looking up at a bluff immediately above and opposite to them he quietly enquired,

"Say, friend, are you looking out for some one?"

The man he addressed was holding on to a young tree, as he leant forward over the edge of the bank, staring intently down the ravine. When Bent spoke, he started back, evidently very much surprised, but seeing that Bent had no rifle, and assumed a pacific manner, he became reassured and said,

"Yes, I am, which way have you come?"

"From Point Fort," said Bent, "there are two of us, and we are looking for a party of men from about Albany."

"We are the men," he answered, "go on, and you'll find us up above."

At the head of the ravine, resting after a hurried march, were between twenty and thirty men, evidently farmers and artisans: they were all well armed and appeared to be a very resolute, active body of men. The young man acting as scout had apprized them of their coming, for they were all watching their approach. The leader of the party, a tall, handsome man, of superior address, and carrying a rifle beautifully mounted in silver, stepped forward to greet them.

"Hallo, Bent, you here;" was his first exclamation.

"I'm here," said Bent, "And the women and children are in Point Fort, so far good. The next thing will be to get them quietly away without giving any alarm to the garrison."

"Where are the redskins gone to?" enquired the leader, whom we will now call Johnson.

"I understood they were going towards Oswego, but that might be a blind; they are after some *deviltry* no fear, and if we could get some assistance, and intercept them on their return, we might give them a lesson they want badly. But now for my plan.

If we possibly can do it, we'll smuggle the women and children away from the fort before dark, if not as soon after as possible. Remain here untill I come."

As Bent and White were turning to go, Gordon stepped forward and taking Bent by the hand said:"

"If you succeed in rescuing my wife and children I shall be your debtor for life, and although my home has been burnt and most of my property destroyed or carried off, I shall try to give you some token of my esteem, if I have to sell my farm to do it."

"Yes," said his brother, who was the young man they had first seen, "and we must see that our friend here, who has so little to say for himself is not forgotten, and I will undertake that part myself."

White disclaimed any desert in connection with the affair, but said he was very willing to assist in so good a work, as well as he was able.

It was about sunset when they reached the fort, carrying with them some fine salmon trout which White had caught previous to starting in search of the pursuing party. Just outside the stockade they found the women and children seated upon a bank; and White following the impulses of his nature, picked up the little girls in turn and kissed them. He looked at the mother and nodded pleasantly, bidding her good evening, and repeated the same to the younger, but as he did so, his look or glance lingered upon her swelling bosom, and tear stained face, for she was weeping when they came up, and had hastily wiped away the tears from her face. White was overcome, for he had a tender heart, and to hide his emotion he stooped to converse with the boy.

While he was doing this, Ben asked the women if they could see the crooked pine near the lake, it was perhaps half a mile from the fort, they could tell it at once by the remarkable top.

"Now," he said, "I want you to ramble along in that direction, and, if you get there before me, you can wait till I come, mind, I shall not come after you, and you must not hurry, but just stroll along with the children as though taking a walk."

"There were some Indians here a while ago," said Mrs. Gordon, "asking about you, I think."

"How were they dressed, and how many were there?" enquired Bent, forgetting, for the moment, that few could describe the peculiar markings by which tribes could be distinguished by the initiated.

"Why they are coming again," she said, "there they are,"—pointing to seven fine looking fellows stalking gravely along from a patch of wood to the south.

"Good, very good," said Bent, who, as he looked around, recognised some old friends,—“we're in luck for once anyhow, here's assistance for us, and no mistake; now you can start, and remember what I told you, keep up your spirits, and don't on any account hurry about your movements.”

The Indians came up as the women and children sauntered away, they were Mohawks of the Wolf tribe; a chief with his six sons. They all saluted Bent with great gravity, and Bent introduced to them White, as a friend of his, an English brave. Bent and the chief commenced an earnest conversation in Mohawk, and White went to his quarters and commenced a hasty preparation for, ostensibly, a hunting excursion.

Everything seemed to favour their design; the day being, as White was informed a French festival, there was an unusual amount of gaiety, and a proportionate relaxation of ordinary discipline. It had occurred to Bent during the conversation with the chief that as the two youngest Indians were still without rifles, the present would

be a favourable opportunity for smuggling out a couple for them, with a due supply of ammunition for all. Singular as was the coincidence, White had noticed that the two youngest had no rifles, and looking around had selected two of the short military kind, common at that period.

