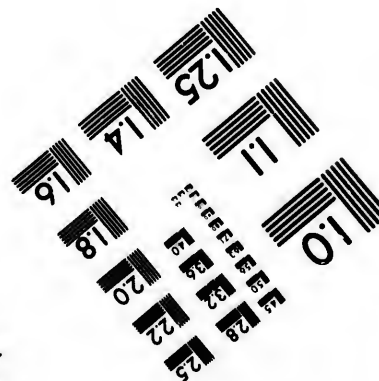
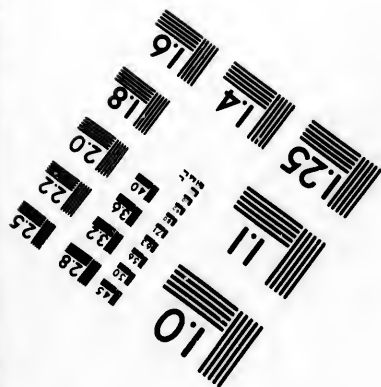
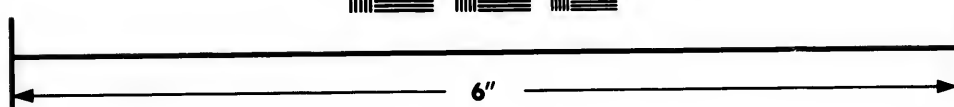
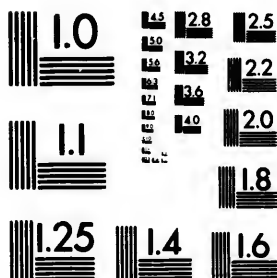


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1983**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadow or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

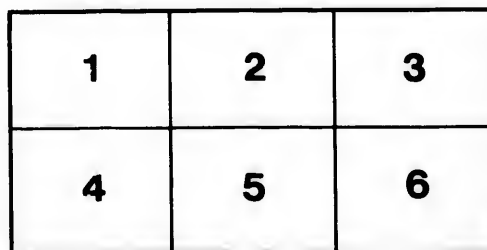
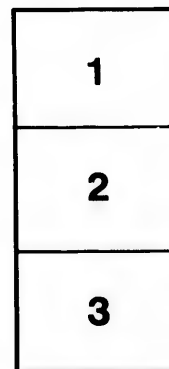
Metropolitan Toronto Library  
Literature Department

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Metropolitan Toronto Library  
Literature Department

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ails  
du  
difier  
ne  
page

rata  
o

elure,  
à

32X

PRICE, 35 CENTS.

PRIZE PAPER

SATIRICAL

By W. F. McMAHON

COPYRIGHT TO BE APPLIED FOR

McKAY PRINTING Co.

Shelf No. 819.7. M11



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Reference Department.

THIS BOOK MUST NOT BE TAKEN OUT OF THE ROOM.

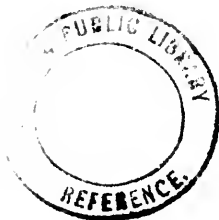
Jan'y 30 1917

"PRIZE PAPERS."

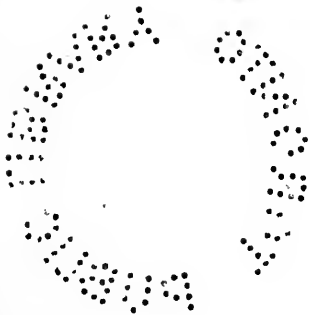
SATIRICAL.

.....  
*By W. F. McMEHON.*  
.....

342239



March 9 1917





RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

HAMILTON BOARD OF TRADE.

# CONTENTS

---

	<i>Pages.</i>
INTRODUCTORY. . . . .	6
CHAPTER I.—The Fishmonger's Society—The great Cause of Education to be Advanced—Prize offered for the best original Paper. . . . .	9-16
CHAPTER II.—Next Meeting of the Fish Monger's Society—Great success of the Scheme—Paper No. 1.—“Quip Hawthorne's Revenge”—How a Community lost a Luminary—Story of a Canadian Lad. . . . .	17-40
CHAPTER III.—Paper No. 2.—“Retiring from Business”—The Evil of Popularity—A True Bill, . . . . .	41-54
CHAPTER IV.—Paper No. 3.—“The Champlain Valley”—Descriptive and Historical—A Summer Trip. . . . .	55-72
CHAPTER V.—Paper No. 4.—“An Exile from Paradise”—A Romance of Real Life—Truth Stranger than Fiction, . . . . .	73-100
CHAPTER VI.—Paper No. 5.—“Ridgeway”—A Scrap of History snatched from Oblivion, . . . . .	101-127
CHAPTER VII.—Paper No. 6.—“Notes about Kingston”—The “ups and downs” of a Municipality's Career, . . . . .	128-135
CHAPTER VIII.—Paper No. 7.—“The Thousand Islands”—Alexandria Bay—Wells' Island Camp Ground, . . . . .	136-142

*Contents.*

v

	<i>Pages.</i>
CHAPTER IX. Paper No. 8.—“Kingston, Adieu!” —“Sour Grapes” — The Penitentiary—Rockwood Asylum—Terrible Realities of Life, . . .	143-151
CHAPTER X. Examination of the Papers—Dupli- city of the Secretary Discovered—Closing Scene— Dissolution of the Fish Monger’s Society, . . .	152-168
APPENDIX—Containing the first chapter of a “Paper” which was most unceremoniously rejected by the President as being entirely unworthy of place among the Competitive Papers, . . .	169-179
ALSO,	
MARK TWAIN’S WATCH STORY.—How it affected the Populace, . . . . .	180-191

## INTRODUCTORY.

---

To the several members of the "Fish Mongers' Society" who have so ably and cheerfully assisted me in this work, and to whom I am mainly indebted for the privilege of presenting it, I beg to tender my warmest gratitude.

Some of the papers have since appeared in periodicals in various parts of the country, but, perhaps, that fact will not be *very* derogatory to their appearance in a collective form.

THE WRITER.

..  
sorre  
"up  
Sear

TH  
caref  
of th  
their  
foun  
prob  
had  
duc  
refle  
tion

S  
with  
cov  
ber

## PREFACE.

---

“ My sons ” said a wealthy land-owner as his sorrowing family gathered round his death bed, “ upon the farm is buried a golden treasure. Search for it.”

The legend shows that the injunction was most carefully cherished by the family, and every inch of the land was turned over, again and again, in their eagerness to obtain the coveted gold. They found it not, but the golden harvest became more prolific each year, and when in time those sons had amassed great wealth, through the extra productiveness of the well-tilled soil, they paused and reflected upon the wisdom of their father's injunction.

So, it is presumptuously believed, will be the case with this little satirical work. In it will be discovered “ points ” which it will be well to remember in one's every-day life. The characters which

it attempts to briefly portray have not been chosen from out-of-the-way places, but are such as one meets with everywhere, and comprise landlords, tenants, bailiffs, fops, hobbyists, ward politicians, etc.

If the "Papers" succeed in helping to while away an occasional odd half hour the writer will be glad.

TH

pin  
M  
Uso  
wh  
fis  
ha  
th  
to  
Soth  
se  
wa

# “PRIZE PAPERS.”

---

## CHAPTER I.

---

THE FISH-MONGER'S SOCIETY—THE GREAT CAUSE OF  
EDUCATION TO BE ADVANCED—PRIZE OFFERED  
FOR BEST ORIGINAL PAPER ON ANY SUBJECT.

One of the most important events which transpired at the recent general meeting of the Fish-Mongers' Society, was the election of Mr. Jonas Uppergill as Prnsident.

Mr. Uppergill was a mild, good-natured man, somewhat past the meridian of life, and the whole of his earlier years had been spent in the fish business. He had succeeded in acquiring a handsome competency, and was, latterly, devoting the most of his leisure time to what he was pleased to term “the higher branches of the Piscatory Science.”

Unlike most of the elections, of former times, there were, on the occasion referred to, actually several candidates for the office of President. There was, therefore, considerable rivalry among them,

and it can be readily understood that the friends of each exerted themselves to the utmost limits of honesty and good nature to secure the honor for their special favorite.

As was generally expected, the contest was an exceedingly close one. When the scrutineers had completed their labors and officially announced the required majority of votes to be in favor of Mr. Uppergill, there arose a great burst of applause, and the noisy rejoicement continued to swell, until finally, the whole of the meeting joined in the congratulatory demonstration. Never—was the unanimous opinion—never in the history of the society had there been manifested such intense enthusiasm at any general meeting.

When the tumult of applause had somewhat subsided, the President elect arose and calmly and quietly returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him.

In the course of his pleasant remarks, he said :  
“Although keenly sensitive of your good will, and deeply grateful for the mark of respect which you have just shown in thus electing me to preside over this honorable society. Yet, I feel that it is not so much the *man* you have honored ; it is his policy. I have always had the welfare of the Fish-Mongers’ Society at heart.” (Hear, hear.)



“And, as many of you are doubtless aware, I have long believed that its sphere of usefulness should be extended.” (Applause.)

“We have, it is true, accomplished a great work, in having elevated the “Piscatory Art”—an art that is dear to all of us—to the front rank among the sciences.”

“We have, also, done a noble work in the way of materially assisting those of our fellow-laborers whose *hauls* have not been so abundantly blessed as our own. But I feel, gentlemen, that the Fish-Mongers' Society should have a wider ‘sea’ as it were, and, while aiding the developement of our own favorite art, it might, at the same time, do something towards encouraging the great cause of education.” (Prolonged applause.)

“I do not propose the establishment of new schools or colleges, no, no; far from it. The school system in vogue to-day, gentlemen, is a most admirable one, and appears to meet all the demands required by an advanced civilization.” (Cheers.)

“But, as our Society has funds lying idle in its treasury, I deem it to be our duty, to show, as a body, our appreciation of that magnificent school system, by giving some tangible reward to the most diligent of those scholars who avail themselves of

its advantages, in the acquirement of a useful education." (Here, here, and loud applause.)

Mr. Uppergill makes a short pause, surveys the audience and looks highly gratified. He then proceeds, leisurely :

"I am sure I need not say more at present. 'I will leave the matter in the hands of my friends,' and I earnestly trust that some action will be taken in regard to this great question before the meeting adjourns." (Much cheering.)

Everybody acknowledged that this speech was the best that Mr. Uppergill had ever made, and, most likely, that honest old gentleman was as much surprised, as delighted, with it himself.

Mr. Eely, permanent secretary to the society, (a shrewd-looking young man,) heartily approved of the noble suggestion given them by their honored President, and believed the time had arrived for the society to set to work to make itself felt throughout the land.

Mr. Minnows, Vice President, (an active, restless and pompous little fellow) would give the matter his most cordial support. In fact, the more he thought over it, the more firmly he became convinced that such a course was exactly what ought to be done, because it would tend to convince the

outside world that the Fish-Mongers' Society was no mere mercenary organization.

Mr. Roddy, Ex-President, (a not very ostentatious, but practical man,) mentioned, that he had long held the opinion that the society's influence should extend beyond the limits of its own *pond*.

This little witticism on the part of Mr. Roddy, created much merriment in the meeting, and every body seemed to be in the happiest humor.

The next speaker was Mr. Redfin, a tall, thin, stern-looking man, who evidently belonged to that enviable class of people who were never known to jump at anything rashly.

Mr. Redfin very guardedly expressed himself as favorable to the idea, provided it could be done with safety, &c.

Mr. Coddles, (a plum, red faced little man, with fire in his eyes,) jumped up and gave the meeting, (but chiefly aimed at Mr. Redfin,) a "piece of his mind," as follows :

"Caution is all very well, but I have no patience with those people who are always crying care ! care ! Talk about safety in this matter, why, it is a question of glory. The society will make a name for itself. The idea of being instrumental in encouraging the advancement of education is a capital

one. And it seems to me that a very effectual way of showing our appreciation of our splendid school system would be to reward the scholars." (Here here.)

"I would, therefore, beg to suggest that a series of prizes be offered by the society, for the best original paper on any subject. This would stimulate the scholars to more vigorous application, and the successful competitors would reflect honor upon their tutors. (Applause.)

Mr. Grub, (a not very eloquent but an exceedingly useful member,) would like to have some information as to the extent of the society's surplus capital.

Whereupon, Mr. Mullet, the Treasurer, was called upon to read a statement as to the financial standing of the society. Much gratification being engendered by the entirely satisfactory exhibit, a vote of thanks was tendered to the treasurer. Several of the members then successively submitted resolutions, but as none of them seemed to express the exact idea desired, Mr. Eely, and one or two others, proceeded to concoct something which might meet with the unanimous approval of the society. The combined efforts of these individuals resulted in the following :

"RESOLUTION."

"Whereas, this modern but honorable body of

Fish-Mongers, desires to assist in advancing the great cause of education ; and, whereas, the society would, at the same time, give an expression of its unqualified approval of the national school system. Be it, therefore, enacted that the sum of (\$500) five hundred dollars of the society's funds, be now, and is, set apart for the purpose specified. And be it further enacted that the said sum of five hundred dollars, so set apart, be now offered as a PRIZE OR PREMIUM for the best original paper on any subject, which shall be handed in to this society, (in the manner hereinafter mentioned,) not later than twelve o'clock (noon) of the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and———."

" CONDITIONS."

" 1st. Competitors to specify the schools which they have attended."

" 2d. Papers to be enclosed in a sealed packet and addressed to the President of the society."

" 3d. All papers submitted to become the property of the society."

This resolution was unanimously adopted, duly signed, and instructions were given to have it in-

served a few times in the advertisement columns of the daily newspapers.

Much conversation, of a wide and general nature, then ensued, after which the meeting adjourned, and the members went away, deeply conscious of the growing importance of the society.

NE

C

A

I

pro

co

pr

to

th

sh

lik

ge

be

w

ob

ri

se

co

st

w

CHAPTER II.

---

NEXT MEETING OF THE FISH-MONGERS' SOCIETY—  
GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SCHEME—PAPER NO. I :  
“QUIP HAWTHORNE'S REVENGE—HOW A COMMU-  
NITY LOST A LUMINARY—STORY OF A CANADIAN  
LAD.

As can well be imagined, the unique and liberal propositions of the Fish-Monger Society took the community completely by surprise. The more prominent members were being continually referred to in regard to the general object of the society : the qualifications required for eligibility for membership ; the probable course the society would be likely to pursue in the future ; and lastly, as to the genuineness of the offered prize.

Those of the citizens who were known to have been in the habit of sending letters to the papers were now regarded with much interest, and it was observed that the attendance at the various libraries had much increased of late. Everything seemed to indicate that there would be a heavy competition for the coveted prize. The society suddenly sprung into popularity. The scheme was regarded with so much general interest that it

was deemed advisable to announce that the examination of the papers would take place at a public meeting of the society. The citizens generally were cordially invited to be present.

Consequently, when the eventful thirty-first of December came round, the Fish-Mongers' Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The members were elated, the audience was willing to be pleased, and everything justified the pleasantest anticipations. In due time Mr. Uppergill, the President, was escorted to the chair, and, when order was called, proceeded to give expression to his gratification at the hearty response which had attended the offer of the society. He was glad to see so many present, and was able to announce that no less than eight papers had been handed in. Placing the eight mysterious packets upon the table before him, he waved his white pocket-handkerchief a few times in front of his nose, and then explained to the audience the manner in which it had been decided that the examination should be conducted. The arrangement was very simple. The Secretary would read all of the papers, and the merits of each would be submitted to open vote at the end of the series. This announcement, conveying, as it did, implicit confidence in the integrity and good sense of the assembled people, was received with hearty applause.



Mr. Eely, the Secretary, then stepped forward, and, taking up one of the packets, broke the seal and proceeded to read, in a clear and eloquent manner, what was termed

PAPER NO. I.

QUIP HAWTHORN'S REVENGE.

*How a Community lost a Luminary—Story of a Canadian Lad.*

“Well, I declare; there are those Rossell girls again. I wonder if we are ever to have the luxury of coming here without meeting them.”

The speaker was Miss Smythe, and she expressed herself (*sotto voce*) to her two lady companions, as they all seated themselves in rustic rocking chairs on the deck of the little steamer “Ocean Gem.” The outline of her delicate nose was somewhat ruffled as she spoke.

“It is provoking; and there are those Nugent people, too, in their gaudy display, and they can't find any better amusement than to laugh and giggle with that Hawthorn boy. For my part, I can't see how those girls can be spared so much from that millinery shop.” It was Miss Buntington (that lovely little blonde) who thus gave vent to her feelings, and it cannot be said that her lady-like face was illumined by a particularly sweet

smile as she pettishly turned her chair a little, so that she would not be compelled to look at these obnoxious people.

“It’s my opinion, girls,” remarked Miss Sunnyford, with an air of utter despair, “there is but one way of doing, and that is not to notice them at all, for, depend upon it, such people cannot take a——

What the balance of this lady’s remark was to have been can only be arrived at by surmise, for she was obliged to leave the sentence unfinished in consequence of their two gentlemen friends having, at this point, succeeded in comfortably ensconcing themselves beside them, and, of course, that bit of dainty conversation was intended only for feminine ears. Marvellous to say, all evidence of recent displeasure vanished instantly, and the faces of the three young ladies assumed expressions the most sweet and pleasing. Indeed, at that moment, they might easily be mistaken for the “Three Graces,” personified.

The gentlemen proceed to light their cigars, and then there seems to be a general interchange of quiet little pleasantries, above which can be heard, occasionally, “the silvery ring of soft laughter,” as the poet so nicely puts it.

The little party seem to be exceedingly happy.

After a time, a little opening having occurred in the conversation, Mr. Arundel (the gentleman next to Miss Smythe) deliberately removed the cigar from his mouth, and, with a little yawn, remarked—

“I quite agree with your remarks of this morning, Miss Buntington; this is not a bad way of putting in an hour or two these warm days.”

“I am glad you are enjoying it,” said Miss Buntington, sweetly, as she brushed away a stray bit of cigar smoke with her fan.

“It would be rather nice, old fellow,” leisurely remarked Mr. Spoucher (the little gentleman with the blonde moustache) if it weren't for that swarm of youngsters over there, kicking up such a perpetual row. What a pity their mothers don't keep them shut up somewhere, at home.”

“Why, Mr. Spoucher; how uncharitable you are,” said Miss Sunnyford, feelingly. “You ought to remember that the fresh air will do them ever so much good—the little dears.”

“It does seem to have an exhilarating effect upon their lungs,” coolly retorted Mr. Spoucher, and the witticism met with a nice little unanimous applause.

“A year or two ago,” remarked Miss Smythe,

plaintively, "these little afternoon excursions to Morckton were very enjoyable, but latterly they have become *so* common. It is not pleasant, you know, to be thrown face to face with one's washerwoman's daughter."

"I fail to see anything very grievous about that, especially if the daughter happens to be pretty," said Mr. Arundel, as he looked toward the other end of the boat.

"Oh, Mr. Arundel," ejaculated Miss Sunnyford, in an alarmed manner, and with curious emphasis; then she was obliged to cover her face with her fan for a moment, while the other two ladies looked shocked.

"As there is no law to prevent any one's coming so long as they pay the necessary quarter for a ticket, I suppose we will have to put up with the company or stay away ourselves, or else charter the boat for our own special accommodation," said Mr. Spoucher, after considerable reflection, and with this philosophical conclusion the subject was dropped, and the conversation turned on topics more in keeping with the poetic fancy of youth.

While these most excellent young people, representatives of some of the "first families" of the old town of H—— are thus whiling away the time,

enjo  
bask  
us  
"Oo  
trip

T  
blue  
Ros  
of H  
their  
war  
is M

H  
urch  
whic  
two  
with  
ent,  
in a  
siti  
bea  
spr  
ma  
mi  
beg

an

enjoying the delightful breeze of the lake, and basking in the luxury of conscious superiority, let us take a little peep in the other parts of the "Ocean Gem," as she slowly proceeds on her daily trip to the little village of Monckton.

Those two nice looking, fair-haired girls, with blue ribbons, over there, are the daughters of Mr. Rossell, a successful bricklayer and stonemason, of H——. The elderly woman beside them is their mother. The rather smart, middle-aged; warm-hearted looking man, to whom she is talking, is Mr. Thompson, the butcher.

He is very fond of the bright little curly headed urchin on his knee, and also of the other one which is climbing up the back of his chair. The two black-eyed girls, who are talking and laughing with the Rossells, are the daughters of Mrs. Nugent, a widow, whose husband was killed years ago in a railway accident. They have cheerful dispositions, and are lively and gay. The happiness beaming in their young faces, it may be observed, springs from a feeling of independence, for they maintain themselves by the use of the needle, as millions of brave girls have done since the world began.

That good-natured, frolicsome young fellow, among them, and from whom the four girls are

endeavoring to recover some trifling article which he apparently has just stolen from some of them, is "Hawthorn boy"—Quip Hawthorn—chiefly noted in the town for his good natured humor and indolent habits.

They are having lots of fun, and, to all appearances, the girls are too many for Quip. By some means his chair gets toppled over and he rolls off on the floor, to the great amusement of all, including Mrs. Rossell and Mr. Thompson, not forgetting the two little Thompsons. They all laugh heartily, and it is not necessary to use a microscope to detect the contempt depicted in three maidenly faces in another part of the boat. Notwithstanding the frowns that are shot at them, the playful group continue their innocent amusement in this lively manner, for their mirthfulness is all unhampered by the restraints of morbid affectation.

The little steamer contains a goodly number of the townspeople, comprising old gentlemen with spectacles and newspaper; nice old ladies, some of whom are knitting; fathers and mothers with their families, and dozens of young people of both sexes. All appear to be enjoying the delightful sail, and, no doubt, to many these cheap little excursions over the water are a genuine luxury.

The youngsters are running about playfully,

mothers are chatting with one another, doubtless describing how their Johnnies and Tommies and Sissies got over the whooping cough, etc., while fathers, sitting by, occasionally join in the conversation, or quietly take a nap, just as their inclinations may dictate.

A peaceful, happy scene.

That little bright-eyed four year old girl, climbing up the low railing at the side of the boat, there, is in danger, and its mother moves quickly over and takes it away. In a few minutes, however, the child is back again, and, before observed by any one, has climbed up to the top of the railing, and is actually dangling over the water. A woman near by attempts to reach it, but too late; the little thing loses its balance and falls off into the lake. Instantly the cry goes up, "child overboard." The startled passengers rush towards the stern of the boat, and in a second all is in a wild confusion. The screams of the distressed mother as she cries, "my child! my child!" are heartrending, and strong arms have to restrain her from flinging herself in after her darling.

In his commendable efforts to do something, Mr. Spoucher hurriedly throws a chair and a lady's parasol overboard. A dozen voices are shouting. "throw out a rope," "where's a life pre-

server?" etc., and then a young fellow is seen to tear off his coat and plunge head foremost into the lake. There is an awful suspense until he reappears on the surface of the water. He comes up within a few feet of the drowning child. An instant later he is seen to reach out and grasp the little thing, and is holding its head high out of the water. In the meantime the steamer has been stopped, and a small boat has put out to the rescue. In a few minutes the child is returned to its mother's arms, not much the worse of the ducking, and its brave rescuer is warmly cheered and congratulated.

It is Quip Hawthorn.

All on board had, of course, been thrown into a state of intense excitement, and for the remainder of the trip not much else could be talked of but the narrow escape of the child, and its gallant rescuer.

"Very cleverly done," remarked Mr. Arundel. In which apposition Mr. Spoucher signified his concurrence.

"Who would ever have thought it was in him?" soliloquized Miss Sunnyford, and a little while afterwards the dainty little Miss Buntington actually smiled and spoke a word or two to Quip.

The kind hearted Mr. Thompson went up to



him and, putting his rough hand on his shoulder, said, with moist eyes, "You're a brave lad, Quip; why the little thing would have been drowned, sure, if it hadn't been for you."

Next evening the daily "Observer and Despatch" contained a paragraph briefly describing the incident. It spoke favorably of Quip's prompt action and concluded as follows:—"This brave young fellow who is known as 'Quip Hawthorn' has rather a singular history which has now for the first time been brought to our notice. He is about eighteen, and for the last twelve years he has resided in this town with Mrs. Mayhew, a kind old widow lady without children of her own. Nothing is known of his parents or antecedents. Twelve years ago, it seems, the boy was placed on board the cars at Montreal by a gentlemanly-looking man who requested the conductor to see him safely off at the station in this town. A letter addressed to Mrs. Mahew was also given in charge of the conductor. In due time the railway officials safely delivered the child at Mrs. Mahew's house, where he has remained ever since. The following is a copy of the letter which accompanied the boy:

MRS. MAYHEW.

Dear Madam,—I wish you to take charge of my little son, Quip, for a few years, until I return to

this country. That was the last wish of his mother, (now dead) who was a niece of yours. Enclosed you will find two hundred dollars for his first year's expenses, and at the beginning of each year you will receive a like amount or more. Be kind to him, and when he is old enough send him to school. Upon my return I will arrange for his further education and will amply reward you for all your trouble.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD HAWTHORN.

"Strange to say, Mrs. Mayhew can not recollect ever having known any one of the name of Hawthorn, nor was she aware, at the time, that she had a niece in Montreal. For eight years the remittances came regularly to hand through a private banking company of New York. Four years ago, however, the remittances ceased, and from that time to this she has heard nothing whatever in regard to the mysterious affair."

The strange history of the boy was a matter of talk in the town for many a day, but as the months went by the matter was of course forgotten, and Quip continued to be known as "that Hawthorn boy."

PART II.

The old town of H—— has long borne the reputation of being a decidedly aristocratic kind of place, but it was while a detachment of Her Majesty's — Regiment was stationed there that the social lines became definitely drawn. These lines continued to strengthen even after the troops had been removed. As is no doubt the case, in most all places in most all countries, the people became divided into two or three classes, each of which revolved exclusively within itself.

Unfortunately for Quip he seemed to belong to no class whatever, and as he grew older he found himself obliged to stand aloof from the whole of them. The first, or upper class, would have nothing to do with him because he had no position to entitle him to consideration. The second, or middle class, could not take him up and make him one of them with any safety to his reputation, because he was tabooed by the first. Consequently he had to constitute himself a class by himself, and was denied all the little social privileges which tend to make the young happy,

As his years increased he felt his social ostracism so keenly that at times he almost began to

believe in his own insignificance. Nevertheless he never permitted the public to catch the slightest glimpse of his mortification. In fact, he endeavored to maintain the utmost indifference. He went about much at his own pleasure, always looking happy and cheerful, and the considerate people put him down as a good-natured, indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, and the more promising portion of the rising generation of the town was warned against associating with him.

But how little the people knew him.

There is, after all, a great deal of truth in the old adage, "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

As time went by any one who would take the trouble to notice him might have observed a remarkable change in him. He grew reserved in his manner; his mind was wonderfully reflective, and there was about his eyes an expression indicative of considerable penetration. None of the mirthfulness which always characterized him, and which had landed him into so many youthful scrapes, had departed out of his nature; it was still there, but it had been brought under control, and thus he was educating himself and he had already acquired the art of reading human nature as easily as he would a book.

Three years after the occurrence of the incident with which this little story begins, the daily "Observer and Dispatch" again concentrates the attention of the townspeople upon Quip by copying the following startling advertisement from a New York paper :

"PERSONAL.—Information wanted of the son of the late Richard Hawthorn, Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica, and formerly of Montreal, Canada East. The boy was left many years ago in some small town in Western Canada, and (if living) would now be about twenty-one years of age. A handsome reward will be paid for particulars that will lead to his identity, whether dead or alive. Canadian papers please copy.

"SHUTE & SHUTE,

"Barristers, &c.,

"No. — Wall Street,

"New York."

Quip immediately answered the advertisement by telegraph, and next day received the following brief dispatch in reply :—

"NEW YORK, —, June 186—

"QUIP HAWTHORN, Esq.,

"H———.

"Come on at once. Bring all papers and doc-

uments with you. The facts, if sustained, are sufficient.

“SHUTE & SHUTE.”

Inasmuch as the documents and papers in Quip's possession which, in any way, bore reference to his origin, were of such an exceedingly limited number, not much time had to be wasted in their collection. He was, therefore, ready to start by the first train.

The townspeople now began to manifest considerable interest in the matter, and were everywhere speculating as to the probability of Quip's ultimate identity.

Many were of the opinion that he was, without doubt, the person advertised for, while some contended that he could not be, for they had always believed him to be the son of nobody of any consequence.

This unsettled state of public opinion continued for a couple of weeks, at the expiration of which the same New York paper contained a long article entitled “*Romantic Story*,” which may be briefly summarized as follows :—

“Twenty-two years ago, Richard Hawthorn and his beautiful young wife arrived from England and settled in Montreal. Mr. H. brought with him a

moderate amount of capital, which he invested in the wholesale grocery trade in that city. A year later their happy home was further blessed with a 'son and heir.'

"Five years afterwards Mr. H. was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his beloved wife, and when she was laid away in the grave it seemed as though his heart had been buried with her. Before she died she expressed a wish that their child should be sent to be reared by an aunt of hers, who then resided in a small town in Upper Canada. A few months after the death of his wife, Mr. H. disposed of his extensive business in Montreal, with the intention of settling in the West India Islands. The little boy was, accordingly, sent to the aunt, as desired by his wife, and Mr. H. immediately proceeded to New York, from whence he was to sail. While in this city he deposited the sum of four thousand dollars in Mercer and Delorn's private bank, with instructions to forward the interest accruing thereon, to the above-mentioned aunt, annually, to defray the expenses of maintaining the boy.

"He then proceeded to Jamaica, where he purchased a plantation and engaged extensively in the export of sugar. Ten years after, Mr. H. died suddenly, and, having no relatives on the island, the Government took possession of his estate and

set about discovering his relatives. The banking firm of Mercer & Delorn was, of course, immediately communicated with, but no reply was returned.

"It was afterwards discovered that the firm had collapsed a couple of years before, and no one knew anything of the whereabouts of any of the officials. Thus, all trace of the aunt and the boy was lost. Advertisements, however, were inserted in the Canadian papers from time to time, but without success until only a few days ago, when the veritable son was discovered by Messrs. Shute & Shute, barristers, of this city, who have the matter in charge.

"The lucky fellow's name is Quip Hawthorn. He has ever since been living with the kind old lady in Canada.

"He is a fine-looking young fellow, and possesses some literary talent, as some of his productions have already appeared in one or two of the weeklies of this city.

"We understand he leaves this city to-morrow, accompanied by his attorney, for Jamaica, where it is believed he will have no difficulty in proving his claim to the vast estate of his father."

This romantic story was, of course, widely copied in the Canadian papers, and, as might well be ex-



pected, created a sensation in the old town of H——. The people, for a time, forgot all their old prejudices, and began to speak of Quip in glowing language. They were delighted to refer to him as their "fellow townsman," for, somehow, his good luck seemed to reflect honor upon the whole community. Almost everybody could now remember having, long ago, observed some favorable trait in his character. An odd citizen, here and there, might be found who declined to believe a word of the story about that Hawthorn boy's good luck, and occasionally the opinion was expressed that it would make no difference any way, for, no matter what amount he might fall heir to, he would soon run through the whole of it. But these people were the exception, and their uncharitable opinions had but little effect upon the general favor with which Quip and his good luck were regarded.

---

PART III.

Several months later, an item announcing the return of "Quip Hawthorn, Esq.," from Jamaica, was included in the telegraphic news from New York, and it became known in H—— that he was coming back to the old town to persuade the kind old Mrs. Mahew to return with him to his new home.

Some of the leading people put their heads together and concluded that something ought to be done.

Accordingly, as the train stopped at the station, Quip was astonished to hear the band rattling forth some lively air. As he stepped on to the platform he was greeted with a rousing cheer, and after considerable hand shaking and other congratulations he was further astounded by having a deputation from the Town Council present him with an address of welcome. After which the party proceeded up town, in two or three carriages, escorted by the band which played appropriate music.

A dinner had been arranged, in his honor, for that evening, and he said, in the course of his remarks in reply to the toast of his health, "this is the proudest moment of my life." and, doubtless he spoke the truth.

For the next few days he had many callers, and he received numerous invitations to dinners.

A sardonic smile stole over his face, as, one by one, he cast them aside and wrote a gracious declination to all except one.

This was from the Buntingtons.

The card remained in his hand very much longer than there was any necessity for. It was brief, but

in it he could read volumes. As he continued to gaze upon it, the expression of his face went through a variety of changes, and a glimpse of his whole life seemed to pass before his mental view.

"Such is life," he said to himself at the conclusion of his reverie, and then he wrote out an acceptance of the invitation.

It was a large party, for the Buntingtons were very popular in their set. The Arundels, and the Spouchers, and the Smythes, and the Sunnysfords, were all there, as well as a host of others whom it is needless to mention.

Quip was cordially received. He was arrayed in an elegant evening suit of the very latest cut, and, altogether, looked exceedingly well. His slightly reserved manner and his pleasant appearance generally, created a very favorable impression.

There was nothing ostentatious about him, however. He was, to some extent, the "chiefly observed," and he knew it, but the knowledge in no way incommoded him, nor did it interfere with the calm thoughtfulness of his countenance.

He shone in the drawing-room, took part in the dances, flirted with the ladies, and was everywhere accorded that deference which is usually paid to a young and handsome millionaire.

"I remember that day on the steamer, Mr.

Hawthorn," said Miss Buntington, as she coyly trifled with her fan, during a little pause in a waltz, "when you plunged into the lake and saved that little child from drowning; I think it was very brave. Have you forgotten the incident?"

"I believe I have a slight remembrance of it, Miss Buntington," said Quip carelessly, and then he added, "but I have a much more vivid recollection of a little lady smiling upon me afterwards, and speaking a few words of approval. Do you remember that?"

Miss Buntington laughed and looked pleased, for she knew well whom he referred to. Then she said, shyly :

"That is a very little thing to remember so long, Mr. Hawthorn."

"I can hardly regard it as a little thing, Miss Buntington," said Quip, earnestly; "it was a kind word, and many an aching heart, in this uncharitable world, can testify as to the inestimable value of a kind and cheering word."

The remark made his lady companion feel just a little bit uneasy.

Later on, during a little conversation with him, Miss Sunnyford remarked, as her little hand rested lightly upon his arm :

"How strange it is, Mr. Hawthorn, that you should have lived here so long and we not have known you before."

"It is strange," replied Quip, dryly, and then he watched her face closely as he continued, "but I did not go out much in society."

During the evening Mr. Buntington and others expressed the hope that Mr. Hawthorn might be induced to continue to reside among them. To which Quip replied that "he was afraid that was hardly possible."

It was a very pleasant and agreeable evening, and everybody enjoyed themselves but one. That was Quip.

He did not go there for enjoyment; he went for satisfaction, and he had it.

A week later old Mrs. Mayhew had disposed of her little cottage, in which she had lived so long, and went away with Quip, whom it is almost needless to add, she regarded with a motherly affection.

The day after their departure the *Observer and Despatch* contained an article entitled "Mammon Worshipers."

It was a clever satire. It ably hit off hypocrites, sychophants and a variety of other human shams.

and eloquently portrayed the mockery of the world's professed friendship.

It was several days, however, before the people of H—— learned that Quip was its author.

Quip and his most constant companion remained in New York, where he had previously secured a lucrative position on one of the great weeklies.

"Shute and Shute" was a clever-looking *young fellow*, and he had had several years experience in connection with the press of that city.

He and Quip had been friends for some time.

Jamaica had no charm for Quip, but, were it not that his conscience pricks him occasionally, he could add his testimony that "Revenge is sweet."

CHAPTER III.

PAPER No. 2.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

*The Evil of Popularity—A True Story.*

Above the door of a rather snug but not over ostentatious little shop, centrally situated on the principal thoroughfare of one of the numerous little villages of Western Ontario, hung the following sign :

“ANTHONY HOPGOOD, GROCERIES, &C.”

Mr. Hopgood was the proprietor of the establishment. Although he had been in business in the same premises for several years, still he could not be regarded as much more than a youth, for Mr. Hopgood, like many great men, had launched out into the battling world at an early age. The greater portion of his lifetime had been spent in the village, and, as a consequence, everybody in the whole township could claim intimate acquaintanceship with him. He was a genial, good-natured young fellow, very sociable and fond of fun, and was, moreover, something of a philosopher. He also had the happy knack of being able to express his ideas in an easy and entertaining sort of way, and it can, therefore, be readily understood that Mr. Hopgood was a general favorite in the

community. The people liked to deal with Mr. Hopgood for, no matter whether his customers were old or young, he always had a smile, and a pleasant word for each ; besides, he had, long since acquired a reputation for fair and honest dealing in business, and there was not a person in the whole neighborhood, (except, perhaps, his old rival, opposite) that could say a single word derogatory to his character.

In consequence of all these good qualities the older heads in the village looked upon Anthony (as they usually termed him) as a very promising young man. There were, however, just three things about Anthony, upon which the village people would like to have had a little more definite information. These questions were, first : where he originally hailed from : second, how much of the "needful" he had managed to lay by, and lastly, why he persisted in remaining single? These were, certainly, very important considerations, and several of his more inquisitive neighbors frequently endeavored to sound him on these points. But Anthony was cautious, and he evaded their bluntly put questions in the most innocent manner imaginable. Not that he was in any way afraid to have light shed upon any of the questions, but because while he was willing that his kindly neighbors should gratify their curiosity and love of gossip to



a certain degree, he was unwilling that they should know too much about him, perhaps more than he knew himself. Consequently, in spite of all of their well-meant efforts to solve these conundrums, the people could arrive at no positive conclusions in regard to them. Even the oldest inhabitant could reveal nothing in regard to Anthony's pedigree, and the old constable, who was considered tolerable good authority on most legal matters, could give no definite statement as to Anthony's financial standing.

Notwithstanding these few drawbacks, Anthony continued to dwell in the hearts of the people, and the people continued to take an active interest in him and his affairs. Indeed, his welfare was almost made a thing of their own concern.

But Anthony grew ambitious. The grocery business, in a small place, is a pleasant enough avocation, it is true, but he began to feel that his heart was not in his work; that he had a soul worthy of a higher destiny than that of measuring out soap, sugar and other trifles. So he had his head examined by the phrenologist who happened to come around that way, and the result was that soon after, he went over to Mr. Dorson's, the druggist—who also did the job-printing for the village—and ordered fifty large-sized posters which were to read as follows :

## " RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

" Anthony Hopgood desires to announce to the residents of this village and surrounding neighborhood that he has resolved to

## GIVE UP BUSINESS.

and will sell out at a great sacrifice in order to make a speedy clearance.

" All parties, etc., etc."

When old Mr. Dorson had looked through his spectacles long enough to get at the gist of the matter, a visible change came over his whole person. He was simply amazed. He was just as much astonished as he would have been had the paper which he held in his hand been a call to allow himself to be nominated for the local legislature. As soon as he had recovered himself a little he broke out as follows :

" Why, Anthony, what does this mean ?"

To which Anthony calmly replied : " It means, Mr. Dorson, that I am about to abandon the grocery trade forever. I have, at last, awoke to a true conception of the grand object of my existence, and I must hie me hence without delay, to enter upon my new destiny."

Now, Mr. Dorson was a kind old soul and his habits were very simple. He was not accustomed

to being startled in this manner, so, after a while he said :

“Anthony, I am afraid you are acting rashly ; this is a very serious step ; you must take time to consider it. You have a nice little business here and you are very comfortable among us, and for my part, I can see no reason in the world why you should give up. I am older than you are, my boy, and I advise you to drop this idea, and don't trifle with Providence by throwing away your chances. Yes, Anthony, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it is my duty to refuse to print any such wild nonsense for you.”

At this, Mr. Hopgood seemed to grow a little impatient and did not appear to value the old gentleman's advice as much as a good young man should do. He mildly threatened to go elsewhere for his printing, whereupon Mr. Dorson reconsidered the matter, and after doubly impressing on Anthony's mind the fact that he had warned him, concluded to do the work, and, after saying good-day to Anthony, immediately stepped into the little back room to tell his wife about it.

In due time the fifty posters were sent over to the grocery. Mr. Hopgood procured the services of the “Tom Sawyer” of the village, and shortly

after, all suitable places around about were ornamented with Mr. Hopgood's intention.

In the course of a day or two the news had spread all over the township, and it may be safe to say that nothing, since the news of the Fenian invasion, had ever so "taken hold of the people," as it were. Everybody immediately began to wonder, and to surmise, and to guess, and to talk. The air was full of it.

The first person that came to see Anthony about it, officially, was old Dr. Brown. He had been having a talk with Mr. Dorson, that morning, and they had come to the unanimous conclusion that this idea of his giving up business was the greatest piece of folly that had ever come under their observation. The good old Doctor stormed, and argued, and advised, until he was almost exhausted, and finally demanded to know "where he was going and what he was going to do." To which questions Anthony was mum.

Shortly after the Doctor's departure, in came the Rev. Mr. Perkins, who, in a very calm and mild manner, remarked that he was very much surprised, indeed, when he had learned of Anthony's intention to retire from business. He had always considered the grocery business to be quite profitable, etc., etc. Not succeeding in his gentle efforts to

obtain an insight into Anthony's future intentions, he somehow jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Hopgood contemplated removing to some large city, and straightway felt that it was his duty, as a minister, to warn him of the wickedness and of the temptations which beset young men in all large places. His line of argument was, that as peace and contentment ought to be the *somnum bonum* of human ambition, Anthony's intention to remove was entirely wrong, because it was directly opposed to both right and reason.

Anthony listened attentively for some time, but cause he was not very busy just then, and, also, because he always had a good deal of respect for the Rev. Mr. Perkins.

During the afternoon, Johnson, the blacksmith, went up to see Anthony about the matter. He had heard something about his going to leave the village, but he declined to believe any such stuff until he heard it from Anthony's own lips. So the first thing he said, when he got into the store, was—

“Is it true?”

“Is what true?” asked Anthony.

“Is it true that you are going to leave us, Mr. Hopgood?”

Anthony informed him that he believed fate had so ordained it. Upon which, Johnson broke out as follows :

“ Now, see here, Anthony, I've always been a friend o' yours, and have done all I could to help you along, and we 're all been a dealing with you for a long time, and I dont think its the square thing for you to ' pick up ' and ' dig out ' this way.”

Anthony did not say much, because he felt that his honest old friend, Johnson, meant well.

Towards evening, in dropped the dashing little Mrs. Fisher, the widow, whose merry brown eyes were said to be sharp enough to see through half a dozen mill stones.

During the conversation, the little darling laughingly intimated that Mr. Hopgood could not fool her ; that she believed he had no intention of giving up business at all, and that he only said so for an advertising dodge. Her late husband had been in business, somewhere.

In a few days it became pretty generally known that Anthony really did intend to retire. It became the chief topic of conversation in all the houses, in the other stores, over at the tavern, everywhere. But nobody could find out, by hook or by crook, what Anthony's intentions were in re-

gard to the future. This was very preplexing. He nearly lost several intimate friends in consequence of his stubborn silence in that respect. However, in the absence of authentic information, the following rumors were freely handed about, viz. :

That he had rich and powerful relatives in Europe and that they had sent for him to come and fill some big position. That his grandfather was in the Russian army, and that he was going over to fight with the Servians. That he was going away to the States to marry an heiress ; that he was going to edit a newspaper and, lastly, that he had joined the Church and would become a preacher.

In the meantime, the old constable busied himself every day, hunting round, trying to fish up something that would give him a clue. He went over to see if Doctor Brown had noticed anything strange or remarkable about Anthony's actions, of late, but the Doctor shook his head ; then he held a confidential interview with the proprietor of the tavern to see if Anthony had been much of a frequenter, or if he had taken to drink, but the jolly old landlord regretted that he had seen Anthony so seldom. Then, as a last resort, he called upon the postmaster to ascertain if that functionary had noticed anything peculiar or suspicious about An-

thony's correspondence, but the postmaster had noticed nothing worth speaking of. The old constable began to grow wrathful. Things continued in this unsettled state for several days, and the people could get no satisfaction out of Anthony. As might be expected, the rumors kept constantly increasing in number, and they had to be varied so as to be in accord with the indignation which was spreading. The following are a few specimens of what was being whispered around. That he had become a gambler and had lost every cent he was worth at cards; that he was going to join a gang of robbers, then supposed to be prowling about the country; that he was a counterfeiter, a horse thief, and, finally, that he had concocted a plan of robbing the postoffice. Still, Anthony kept silent, and, strange to say, looked all the more happy each day, which was very annoying to the people.

It is a long lane that has no turning, however, and that is what the old constable thought as he walked in, one evening, after having almost abandoned all hopes of ever finding out anything. Although there was an air of profound melancholy about him, still he could not conceal the triumph which glittered in his little grey eyes as he thus addressed Anthony:

“Mr. Hopgood, I have a very unpleasant duty



to perform. I had always regarded you as an upright young man. You have nobody to blame but yourself. I have to inform you that I am sent here to seize all your goods and chattels. Here is the distress warrant which was got out against you by Mr. Skinner, your landlord. He has become dissatisfied and uneasy at the way you are carrying on."

It somehow occurred to Anthony, just then, that there was a possibility of carrying a joke too far, so after much fruitless argument, he politely pointed to the door, but the old constable was big, and declined to move.

Mr. Hopgood had to go up and interview old Skinner, the landlord, as follows:

Anthony. "What did you put the bailiff in my place for?"

Old Skinner. "The waywardness of youth, Mr. Hopgood, has always been a source of much uneasiness to me. In all my experience, I have found that young men, as a rule, cannot be depended upon, and your own case proves the rule. You are now established in a business which is growing from year to year, and you have a bright prospect before you. But no, some tom foolery or other catches you, and you must give up your business

and throw away your chances. You are already on the road to the poor house !”

Anthony. — “ I have always paid you the rent when it was due. I do not owe you one cent of rent. Upon what ground, then, do you seize ? ”

Old Skinner. — “ Fool, your lease has some months to run yet. I seize for the rent that will become due.”

Anthony. — But your rent will be paid as it becomes due just as it always has been.”

Old Skinner. — “ When you have arrived at my years you will have learned the worthlessness of promises.”