When Bent went into the fort he asked the two lads to accompany him, and loading them with his *traps*, he carefully concealed a rifle for each under their blankets, so that the careless guard permitted them to pass out without question. When they returned to their brothers, who were waiting for them outside, they could not restrain their joy at the possession of what Bent had told them should be theirs, but displayed their valued prizes, at the sight of which, the chief smiled grimly. Bent and White followed immediately after the young Indians, in complete hunting dress, and each carrying rifles of very different manufacture to those given to the young Indians. As they left the fort the guards were closing the gates, and White told them that he was going with Bent on an excursion and should not return for several days. By this time it was getting dark, and it was evident that the absence of the women and children had been quite overlooked.

As they passed down from the fort they came suddenly upon two of the St. Francis Indians seated in the edge of the bush near to the road. Dark as it was they knew Bent and he knew them, and it at once occurred to him that they were there for a purpose, and that it was highly desirable to know what that was, lest it should disconcert his own movements and defeat his intentions.

"Why," he inquired, "are my red brothers come back so soon?"

"We came to see what the pale faces are doing. Do they want their women and children?"

"But," said Bent, "the English settlers have not come here yet."

"My brother should listen in the woods, the pale faces talk too much."

Had Bent had his rifle in position, he would, at that moment, have forgotten prudence and pulled the trigger. Had he caught these men dogging his own footsteps he would not have hesitated to shoot them down as wild animals, but still he hesitated at secret attack and stealthy assassination; but there was another reason why he did not attempt immediate violence. To fire upon these men, under the circumstances, was simply to alarm the French which he was anxious to avoid.

Pondering upon these considerations, but keeping a calm, unconcerned exterior, he moved away accompanied by White; the young Indians were waiting for him some distance further in the woods, and he was just wondering where the chief and his sons were or where he should meet with them, when a cry of anguish, short, stifled, and discordant, broke the stillness of the forest for a moment, and then all was again hushed.

They hurried forward to the place of meeting at the tree, at the foot of which, in a state of no little alarm, they found the women. The little girls had fallen asleep, but the boy, only about seven years of age, was wide awake and ready to move.

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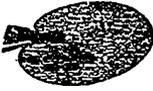
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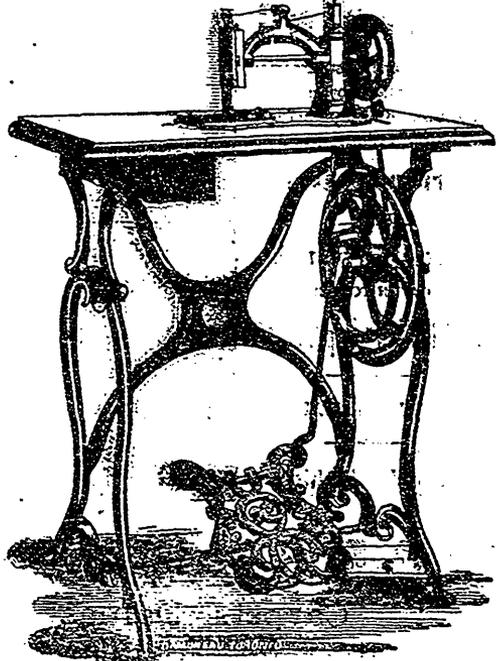
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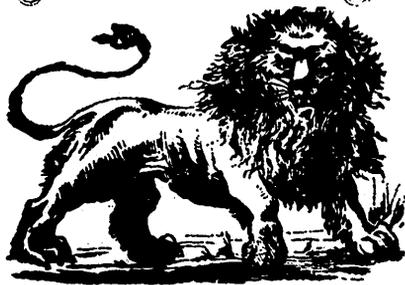
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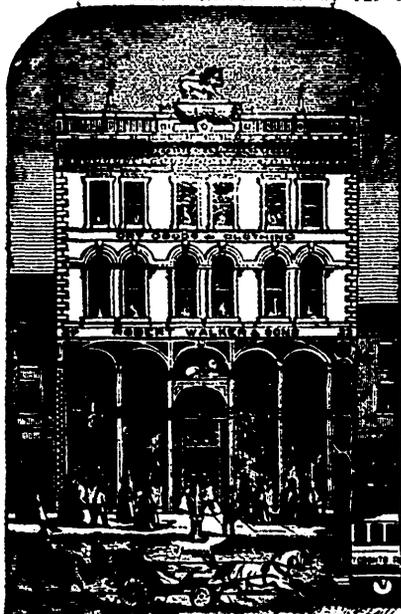
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