Anthony. — “ When I am as old as you are I hope I will have better sense. The seizure which you have made is entirely illegal and uncalled for. You have allowed your avariciousness to get the better of your judgment. Believe me, sir, you shall be made to pay dearly for the gross injustice done me. Some of the wealth which you have wrung from the helpless and inexperienced shall, in turn, be wrung from you as a fit compensation for the injury which you have done me this day.”

Then Anthony went over to the county town and placed the matter in the hands of able lawyers, and the result was, that, in a few days, old Skinner

hopped around like a whipped cur. He came down and invited the old constable to come away as he had dropped the seizure and desired to withdraw all further proceedings. Old Skinner was very wealthy, but nobody in the whole village liked him; so when the old constable went round and told how he had been made a fool of, everybody actually congratulated Anthony on his victory.

During all this time, Anthony's stock was being reduced to a fine point, so to speak, and things began to look as though the place would not know him much longer. Then the people began to hunt up claims against him, and, as the majority presented were purely imaginary, he was kept quite busy in hunting up old receipts for bills which had been settled months, and even years, before. Then, much to the satisfaction of everybody, he was threatened to be sued for breach of promise, by the father of the girl he once took to singing school. But, terrified at the fate which befell old Skinner, this would-be plaintiff concluded not to press the case at present. And, as a grand finale, a crowning climax to his persecutions, old Figgins, the tailor, had Anthony actually arrested on a *capias*. Anthony had always been in the habit of buying his clothes there, and old Figgins had often boasted that Mr. Hopgood was one of his best paying customers. But the new suit, which he had got a few

days before, was still unsettled for, and, as the people could now believe Anthony capable of doing anything, somebody had advised old Figgins to look sharp, or he would be the loser. The bill was easily settled, however, and Anthony was again free to stand in the door of his shop and smile and look happy.

This so vexed the man who kept the other grocery, that he was obliged to come over and mention how that the people had intended to present Anthony with a testimonial on the eve of his departure, but as he persisted in being so stubborn, and disagreeable, it was now doubted if enough money could be collected to purchase as much as a tin whistle.

In due time Anthony got his estate wound up, and, as he actually appeared to have some money, and was not likely to ask any favors of anybody, many of his old friends gathered about him and wished him God Speed as the stage bore him away

CHAPTER II.

PAPER No. 3.

THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY. DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL.—A SUMMER TRIP.

The region known as the "Champlain Valley" lies between the States of New York and Vermont, and extends about a hundred and fifty miles southwards from the river Richelieu, in Canada. This valley, of which the western people hear so little in these days, is, without doubt, a place of the deepest interest to every Canadian. The unparalleled wealth of its historical associations and all the stories heard about the magnificence of its scenery, long ago imbued us with a desire to be among its old hills and gaze upon the scenes, where, in days gone by, was enacted so much of the bloody drama which won and saved our country, and out of which grew the world's youngest nation, Canada.

This romantic region was discovered in 1,609, by the celebrated French explorer, Champlain, from whom it derives its name. Over three hundred years ago its long line of water communication was the favorite route for armed bands with their fleets of light and swift canoes. And in the

early French and Indian wars, it was the chief highway between New France and far into the interior of the Iroquois territory. The valley includes the waters of Lake Champlain and Lake George. The Indian name of the former was "Ca-ni-a-de-re Gu-a-rau-te," which means, "Lake-gate of the country," and Lake George was known as "An-di-a-to-roc-te," or "End of the Lake Valley." In the intercolonial contest, which began about 1730, this valley was the theatre of that long and bloody struggle between the English and the French, with their Indian allies. The great campaign of 1760, under General Amherst, resulted in a grand triumph: and the whole of the celebrated region then passed from the French into the hands of the English, and, soon after, French rule in Canada closed forever. Fifteen years later, the American Revolutionary war, after much hard fighting, secured this territory as a part of the thirteen United States. in 1775.

The long, pent up desire to visit this famous valley, culminated a few summers ago, and, on a lovely morning in August, three Hamilton gentlemen, (Mr. K—, Mr. B—, Mr. McL—) and myself, left Montreal at early hour, on the Grand Trunk Railway. The train shot out of the great Victoria Bridge, and, in a few hours, we had, unconsciously, crossed the boundary line which separates

Canada from the United States, and were landed on the shore of Lake Champlain, at Rouse's Point. The steamer Adirondac, gaily decorated with flags, was awaiting the arrival of this train, and as there were a large number of passengers, nearly all of whom left the cars for the boat, the baggage-smashers were, of course, busy for some time. This gave our party an opportunity, while sniffing the fresh breeze off the lake, to look about us. Not far from this Point are the famous old fortifications of Isle Aux Noix, located at the junction of the lake with the Richelieu River. Commanding the entrance to Lake Champlain, this fort was, in early times, a most important military point. So important was it in the eyes of our revered ancestors, that it was a bone of contention for over a hundred years, during which time it changed hands frequently. Without noticing what may have been done by the Indians, it may be stated the original fortifications were built by the French; but the English, having taken a fancy for the place, captured it in 1760. The Americans, however, concluded that it might be of some use to them, and accordingly, in 1775, their desire to possess it was gratified. It was from this point that they afterwards issued the famous proclamation, tenderly inviting the Canadians to open their eyes, and join in with them for independence. An invitation

which was not accepted, by-the-by. This old spot also figured conspicuously in the war of 1812-14.

At 9 a. m. all was in readiness and the Adirondac, cutting loose from the wharf, steamed off down the Lake. Many of the passengers, like ourselves, had left Montreal long before breakfast time, and a few hours ride in the morning air had whetted the appetite to an alarming degree. We gently insinuated that fact to the worthy officials of the boat, but 'twas no use: must wait half an hour. In this unsatisfactory condition we began the interesting operation of becoming acquainted with our fellow passengers. With much agreeable surprise, on both sides, we found many people with whom we had become acquainted on our trip down the St. Lawrence. And more pleasing still was the discovery that many of us would continue to travel together for the next few days. There were nice old ladies with their beautiful and interesting daughters; fine old and middle aged gentlemen, and newly married couples in abundance. But what appeared the most remarkable to us was the fact that the entire party was almost exclusively American: we four were, perhaps, the only Canadians, or Britishers, on board. Nevertheless, it was a most agreeable company, and included representatives from nearly all the States in the Union. The cares and worry of business had been



left behind, and all unnecessary restraints being cast aside, everybody seemed bent on making the most of a pleasant time. We were only mortal, however, and felt justified in manifesting considerable impatience while waiting for the gong to invite us in to breakfast. The dining-room doors were at length thrown open, and the eager crowd rushed in upon the smiling tables in a manner which reminded one of a parcel of school children at a pic-nic. Soon after, as might be expected, everybody was in the best of humor; and while the ladies were promenading or sitting about, laughing and chatting, the smoke of a hundred cigars was gently wafted from the deck, while the music of an excellent Italian band floated in the air and made the scene complete.

The scenery along this lake is beautiful in the extreme. So beautiful, that an ordinary pen could never do it anything like justice. Indeed, it would be difficult for any one to exaggerate in a description of it. The lake is narrow, and the shore, on either side, is plainly visible to the naked eye. On the New York side is a continual succession of perpendicular cliffs and lovely little valleys, nestling closely at the base of the great Adirondac Mountains, which are dimly seen in the distance. The Vermont side is indented by beautiful little bays, veiled in shrubbery, and the lofty peaks of

the Green Mountains rise boldly in the background. These great mountains, on either side, are miles and miles away, and at times their outlines can be but dimly traced. Then again their huge tops assume more definite shape, and rise, like great shadows, against the azure sky. Sometimes, the moving clouds, illumined by the sun, evolve themselves into fantastic shapes, and hang like veils as it were, to screen from the vulgar gaze the summit of some distant mountain. And thus as the boat sails along, this grand panorama changes before the eye, as would the views in some immense kaleidoscope. This lake is a favorite resort for sportsmen, and along the shore, in some wild and secluded nook, can be seen occasionally the tent of some camping party. Between the mountains are fertile valleys, and the white houses of the farmers have a snug appearance in the orchards which surround them.

About the deck of the boat are little groups of passengers, many of whom are well supplied with a variety of light reading matter. Again and again have they tried to concentrate their mind on the pages of their favorite author, but all in vain; ever and anon the eyes will wander to watch the sun and mist play antics with the mountains. In other parts of the boat conversation runs lively, and the harpers, with their instruments, are never idle.

Incredible though it may seem, in the midst of all this ideal beauty, a big chair here and there contains a passenger fast asleep. But let us hope that in their dreams they are beholding scenes still more lovely than is this which now surrounds them.

Touching at Burlington, Vermont, (latterly made famous by the *Hawkeye*), the Adirondac picked up a large number of ladies and gentlemen who were returning from favorite resorts away up among the White Mountains. Below Burlington the lake narrows, and in a scenic point of view very much resembles the noble old St. Lawrence. Yonder prominence, which is now covered with wild grass, was once known as Point a la Chevalier. Upon this Point stood the old French fort St. Frederick. It was here that General Amherst put the French, under Bourlemagne, to disastrous flight; and here, too, the daring Captain Rodgers, the ranger, with but fifty men, distinguished himself by actually capturing all the supply schooners of the enemy. The ruins that are now seen cropping up here and there are all that is left of the English fort Crown Point, which was built by Amherst after Fort St. Frederick had been destroyed. This Point acquired much prominence in the struggles of long ago, but its importance as a military post ended with the war of 1775,

since which time it has disappeared from the arena of usefulness, just as it is now gradually fading from our view. The trip down this beautiful lake on that lovely summer day was extremely enjoyable, and, among us four, a glance back to that happy occasion calls up a train of the most pleasant recollections.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Ticonderoga. Glorious old Ticonderoga, what memories you awaken! These little heaps of crumbling stone are all that are left of the once powerful fort which bore your name, but how eloquently they speak of the great and desperate events which were enacted here, and how earnestly they recall the names of the heroes of the intercolonial and the revolutionary wars. This is the scene of many victories and reverses. In 1758, the great Montcalm vanquished the English under General Abercrombie: but, soon after, that defeat was terribly avenged by General Amherst, who drove the French out and remained in possession of the fort. Here, too, in 1775, the American invading army was defeated and driven back with great loss; and, later on in the same year, that victory was counterbalanced by the American Generals Montgomery and Schuyler, who surprised the garrison and captured the few Britishers who had been left to defend it. Famous Ticonderoga!

there is not much left of you now but your name. and, insignificant though you may appear, that name will live as long as this continent has a history. And, although the folds of another flag now wave over your desolate walls and deserted fields, still the ruins which we see before us silently, but unerringly, testify of British valor in by-gone times.

From Ticondiroga we proceeded by overland route to Lake George, which is some eight miles distant. A large number of the passengers preferred this route to continuing on down to Whitehall on board the Adirondac, either route being optional. A dozen or more old-fashioned four-horse stage coaches were in waiting on the hill, and in a few minutes, by the aid of the experienced drivers, the whole party was safely stowed away inside and on top of the coaches. Just before the word to move was given, the gentlemanly conductor of the line (who, by the way, was a bit of a historian) felt that it was his duty to point out the various places of interest to his patrons. Mounting the top rail of a fence without much ceremony, he began to expatiate somewhat as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, you now behold the ruins of Fort Ticondiroga. It was here that, in days gone by, a few American patriots captured the entire British army and all of their brass cannon, which were afterwards forwarded to Boston. This

victory secured to the descendants of the fathers of our country perpetual liberty—a liberty that will last until the great Archangel's mighty trumpet shall have sounded the final blast, awakening all the nations of the earth, on the great day of reckoning. Hurrah, for the great Republic! Drive on your horses." This outburst of patriotism was received with cheers and the waving of dainty little handkerchiefs, but the Canadian blood in the veins of four of us was up at the gross injustice done to our worthy ancestors, and we were about to, also, protest against the orator's claiming for the Republic a monopoly of the world's liberty, but the procession moved off just then at a rattling pace, and whatever international jealousy had been awakened soon after seemed forgotten in the general merriment.

The road is a very wild one: down great hollows, up steep hills, and along frightful precipices, which startled little screams from the ladies. About half-way over a halt was made, and this time the clever conductor pointed out a natural curiosity in the shape of a twin tree, or rather two trees—an oak and an elm—growing together from one and the same stump. There was no doubt about it, for many of us examined it personally, and it certainly was a very singular *lusus nature*. The cunning rascal completed his speech, from an

elevated position on the fence, with a touching remark which he knew would be endorsed by the several bridal parties in the coaches, viz : " This is a genuine freak of nature, and it should teach us that what God has united let no man put asunder. (Cheers.) Drive on your horses." Altogether this little overland trip was very romantic.

In a few minutes more we were at the edge of Lake George, in the midst of a great wilderness. Without much delay all were on board of a neat little steamboat, upon the side of which was painted Minne-ha-ha. How beautifully suggestive is that pretty name ! here, among all these surroundings of nature unadorned by art, how delightfully appropriate ! It reminds us of the long, long ago, when, if the legends can be believed, this very place was the happy hunting ground of the noble red man, long before he become contaminated by the fire-water of the pale-faces. Longfellow has made the name immortal :

Minne-ha-ha : Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women  
In the land of the Dakotas,  
In the land of hand-some women.

Minne-ha-ha, or Laughing Water, was the name of the young wife of Hiawatha, and,

From his wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water ;  
Hand in-hand they went together

Through the woodland and the meadow :  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the falls of Minne-ha-ha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar-off :  
" Fare-thee-well, O Minne-ha-ha !"

This region abounds with romantic Indian legends, which have been made familiar by the American writer, Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper.

The little steamer pushed off from the rude wharf, and we were once more afloat. Lake George, though a small body of water, is of great depth in some places, and is entirely unknown to commerce. It received its present name more than a century ago from Sir William Johnson, in honor of His Majesty the King. It is also known in poetry as Lake Horicon. The water of this lake is so clear and transparent that, in many parts, objects can be distinctly seen at the bottom. This peculiarity has sometimes caused it to be spoken of as the Silver Lake. The scenery of Lake George is considered to be unrivalled on the northern part of this continent in its grandeur—its sublimity. So celebrated are its shores that there is not an art gallery of any consequence in the United States or Canada that does not contain one or more paintings of views on this Lake. Truly, its scenery is magnificent.



Occasionally, huge barren rocks rise perpendicularly from the water edge to an immense height, and their grizzly fronts seem to frown at us human specks, thousands of feet below. Then again, verdure-clad hills slope gradually back for miles, and their rugged tops frequently tower above the clouds. Huge trees, on the sides of these great mountains, appear from the deck of the steamer no bigger than the small shrubs which ornament a lawn. The lake winds around among these mountains, and the tourist gazes upon their lofty summits from many different points of view. At times, the boat passes so close that one's hand could almost touch the sides of the immense perpendicular piles of rock, which have for ages past completely shut out the sun from the water, except at mid-day. While a little further on the painfulness of this contracted view is lost in the immense expanse of space which unfolds itself between the sloping hill on either side. And thus, the view seldom extending far beyond the boat, these grand scenes come on us unexpectedly, and their immensity, for the moment, holds the mind suspended in awe. It is one great vale of solitude: the awful silence which prevails is broken only by the roar of thunder and the furious storms of winter. How insignificant one feels, and with what humility do we learn to gaze up at those giant hills

— those immense, unchangeable monarchs, which, silently but awfully, portray the Almighty power in Nature.

As the hours wore on, the sun, himself hidden from our view, still gilded the mountains, and, gliding quietly along, we watched the shadows as they crept stealthily up the sides of the lofty hills; and when darkness had almost set in upon the water the tops of these old mountains were still contesting with the moving clouds for the last kiss of the departing sunlight. As if conscious that a hundred pairs of upturned eyes had earnestly watched the conflict, the defeated clouds, dashing themselves against their successful antagonists, disappeared in fragments from the arena, while the summits of the victorious peaks, far above, were decked in a wreath of golden hue. Glorifying in their triumph, from their very utmost pinnacles the old hills seemed to smile, and bade us adieu with the last ray of the sun.

Ill though I had become that evening, with the aid of my companion's wrappers, and in the midst of a circle of bright and happy faces, I lay upon the deck of the steamer and witnessed a scene the like of which I had never dreamed of, and, up to that time, believed only existed in the imagination of the poet. Hard though it is to describe the

scenery of this lake so as to convey an adequate conception of its grandeur, and the sublimity of its surroundings, it is equally difficult to faithfully portray the varied effect which it has upon the mind of the beholder. The contrasts are so great : the light and shade so strongly marked, and then again so softly blending, that the mind is lifted from stage to stage, and new feelings are constantly called to the front. Sparkling wit, flashing among the company, makes the immediate air ring with merriment, but the winding course of the boat so suddenly presents a new scene, which, bursting upon the gaze so unexpectedly, completely arrests the attention and, for an instant, holds the mind spell bound. The huge, barren mountains which here and there lift their cragged peaks against the sky, present a desolate and hopeless picture, the awfulness of which almost makes the heart sick. Then again, immense sloping hills, covered with beautiful green foliage, rise gracefully before the eye, and fill the mind with the most delightful sensations. And, in the subdued aspect, which distance lends them, these great slopes resemble paradisaical paths, which might lead to heaven. Contemplation never ceases. In the midst of all this immensity, how pleasing to the eye are the numerous little islands which rise out of the lake, and impede the boat in her directly onward course.

About eight p. m., the end of Lake George was reached, and, bidding farewell to the "Minneha-ha," with the saddening reflection that this pleasant company could never, never again assemble together on a similar occasion, all disembarked at the very identical spot where, a hundred and fifty years before, stood the strong walls of Fort William Henry. Walking up the slight elevation, how the mind would wander back to those earlier times. It was here, in 1755, that General Johnson (Sir William) won his knighthood by defeating and taking prisoner the French general, Dieskau. Here, later on, the gallant Col. Monro, after extraordinary heroism, was defeated by the great Montcalm, who, with that magnanimity characteristic of greatness, permitted the vanquished to march out with all the honors of war. Montcalm afterwards destroyed the fort. It was also at this battle and upon this very ground, that the blackest deed of the whole war was committed by the Indian allies of the French, who, after scalping thirty of their brave English prisoners, pitched their mangled bodies into an adjoining pool, which is known to this day as the "Bloody Pond." Near the ruins of Fort William Henry, the successful Amherst afterwards erected Fort George.

How the scene has changed! Instead of the rude walls and bulwarks of a strong fort, invested

with all the engines of war, stands a handsome structure, which was built as a summer resort, and, to-night, within its spacious halls, are upwards of a thousand representatives of the wealth and refinement of the Eastern States. And, as they lightly trip over its gravelled walks and well-kept sod, we cannot refrain from wondering if these fair ladies are aware that every inch of the ground over which they tread has been stained with human blood. This mammoth building, though of wood, is a palace of luxury; and here, at the edge of the sleeping lake, among the vast hills, o'er which the moon sheds her silvery light, the gay throng, isolated from the busy world and worshipping at the shrine of pleasure, is a scene that could be easily mistaken for a midsummer night's dream of a vision in fairy land.

On the following morning, at four o'clock, our party, and many others, ascended out of the Champlain Valley and clambered over the hills, in stage-coaches, to a railway station at Glenn Falls, a few miles distant. By the side of the road is the ravine which, resembling a huge basin, is half full of black, murky water, and upon a sign-board attached to a tree are painted these words, "The Bloody Pond," which is a sufficient explanation. It was along this road that, in 1775, the brilliant and victorious Burgoyne, with his gallant army,

marched on to the destruction which befel him at Saratoga.

As we had on the lake witnessed the sunset, it was fit that we should now on the mountains behold him rise again. The sight was magnificent, and entirely beyond all anticipation. The early rays of the sun produced a vapory mist, which hung about the mountains like robes of purple and gold. As the sun advanced, the folds of this vapory mist assumed all the tints of the rainbow, and the sight left impressions which will linger in the mind throughout long years to come.

CHAPTER V.

PAPER NO. 4.

AN EXILE FROM PARADISE.

*A Romance of Real Life—"Truth Stranger than Fiction."*

CHAPTER I.

While sojourning at Burlington Beach not long since, a curious and remarkable personal experience was by mere accident related to me, which aptly illustrates a state of mind rarely met with by even a close observer.

Becoming weary of the noise and bustle about the crowded hotel, and desiring a quiet and secluded spot for a brief breathing spell, I strolled leisurely along one afternoon to the eastern extremity of the piers, and reclined under the shadow of the smaller lighthouse. The day had been extremely hot—so sultry that one felt entirely bereft of animation, and even away out there in the lake scarcely any perceptible breeze came off the water. Before me laid an open book which had on previous occasions proved deeply entertaining, but it too seemed to have lost its interest, or, rather, failed to awaken mine, for I could not sufficiently concentrate my attention to

read. I was in one of those idle, dreamy moods which, I dare say, most people feel occasionally while frequenting any kind of a summer resort. Thoughts followed thoughts, and scenes after scenes evolved themselves before my mental view. As I thus mused wistfully, I found myself watching the distant vessels and steamers, which, far away over the lake, looked like small white specks against the blue horizon. Slowly, softly and majestically moving over the calm surface, miles and miles away, the graceful and peaceful motion of those ships reminded me of the lives of those few but fortunate people who glide over the sea of life undisturbed by the winds of adversity, and finally land peacefully on the other shore. How different is the fate of others! No sooner are they afloat upon the ocean of time than the black clouds begin to gather, the storm rises, and the unmerciful billows roll about them, never ceasing until the unhappy victim becomes a forlorn and shipwrecked pilgrim on the shore of Eternity. How long my reverie would have continued I know not, for I had become lost in thought, and was almost unconscious of the flight of time, when I was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a stranger, who had come up to me unobserved. He seemed equally surprised, and his manner told me that he, too, had come out there with the expectation of being



alone. A few common-place remarks were carelessly exchanged, and, as he was about to retire, he accidentally observed the title of the unused book which laid beside me, and quickly recognized it as an old friend—one of his special favorites. Cautiously ascertaining how much of it I had read, he carefully avoided referring to that portion which I still had to peruse. There was an interesting something about him that struck me from the first, and as each moment slipped by, the desire to prolong the interview gradually strengthened. He was a fine-looking young fellow, of not over twenty-six or seven, and was of about the average height. His hair and complexion were dark, and there was a kind of winning openness about his large clear eyes. The quiet manliness about his whole bearing could not fail to impress any one. Phrenologists would have described his face as intellectual, but the expression which it bore denoted the presence of some sad, melancholy burden, which he would fain conceal. His whole appearance, style and manner forcibly called to mind my idea of the gifted but unhappy author of "The Raven," Edgar Allen Poe.

His conversational powers were exceedingly good; his experience seemed to have been very varied, and his polished mind appeared to be a complete storehouse of knowledge. We drifted

into the subject of human life, and he glanced at Society in all its phases. I became convinced that he possessed a heart which had been full of generous sentiments, and from the spirit of his remarks I gleaned that his path through life had not been over a bed of roses, and that his young life was already oppressed with the great weight of some recent woe. For some time he was very unwilling to speak on this point, but, at length finding that my sympathy was sincere, he turned his melancholy but handsome face towards me, and, with an expression of the most pitiful earnestness, related the following singular story :

“ More than half a dozen years ago, there lived in yonder city a youth who had but few relatives in all this great America. He was a shy and timid boy, but was bright and strong, and in time won many friends, who became very dear to him. His youth, however, did not prevent him from fully realizing the weakness of his position, but, taking a survey of the situation, he bravely resolved to struggle hard, and soon learned to ‘labor and to wait.’ Inexperienced in the ways of the world, and without a guiding voice to aid him, he at first found advancement slow, but step by step he raised himself above the thousand obstacles which beset him, and during all that fierce struggle the only grains of comfort that reached his heart were

the smiles of his stranger friends. It was away back in those early times that a sweet and gentle girl attracted his attention, and as the months went by her image, all unconsciously to him, became gradually fixed in his heart. Every time he met her a feeling of embarrassment crept over him, and his heart would beat faster in a strange and unaccountable manner. Never having experienced the influence of a sister's love, and having seldom mingled in the company of strange ladies, it is not much to be wondered at that he should have grown up with erroneous and exaggerated ideas of the opposite sex. Woman seemed to him to be an entirely superior being, and it took him a long time to realize that the fair ladies whom he met could look upon man with other than feelings of disdain. His views, however, gradually became modified, and in time he learned to esteem the company of delightful women above all other enjoyments.

“Year after year went by, and every day that sweet girl became more and more the idol of his heart, and her form was never absent from his thoughts. They met frequently, on the street, at the grand parties; and although they attended the same church for years, yet were they as strangers to one another, and never exchanged an affectionate word. Though he had learned to love her

with all the ardor of his soul, and was buoyed up by the single hope that she would some day smile on him, still he dare not go to her, or speak to her of his great passion, for between them was the great barrier—wealth.

“O, the power of hope! Under its magic sway the greatest obstacles appear as naught, and the strongest walls are of no account. He hoped that he would win wealth and position, and thus pave his way to her with gold. The beautiful dream took possession of him, and he never paused to question the aspiration. On he toiled, ever employing all conceivable precautions to conceal his secret love. At times, the impression would faintly dawn upon him that the idol of his heart had by some means, divined the secret of his life, and the extacy of the moment was indescribable. The sweet dream would quickly vanish, however, when the awful barrier between them lifted its greatness before his view. But he hoped on for everything—music, art, the waves, the seasons—all spoke to him of love. How often he repeated the line of the old song,

“Thou art so near and yet so far.”

can never be known, and, occasionally, would flash across his mind that horrid thought:

“Whom we first love we seldom wed.”

but he could not harbor it. The idea was too dreadful to contemplate. Her presence acted upon him in some magnetic manner, and he was entirely powerless to control it; her influence was irresistible. Notwithstanding this and the greatness of his love, times would come when hope itself would wane, and then that unhappy youth would become entangled in the most cruel doubts. But ever and anon, Shakespeare's well-known line,

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

would gallantly come to the rescue, and he would rise from the ordeal with a heart full of the happiness of anticipation, and so the years went by. But,

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,"

and, after all the long years of waiting and hoping, he awoke one day to the awful truth that he was still as far from the goal of his happiness as he was at the beginning.

"Luck had been against him. Fortune avoided him, and he gradually realized that the sweet girl whom he had learned to adore, could never, never be his. The last gleam of hope then vanished out of his soul forever, and the sweet dream of his life came to an end. The shock of that terrible realization was almost beyond endurance. The great folly of his life rose slowly before his view, and

when he had discovered the utter emptiness of the wild 'Will-o'-the-wisp' that he had been chasing for years, he fell to the earth and wept. The hallucination had so warped his mind that he had all along been over-reaching the substance in grasping at the shadow, and he almost cursed himself for ever having cherished that frail, false, but sweet hope.

"A great change came over him: life seemed to lose all its charm. The world became to him a useless desert, and where he had formerly beheld so much beauty, he now could see naught but deformity. All the sweets of existence, which had afforded him so much pleasure now, like Dead Sea fruit, turned to ashes on his lips, and he almost wished that he were dead."

The stranger ceased speaking, and, as if to strengthen his determination to unbosom his mind, he grasped me warmly by the hand.

The terrible expression on his pale face depicted the intensity of his suffering. After a short pause he continued, in a low voice, as follows:

"The history which I have just related to you is my own experience—I am that unhappy youth; and now, my friend, you have learned the nature of the awful calamity which has blighted my young life, and seems to be hourly pressing me into my

grave. It is that, long ago, I allowed my imagination to usurp my reason in directing my hopes and aspirations. Under the delusive guidance of fancy, for a short season my life became one long beautiful dream. I drifted down the current of Time in a loveiy and beautifully colored vessel of glass, and my eyes ever rested on the lovely walks and flowers, and arbors of a beautiful garden, which ever appeared just beyond my reach. But my frail bark ran foul of an unseen shoal, and then the columns and pillars and arches which had sheltered me, tumbled and crashed about my head. And when the last fragment had disappeared from under me, and, as I lay struggling under the devastating elements, a voice from over the surging billows fell upon my ear and pronounced me, forever more, a forlorn and hopeless 'exile from Paradise.'

When he had finished, he turned his face away and remained for a time in deep thought. I felt that it would be but mockery to attempt to console him with words, and the silence for the next few moments was painful. Presently he arose, and taking me by the arm, we walked slowly along toward the ferry. Through some superhuman effort he had shaken off the terrible mournfulness which had enshrouded him during the recital of the latter part of the story, and had assumed a

degree of cheerfulness that was surprising. Soon after, my mysterious friend had gone on board of an out-going schooner, and, waving a last farewell to me with his hand, disappeared from my view, perhaps forever.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

When, months ago, I recorded, in these columns, the strange experience of the remarkable youth whom I accidentally met, as described, little did I dream that I, plain Frederick Hicks, would be called upon to involve myself in such a singular and romantic story as I am now about to relate. Truly has it been remarked, "Truth is stranger than fiction." It may be safely said that a sketch of the events and incidents of a few years, in the lives of some of the people whom we daily meet, would furnish material for a story as fully absorbing as the cunningly laid plots in clever novels. And yet, how seldom do these "romances in real life" ever become known to any but those who are immediately interested! Perhaps, in many instances, it is better that a veil of silence should hide some of such histories from public view; but there are others, so wonderful and mysterious, so full of noble and generous actions, so beautifully illustrative of the pure and good in human nature



as to constitute them an elevating and instructive study. Should the following brief narrative prove lacking in romantic interest, or fail to awaken the sympathy of the reader, the fault must be attributed to the inability of the writer, rather than to the uninteresting character of the story itself.

For upwards of a quarter of a century my uncle, John J. Pendleton, has resided in a certain city, the name of which need not here be mentioned. A plain, practical business man, regular in his habits as clockwork, he has always been noted for his utter abhorrence of indolence and an unrelenting antipathy to imposters of every kind. Shrewd, farseeing, and possessed of some capital, he was long ago enabled to lay the foundation of a business which grew to what may properly be termed huge proportions. It is, indeed, little to be wondered at that, in time, such men should come to be regarded in business circles as a sort of combination of firmness, stability and power. And yet in this instance it is pleasing to observe a strong love of accumulation, methodical habits, and what is termed "closeness in business" never crushed all the kindly feelings out of a naturally generous heart.

I had grown up in my uncle's warehouse, but it is only four years since I was admitted into the firm as junior partner.

My uncle's residence was half a mile or so from the warehouse, in a central part of the city. It was a large, substantial-looking stone house, standing back a short distance from the street, and had a beautifully ornamented little garden in front. His family consisted of his wife, an elegant and amiable woman, and their three daughters, Sarah, Flora, and Minnie.

Next to his place of business, my uncle's chief delight was in his home, which had, in the course of years, been adorned and embellished with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could procure or good taste suggest.

I was, of course, a frequent visitor at my uncle's house; in fact, I was almost regarded as one of the family, and many were the happy hours I spent in the delightful company of my cousins.

There was not much difference in their respective ages, but there was considerable difference in their general appearance and dispositions.

Sarah was a tall, graceful, blue-eyed girl. Her delicate brow rivalled the lily in its fairness, and her softly rounded cheeks were tinged with a rosy glow. An abundance of rich golden hair, arranged so tastefully and yet so simple—without any apparent struggle for effect, lent a bewitching

harmoniousness to her face and figure which delightfully accorded with her voice and manner.

Flora and Minnie were decidedly dark. There was a marvellous resemblance between their roguish black eyes, and their merry, laughing voices were seldom much subdued as they romped about the house and garden, like a pair of untamed faries. Often has dear Aunty been obliged to remonstrate, by looking shocked, and saying, in a low, soft voice, "Girls! girls!!"

Upon which, my two darling cousins would approach to make some affectionate reply, and also, perhaps, to play some wild prank upon my unsuspecting self.

Sarah was passionately fond of music. During the long summer evenings, while some such scene as described above was being enacted in the garden, she would sometimes be seated at the piano, with some grand piece from Beethoven, or Haydn, or Mozart, or perhaps, a selection from some opera, spread out before her, and as her delicate fingers swept over the keys, ringing out those grand, harmonious combinations in all their graceful and marvellous modulations, her very soul seemed to be in sweet communion with the spirit of the music. In the midst of our mirthfulness without, I have often been held spell-bound, for an instant

--charmed by the exquisitely grand strains which came out of the open windows and floated away on the summer air. Then, sometimes, I would collect uncle and aunt and Flora and Minnie in a little group just outside the window, and when the music ceased we would clap our hands and give Sarah a playful round of applause. Then she would come out, and, with a saucy shake of the head, she would say, in a kind of theatrical way :

“Thank you, Fred, you have drummed up quite a respectable audience.”

Those were, indeed, happy, happy times. In the innocence of our hearts, we young people seemed to imagine that those halcyon days would last forever ; but Time, the great destroyer and restorer, rolled quietly on, and changes came about as do the views in a revolving kaleidoscope.

The business of the firm necessitated my departure for Europe, where, it was expected, I would require to remain at least a year. Accordingly, I bade adieu to my friends and left home in March, 1875.

-----  
CHAPTER II.

Of my business tour over the whole of the northern and a portion of the southern parts of Europe I will have nothing to say, because that trip has no

bearing on our story, except to show that I was detained longer than was expected, and I did not reach home again until the end of May, 1876. Immediately after my return various important matters necessitated my constant attendance with my uncle at the office. I was, therefore, prevented from visiting my cousins as soon as I would like to have done. They had, however, driven down to the office without delay, and greeted me with an affectionate and lively welcome.

Towards the middle of the afternoon of the third day uncle and I had got all our correspondence, calculations, etc., into some kind of ship-shape and were leisurely smoking a cigar, while discussing some minor details, when Minnie popped into the office and said, in a comically earnest sort of way :

“Come, Fred, this kind of treatment will be tolerated no longer. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ungrateful scamp !”

I laughed and pleaded business.

“Business ?” she continued ; “you certainly do look very busy just now, with your feet on the table and a cigar in your mouth !”

“You always were hard on me, Minnie,” I replied, as I put away some books.

"It is my opinion that I have been too easy with you, or you could never be so careless of our feelings," she retorted.

Uncle dropped in a word or two, and then Minnie continued :

"But how pale you do look, Fred. We are all waiting outside, and you must come for a drive. The fresh air will do you good."

As it happened to be a rather healthy specimen of a young fellow, my loving cousin's alarming remark was somewhat lightly received. I did not need much persuasion, however, to accept her tempting prescription. Sarah and Flora were waiting in the carriage, and soon after we were all off for a long drive.

Flora was as lively as a cricket, and, indeed, so far as I could observe, neither she nor Minnie had changed a bit during my long absence. Sarah—gentle, loving Sarah—had grown more lovely than of yore. Her beautiful eyes had become more expressive, and her manner, if anything, had become just a little more reserved. As I listened to her charming remarks in the general conversation, her sweet voice and natural and pleasing deportment thrilled me with delight.

I had to tell them about the cities I had visited

and about the people I had met, and they, in turn, had so much to tell me of what had been going on during my absence that, before we knew it, the drive had extended farther than had been intended.

It was a delightful summer afternoon, and four happier mortals than were contained in that carriage could seldom be grouped together. In returning, we passed along a central business street. The conversation had grown less animated, and, for the moment, we all seemed to be busy with our own thoughts, when, suddenly, Minnie gave a quick little start, and pointing towards a street corner, laughingly cried out :

“There he is, Sarah.”

We all turned our eyes in the direction indicated, and I was just in time to catch a glimpse of the back of a tall, well dressed young man, as he wheeled around the corner. “There is who?” asked Flora, in an unconcerned manner.

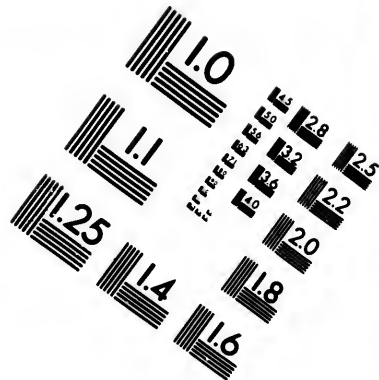
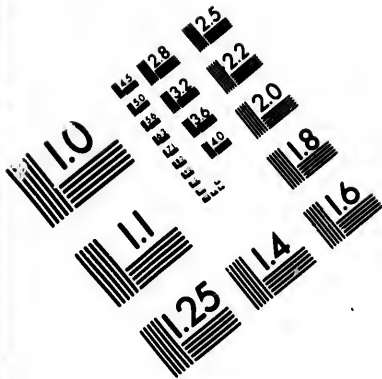
Turning to Sarah, and noticing the color gathering in her cheeks, I laughed and looked knowingly at Minnie as I said :

“Ah, ha, Sarah, we have discovered you, but who is the lucky dog, anyway?”

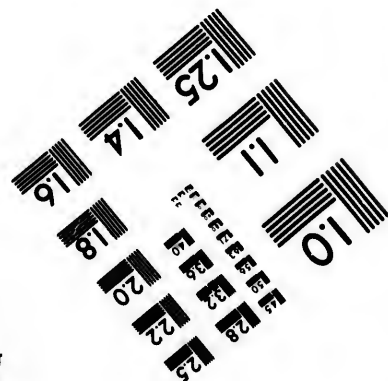
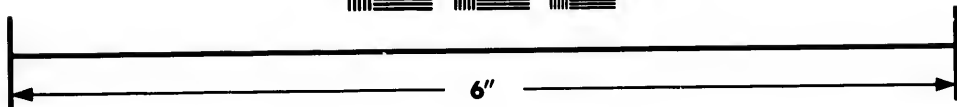
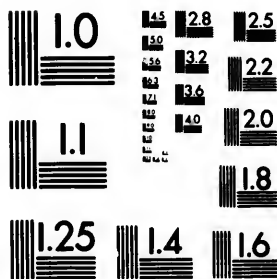
Sarah recovered herself in a moment, and turning her sweet, smiling face towards us, asked :







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

1.4  
1.8  
2.0  
2.2  
2.5  
2.8  
3.2  
3.6  
4.0

1.4  
1.8  
2.0  
2.2  
2.5  
2.8  
3.2  
3.6  
4.0

“What in the world do you all mean? Do you really suppose that I am personally acquainted with everybody on the whole street?”

“O, no, not everybody,” insinuated Minnie.

“We only asked about one individual,” remarked Flora.

“Yes, that handsome young fellow who disappeared round the corner just now,” said I.

Then Sarah laughed, and good-naturedly replied :

“As I do not happen to be a city directory, my inquiring friends will have to apply elsewhere for their information.” And so the matter dropped, but not with me, for the incident, though trifling, had disclosed considerable.

That evening, a few friends had been invited to the house, and, as usual, my younger cousins were the life of the party. Sarah was adorned in an elegant evening costume, which became her admirably. There were a number of young people present, and as Sarah moved about among the guests, solicitous for the enjoyment of all, I observed that she seemed to have no special interest in any particular one present. After a few hours of delightful social intercourse, the visitors departed, and after saying “good night” to uncle and aunt, and

an unsuccessful attempt to kiss my younger cousins, I started out for my lodgings.

Having but few other friends in the city at that time, my evenings were chiefly spent at my uncle's, sometimes listening for hours to Sarah's marvellous music; other times accompanying my cousins to the opera or spending an occasional evening at the residences of their friends; during which time I became more and more convinced that Sarah was more than interested in some one whom I did not know.

Scarcely a month had elapsed, since my return home, when business again called me away. This time I had to make a brief tour of western Ontario, and it was on my return homewards that I accidentally laid over in Hamilton, and spent a couple of days at the hotel on Burlington Beach.

Throughout my limited experience in life I have endeavored to convince myself that man is entirely independent of that which is commonly called "fate." It seems reasonable to suppose that every effect must have its legitimate cause, and yet in human actions how often do wonderful events transpire, without any apparent cause or intention on the part of any one.

To this day, I cannot account for the extraordinary fact that I, above all others, should have hap-

pened to be out there on that particular pier, at that very identical moment, and that it was to my particular ears that that remarkable young fellow should have told the story of his life.

It surely must have been the mysterious working of Providence that brought us two strangers so unexpectedly together.

On the following day I continued my trip homeward, and soon after the incident of the pier had almost faded out of my mind.

When I reached home I was astonished to learn that Sarah was dangerously ill. I had been absent only a couple of weeks, and when I went away, she was, to all appearances, as well as she ever was in her life.

Aunt told me that a few days after my departure, Sarah and Minnie went out one afternoon for a drive, and when they returned in the evening, Sarah was exceedingly pale and seemed terribly grieved and despondent. For the next few days she had entirely lost her appetite and could eat nothing. She grew gradually worse until finally she was prostrated with some kind of brain fever.

The doctor ordered the strictest quietness, and would allow no one to question her. She had been slightly delirious, and, waking suddenly once or

twice and looking wildly about the room, sobbed out in a pitiful tone, "Gone! gone!! gone!!!"

Uncle and aunt were terribly grieved at the unexpected illness of their darling, and Flora and Minnie had lost all their mirthfulness, and their eyes were dim with watching and weeping. For days and days the patient lingered between life and death, and that happy, joyful home was turned into a house of mourning.

One day, as Minnie and I were sitting in the drawing-room, talking of Sarah's illness, she told me how that, when returning home from the drive on that fatal day, they stopped in front of a store and sent the coachman in to make some small purchase. And while the carriage was thus standing beside the pavement, a messenger came up, and without saying a word, handed Sarah a letter, then walked away. Sarah read the letter and it was from that moment her illness began.

"Did you see this letter, Minnie?" I asked.

"Not then, but when Sarah grew worse she handed it to me and told me to keep it for her," replied Minnie.

Then, after some reflection, I said, "You must let me see that letter."

"O, I cannot, Fred, I must not," she pleaded, as she almost burst into tears.

"But I must see that letter, Minnie, and perhaps I may be able to unravel this mystery," I said, with some firmness.

Then, after some further conversation, Minnie concluded that it would be better for me to see it, and immediately drew the letter from her bosom and handed it to me. And I read as follows :

DARLING,—During all these years I have been hoping that Heaven would smile upon my efforts to attain to that lofty eminence, from which I could invite you to accompany me in a triumphant tour through the realms of time.

But, darling, the beautiful dream of my life has been riven : the golden bubbles at which I grasped burst and vanished at the touch of my hand, and left naught behind but the ashes of my hopes.

The beautiful flower which blooms so sweetly in the conservatory could never withstand the fierce northern blast.

By the time this reaches you I will be far advanced on a journey to a distant land. Forget that you ever saw me, darling, and when, on Sabbath, you again kneel in the old church, look over towards my vacant seat just once, and then pray that my face may be erased from your memory forever. Farewell, J. I.

I folded the letter up carefully, and handed it back to Minnie. She pleaded earnestly for me to say something, anything, but for a time I dared not utter a word.

Leaving the house soon after I went straight to my lodgings, and for hours I was lost in meditation.

"Yes, it must be so," I said to myself. The more I reflected, the more firmly I became convinced that he, of whom I had caught a glimpse that day from the carriage; he whom I had met so accidentally on the pier, and the author of the letter, were one and the same person.

When I had arrived at this conclusion, my first impulse was to wish that I had pushed the scoundrel into the lake when I had the chance. Then I fiercely resolved to follow him, all over the world if need be, until I had avenged my cousin's wrong with his blood. Then, as I tried to recall the story of his life, as he had told it to me—how it had been blighted by disappointment, how he had in consequence relinquished the hope of ever winning the girl he loved, how he had favorably impressed me as being a man far above the average; when I recalled the letter—which, I had to admit, breathed the very essence of honor—and, lastly, when I reflected that my cousin must certainly have regarded him favorably, I began to realize that he was a man of rare honor and nobility of soul—I began to see that he had made a voluntary sacrifice at the altar of love.

Before I retired that night my mind was made up as to what course I would pursue.

When I presented myself at the house next day,



the first to meet me at the door was Minnie, and in answer to her pleading look, I said :

“ Yes, I am beginning to understand, but please do not ask any questions just yet—wait.”

Then, for the first time since her sister's illness, a smile stole over her pretty face.

Several days after, Sarah was a little better, and expressed a desire to see me. As I stood beside her couch, listening to her feeble voice and gazing into her beautiful eyes, I thought I had never seen such a pure and spiritual expression. It reminded me of the angelic faces portrayed by the old masters, which I had seen in European art galleries.

She took my hand in both of hers, and, looking up into my face, whispered softly :

“ Find him, Frederick.”

I saw, in an instant, that Minnie must have been her confidant, and I said, in a trembling voice.

“ Trust me, Sarah, I will find him.”

For an instant her blue eyes looked earnestly into mine; then a sweet, heavenlike expression came into her face, and she fell back upon the pillow and I withdrew.

I told my uncle all that I had learned and in-

formed him of my plans. His great heart was moved, and he turned his face away to hide his emotion.

I spent days and nights in making inquiries, and travelled from city to city, only to be disappointed. At last I discovered some slight information, and, exactly three weeks from the day I stood beside Sarah's bedside, I found myself in the Art Gallery of the Centennial, gazing in speechless wonder at a magnificent painting entitled, "The Exile from Paradise." It was a grand conception. I will attempt to portray it. The river of Time swept grandly on towards the ocean of Eternity.

Far back in the distance, in a lovely sunny vale, Paradise was allegorically represented by purity, simplicity, peacefulness and contentment. Far in advance, and apparently moving with the current, was represented the pride, and pomp and glory of the world. A little in rear of this glittering pageant could be seen the fragments of a wreck, upon which lay the struggling form of the drowning youth who, leaving true happiness behind, rushed madly after the vanities of this life; and when he had overtaken the coveted prizes, and had sprang up to seize them, he discovered the utter hollowness of the allurements, for they were but the shadows of what had been left behind. In his backward fall, the frail bark, which had borne him

along, was shattered to atoms, and he is, soon after, to be swallowed up in the current of time and lost forever.

Words can never do that picture justice. It is so grandly sublime in conception, so beautiful and bold in execution, so full of truth and poetry, that, as none but a brilliant genius could design and execute it, so none but a true artist can faithfully describe it.

I recognized in that picture the handiwork of the man I was in search of, but, strange to say, the artist had suppressed his name.

I must have stood there for upwards of an hour when, in turning round, I saw a handsome young fellow standing close by, and as he held out his hand he calmly remarked,

“This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, my dear sir ; I am glad to meet you.”

I grasped his hand warmly and replied,

“John Ingleford, I am overjoyed at finding you.”

“You wished to see me, I suppose, in reference to the picture. I am sorry to have to tell you that it has already been sold.”

“No, no, Mr. Ingleford,” I replied, “it is on another matter that I wish to see you. It is an-

other matter that has caused me to travel, night and day for three weeks, in search of you."

"In search of me!" he exclaimed, with some alarm, "pray explain: in what way can I be of service to you?"

"Not here." I said, "come with me to my hotel, where we can converse without intrusion."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two hours later, John Ingleford and myself were whirling, in a special train, towards the city in which, it seems, we had both been born."

It was just as I had expected. Sarah and John had long been friends. He was too honorable, however, to confess his love until he was in a position to offer her a home equally as luxurious as that in which she had been brought up. He speculated, but reverses came in which his all had been swept away, and then the greatness of his love for her told him it was his duty to give her up.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when John and I reached my uncle's house. Minnie was the first to meet us at the door, and the dear girl threw her arms about my neck and wept for joy.

Sarah had steadily improved, and was now able to be up, for a time, each day. To my astonishment, uncle and aunt welcomed John as they

would have done had he been a "son that was lost and found again."

In my absence, uncle had discovered that John was the son of his old friend, Richard Ingleford. They had been young men together—had both been married on the same day and in the same church.

Mr. Ingleford had been dead many years, and when my uncle remembered his last request, "that he would have an eye upon his little son," big tears ran down his cheeks as he said—"God, forgive me : how I have betrayed that trust."

That was a happy reunion. As Sarah rested her head upon John's noble breast, in perfect happiness, their young hearts were too full for utterance.

Not much more remains to be told.

Flora and Minnie are, if it were possible, more lively than of yore, and the old home again rings with their mirthfulness.

Sarah is again strong enough to charm us with her glorious music, and when the carriage now goes forth, it contains five instead of four.

John's great picture won him fame.

If the reader could see dear Minnie at this particular moment, she would be found consulting me as to how she will have to do, as she and I officiate at Sarah's and John's approaching wedding.

## CHAPTER VI.

## PAPER NO. 5.

## "RIDGEWAY."

*A Scrap of History Snatched from Oblivion.*

## THE ALARM.

About six o'clock on the morning of the 1st of June, 1866, I was aroused, in a most unceremonious manner, by a sergeant of our company and ordered to report myself at headquarters without delay. I had the honor of being a private in No. 3 Company, 13th Battalion. The order was startling, because, at that time, it was entirely unexpected. Trouble had been anticipated along the frontier for months back; a few weeks before there was no knowing what moment the Fenian hordes would cross our borders to rob and plunder the country. In view of that danger our Government had made extensive preparations for defence; the 13th and other volunteer corps were called out and had been under martial law since the beginning of March. They were expected to operate in conjunction with the several regiments of regulars which were then stationed in this part of Canada. Consequently, the volunteers had had quite a taste

of soldiering that spring, having been almost constantly in uniform, drilling more or less every day, mounting guard at various places about the city, etc., etc., until they began to feel like soldiers and rather liked it. Towards the middle of May, however, the fillibustering preparations across the lines had considerably abated, in consequence of which, the excitement among the Canadian people gradually subsided until, finally, all apprehension of an invasion had completely vanished. Drilling became less frequent. The troops at various points had been paid off, thanked and dismissed, and the last parade of the 13th had taken place on the 24th of May, when, after firing the usual *feu de joie* in honor of Her Majesty's birthday, the battalion was honorably relieved from further duty. The order, therefore, banged into my ears on the morning of the 1st of June was altogether unexpected. The sergeant, hurrying from place to place notifying the members of his company, had no time for explanation; I gleaned enough, however, to satisfy myself that there was work ahead, and, in all probability, the battalion would be immediately ordered to the front. I donned my uniform, which was hanging in my room, and, after swallowing some breakfast, was at the drill shed in double quick time. There were many there before me, and in the course of an hour or two almost every

man was in his place. It was a very strange scene in the drill shed that morning; how well I remember it. News had come during the night that the Fenians had secretly rallied considerable strength and were actually crossing the frontier at Fort Erie. The city was growing wild with excitement, and no wonder, for upwards of three hundred of her sons were about leaving for the scene of action. The friends of the volunteers had gathered about the place, and there was a look of peculiar earnestness on every countenance; the boys strove hard to maintain their usual light-heartedness, but a feeling of inexpressible sadness would prevail in spite of them. The orders were read and the officer in command (Col. Booker), addressed a few words to the battalion. We were to proceed to the front on active service, etc., etc. Each man was to provide himself with one day's cooked rations and be ready to march away in the course of an hour. The preliminary arrangements were soon completed, for, unfortunately, the men were badly equipped in those days. They were without knapsacks, haversacks, water bottles, overcoat straps, and indeed, everything appertaining to a soldier's comfort, but what heeded they the absence of such articles? They possessed patriotism, enthusiasm, courage; and these attributes must carry them through.



## THE DEPARTURE.

About ten o'clock the colors were unfurled, the order to move was given, and the battalion marched away amid the best wishes of the citizens. A special train was in waiting at the G. W. R. to convey the battalion to Paris, thence down the G. T. R. to Dunnville, where we arrived about 2.30 p. m. Immediately after landing the men were billeted about the town (there being not sufficient hotel accommodation for all), and the people received us into their homes with all the cheerfulness the circumstances could admit of. Half a dozen comrades and myself were allotted to the house of the late Major —, who, together with the members of his family, welcomed and entertained us in a most hospitable manner. It seemed evident that we were to remain in town at least over night, and the boys were highly enjoying the novelty of the situation. Our squad was just beginning to feel at ease in the new quarters, and we had thanked the gods that our lines had fallen in such pleasant places, when, oh, "tower of Babel," a fearful sound was heard. It was the assembly call. New orders had come. Loud and long the bugle call echoed through the evening air, warning the volunteers to prepare for immediate departure, and filling the town's people with indescribable terror. All were quickly on board the cars and the train

moved off leaving the vast crowd of excited spectators to their own reflection. We crossed the Welland Canal at Port Colborne and, at day break next morning, our train was standing at a halting place by the way side, near a bit of woods, about six miles from Ridgeway. No sleep in the cars that night. Who could sleep at such a time? The boys were out early prowling about in search of water, which was found at last in a ditch beside the track; a better article, by the by, was discovered by some at a little farm house near by. At this halting place the "morning meal" was served to all hands from provisions kindly sent down from Port Colborne. Those provisions consisted of crackers and red herrings, which were, of course, good enough for the occasion if there had been a sufficient quantity of them. But, alas! for a few of us—the provision boxes were "passed around" while we were over at the little farm house, and those herrings we never saw. Here, too, much to our surprise and gratification, we discovered the "Queen's Own" laid up in cars not far from our own, having ran down there during the night. We were all glad to learn that the two regiments were to proceed together. In due time the train started and we arrived at Ridgeway about five o'clock in the morning. The village, if it could be called a village, consisted, at that time, of a small

store and tavern combined, three or four houses scattered about, and a bit of a shed called the "station." After disembarking the 13th formed column of companies, right in front, and halted in the road near the railway; the Queen's Own, forming in similar manner, halted a hundred yards or so further on. A delay of a couple of hours or more took place, during which time the arms were minutely examined and ammunition to the extent of 60 rounds per man was served out. A part of the time the boys were permitted to "stand easy" and amuse themselves as best they could under the circumstances. It was generally understood that our little force was to march along the main road some twelve miles, where it would form a junction with Col. Peacock's large brigade, which was then somewhere in the neighborhood of Chippawa. It was a glorious summer morning. The sun had now ascended some distance above the horizon, and had dissipated the damp and chill of early morn; not a vestige of a cloud could be seen anywhere before the clear blue sky; the soft grass was still moist with dew, and the big drops on the leaves of some trees near by glistened and sparkled in the sun like jewels of richest hue. Little birds were flitting about, chirping gaily, and some pretty flowers in a little garden, in front of a solitary looking house, sent forth sweet fragrance which per-

fumed the air. It was serenely calm; no sound could be heard save our own subdued voices and the music of the birds. It was a charming scene—bright, lovely, peaceful. Suddenly a well known voice rang out the order “13th, attention! with *ball* cartridge load!” Awful words—they are freighted with a terrible meaning. The command was quickly executed, the charge being sent home with as much apparent unconcern as though it had been blank cartridge. Soon after the band of the Queen’s Own struck up a lively air and led off down the road at the head of its regiment, then came the 13th, followed by one company of the “York Rangers,” and a company of *Mes* from Caledonia, while the extra ammunition wagon brought up the rear. One company of the Queen’s Own and the “Rangers” were thrown out to the right and left to act as scouts. They were to proceed a mile or so in advance, in order to feel the way for the main body. Such was the order of march adopted by our little brigade, and although the men were not quite as fresh and lively as they would have been had they just tumbled out of their beds at home, still, everybody was in excellent spirits, and the force marched gaily along. The road was smooth, tolerably straight, and ran through a level patch of country with farm houses a mile or two apart. The fields

on either side were green with young wheat and other grain. A strip of bush extended along about a mile to the left of the road, and a couple of miles from Ridgeway, a much denser bush commenced about a quarter of a mile to the right. These woods extended along nearly parallel to the road for five or six miles, to a short distance beyond Lime Ridge, where they gradually circle together, forming a dense woods through which the road runs. We had tramped merrily along in the order above described for an hour or perhaps an hour and a half. The sun began to grow intensely hot, and to make it all the worse, the only way we had of carrying our overcoats was to wear them. The heat began to tell on the men, and two or three cases of sun-stroke had already occurred along the road. Suddenly our meditations were cut short by the report of shots ahead. The firing was repeated three or four times; it was the signal from the scouts. The latter turned soon after, when, to our surprise, we learned that instead of meeting our friends under Col. Peacock, we had actually come upon the enemy. There was no time for hesitation, but into ACTION at once.

The right wing of the Queen's Own was immediately thrown out into skirmishing line. This line extended out to the right and left of the road, and presented a front about two hundred yards in

length. The left wing of the same corps was to act as supports, and formed a short distance in rear of the line, while the 13th stood in close column, in reserve, half a mile further back. These movements were but the work of a few minutes. Directly after their execution the order was given to the line, by a bugler, to "Fire and advance!" and then the fight began. The line opened independent fire in a lively manner, and the enemy, as soon as he had collected his senses, returned the compliment with a vengeance. The firing was kept up pretty steadily for fifteen or twenty minutes, our line having advanced over a couple of fields. The air began to fill with smoke. The smell of powder, the whizzing of the enemy's bullets, and a sight of the bleeding dead body of an officer of the Queen's Own, as it is borne to the rear, together with the intense excitement, almost made the heart stand still and awakened a new and strange series of thoughts in the minds of those young participants.

Our line continued to advance over the fields, keeping up the fire, and the enemy was forced to fall back towards the woods on the right of the road. Assistance was asked for from the right of the line, when the Highland company of the Queen's Own was despatched to take up position on the extreme right. The companies in support

and the reserve, of course, kept following up at their proper distances in rear of the skirmishers, to be ready for any emergency. It was plainly to be seen from the start that the enemy far outnumbered us, was disciplined in the kind of warfare he was engaged in, and was composed of a hardened and desperate class of men. It was well known that the Fenian army consisted chiefly of old soldiers collected together out of recently disbanded regiments of the U. S. army, and, although it was looked upon over there as a rabble, yet they were not just the pleasantest sort of people to meet on an occasion of this kind. They were well armed, had plenty of ammunition, and evidently had the benefit of a substantial breakfast that morning, for, as we advanced over the ground from which they had been driven and upon which they had camped the night before we found the ashes of their camp fires still hot and their ground strewed about with cooked and uncooked provisions. A number of rifles, a few officers' swords and various other articles of a like nature were also left scattered about near the piles of rails which had been thrown up for protection. The fighting had now continued half an hour or more : we had lost three or four dead or wounded, and had advanced about a mile under fire, when the report "ammunition expended" came from the front. One company of

the Queen's Own had been armed with repeating rifles, which were capable of discharging twelve shots per minute, and it was this one company which had sent back the report. The reserve was immediately ORDERED TO THE RELIEF. The 13th doubled up in splendid style and quickly took up the ground occupied by the Queen's Own, the right wing comprising companies Nos. 1, 2 and 3 relieving the skirmishers and the left wing companies 4, 5 and 6—the supports. The Queen's Own doubled up into close column, fell back and took up position in reserve half a mile in rear, where the party in charge of the colors was located. No. 1 was now on the right, No. 2 in the centre, and No. 3 on the left of the skirmishing line. The company of "Rangers" doubled out to the extreme left while the Highland company was peppering away on the extreme right. These changes were, of course, executed without interrupting the fire, and the new line went to work like men. The smoke became so dense at times that nothing could be seen anywhere about. Field after field was crossed and the only available shelter our boys could have against the enemy's bullets was an occasional rail fence. The main body of the Fenians had by this time gained the woods, which were now but a short distance to the right of the road, and continued to fire and fall



under the cover of the trees, having left some of their dead in the fields behind. Luckily for us, we advanced so rapidly as to keep pace with the enemy's range, and the bullets went whizzing through the air, mostly over our heads.

A portion of the Fenians had entrenched themselves behind a farm-house, a barn, a pig-stye, and a stone fence, and were making a desperate stand to maintain their ground. The firing now became hotter than ever, and the excitement for a time was awful. Several of our men were wounded here, among others, Lieut. R—, of the left wing, and Private S—, of No. 3 company, who were shot in the breast and neck respectively. A few, my rear rank man included, actually fell down through excessive fatigue, and had to be carried to the rear.

The Fenians were finally driven from their stronghold, and, amid a loud hurrah from our side, rushed off to join their friends in the bush. Meantime the left of the line had swung round over the stone fence behind the barn, through an orchard and down a slightly sloping hill, while the right remained stationary near the house. This movement slightly changed our front to the right, and gave a better range at the enemy. The Fenians were falling well back into the woods, and many were getting out of the way as fast as their legs

would carry them. Two or three mounted officers could be seen moving about in the bush, and some of our boys amused themselves by sending the leaden messages towards them, but there were too many trees for direct communication. The Fenians kept up the fire, and their bullets came whacking against our apple trees and among the limbs, dropping the leaves like an autumn frost. The day had grown insufferably hot, and not a drop of water could be had to quench the burning thirst. Wet with perspiration, covered with dust, and faces and hands blackened by powder and smoke, our boys presented a ghastly appearance. The fighting continued, and the woods in front and on the right was alive with Fenians. From the enemy's fire we discovered that we had advanced too rapidly, and although the Highland company had been working like Trojans all the morning, still the woods on the right had not been thoroughly cleaned out as the line advanced. This was about the position of things when, about noon, that fatal order was given. "Retire, form square and prepare for cavalry." The order sounded a third time before the left of the line acted upon it, when No. 3 company doubled together, formed square on its own ground, fixed bayonets and awaited the approach of cavalry. We had been standing about five or six minutes when a terrible volley was heard

behind, in the direction of the reserve. Soon after No. 3 company doubled through the orchard, up the hill, and around in front of the house, when—oh, horror of horrors!—we were struck dumb with amazement. The wildest excitement prevailed. Far down the road, in the fields, everywhere, we could see our boys falling back in the utmost disorder. The reserve had formed a solid square, in obedience to orders, and the enemy in the woods near by, having understood our bugle call, immediately rallied and fired a volley of bullets into the solid body. Four or five brave fellows of the Queen's Own dropped dead at the feet of their comrades. There was no cavalry; but the mistake was discovered too late. Another moment and another volley of deadly bullets, more terrible than the first, might be expected. The only safety was in separation, and the quickest way to separate was to break the ranks, and then that band of brave volunteers—which had fought so nobly all the morning, which had advanced so steadily under fire, which had driven the enemy before it, and put him completely to flight—dissolved and fell back. A panic set in, which soon became universal. A few minutes later the whole force was scattered and moving back towards Ridgeway. I lingered a few minutes about the place looking for friends, some of whom I had not seen since the engagement be-

gan, but meeting with poor luck in this respect. I finally concluded to follow the crowd and sauntered along in the tail end of the retreat. The enemy, following up for a short distance, continued the fire. A little way down the road I fell in with a few members of the Highland company, one of whom had a Fenian rifle, which he was carrying back as a trophy. We were all examining the weapon, and I had just taken it into my hands when a Fenian bullet from the rear struck the poor fellow who had handed it to me, and he fell dead at our feet. His friends carried his body along with them. A little further on Private P , of No. 3 company, 13th, was shot in the leg, and in many a fence corner along the road, a poor fellow might be seen stretched out completely used up. The farm houses along the road had all been deserted, and nothing in the shape of edibles could be had at Ridgeway, so that the only alternative left was to go on to Port Colborne, some twelve or fourteen miles distant. I had now met with several of my acquaintances, and, after expressions of mutual disgust with the termination of the day's struggle, we decided to take the railway track, and jogged along together. Being in an almost exhausted condition our progress was slow. About half way down we were met by a locomotive and a baggage car, and when the man in charge learned

the state of things he determined to take our party on board, and backed down to Port Colborne, where we arrived late in the afternoon. A large number of the volunteers had reached there before us, and hundreds of people had collected about the station. Wrapping my overcoat about myself and rifle, I lay down upon the front platform and, amid all the tumultuous excitement, fell asleep. A couple of hours after I was awakened by one of my comrades, who had discovered a hotel where refreshments could be procured. Later in the evening all the companies re-formed, and the 13th was once more in shape. The school house at Port Colborne was given up as a barracks, and the 13th immediately took possession.

---

NO. II.

MORNING AFTER THE FIGHT.

Long before daylight on Sunday morning (June 3rd), the 13th hustled out of the school-house at Port Colborne, and marched silently to a position alongside of the canal, in the heart of the town. Major S——, (now Lieutenant-Colonel) was in command. At a most convenient place, near the Custom House, the battalion halted, and awaited further orders. During the early part of the night, it is almost needless to say, a big effort

was made by everyone to obtain as much as possible of the much-needed rest and sleep, without which the men had been for the past forty-eight hours, and which could be had now only under the sharpest difficulties.

Owing to the desperate state of affairs along the frontier, and the alarming rumors constantly pouring in concerning the hordes of Fenians across the lines, together with the uncertainty of information generally, it was imperatively essential that every man should be held in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Consequently, the most stringent orders had to be issued when the Battalion turned into quarters for the night. No article of clothing could be removed : shoes must remain on our feet and shakos on our heads : belts, with bayonet attached, and cross-belts with pouch full of ammunition, must all remain on the person, and none of the accoutrements were allowed to be unfastened in any way whatever : and, last of all, the rifle, lying by our side, must never, for a single instant, be out of its owner's hands. All this, though terribly uncomfortable, was of the utmost importance, for, in case of an alarm, which might occur at any moment during the night the men would thus be ready to turn out instantly. Were it otherwise, many precious moments might be lost by having some of the three hundred men fumbling about in

the dark in search of arms or apparel. Tired, hungry, worn-out, the poor fellows grumbled not, but gladly stretched themselves upon the bare floor, and, all in harness, courted that sweet restorer, balmy sleep, which, without much wooing, soon came and spread her magic spell o'er the scene. Shortly after midnight the sleepers were aroused by the dread alarm, and, in about as much time as it takes to write this sentence, the men were up and out, armed and equipped, and were stepping into their places in their respective companies.

Patiently the battalion stood in the damp chilly air, awaiting the receipt of the expected orders from the officer in command of the forces, Col. Peacock. How slowly the time passed; how long each moment seemed can be known only by those who stood there, in the darkness, on that dreary, dismal spot. The weary hours wore on, however, and in due time rays of rosy sunlight began to appear in the east.

The wildest excitement prevailed everywhere. Crowds of people were moving about in every direction: it seemed as though the population of the whole district had centered in Port Colborne and were discussing the probability of their homes being destroyed and the town burnt by the enemy.

Of the many reports which had come from the front, that which seemed to gain the most credence was to the effect that the Fenians had been largely reinforced during the night, and were then preparing to immediately advance on Port Colborne, which place was in many respects an important military point.

Everybody, the volunteers included, fully believed that a big battle must take place inside of a few hours. It was generally understood that Col. Peacock, with his own regiment, the 16th, a wing of some other regiment of regulars, a battery of Royal Artillery, a few troops of cavalry, and two or three volunteer battalions of infantry, including the 19th of Lincoln, was moving into position for attack; and that the Queen's Own and the 13th, as well as the two rifle companies from Haldimand—all then lying at Port Colborne—would instantly proceed to join him. It is but justice to say, that was precisely what was desired by every one who had taken part in the engagement of the day before. Smarting under the (supposed) humiliation of the termination of the previous day's struggle, the result of blundering over which they had no control, every man was glad of the immediate opportunity to try it again. Another chance was wanted, and if the two battalions and the two rifle companies would be ordered into the thickest of



the fight or could have it all to themselves, they would like it a hundred times more. Not that the fighting could be any braver than it had been at Ridgeway, but because of a feeling bordering on desperation; a determination to carry it through to the end in spite of everything. That was the fire that kindled itself in every heart and expressed itself in every face.

The men were starving. The towns-people, who lived close by, were doing what they could in the way of providing food for the hungry, but their limited facilities and the shortness of the notice, prevented their best endeavors from accomplishing very much in this respect. There began to be grave apprehensions that the battalion might have to leave before many of the men had received a mouthful to eat. About sunrise, however, all misgivings were put to flight by the arrival of a number of Hamiltonians, loaded with provisions for the men. Loaves of bread and roasts of beef were spread out upon the ground, and were quickly divided and devoured. Many a hungry fellow, myself among the number, could scarcely refrain from dropping a tear in gratitude as we munched our beef, and reflected on the thoughtfulness of the people at home. Several ladies had also arrived from Hamilton, and were rendering valuable assistance in providing for the

half-famished men. I was a bit of a boy then, but the incidents of kindness of which I was a silent observer, on that eventful morning, will long remain fresh in my memory.

Early in the forenoon the long-expected despatches were received by the officer in command, and the result was, at first, a bitter disappointment to all. There would be no battle ; there could be none, for the simple reason that there was no enemy to fight against. It seems the Fenians had had enough of it the day before, and, all that was left of them "let no grass grow under their feet" until they were back from whence they came. They had landed upon Canadian soil with the intention of making a glorious conquest, and, at the same time, liberating down-trodden Ireland. But handled too roughly at Ridgeway "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream," and in less than forty-eight hours after their arrival they had been put to flight and were re-crossing the Niagara river in boats and scows, at every available place, under cover of the night.

Expecting that the enemy would, of course, concentrate at some other point along the frontier, and make further raids upon our borders, our troops had to be kept in readiness for any emergency. The Queen's Own and the two rifle companies were, soon after, ordered to some post in the west,

and the 13th being ordered to remain at Port Colborne to guard the mouth of the canal, the railway bridge, etc., immediately returned to barracks. The school-house, which had been given up for our accommodation, was a good-sized brick building, two stories high, and consisted of a single large room on each flat.

The left wing, comprising companies Nos. 4, 5 and 6, occupied the ground floor, and the right wing, companies 1, 2 and 3, went aloft.

The generalship displayed in selecting that school-house for a barracks is worthy of commendation. No place could have been procured which would have answered the purpose half so well. The desks and benches all about were splendid substitutes for tables and chairs, and the children's copying books, ink and pens did nicely in the way of stationery ; besides, if a volunteer felt disposed to do a little in the way of studying, the necessary school books were all at hand.

Half a dozen guards, of different strengths, were organized and posted at various places about the town, the ground about the barracks was put into shape, and a temporary hospital was fitted up down town, into which were placed some of the sick and wounded.

The town hall at St. Catharines had been con-

verted into a general hospital, to which all the more serious cases were to be sent from all quarters.

About noon, while working at some fatiguing duty, I was called up, and much to my delight, furnished with the necessary pass and ordered to escort some patients to St. Catharines, and then to proceed on to Hamilton with four invalids who had been reported unfit for duty. On our arrival at St. Catharines we found the town hall filled with comfortable beds and stretchers and supplied with all the usual hospital accessories. A number of the Queen's Own and of the 13th Battalion, as well as of other corps, were already laid up there, and were all receiving the most tender and best of treatment from the surgeons and ladies of that town, who had volunteered to act as nurses. Proceeding on, we arrived at Hamilton about 7 p. m. that (Sunday) evening. An immense crowd of citizens had assembled about the station and were awaiting the receipt of reliable news from the front. The wildest rumors—all sorts of exaggerated reports—had been hourly received in Hamilton, and in consequence, the excitement for the last two days had been beyond description. Procuring a cab I distributed my men at their respective homes with as little delay as possible. Our uniforms were the signal; the news of the arrival of some of the par-

ticipants in the fight spread through the city like wild-fire. We were besieged on every side, at every turn, by anxious enquirers about the boys at the front. The first train next morning carried me back to St. Catharines, and having an hour or two to wait for a train on the Welland Railway, I concluded to spend the time among sick acquaintances in the hospital. Hardened though I was by the rough experience of late, my eyes moistened in spite of me. The lady nurses not only brightened the place with their presence, but were doing all in their power to comfort and relieve the sufferers. Tenderly those poor fellows were nursed by fair hands, and although the patients were strangers, what matter that? They were sufferers, and woman's nature was appealed to. Deeply impressed by their noble conduct, I have ever since retained a warm appreciation of the people of that town. The regular arrangements on the Welland Road had, of course, been all upset; but, through the kindness of Brigade-Major V——, of this district, whom I accidentally met at the station, I was soon after provided with a place in a freight car, and was thus enabled to report myself back in barracks that evening. As might be expected, I was the bearer of many bits of good news and good things for a number of the boys from their friends at home.

The Battalion remained at Port Colborne for about three weeks, and the experience of the first few days was anything but enjoyable. The Commissariat Department of the Active Militia was very different then to what it is now. It was in a state of oblivion in those days, but has been worked up to a degree of perfection since. The men were entirely destitute of everything except arms and ammunition. They were without even tin plates to eat off of, or tin cups to drink out of, and I think it can be stated, without fear of contradiction, that the only knife and fork in the whole barracks was in the possession of Quartermaster-Sergeant S——. And, come to think of it, it was just as well that the rations were not very varied at first, and consisted chiefly of solids (bread and pork)—something that could be got hold of without much formality.

The same stringent orders, prohibiting the removal of any clothing or accoutrements at night, had to be enforced every day. Work was hard: about a third of the Battalion were constantly out doing guard duty about the town, and the remainder, after drilling all day at headquarters, must furnish men for picquet duty at night. Of all the guards, perhaps the pleasantest, and the most sought after, was that at the piers, with the guard-room in front of the Canal Superintendent's house ;

and, without doubt, the most melancholy of all was that placed over the car-load of hardtack near the elevator. Stonebridge, a small place, a mile or two down the canal, was also a popular resort for the men when off duty. After the first week, thanks to the citizens of Hamilton, the rations began to be first-rate, and although the men were working hard they were living well. As the days wore on, hundreds of incidents, humorous and otherwise, occurred, which are, no doubt, still fresh in the minds of all who were there, but as years have elapsed since their occurrence, it is hardly worth while to enumerate them. As the weeks rolled round, the Fenian cause gradually fizzled out in the States, and, after having sacrificed several Canadian lives and put our country to an immense expense, the American Government was forced to take such steps as would prevent any further filibustering like what had occurred. Some twenty odd days after the fight at Ridgeway, peace had been restored throughout our land, and the troops were then all relieved from further duty. After receiving public marks of respect from the people of Stonebridge and Port Colborne, the 13th bade adieu to the old school house and returned to Hamilton much improved in every respect by the short campaign. Immediately after arrival, the Battalion was entertained at luncheon in the drill

*Ridgeway.*

127

shed by the citizens, and the hearts of those  
bronzed boys were made warm by the welcome.  
So terminated the experience of the 13th Battalion  
in connection with the Fenian raid of 1866.

of all  
k near  
mile or  
ort for  
week,  
ons be-  
n were  
e days  
us and  
ll fresh  
s years  
hardly  
weeks  
led out  
several  
mense  
rced to  
er fili-  
twenty  
ce had  
troops  
fter re-  
pple of  
bade  
ned to  
by the  
al, the  
e drill



## CHAPTER VII.

## PAPER NO. 6.

## NOTES ABOUT KINGSTON.

*The "Ups and Downs" of a Municipality's Career.*

The first European to visit this locality was M. De Courcelles, who, some two centuries ago, held the proud position of Governor of Canada. In 1672, it is said, this bold representative of France came up from Montreal and met his Indian allies in a grand council of negotiations among the identical limestones upon which the beautiful city of Kingston now stands. It is not surprising to a stranger to learn that M. De Courcelles was deeply impressed by the remarkable beauty of the scene which, on every hand, met his gaze. Standing upon the low shore with his back towards the north, he gazed out upon a magnificent bay which is capable of harboring the largest ships which can navigate the inland waters. Off to his left rose the gentle elevation known as Point Frederick. Just beyond this Point is the beginning of the world-renowned Thousand Islands in the mighty river up which he had just ascended ; while away off to his right stretched the blue waters of a great lake,

the existence of which he perhaps then learned for the first time.

Struck with the strategical importance of the place, the crafty Governor immediately gained permission from the Indians to erect a wooden fort and trading post.

Later on came those undaunted pioneers of western civilization, Count de Frontenac, La Salle and Father Hennepin, each of whom found it advantageous to make this place their headquarters. Frontenac completed the fort, gave his name to the place and set manfully to work towards developing the country. His successor, La Salle, in due time, rebuilt and enlarged this fort, after which, accompanied by his friend Hennepin, he traversed Lake Ontario, gazed upon the great Falls, explored Lake Erie, and, continuing on, finally discovered that "Father of Waters" the Mississippi.

And this was two hundred years ago. Savage tribes were then owners of the soil and roamed at will over their boundless domains. Long before even De Courcelles had set foot upon its shore, this very spot had been selected by the fierce old warriors as a chief place of rendezvous. And the ground now covered by those handsome blocks of warehouses, those delightful residences, with their beautiful gardens, was formerly the sight of an In-

dian village. Those very streets, over which wealth and fashion now serenely expand themselves, in all probability, follow the course of the old trails which lead around among the wigwams of the dusky aboriginies. And, just as the happy and contented citizen now reclines in an easy chair outside his front door while he reads the news, so did the stern and silent warriors of old stretch themselves upon the same green sward and dream of the happy hunting ground, while the squaws, propping their papooses up against the trees, went off amongst their neighbors to gossip about—who can tell what? But De Courcelles “came and saw, and conquered.”

No prisons, or asylums, or fortifications met his gaze; no, no.

The savages knew nothing of such adjuncts of civilization. It is well that they did not, for it begins to dawn upon me that, if they had undertaken to build a lunatic asylum which would have been anything like adequate to their wants, they would have had to have a building large enough to hold every mother's son and daughter of all the tribes, chiefs included. Therefore, to speak more correctly, it would, perhaps, be better to say that De Courcelles found the whole country one vast lunatic asylum.

From 1672 to 1784, this place continued to be known as Fort Frontenac. But, at the close of the American revolutionary war, a large number of United Empire Loyalists took up their abode in the neighborhood, and, in honor of His Majesty George III., the name was changed to Kingston.

Throughout the two hundred years of its existence, Kingston may be said to have had a wonderfully "up and down" career.

In consequence of its advantageous and commanding position, the British Government saw fit, from time to time, to expend vast sums of money in building fortifications and otherwise strengthening the place. These military works took years to construct, and when completed, made Kingston well nigh impregnable.

In fortificational strength, it may be said it is even now second only to Quebec.

Occasionally, however, the Home Government would "take a notion" as it were, and suddenly withdraw its patronage, remove all the troops, etc., and then the place would become like what Goldsmith describes as the "deserted village."

During these times of trial, the old place beheld the birth and rise of the Canadian Government, and new rays of hope burst through the clouds

which had settled over its horizon. But this young sprig, as if anxious to follow the example of its illustrious parent, actually became more vacillating in its conduct towards this ancient municipality. For years and years it kept throwing out hints as to what it intended to do, and finally went so far in 1841 as to make Kingston the capital of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The first session of the United Legislature, under Lord Sydenham, was held here, and once more everything looked lovely. The honor was of short duration however, for in 1845 the seat of Government was removed to Montreal. There was then much wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the hopes of the people again went away down below zero.

Then again, as if repenting of its cruelty, the Government would launch out handsome appropriations for the erection of various public institutions, and the result is that there has been more public money spent in and about Kingston than any other city in the Dominion, Quebec excepted.

After all the trying ordeals which the city has gone through, it is pleasing to observe that the old place is to-day basking in the sunshine of a natural prosperity.

There are numerous points of interest about the city, all of which are well worth a visit. Among

these may be mentioned Fort Henry, Fort Frederick, Military College, Tete de Pont Barracks (which occupy the sight of old Fort Frontenac), the Penitentiary, Rockwood Asylum, etc.

A number of pleasant drives lead off in various directions, and several neat little steamers are constantly flitting about the bay, and make frequent trips to points among the Thousand Islands. Fishing for bass is a favorite pastime, and the harbor being so easy of access, much boating is indulged in. Occasionally a band plays on one of the wharves, and on some evenings it is not unusual to see at least a hundred little boats gliding about, as the music floats away on the summer air. And a westerner, like myself, cannot help remarking the graceful manner in which numbers of the fair sex manœuvre little crafts over the calm surface of the water.

Perhaps a word or two descriptive of some of the places of interest which I have visited, during my short sojourn here, might not be uninteresting on a future occasion, but I am off now to join a fishing excursion down the river. If we have good luck and catch many, will telegraph. Meantime, adieu.

[A Mr. Fogey, who happened to be present at the reading of this paper, mentioned that he re-

membered Lord Sydenham very well. The first meeting of the United Parliament of the two Provinces, spoken of, was, indeed, an important epoch in the history of Kingston. He was a resident of Kingston at the time. The city was then the most important place in Western Canada. That fact was acknowledged everywhere, in those early times, but, he believed its importance is now disputed by all except the denizens of the city itself. He also remembered Lord Sydenham's two successors, Lord Durham and Sir Charles Bagot, one of whom, he regretted to say, was killed by a fall from a horse. Mr. Fogyey then enumerated the various important bills which had been passed under the administration of Lord Sydenham, and gave much valuable information which the writer of the paper had omitted.

Another gentleman in the audience was astonished to find no mention of the fact that "Kingston had been the cradle of Canadian statesmen," and another could not understand how it was possible for any one to write anything about that city without making some reference to the Rideau Canal jobbery. But as this latter gentleman was always dabbling in politics, very little attention was paid to his remarks; indeed, he was almost looked upon as an intruder. Young Mr. Guffersby, who had been stationed there, for a year or two, while con-

nected with the "Bank of the World," related many little episodes, of a social nature, which were very amusing. He also gave an account of his excursion up the Bay of Quinte, described the old villages of "Bath" and "Picton," and said a word or two about Belleville.]

l. The first  
of the two  
an important  
e was a resi-  
ity was then  
rn Canada.  
ere, in those  
ance is now  
f the city it-  
nham's two  
cles Bagot,  
killed by a  
enumerated  
een passed  
nham, and  
the writer

was aston-  
'Kingston  
men," and  
s possible  
city with-  
eau Canal  
as always  
was paid  
ked upon  
who had  
hile con-



*CHAPTER VIII.*—  
PAPER NO. 7.  
—

## THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

*Alexandria Bay—Wells' Island Camp Ground—A Delightful Trip.*

“The Thousand Islands !”

These words awaken a flood of beautiful imagery in the mind, for a kind of halo of romantic loveliness seems to hover about them. Their sound touches an ideal chord, and the fancy immediately teems with visions of innumerable lovely, wild, green, barren, grand picturesque islands, which evolve and disappear before the mental eye, like the wavering rays of the Aurora-borealis.

Who can forget the day, no matter how distant, when they stood upon the deck of the steamer, and, gazing out upon the enchanting scene, realized that they were among the Thousand Islands? The experience is seldom erased from the memory, for it is usually associated with all that is beautiful—summer, pleasure, friends, happiness—aye, and perhaps love—and the fancy clings to the recollection like dew to a freshly blown rose. It really seems as though nature exercised her most

artistic genius in the construction and arrangement of this constellation of islands. She seems to have intended that the whole should appear to the best advantage, and all must acknowledge the eminent success of the undertaking. The grand old St. Lawrence seems proud of them, and, like the Roman mother of old with her babes, holds them up and says grandly, "These are my jewels." For upwards of fifty miles the view from the steamer is grand, delightful, inspiring, and as the last of the islands fade in the distance, the eyes turn longingly back towards them, regretful that the scene is passed. One may go down the American channel, on the mail boat, any number of times, but will always feel that the swiftly fleeting passage is not sufficient.

The eyes gaze in wonder and admiration upon the unrivalled panorama which upholds itself on either hand, but the mind can thus, at best, carry away only glimpses of a grandeur in which the soul would delight to revel.

Therefore, to obtain something like an adequate and satisfying conception of the wondrous beauty of the Island region, one must disembark from the regular steamer and go on board one of the numerous little steamers which make frequent trips down among the islands from Kingston. Then, round-

ing on the right of Point Frederick, you get a fine view of Fort Frederick, the new Military College, and on the summit of the elevation, from the ramparts of the advance battery, and of Fort Henry. The boat passes to the left of "Cedar" Island, upon which is erected one of those huge stone towers, which stand like great solitary sentinels, guarding the entrance to the Kingston harbor, and continues on down the Canadian channel to the quaint little old town of Gananoque, eighteen miles below.

The highland of the main shore, all along on the left, and the islands along on the right, make up a most charming scene. Near Gananoque, islands of all sizes are scattered around in wonderful profusion. Nearly all of the islands, above and below Gananoque, as well as many of the lovely little bays, inlets and coves, which their irregular shapes form, are endowed with amusing and grotesque names, such as "Fiddler's Elbow," "Crow's Foot," etc. Some of the islands are large, and many of them are covered with a wild and dense shrubbery of spruce, which gives them a curious but pleasing effect. Others are simply large piles of barren granite, of a coarse reddish hue. In some places, the scene is so bleak, silent and lonely, the whole aspect is so sombre and melancholy, the great piles of rock so barren and desolate,

that one feels a sense of mournfulness creeping over them. Then, suddenly, the scene changes beautiful views of verdure-clad islands and charmingly sequestered nooks spread out before the gaze. Enthusiasm becomes again awakened, and the heart becomes light and joyous. The mind is no longer oppressed with a feeling of boundless, solitary desolation, but is gradually filled with admiration by the irresistible beauty of the scenery which smilingly invites one to stop and revel among fantastic nature.

Thirty-five miles below Kingston, the boat winds around among the islands and enters American water at

ALEXANDRIA BAY.

This lovely bay, with its surroundings, is acknowledged to be the most magnificent portion of the upper St. Lawrence, and is fast becoming famous as an inland summer resort. The bay proper is several miles in circumference and is girdled about by a chain of exquisite islands, many of which are dotted with fantastic little structures, the summer homes of families, chiefly from the Eastern States. Overlooking the bay is the "Thousand Island House," an immense structure—and near it is another hotel of almost equal proportions. From the summit of either of those

colossal buildings can be had a bird's eye view of perhaps, the grandest river scenery in America.

The islands thereabout are devoid of that ruggedness which is observable elsewhere, and they seem to rise softly up out of the water, in which they appear to sit as easily and as gracefully as carelessly arranged flowers in a lady's hair. Cruising leisurely in a little boat among those fantastically shaped islands, one is constantly being allured from place to place by the enchanting views which are ever presenting themselves to the astonished gaze.

To be out among these islands in the early morning, when the first rays of the sun steal across the water, as it were, to embrace and caress them ; to watch the shadows creep about them in the evening as the sunlight bids them adieu, and to behold them by moonlight, when they appear to hang like shadowy phantoms along the horizon while the silvery light shimmers and glimmers on the rippling water, constitute a scene of beauty which must linger in the memory forever.

Leaving Alexandria Bay and proceeding up the American channel for a few miles, the boat stops at the now celebrated

WELLS' ISLAND CAMP GROUNDS.

This delightfully situated island is some twenty

miles in circumference, and a portion of it is well adapted for camp meeting purposes. The ground is laid out in avenues, is kept remarkably neat and clean, and the whole place is tastefully illuminated at night. Hundreds of tents and cottages—some of which are very handsome—are erected about the grounds, and families reside here during the whole of the summer season. The place is owned and conducted by the "Thousand Island Camp Meeting Association." It is, properly speaking, a religious summer resort. It is non-sectarian, although, perhaps, the Methodist element predominates. Many of the most eloquent ministers of both the United States and Canada, as well as leading temperance men and other orators occupy the platform of the immense pavilion from time to time, and thousands of visitors are attracted from all parts. As many as half a dozen steamboats have been counted at one time at the wharf.

Simplicity and economy seem to be the leading features of this delightful resort, and in this respect it may be said to be the opposite to Alexandria Bay. The one may be described as a temple of fashion, where the devotees worship at the shrine of pleasure; the other is a temple of pleasure where they worship at the altar of God.

"So near and yet so far."

Each place is a little world within itself. Each has

its own peculiar characteristics. The ambition of one is not the ambition of the other, and yet both places can enumerate their admirers by thousands.

The grand old St. Lawrence will, no doubt, continue to flow between them, however, and the only warfare that is likely to exist will be one great struggle for financial supremacy. Simplicity seems to have the best of it in the meantime, however.

One of the most interesting places on the camp ground is the large tent which contains Prof. Van Lennop's Biblical Museum. The Professor is a Biblical scholar; the articles exhibited are such as are mentioned in the scriptures, and were collected by himself in the Holy Land. Delighted with the camp and impressed with a belief that its excellent moral influence must have a beneficial effect upon all who sojourn within its bounds, I have almost resolved to invite myself down, for a week or two, next summer.

After leaving Wells' Island, a pleasant sail of three hours, up the river, lands us again at the "Old Limestone City." And this suggests the idea that the denizens of Kingston ought to pass a "Resolution of thanks" to Messrs. de Courcelles, de Frontenac, La Salle, and Hennepin, for the special blessing of having located their city in such close proximity to the "Thousan dlands."

CHAPTER IX.

PAPER NO. 8.

"KINGSTON, ADIEU!—SOUR GRAPES."

*The Penitentiary—Rockwood Asylum—Terrible Realities of Life.*

Silently ; sorrowfully ; with feelings almost akin to horror, I reluctantly turn from contemplating the beautiful in nature to meditate over some of the terrible realities of life. I have yet to speak of a couple of Institutions which I purposely postponed visiting until the last. No matter how much I tried to forget them, the recollection of their existence haunted me, and the grim spectacle cast a shadow about me like a funeral pall. At last the day arrived. Curiosity captured sentimentality, and, wrestling with a train of thought that was new to me, and brooding over Alexander Pope's reflection, "Whatever is, is right," I braced myself up and slowly wended my way to the Provincial Penitentiary, and Rockwood Asylum.

The Penitentiary is located on the lake shore, about two miles from the centre of the city. The great dome towering suggestively above the main building, can be seen afar off, and I cannot say that it awakens any particularly pleasant reflections.



The whole of the large block of ground is surrounded by an immense, quadrangular wall, upon each corner of which is perched a strong tower. These towers have numerous embrasures, from which the guards have an uninterrupted range of both the interior and exterior.

The first glimpse of this terrible looking wall appals the heart, and one feels a shudder creeping over him, but the feeling is somewhat allayed, upon nearer approach, by the beautiful architectural effect of the principal entrance. The lofty Tuscan columns which support the entablature are of handsome proportions, and the whole has a strikingly pleasing effect.

Gaining admittance through the huge iron doors, I proceed over a nicely gravelled walk with tastefully arranged flower plots on either side, down a slight incline which leads to the entrance to the main building, in which is the office of the Warden. From here I am conducted through the long corridors and into the various wards and departments. The prison for females is in a separate portion of the building and has its own dining room—with its array of orthodox tin cups—its own kitchen and its own laundry. In an other part are ranged the long lines of little cells, in which these unhappy women are locked up at night, and still farther on

is the female workroom. All these apartments are connected by stone passages and iron doors, with bolts and bars. The inmates are all busy at some kind of employment, and many of them turn their faces away as we pass along. Dozens of them are moving silently about, and some of them look back at us with an eagerness, which seems to say, "I, too, was once free."

Old, middle aged, and young. Mothers, sisters, daughters. Imprisoned! Horrible contemplation.

That one, over there by the window, as well as a few others, must remain in here for the rest of their lives. They can never, never again set foot outside of those prison walls. If that young woman at the sewing machine, lives for twenty years, she will have purchased the privilege of going back into the accursed world which sent her here. That young girl sitting at the table, with her head bent low down over her sewing, will be free at the expiration of ten years, and several of those at the other end of the room will be at liberty to wander about the streets again at the end of five years. And so runs the record. All of them were young and innocent once; perhaps some of them were the light and hope of some happy home, and when they were little prattling things, chasing butterflies amongst the flowers, who could have looked upon

them and foretold the misery to which they were to fall heir? Why are they here? Why are they not out in the happy world like other people's daughters?

The portion of the prison for men is of much greater proportions. The arrangements and apartments are similar, but on a much larger scale. In a wing of the building is a chapel, a school room, and a library. Gangs of convicts, in their prison garb, are engaged everywhere in keeping the whole of the immense place scrupulously neat and clean.

Close around the main building are located the various workshops in which great gangs are systematically at work. Their labour is not sweetened by the hope of reward. They toil on silently, hopelessly, day after day, year after year, and many of them cannot look forward to liberty—cannot expect one single instant of freedom—until they have passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

Some of them are paying the penalty of the blackest of crimes; crimes which could be committed only by a heart hardened by long years of vice; yet, others bear unmistakable evidence that they are here through the committal of a deed which would have remained undone had it not been for the influence of bad company.

They do not all look like criminals ; some of them appear careless and indifferent, but this imprisonment has driven others mad. There is something about that tall young fellow, who is looking steadily at us, which seems to say " I am not guilty."

The most of them, however, have wicked and vicious hearts, and these unfortunates, unconsciously perhaps, boldly flaunt their colors at the mast head.

I turn away from this prison with a heart all frozen up, and, as the iron doors creak on their hinges behind me, I cannot refrain from wondering if even an " exaggerated appreciation of the influence of the religious principle on the conduct of human affairs" might not have kept some of those cells vacant.

A short distance farther up the road is located the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum. This is also an extensive Institution and is beautifully situated on the lake shore. It appears to be arranged and conducted so as to afford the greatest possible comfort to the unfortunate ones confined within its walls. The system of treatment adopted is the most humane. The building is spacious, well lighted and ventilated. I was kindly shown over the various apartments and spent considerable time among some of the patients. Some of them

are very talkative, while others are enwrapt in the most profound melancholy, and no trace of a smile ever lights up the vacant countenance. Walking slowly through the corridor, in the female department, quietly observing without staring, my attention was arrested by an elderly woman approaching from the lower end. She addressed me in a kind of ceremonious manner, and I was not long in discovering that she believed herself to be no other than Queen Victoria. She was impressed with the idea that I, myself, was *Lord* somebody, and had come to pay her an official visit. On her head was a curious kind of an old bonnet, which was literally covered with brass buttons, and buckles and bits of tin, each of which, in her eyes, was a jewel of priceless value. All these trinkets have been brought to her, from time to time, by kind-hearted visitors. Thus, the desire seems to be to humor the patients, and thereby win them from much unnecessary suffering.

The cool air of the lake is forced into the building by noiseless machinery, and the beautiful sunlight streams in at the windows, but neither of these can be appreciated by the unfortunate people, for the chambers of the soul are shut and the mind is a blank.

A tour through the Penitentiary makes one unhappy, but a visit to this asylum makes one miser-

able. Poor human nature. I have beheld it to-day as I never saw it before. I have seen human suffering and misery depicted in pictures, but to-day I have beheld it in all its awful reality. I turn away, asking myself what does it all mean? What great end is it all intended to fulfil? I go back bewildered, overwhelmed, at the Divine scheme of creation, and try to console myself with the reflection that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world," and if the world had been perfect, then it could not have had a Redeemer.

I have said adieu to Kingston, and am now off for Hamilton. When you hear from me again, I trust I may have regained my usual cheerfulness. Meantime, adieu.

---

[The reading of the above Paper created a profound sensation. Many of the people were visibly affected by the touching, though brief, references to the unhappy inmates of the last mentioned Institution. The whole audience seemed moved with pity. The sad subject, once opened up, became exceedingly interesting, and all experienced a vague sort of desire for further information. More minute particulars as to individual cases would have been acceptable. Many persons were reminded of painful instances which had come under their own observation, and others were prompted to re-

late accounts of the visits which they themselves had made to similar Institutions. Some of the gentlemen were even able to present valuable statistics as to the per centage of cases of lunacy in regard to population, of various countries, etc., etc. The description of the Penitentiary was also productive of much comment, especially the two aptly put questions concerning the female prisoners, viz: "Why are they here? Why are they not out in the happy world, like other people's daughters?" These questions were examined at length, and were, more or less satisfactorily, answered by a few of the active members of sundry "Moral Societies," who happened to be present, as well as by some intelligent citizens, who, although not actually connected with any particular organization, had, nevertheless, devoted considerable time to the study of such questions as "the prevalence of crime" and "the causes of the increase of wickedness." A Mr. Buzzby, who had looked a great deal into the subject of prisons, favored the meeting with numerous anecdotes from the works of well known philanthropists. Indeed, this gentleman's extracts from that source were so copious that the audience would have lost sight of the original "Paper" entirely, had it not been for Mr. Eely, who perseveringly kept the public in mind of it. A Mr. Solomon, a man of a serious aspect,

was glad of an opportunity to publicly thank the writer of the paper, who ever he might be, for the clever manner in which he turns a well known quotation to show the advantage to be derived from living a religious life, the selfsame sentence having been used, by its illustrious author, in the very opposite sense.

A Mr. Abstainer, whose hobby was "Total Prohibition," took occasion to say "that he would have appreciated the paper very much more if the writer had availed himself of the splendid opportunity of showing how many of the cells, which he speaks of, have been supplied with occupants by the accursed demon 'strong drink.'" In fact, the impression that the writer had neglected a rare chance to say something on behalf of the temperance question became pretty generally acceded to.]



*C H A P T E R X.*

EXAMINATION OF THE PAPERS — DUPLICITY OF  
THE SECRETARY DISCOVERED — CLOSING SCENE  
— DISSOLUTION OF THE FISH MONGERS' SOCIETY.

In consequence of the extreme length of some of them and from a conscientious determination to do ample justice to each, it was found impossible to dispose of more than one paper at a meeting. The work of examination had to be continued for eight consecutive nights. The community at large became thoroughly awakened and each meeting was honored by a large and highly intellectual audience.

Mr. Eely was a remarkably good reader and seemed possessed of wonderfully indefatigable qualities. Occasionally, however, it was necessary to procure a substitute, but in every such instance care was observed in selecting such members as were known to be endowed with superior elocutionary powers. Each paper was listened to with marked attention, and the more enthusiastic portion of the audience bestowed liberal applause upon the discovery of any particularly bold and thrilling conception, or at the completion of any strikingly beautiful passage.

Chief among the outsiders who appeared to manifest the keenest interest in the proceedings was *Mr. Straightlimb*, the school-master. This gentleman was careful to attend every meeting, and, partially through a kind of general acknowledgment of his various accomplishments and more so, perhaps, to the outstretching, all-conquering force of his character, he soon came to be regarded by the audience as a kind of "General Supervisor and Chief Examination Committee." He was frequently referred to by the President and others as to the merits and demerits of various points in the papers, and his decisions were usually given with much care and elaborate circumspection. As a rule, his opinions were pretty freely and fully expressed everywhere, under all circumstances, but in the discussions which ensued at these examination meetings, he appeared to be entirely in his "native element." He was exceedingly active and watchful, and, during the earlier meetings, was evidently much elated by the importance of the proceedings as well as by the apparent importance of himself. Throughout the whole of the last meeting, however, a remarkable change was observed to have settled over him. He was silent. Painfully silent. This silence, on his part, had a wonderfully depressing effect upon the meeting. Not that the people had ever been particularly charmed by his oratory, or

that any of them (except himself) was, in any way, anxiously desirous of hearing him talk, but from years of experience, it had come to be regarded as a matter of course, that in a discussion of any kind the bulk of the time belonged to *Mr. Straightlimb*. His refusal, therefore, to volunteer a single remark, in any shape or form whatever, was a most extraordinary proceeding, to say the least of it. During the whole of the proceedings he sat bolt upright in his chair, and looked so awfully and profoundly wise, that everybody felt, instinctively, that something terrible was going to happen. Whether the roof was going to fall in, the floor give way, or exactly what the calamity was to be, nobody could make out. Mr. Uppergill was visibly affected in spite of himself. He frequently tried to shake off the spell by felicitious remarks. Finding a favorable moment, he rose somewhat timidly and endeavored to force a smile to spread over his benignant countenance as he said :

“MY FRIENDS,—I have an announcement to make, which, I think, will be received with pleasure ; at least I hope so. We have concluded to suspend the regular proceedings, for a few minutes, in order that the pleasant matter may be brought before you. Many of you, no doubt, remember my nephew who went away from here some time ago—

[Mr. Uppergill was very proud of his relative and labored under the impression that everybody else entertained an equally large amount of admiration for the youth.]

“ Although still a young man, he has travelled a great deal ; indeed, I don't know where he has not been. However, I am glad to say that he returned to us this morning from—— I forget where. Of course, I informed him of the great work which our society is engaged in. The account of the proceedings which I was enabled to give impressed him most favorably. He cheerfully signified his willingness to contribute something of a light nature which might add a little to the enjoyment of the last meeting, and handed me a bundle of papers from which to select something. In glancing over a recent number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* I came across an article which struck me as being peculiarly applicable to the present occasion, and it will afford me very great pleasure to read it. (Hear, hear.) Of course, everybody will understand that it has nothing to do with the competitive papers. It is only offered as a little diversion and must be regarded as a purely gratuitous communication entitled—

“ HOME AGAIN.”

After an absence of some duration, with wha

expectant eagerness do we look forward to a return to our old home ! As the boat, steaming slowly on, gradually approaches her destination, how intently do we find ourselves gazing off towards the old hills, and, as the familiar elevations and depressions of the far off outline become more and more distinct, how the mind teems with a thousand recollections ! One's experience in the old place may be looked back upon as one long, joyous summer holiday, or the memory may be tempered by sadness, still, as the familiar objects loom up in the distance, the eyes turn longingly towards them and the heart swells with the anticipation of once more reveling among the scenes we love so well. Forgotten, for the moment, is all the gratification realized during our absence—the pleasant associations, the new friends, the fresh ties and the varied experience, so recently left behind. In our valise, perhaps, are carefully treasured many little *souvenirs*, but these, too, are forgotten ; chased out of the mind by a glimpse of a far-off spire, or the reflection of the sun upon some well-known dome.

While we are away among friends, or off on an extended tour, or spending the season at some favorite resort, how quickly the time flies ; but when we think of home, or approach its threshold, what an age it seems since we left it !

It is said the author of that sweetly beautiful

song, "Home, Sweet Home," was one of those unfortunate Bohemians who never knew the charms of what he could call his own fireside. Who could have believed it? Millions of people in all phases of life have been charmed by his exquisite description of their own feelings, and the plaintive, heart-moving air, is warbled by beautiful vocalists, and hummed by all classes, the world over. How dear it is to the mariner in a foreign port; to the soldier in the tented field; to the traveller, wherever he may be. I, too, love the song, and in my wanderings have often been moved to—bah; what am I talking about! I am as mad as he was. I have been a *boarder* all my life.

But, as I was saying, these old hills awaken a flood of recollections. Yonder are Burlington Heights, which I know so well; all along on the left extends the "Mountain," up which I have clambered in a hundred different places; these inlets and ravines are familiar to me, and all these wharves and warehouses, a little shabby, it is true, are—"HAMILTON"—confound that fellow for interrupting me so abruptly. But here we are, sure enough, and, I must look after my baggage.

"To my lodgings," I say to the "Jehu," and then I lean back in the seat and resume my reverie—"Home, Sweet Home." But—pshaw!—I can make no kind of progress with my meditations, for

I find myself constantly looking out of the window, in the hope of seeing somebody I know. But "Jehu," the miser, takes me up a back street, for a short cut. It was a little annoying at first, but, upon further reflection, I concluded that it was, perhaps, better after all, as I always did object to talking to a lot of people on the street. I had scarcely got the dust brushed off my garments, in my room, when there was a loud ring at the front door bell. "Hello," I said, "I'll bet that's Snuffers. How the deuce did he find out I was back." I went to the door to embrace him, but it wasn't Snuffers; it was only a young man who was anxious to sell one of his "Patent flip-up oyster openers."

I went back to resume my toilet, and was musing over old times, when, soon after, there came another ring. "That's Slicer, the old scamp; I know his ring," I thought, as I went out to meet him, but it was only an agent for some new kind of clothes wringer.

I was permitted to finish dressing without any further interruption, and had just begun work, at the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, when I was startled by a tremendous jingle at the door bell. Sounds awfully like a bailiff, I mused, but if it turns out to be any more of those "Patent Right" men, I'll hit him over the head with this clothes brush. I was determined in this, and went

boldly to the door, but it was none other than my good old friend Snuffers. As soon as he laid eyes upon me, he broke out in his usual hilarious manner.

"Hawthorn, old fellow, glad to see you. Brown as a nutmeg, aye. How have you been?"

"First-rate," I said, "come in, old boy, and have a cigar."

After the usual amount of badgering had been got over with, I asked :

"What's the news, Snuffers? You are always pretty well posted."

"Bad," he drawled out, "bad ; trade is dull ; nothing doing. Snickles is gone up. Mixton is tottering, Bupley is believed to have run off, and what we are all coming to I'm blessed if I can make out."

"Good heavens, Snuffers, I exclaimed, "you are surely not in earnest."

"O, it's all true enough. But say, Hawthorn, did you hear about little Miss —— ?"

"No," I said with alarm. "What about her?"

"Why what the mischief have you been doing with yourself? You haven't heard anything," exclaimed Snuffers, with derision.



"I have been away, you know," I said, by way of apology. "But tell me, what has happened to her."

"Why she is married; yes, married to that old money grubber, Littleby; old enough to be her grandfather," replied Snuffers, in his forcible manner.

"Why," I remarked, with some hesitation, "we used to think there was every probability of her becoming, eventually, Mrs.—Snuffers."

"There was no ground for the supposition," he exclaimed, and then, after a short pause, he asked, as he smacked his lips, "Where did you get that sherry, Hawthorn?"

"What do you think of it?" I asked, glad to change the subject.

"Not bad," he replies, as he resamples it.

Just then there was another ring at the door-bell.

"That's Slicer, I guess, remarks Snuffers. "He told me he was coming round."

It was that gentleman, sure enough. As may be expected, the meeting between us was exceedingly cordial, for we had been friends for a long time. In the course of the chat which followed, Slicer remarked,

"I have no particular news to tell you, Hawthorn ; I will leave all that to Snuffers ; but I have something else for you, though, which may do as a substitute, and that is an invitation from — for to-night. Now don't say no, for I just left them, and they made me promise to bring you."

"O yes, that's so, Hawthorn ; I was to have told you about it myself, but I forgot it," said Snuffers.

"Just like you," remarked Slicer.

"I will think about it," I replied, and then we had a real pleasant talk.

"By the by," said Slicer, "Limpkin's last article in the *Yearly* is capital, and Pintoff has a splendid new picture on view up town ; let's go up and see it."

A little later the three of us went up to see the painting, and then we went round to see Pintoff himself.

On our way up we accidentally ran against Goggles. Goggles used to be a first rate sort of a fellow, but he has latterly developed into a miserable old note shaver.

"Hello Hawthorn," he says, "back again, aye ? I knew you could not stay away long."

"I staid away as long as I intended to," I reply, rather curtly.

"That was until you spent all your money, I suppose," and then he laughs like a fool.

"But anyhow, Hawthorn, what are you going to do, now?" he asks, seriously.

"The first thing I intend to do will be to cut some of my friends," I remark, with some sarcasm.

"I advised you to do that long ago," he chuckles, as he looks at Snuffers. "I must be toddling on, though," he adds; "will be down to see you before long, Hawthorn; by, by."

"Confound his impudence," I exclaim.

"He is an awful bore," remarked Snuffers.

"He gives me the blues every time I meet him," adds Slicer.

"I won't stand any of his nonsense," I exclaim, savagely.

Pintoff was really glad to see us, but it seemed as though he had become even more melancholy than he was before I went away. We found him soliloquizing over the well-known lines—

"I feel like one who is left alone  
In some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose hopes have fled, whose garlands are dead,  
And all but him departed."

"Nonsense, old man," began Slicer, and, leaving the three to conduct a rather animated dia-

logue as to the grand object of life in general, I resume my meditations on the pleasures of home.

---

Had the meeting been in anything like a cheerful mood, the humorous strain of this gratuitous communication would have produced an overflow of merriment. Everyone seemed afraid to laugh, and, owing to a lack of sympathetic accord among the audience, Mr. Uppergill could not throw into the reading of it half the spirit which he otherwise would have done. It, therefore, lost much of its sparkle and failed to awaken much more than a spasmodic smile. The regular work was resumed without any further delay than what was occasioned by the bare reading of the communication.

Numerous members sought the opinion of *Mr. Straightlimb* as to the respective merits of the various papers, etc., etc., but that gentleman persisted in parrying the pointedly put questions with an ominous shake of the head, which seemed to say, "go on," or, "you can't draw me into your diabolical proceedings." A chilliness sprung up as though a respectable sized iceberg had suddenly rolled into close proximity to the assembly. The feeling of uncomfortableness continued to increase each moment and as time wore on, the audience began to feel like a shipwrecked crew in the Arctic Ocean.

The work had to be proceeded with, however, and the examination limped along without the assistance of the talented school-master.

Each paper was taken up, briefly reviewed, looked at from various standpoints, pryed into, dissected, put together again and laid aside. What were considered the masterly portions of each were animadverted upon at length by Mr. Eely and others, and thus, in due course, the time for final action arrived.

When all was ready, Mr. Uppergill rose to make the closing address, and took occasion to say in a slow and hesitating voice :

“ I feel quite sure that all present will join heartily with me in saying that the Fish Mongers' Society deserves to be warmly congratulated upon the wisdom of the scheme which had brought about this series of meetings.” (Hear, hear—Mr. Uppergill was now beginning to feel a little more cheerful.) “ Apart from the fact that the Society's offer had had the effect of stimulating so large a number of the graduates of the public schools into exhibiting and utilizing in a manner the knowledge which they had been enabled to acquire through the advantages of our admirable school system, all must admit that the meetings had also been productive of much pleasure and profit. The papers

which we have heard read appear to be exceedingly entertaining, and they display a diversity of talent creditable not only to our national school system, but also to the intellectual capacity of our young people." (Prolonged applause, during which *Mr. Straightlimb* is observed to be struggling to prevent himself from rising to his feet.)

Mr. Uppergill continues : " I have been particularly well pleased with the productions, especially that portion of one wherein the writer mentions that he had gone off on a " Fishing Excursion." This seems to me to be intended as a happy and delicate compliment to our society and deserves to be specially mentioned." (Hear, hear.) " I might, perhaps, if I may be permitted so to say, have wished that the subjects selected might have been, perhaps, a little more of a scientific character ; but, ladies and gentlemen, we must remember that ' Rome wasn't built in a day,' nor was that famous conqueror of old satisfied with one victory. The Fish Mongers' Society will, no doubt, try the experiment again." (Loud applause—above which *Mr. Straightlimb* is heard to mutter, " Don't be too sure about that.")

When order was again restored, the President proceeded : " As I have just said, the Fish Mongers will, no doubt, try the experiment again,

and will then offer a prize, probably for the best paper on some specified subject."

"Yes, *duplicity!*" suggested Mr. *Straightlimb*, in a loud voice.

At this interruption Mr. Eely was observed to wince and turn pale. Mr. Uppergill took a drink of water and once more began: "I will not presume to detain you longer, ladies and gentlemen, but will proceed to invite you to kindly decide as to the superiority of——"

At this juncture the threatening aspect which *Mr. Straightlimb* had assumed reached its culminating point. He arose majestically and solemnly gazed for a moment, first at the audience, then at the President, and lastly at Mr. Eely. Everyone felt that their moment of extermination had arrived. A painful stillness prevailed, and *Mr. Straightlimb* proceeded to say as follows:

"Mr. President,—Never, in the whole course of my career as a public teacher, have I been called upon to perform such a painful duty as at this moment devolves upon me. Never before has such an instance of barefaced rascality come under my personal observation. I have to inform you, Mr. President and gentlemen, that this honorable body of Fish Mongers has been most grossly imposed upon. The laudable object which you had in

view has been shamefully defeated by a viper, who wears the disguise of a friend." (Great consternation.) "The students of our public schools, gentlemen, are not competitors in this matter; indeed, our people have been actually intimidated from taking part in this competition." (Indignation increasing.) "Each and every one of those 'wishy-washy' productions called 'papers' were written by one and the same individual—I can't say *man*. (Cries of "Proof! Proof!") And that individual," continued *Mr. Straightlimb*, "is none other than your friend! Your eloquent reader!! Your esteemed Secretary!!!—*Mr. Eely*."

This announcement acted upon the assembly like a torpedo explosion. The President was dumbfounded; the members were horror-stricken; the whole meeting was thrown into the utmost confusion.

*Mr. Eely*, strange to say, leaned back in his chair, and looked, for all the world, as though he had not done anything to be ashamed of. His coolness only increased the indignation. Perhaps, if he had struck out on a different tactic and endeavored to "justify the action by the honesty of his intention," the matter might have been smoothed over and the assembly might have been more merciful towards him.

Groups of members were holding consultations



in various parts of the hall, and, in a little while the President, armed with a bit of paper, the contents of which had been concocted by the combined intelligence of the Society, proceeded to address the meeting. It was a most trying moment for the honest and kind-hearted Mr. Uppergill, but he felt that he had the support of the whole society in the matter.

It was impossible to restore complete order, and as Mr. Uppergill's voice was not nearly so strong as usual, scarcely any of his speech could be heard in the body of the hall. There was an occasional break in the general uproar, however, and there could be heard something like, "Scandalous!" "Villainy!" "Duplicity!" "Base Ingratitude!" etc., etc.

After a couple of denunciatory resolutions had been submitted and adopted, the meeting broke up in confusion.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later the Fish Mongers' Society dissolved—ceased to exist; and the whole of its effects, including the "Prize Papers," were sold, and the proceeds were applied to endow a fund for the defence of the President in a suit entered against him by Mr. Eely, for defamation of character.

APPENDIX.

---

[The following papers had been handed in to the President along with the other papers, but the peculiar color of their envelope and the singular style of the handwriting somehow aroused the suspicions of that gentleman that all was not right. He, therefore, held a consultation in regard to them with Mr. Minnows, the Vice-President. After mature deliberation these two worthy officers arrived at the conclusion that the mysterious looking documents must be opened, and their contents examined before their final submission to the meeting. They then proceeded to make themselves acquainted with the nature of their contents.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Uppergill was astounded at the audacity of the writer, whoever he might be, in attempting to trifle with the respectability of their beloved society. He condemned the papers most emphatically.

Mr. Minnows was much stronger in his denunciation of them than Mr. Uppergill. He looked upon them as being the diabolical production of an enemy of the society. He even went so far as to suggest the advisability of offering a reward for the

apprehension of the base hound who thus sought to make the "Fish Mongers' Society" a common tool for the advancement of some political aim.

The papers were most unceremoniously rejected.

At the dissolution of the Society the papers fell into the hands of the bailiff, who had been put in on a landlord's warrant. That functionary, like the most of his ilk, not being familiar with literary effusions of any kind, and finding them hidden away in a kind of secret pigeon-hole, immediately grasped the idea that they must be something of special value. Hence their appearance here.]

#### "A GREAT DEMONSTRATION."

*How it was worked up. How it came off.*

"Here! No. 5!!" shouted the telegraph clerk excitedly to the small boy—"Message for Mr. Blower; run." The small boy went off like a flash of lightning; indeed, a disinterested onlooker would have imagined that the urchin was propelled by that subtle element which is now so successfully made the servant of the public. Before he can reach the office of the gentleman designated, however, we will have time to learn that Mr. Blower is one of the "pillars" of the community, and is, also, Secretary of the local branch of the great "Restoration Party." He was sitting

in his office, quietly reading the morning paper's report of the last great "Pic-nic," and was regarding with much evident satisfaction the accounts of the superhuman efforts which were everywhere being put forth on behalf of the "Party," when the small boy, almost out of breath arrived and handed him the telegram.

To ordinary people the reception of a telegraphic despatch is quite a little episode, and the surprise usually puts one in a flutter.

Not so with Mr. Blower. As soon as he had finished the paragraph which he was reading, he received the despatch in a wonderfully unconcerned manner and leisurely tore it open. Suddenly a sort of terrible eagerness seemed to take possession of him. He read the despatch again; then he savagely demanded to know of the small boy, "what kept him so long on the way." He did not wait for a reply to his question but seized up his hat and rushed off to interview Mr. McOuter.

Mr. McOuter is the President of the local branch of the great "Restoration Party," and is, in every sense, a very prominent citizen.

This gentleman was at home attending to his business and Mr. Blower dragged him, in a most mysterious manner, into the private office and then closed the door.

In a few minutes the two re-appeared and hurried off excitedly to see Mr. Pushard, 1st Vice-President of the local branch. This gentleman was also at home, and, strange to say, two or three whispers and a nod or two, were all that was necessary to throw him into a state of excitement such as he used to experience at the great railway fights.

In less than no time, comparatively speaking, the three became wonderfully elated and doubled away to find Mr. Runner, an active and energetic young member of the great party. It would seem as though this young gentleman had been expecting them and that he was actually possessed of a knowledge of their errand for they had scarcely uttered more than a word or two before the active young man fairly jumped out of his chair with delight. The four prominents then rushed out into the street, picked up a couple more of the trusty supporters of the "Party," hailed a cab and drove off to the club. So absorbed were they in the tremendousness of the matter that they could not see anything, or anybody, and they actually ignored several of their gentlemen friends who were lounging in the ante-room. They held a secret conclave in a private parlor and decided upon a line of action. A copy of the following circular was despatched by an army of messengers to all the promi-

gent members as well as a large number of the small fry of the great "Party," viz. :

" DEAR SIR, Your presence is demanded at the rooms of the 'Restoration Party' this evening at eight o'clock. News of a most extraordinary nature just to hand.

(Signed).

C. MCCUTER,  
President.

A. BLOWER,  
Secretary."

All the gentlemen then refreshed themselves, moderately, after which they proceeded to their various places of business to brood over such topics as they would be likely to touch upon at the coming meeting.

There was a large attendance of the faithful, and precisely at 8 o'clock the President opened the meeting with the following speech :

" Fellow supporters of the great cause ! You have been summoned here to take action on some important news which came to hand to-day. Gentlemen, this constituency must be redeemed. For some time back it has been lost to us —the enemy has triumphed, but we rejoice to know that the hour is coming when the great "Restoration Party" will strike for liberty ! for life ! (Hear, hear.) For years our country has suffered through mismanagement and general incapacity. The

members of our party have been subjected to all sorts of indignities at the hands of the supporters of the blockheads who are in power. Our interests are being strangled and our country is being impoverished by a Government whose policy is wholly and solely "to the victors belong the spoils." (Great applause.) I tell you, gentlemen, if we hope to maintain a foothold in this country we must fight our way back into power. (Cheers.) A great re-action has already set in; the yoke has galled and an indignant people are rising and will crush the usurpers who are making shipwreck of the nation. (Tremendous cheering.) Hundreds and thousands of our people have been discharged from office to make room for truculent supporters of an incapable Government. Can this be endured? I ask. Can this be endured longer? No, my friends, an enlightened people will not, cannot, submit to such base injustice. (Loud cheers, and cries of "No! no!") Then let us be up and doing. The Secretary to-day received tidings from our chief. I have the great pleasure of announcing that he has consented to visit us at an early day. (Wild and prolonged applause.) It behooves us to make his visit the occasion of a tremendous demonstration. We must give the illustrious leader of the great "Restoration Party" an ovation such as was never before beheld in this section of

country. (Immense applause.) It must be of such magnitude as will astonish our enemies and give our people a glimpse of their own strength. (Hurrah.) I must impress upon the meeting that the time is short. Not a moment must be lost. Every man must do his duty. (Cheers.)

Mr. Pushard then addressed the meeting :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS, — I desire to congratulate the members of the "Restoration Party" in this community upon having gained the consent of our illustrious Chief to visit us. It will indeed be an important event. The opportunity must be made the most of. The multitude must be brought within hearing distance of our party. The people of this country are being grievously oppressed and they don't know it. Their grievances must be pointed out to them; they must be told how they are being made to suffer by a set of incapables who attained power through trickery. The people must be brought together, therefore, so that our leaders may explain to the masses the terrible state of things, and at the same time, point out the remedy for the evil. I have great faith in these pic-nics for they bring together the men, women and children of the land. All go away appalled at the villainy of our present rulers and impressed with a conviction that their only hope



of salvation is in the ultimate success of the great "Restoration Party." (Cheers.)

The Chairman then called upon Mr. Timothy O'Scallahan, for a few remarks.

Mr. O'Scallahan then arose and said :

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—Its not muc av a sphaker that I am, but ye's all know I'm a divil of a worker. (Hear, hear.) I carry the whol' av the sixth ward wid me, and yee's all know I've no love at-all-at-all for thim spalpeens that bate us at the last election. They're our inimies—ivery one av thim, the ble'gards. Shure me niphew has been out av work this six weeks, and the divil a ha'porth will they do for him. (Cheers.) Me and me frinds 'll all wote for the 'Storation Party, and we's 'll all be at the pic'nic."

Mr. O'Scallahan's speech was received with uproarious applause.

Mr. MacSandy, being loudly called for, then arose and said :

It's e'en a lang time, ye ken, sin' I hae addressed a meetin' sic as this. I hae na coortly gift o' gab, but I hae a heart wha' ne'er deserts a friend. I hae confidence in a' oor leaders, an' more particularly in our respected chief. We a' must look to him for relief from a' oor woes. I wud be on'y too

glad to hae supported my ain countrymon, wha' leads the ither party, but, ye ken, he's grown too weel acquaint wi' them ither chaps. I hae ne'er yet kenn'd ony guid in them. They canna point out ony guid they hae done us sin they hae be'en in power. They may preech awa' wi' a' their might aboot free trade on sic ither hobbies, but a' that will nae do for our we bit o' country. If oor forty millions o' neighbors will no permit us to tak' oor we bit things amoong them, we must keep their guids awa' fra us. I wud na coocounsil ony great expenditure in the demonstration but, steel, we must mak' the most oot o' it."

The Chairman then remarked that the object was to have an expression of opinion from all quarters, and then called upon Mr. Skimmerhorn, the colored representative, to address the meeting.

Mr. Skimmerhorn appeared to have a due appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, and proceeded to say :

"I haint a gwin to 'tain you long, gentlemen. I jes' wish to 'form you that the 'Storation Pawty is jes' how our people is a gwin to vote. We haint got no b'lief in dem pawties wat votes todder way. Wat we wants most is ekle rights: we want de privileg of setten on jories an' ben 'lected to de council." (Cheers.)

Two or three other speakers, of minor consequence, were called upon, after which the Chairman remarked that he was very much pleased to have his fellow citizens express themselves so freely, and promised that everything would be made right just as soon as the reins of Government have been rescued from the hands of the people's oppressors. He was also very glad to find such a unanimous expression of opinion in favor of having a great demonstration.

The active and energetic young Mr. Runner, then addressed the meeting as follows:

"The speeches would, of course, be the main feature, but then we must have a big show to attract the people to hear them. We must have archers, and streamers, and flags, and mottoes; a tremendous procession; at least a dozen bands; about fifty mounted marshals in regalia; presentation of addresses, luncheon, and the whole to wind up with fireworks. We must cover the fences with posters, and we must send an invitation to everybody everywhere. That is the only way that enthusiasm can be engendered. We must also have money, and we might as well open the subscription list at once."

Some of the older gentlemen thought that on account of the depression and the prospect of a

hard winter, the demonstration should be got up on a cheaper scale.

Others were under the impression that fireworks would be a useless expenditure of money.

A few considered that one good band ought to be sufficient.

Mr. Wiseman, a manufacturer, expressed himself as believing that all that kind of hollow display would be entirely superfluous. What the people wanted were facts. They wanted to hear the leader of the great "Restoration Party" enunciate his policy and explain to them how they would be benefitted by giving him their support.

Mr. Runner, however, was confident that this scheme was the only one that would ensure success and was determined that none other should be adopted. He was ably backed up by the President and both Mr. Pushard and Mr. Blower.

The meeting began to grow uproarious and the audience divided into two factions--one for extravagance and the other for economy.

Much valuable time was thus lost and the meeting finally adjourned until the next evening.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MARK TWAIN'S WATCH STORY.

### HOW IT AFFECTED THE POPULACE.

"Once I was happy, respected and trusted;  
Now I am ruined completely 'busted.'"

*New Fact.*

I am not a very vengeful man. Although my passionate soul glories in retributive justice, still I am not vindictive. I scorn revenge.

I simply smile upon my enemies.

It is well that I am thus constituted, for, were I of a revengeful disposition, what terrible things would I not have to do for satisfaction?

Have I not suffered? O, Goliath! how my heart bleeds at the very thought of the past. Abused robbed scorned—wronged in every way; and, for what? What have I done to merit the objurgation which has been showered upon me like hail stones in a thunder storm? Nothing, comparatively nothing. Hear me, O ye gods! I am innocent. I have suffered without cause. I am a martyr.

This is how it all came about.

A few short years ago I was a prosperous young jeweler; so prosperous that all my old rivals in

trade wished me — ! But let that pass. My place of business was not a very ostentatious affair, but it was conveniently located on one of the main streets of a Canadian city, and, suffice it to say, it answered the purpose for which it was intended remarkably well.

I was not to say wealthy, but in a fair way of becoming so. I enjoyed the unwavering confidence of the public. The people trusted me implicitly, and they had always been in the habit of leaving their articles at my establishment in the most friendly and cheerful manner. My honesty and integrity, I might say, were above suspicion. I had acquired the reputation of being a thorough master of the difficult trade, was civil, obliging, and attentive, never appeared to know anything outside of my own business, and, moreover, was an artful listener, and never allowed myself to contradict anything or anybody.

All these excellent traits gained for me that measure of success which I so much deserved.

I was, therefore, kept tolerably well employed in renovating the innumerable and eccentric time-pieces with which the community was blessed.

Almost every person, old and young, of both sexes, wore a watch of some kind or other. All of these specimens of mechanical ingenuity were

H STORY.

PLACE.

usted;  
ted."

*New Post.*

Although my  
justice, still I

l, for, were I  
rrible things  
?

n! how my  
f the past.  
n every way;  
o merit the  
upon me  
Nothing,  
gods! I  
cause. I

ous young  
rivals in

not, perhaps, of the most modern shape, and, doubtless, some of them did not originally cost any fabulous sum of money.

Such considerations, however, were a matter of supreme indifference to me. I was not compelled to wear any of them. They were eminently satisfactory to their individual owners. Indeed, every one seemed to value his own much above that of his neighbor's, and that fact was sufficiently satisfactory to one whose simple duty it was to repair them. Valuable though they were, they had a remarkable habit of stopping occasionally, and, as the daily life of the people was regulated entirely by their repeaters, the work of keeping them in running order was quite a profitable business.

It can be readily understood, therefore, that I was justified in cherishing the fond hope of being soon able to retire, buy a snug little house and lot, get married, and spend my declining years in making discoveries in the higher branches of the horological science, and in making myself useful in other benevolent ways.

But, alas! how vain are human hopes.

"It was ever thus," we are told, and I think it is also mentioned somewhere that life is all vanity and vexation of spirit.

In a most mysterious and unaccountable man-

ner my business suddenly dropped off—shut down, as it were. The people ceased to bring in their disabled time-keepers. Nobody seemed to want anything done. Those persons who had been in the habit of dropping in to chat about the weather and such, now went hurrying past as though they were chased by wolves or bailiffs. The neighbors all looked over at me askance, and even my own friends appeared anxious to steer clear of me.

I could not make it out. I felt that there was some subtle power at work, which I knew not of.

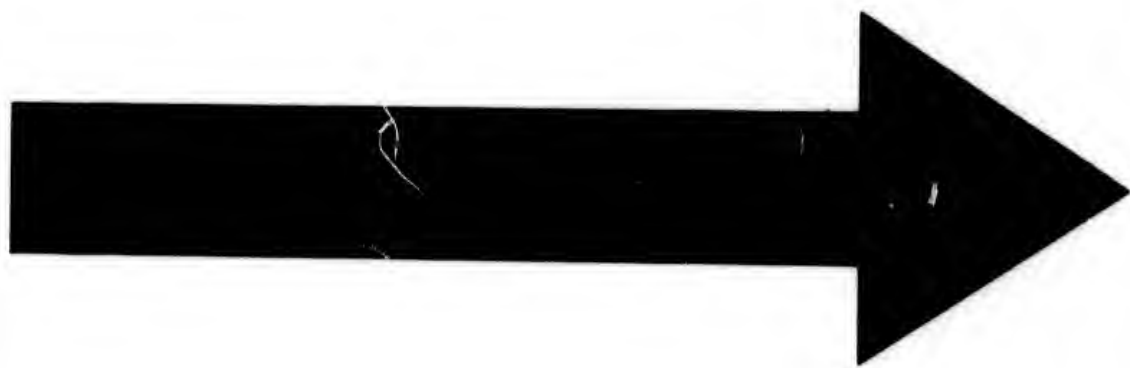
For a whole week, the only persons who came in to see me were my old landlord, the gas man, two or three commercial travellers, the tax-gatherer, and a couple of ladies who were soliciting subscriptions for the heathen.

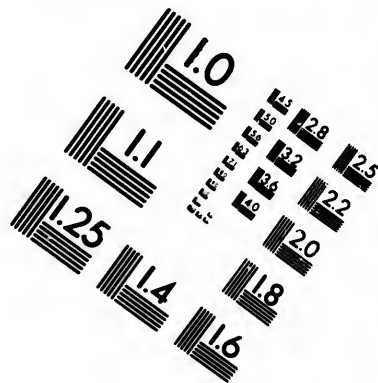
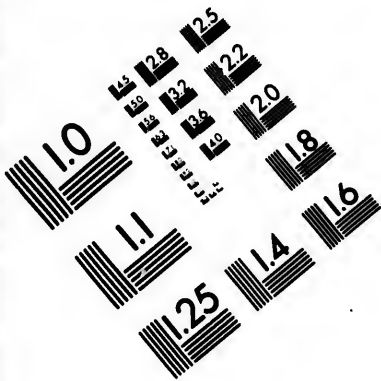
I made inquiries as to whether any of the other storekeepers had noticed anything in the way of a depression, but all the grocers and dry goods men appeared as busy as usual.

I tried to discover if I had offended the public in any way, but I could think of nothing that could be construed that way. I had never taken any side whatever in politics, and I had always subscribed liberally to every religious denomination that I had ever heard of.

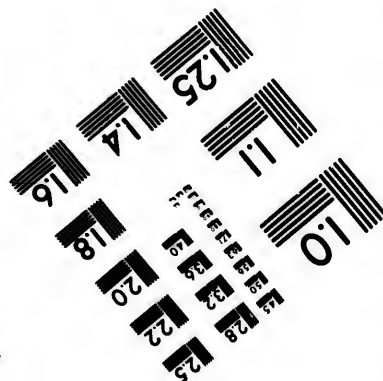
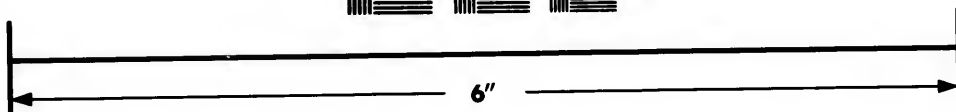
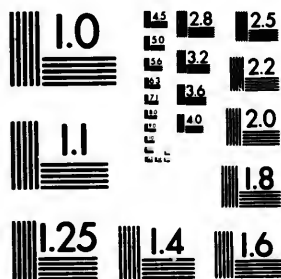
The depression continued from day to day, until







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

28  
32  
22  
20

10

I could stand it no longer. I had to go up and call upon some of the other watchmakers to see if they had noticed any interruption in business.

We were not very friendly, as a class, and, in fact, I believe any of us would much rather have the other one's bond than his word: still, I thought I would risk it, anyway.

I stepped into old Mr. Laverge's, and was much comforted in finding him idle and cross. I also observed that his work-bench appeared as though it had not been disturbed for a month back. I endeavored to look pleasant and acted as though I was much pressed with business, as I said:

"Good morning, Mr. Laverge. Let me have one of your 'patent double-acting, two-ply, American, duplex chronometers,' for a few minutes. Perhaps I may be able to sell it for you."

"Havn't got any," he growled. Then, as I was stepping out, I asked casually,

"How is business, Mr. Laverge?"

"Splendid: never was better," he muttered, savagely.

I knew differently, however.

Then I went over to see Mr. Tompkinson, another brother chip. I found this poor fellow

pacing up and down the back end of his store, trying to keep himself warm.

I was now beginning to feel happy.

"Tompkinson," I said, hurriedly, "let me have one of your 'six-ounce, 22-carat gold cased, English patent levers, for a little while.' Maybe I may be able to sell it for you."

"Just out of them," he replied, in a business voice. "I expect to have a couple of dozen in to-morrow."

"I am afraid that will be too late," I said, sorrowfully.

Then we had a little chat about the situation in Europe, etc., and as I was going out I enquired, incidentally,

"How do you find things?"

"First rate," he said. "Very busy just now." but I knew the poor fellow was trifling with the truth.

I went back to my own shop with a light heart. I was satisfied that the depression was general among us.

A few days after I was further cheered up by seeing my old friend Noodles coming in with his watch done up in a piece of newspaper.

"Mr. Hawthorn," he said, sadly, "I let my watch run down last night and it don't seem to want to go to-day. I am sure there is nothing wrong with it."

I cheerfully set to work to examine the rusty old concern, and found it so clogged up with dirt that the wheels could not move.

"Wants cleaning," I remarked.

"No, no, Hawthorne, you can't come that over me. Give me back my watch. I've learned a wrinkle or two about you fellows," he added, as he walked out.

I was amazed. I had to put up with it, however.

After a while one of my best customers came in and remarked :

"My watch has stopped, Mr. Hawthorne ; just start it going for me. I know there is nothing wrong with it."

I took it and looked into it in a scientific manner. The works were as dirty as though the watch had been used as a fanning mill. I also found the mainspring broken. I thought I had not better say anything about its being dirty, so after a while I remarked timidly :

"It must have a new mainspring."

The gentleman stepped back a pace or two and looked steadily at me. Then he broke out as follows :

" Now, see here, Hawthorne, none of your nonsense. You watchmakers have been fooling us long enough. I got an insight into your method of doing business lately. There is nothing the matter with the watch at all." He put the miserable old turnip in his pocket and went away mad.

The next customer I had was old Miss Smithers. This ancient dame remarked as she came in :

" Good day, Mr. Hawthorne."

" Good day, mum," said I, in my blandest voice.

" I have a watch, Mr. Hawthorne, which I value very highly. It has been in our family for generations. It was a present from my grandmother, and I would not have it spoiled for anything."

" O, certainly not," I remarked with suitable emphasis.

Then she placed the antiquated old time-piece in my hand. It was about the size of an ordinary English walnut and of much the same shape and color.

" Handle it carefully," she remarked.

"Certainly, madam," I replied.

I held an inquest on it as it were, and the evidence justified my verdict. I announced :

"It must be cleaned, Miss Smithers."

"O, my gracious !" she exclaimed, "it surely cannot need cleaning. Why, it has always kept excellent time."

"That may be," I replied, firmly, "but it can never keep any more time until you have it overhauled. In fact," I continued, "it looks to me as though it has never been cleaned since the day your grandmother gave it to you."

"My grandmother did not give it to *me*," she replied, energetically. "The dear old lady was dead long before I was born."

I saw that I had put my foot in it, so to speak, so I remarked, with appropriate mournfulness :

"Indeed ; how sad."

Then she informed me how that she had recently read of a Mr. Twain, who had a nice gold watch completely spoiled by some watchmakers somewhere.

I mentioned my doubts as to whether anybody by the name of "Twain" ever had a gold watch. The idea that gold watches had not become "quite



so awfully common" was a little consoling to the old lady, but she finally concluded that she would not leave her's just then, anyway.

I tried to bear up under these terrible trials, but the distressing circumstances were wearing me away to a mere skeleton.

Towards evening of the next day Mr. Snoker, scissors editor of the *Champion*, came in and remarked in his usual pleasant way :

" Mark Twain has written a capital story about his watch. Have you read it?"

" No," I replied faintly.

Then he proceeded to relate the particulars of Mr. Twain's experience with the watchmakers.

" Its only a yarn," I ventured to suggest.

" Don't know about that," he said. " I am inclined to believe there is a good deal of truth in it."

Then he cheerfully informed me " that he had a couple of valuable watches at home which needed fixing up, but he thought he would not have the work done just now."

I was gradually becoming distracted. I was obliged to go out and try to get a little fresh air ; so I started up towards the post office. I had not gone more than a block or so before I stumbled against a couple of acquaintances who appeared to

be wonderfully elated about something. They took hold of me by the arms, and, as they walked me along, informed me that they had a splendid story to tell me. (They were quite confidential.)

“Yes?” I interrogated, meekly.

“O, its capital,” said one.

“He pitches into you watchmakers pretty lively, I tell you,” chimed in the other.

Then I was obliged to listen once more to the whole of that horrible story.

I tried to smile, but I knew it was only a sickly kind of a smile. I turned away sorrowfully and wended my way back to my deserted shop. Life was indeed beginning to be a burden. I remembered that I had an invitation to a small party that evening and I resolved to go in hope that some pleasant company might tend to shake off the terrible melancholly which had lately settled over me.

The servant admitted me with a chuckle. I thought the hostess eyed me with a peculiar twinkle; even the guests smiled as they bade me “good evening.” Before I had been in the room ten minutes old Codgers the “Ath” proposed, for the benefit of the audience and myself in particular, that he should read “Mark Twain’s story about his watch.” The proposition was hailed with de-

light by everybody except myself. I turned pale ; became sick ; I begged to be excused, and went home. I sought repose in the privacy of my own chamber. But I could not sleep. The ghastly visage of ruin stared me in the face. For days after I attended at my store and tried to look cheerful and busy, but I failed—failed most miserably. The only visitors who came in to see me were a few idle busy-bodies who dilated on the *beauties* of that abominable story. Finally the infernal thing found its way into my own boarding house. Human nature could stand no more.

I was prostrated by a raging fever, and, for three weeks I laid unconscious ; did not even know my head from a pumpkin. I was perpetually haunted by a shadowy view of the poorhouse. When I recovered my senses I found sixteen summonses and four *capais* waiting for my consideration. As soon as I was strong enough to bear it, I was informed that my shop had been closed up by my creditors, who, it seems, had pounced down upon me like a parcel of hungry wolves upon a helpless lamb.

I went forth into the world a shipwrecked, ruined, broken-hearted, sad-eyed man.

Still, I am not of a revengeful disposition.

I can smile upon my enemies.





LOOK OUT FOR

W. F. McMAHON'S

CHRISTMAS  
STORY.



